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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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FIRST NUMBER

*Edited by*

NORMAN HAPGOOD

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# Oldsmobile 1914

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUGUST 16, 1913

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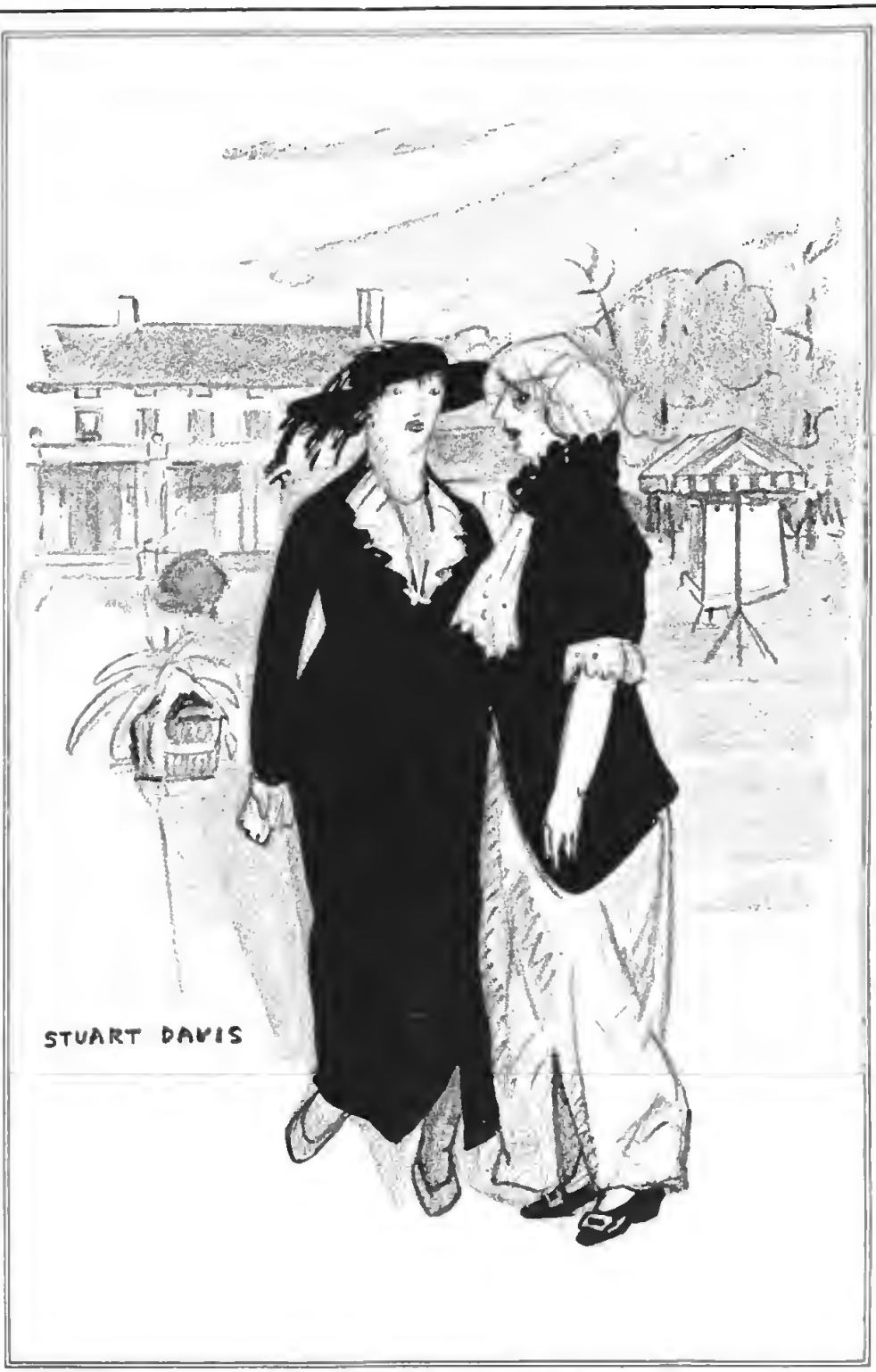


"THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH LIVING IN THE COUNTRY IS THAT YOU NEVER GET THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES BEFORE THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST"

*The Davis cartoon for next week will be "The Ebb-Tide"*

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

26558

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2966] *Week ending Saturday, August* 16, 1913 [10 Cents a Copy $5 00 a year

## A Program

AMERICANS like to be informed, and also like to think. They do not like to be bored. A publication that wishes to be the mouthpiece of intelligent and active Americans to-day should be sound and progressive, but also brisk and varied.

HARPER'S WEEKLY hopes to play something of a rôle in the large matters that are decided in Washington, in our State capitols, in our city elections, but to put into these matters sufficient human insight and sympathy to make them comprehensible to everybody, and therefore interesting to everybody. To understand a thing is to be interested in it.

Moreover, with equal enthusiasm, it hopes to have a part in matters that are less political. You will probably guess from the article "What Women Are After" that we intend, if possible, to make ourselves the official organ for the Feminist Movement, not through agitation or argument so much as through a lucid and persistent explanation from many angles of what changes in civilization that movement seeks to bring about.

Moreover, also, we take the intellectual life to include many topics. There are certain interests that are degrading to the mind, or rather certain ways of treating certain subjects, and those we shall forgo; but those that are part of the normal interests of an active man or woman are those we shall endeavor to reflect. The drama is the most popular of all the arts. The new editor of this paper was for four years a professional dramatic critic, and from the age of twelve a special lover of the drama. Naturally, therefore, an attempt will be made to build up a dramatic department that shall pick out and emphasize and help along those aspects of the stage in America that are worth attention, whether as plays, management, or acting.

In the treatment of books the same plan will be followed. We shall make no effort at reviewing everything, or nearly everything, as we do not care to load the paper with discussions of what has no interest; but we shall be sharply on the watch for books that signify, and shall point out to our readers why we think these particular books ought not to be overlooked. We hope one result of this policy will be to make a few additional persons realize that to read a really good book gives something that could not be had by reading newspapers or magazines, including weeklies like this.

Fiction will appear in the paper only as an element in the variety of human interest. We do not wish to push it too much to the front, because we desire to have the paper in its proportions reproduce the interests of the most energetic and important class of Americans. We shall put in stories whenever we happen to like them, and think a large number of the kind of readers we desire will like them; but we do not intend to use fiction to build up circulation in a way that would collect for us a mass of readers who care for little else. We are not to be a high-brow publication, in the limited sense, but we do not intend to collect a lot of low-brows.

That, in brief, is the spirit—to be progressive and well informed, but at the same time varied, simple, and human. Can we do it? A comparatively short time will tell. The idea is just, because there are a great number of men and women, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, who want that kind of a publication, and the only question is whether we have in this office sufficient ability to furnish the paper they want.

## To Artists

SINCE it became known that HARPER'S WEEKLY was to change hands, a great many questions have been asked of us about illustration. We can not do in that department, or any other, all in a minute, what we wish to do; but the idea is hinted at in some of the cartoons in this number and will be further reinforced next week.

Germany has, in *Jugend*, *Simplicissimus*, and *Fliegende Blätter*, probably the most spirited weeklies in the world—papers in which not only is the text brilliant, but the pictures are full of artistic quality, full of thought, and full of wit. In other countries in Europe the same combination is found, to a lesser degree. In our opinion, the illustrations in *The Masses* have a higher average interest than those in any other periodical in this country.

We do not expect in HARPER'S WEEKLY to publish much illustration that is standardized or stereotyped, although doubtless we shall have to do a certain amount of this, especially until we have been running on the new lines long enough to become recognized as the medium for the kind of thing we have in mind. This work will be largely a by-product with some of our best illustrators. What we want is not what they do because there is a widespread demand for it, but what they do because it expresses them as intelligent, gifted men. It is the thing that they would do for a dinner of artists in which every guest was contributing something which he knew would be appreciated by his friends but would hardly be sought for by the department-store publications.



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## Pass the Currency Bill

THE administration will never again find circumstances as favorable to the passage of the currency bill as they are this summer. Hence all the arguments by the opponents of real reform about giving more careful coosideration. Consideration in abundance has been given for years. The fact is that the bankers want a bill that will make the currency more elastic without doing anything to decentralize credit. They are pursuing various well-known tactics, such as sending out circular letters to scare small country bankers and stir up the less iotelligent radicals in Congress to introduce amendments that have no chance of passing. Some men io Congress who have the fate of the bill largely in their hands are none too anxious at heart to bave so radical a reform. The President, however, holds the whip hand just now; the country is with him, and the only thing to do is to act.

## Mayor Gaynor

A GREAT man, if his moral nature equaled his intellect and his ability; an ideal mayor, if his mind were straight; but a very dangerous man because his charm and his cleverness are combined with political tortuousness and untrustworthiness. Tied up with the present Board of Estimate, he has been a useful official because his force and originality have been made use of and his trickery has been thwarted. Had there been no one to stop him when the devil in him was uppermost, he would have dooe immeasurable harm to the City of New York. The disastrous Charter that he would have inflicted ou tbe city is an illustration. The motives for this outrage appear in the article that we publish in this issue. Mr. Gaynor is a brilliant, gifted, and experienced man who is immoral politically. This is much more important than habits that are commonly called immoral, because we are not quite sure to what extent those affect the ability to grapple with vice in a complex and cosmopolitan metropolis. What we refer to is the readioess at any moment to use great power against the public wben it happens that the public's interest is in conflict with personal ambition. Mayor Gaynor is as wise as a serpent, hut not as harmless as a dove.

## Arithmetic

ABOUT three years ago, before the Metropolitan Tractioo Company of New York went into the hands of a receiver, Mr. Brandeis came duwn from Boston, and io a speech at Cooper Union prophesied that that company must fail. Leading bankers in New York and Boston were heartily recommending the stock to their customers. Mr. Brandeis made his prophecy merely by analyzing the published figures. How did he win the Ballinger case? In various ways, no doubt; but perhaps the most critical step was when he calculated just how long it would take a fast worker to go through the Glavis report and make a judgment of it; whereupon he decided that Mr. Wickersham could not bave made his report at the time it was reported to have been made, and therefore it must bave been predated.

Most of Mr. Brandeis' other contributions to current history have invulved arithmetic. When he succeeded in preventing a raise io freight rates, it was through an exact analysis of cost. When he got Savings Bank Insurance started in Massachusetts, it was by being ahle to figure what insuraoce ought to cost. When he made the best contract between a city and a puhlic utility that exists in this country, a definite grasp of the gas business was necessary — comhined, of course, with the wisdom and originality that make a statesman. He could not bave invented the preferential shop if that new idea had not been founded on a precise knowledge of the conditions in the garment trades. When he established before the United States Supreme Court the constitutionality of legislation affecting women ooly, he relied much less upon reason than upon the amount of knowledge displayed of what actually happens to women when they are overworked — wbich, while not arithmetic, is built oo the same intellectual quality. Nearly two years before Mr. Mellen resigned frum the New Haven Railroad, Mr. Brandeis wrote to the present editor of this paper a private letter in which be said:

"When the New Haven reduces its dividends and Mellen resigns, the 'Decline of New Haven and Fall of Mellen' will make a dramatic story uf buman interest with a moral — or two — including the evils of private monopoly. Events can not be long deferred, and possibly you may want to prepare for their coming.

"Anticipating the future a little, I suggest the following as an epitaph or obituary notice:

"Mellen was a masterful man, resoureeful, courageous, broad of view. He fired the imagination of New England; but, being oblique of vision, merely distorted its judgment and silenced its conscieoce. For a while he trampled with impunity on laws human and divine; but, as be was obsessed with the delusion that two and two make five, he fell, at last, the victim to the relentless rules of humble arithmetic.

"'Remember, O Stranger, Arithmetic is the first of the sciences and the mother of safety.'"

## Consequently

IN the autumn we shall publish a series of three articles by Mr. Brandeis on a subject of which he is a recognized master. It is well known that in the bills that have recently been drawn in defense of competition, such as the La Follette Bill, the Lenroot Bill, and the Stanley Bill, Mr. Brandeis' hand was constantly at work. It is also well known that the very successful defense of competition made by President Wilson during the campaign last summer was largely founded on Mr. Brandeis' material and conelusiuns. Mr. Brandeis has naturally put most of his energies on the preservation uf competition. While he has constantly referred to an undesirable kind of competition, he has not gone into that subject with fullness. The series that we shall puhlish will give completely that side of his thought,— au analysis of the Competition that Kills,—and it will be printed just before the next sessiun of Congress, when amendments to the Sherman Act will be proposed.

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## Anti-Vivisection

SOME dozens of letters have come to us all at once, asking us to be fair in the vivisection controversy and to give "both sides." Some of these letters inform us that the writers will subscribe to this WEEKLY if we are fair, but not if we pursue a course hostile to the anti-vivisection crusade.

We have no intention of giving both sides. On the contrary, the support of the cause of scientific medical progress will be one of the things to which we shall be energetically devoted. We shall no more give both sides of the argument on experiment than we shall give both sides of the question of whether the household fly shall be encouraged in the dining-room, or sewers emptied into the city reservoir, or swamps kept for the breeding of mosquitoes, or smallpox patients permitted to ride on the street-cars. We shall be extremely bigoted on the subject, and shall hope that the day will soon come when cancer will be added to the great diseases that have yielded to investigation.

## An Inside View

ONCE in a while private letters throw on foreign affairs a vivid light which would hardly reach us in any other way. One such letter has just come into our hands. A letter received from Albania, written by a member of the Greek Army to his cousin in this country, says:

"We just have left Permet, and have come to the district of Kolonia, six hours distant from Kortcha. What shall I tell you about the Albanians? They have treated us in a most hospitable way, in spite of our meanness. Ever since we stepped in their land we have grabbed, killed, and disgraced. It is not an easy job to make Greeks out of them, for they are very different people, with different customs, and, what is worse, they don't know a word of Greek. We are lingering here and waiting for a chance to get hold of Sali Butka, one of their leaders, who goes from village to village to tell his people to be prepared to rise against us. If we can only get hold of him we shall broil him alive.

"The Greeks take advantage of the fact that Bulgaria is shut out at present and can not communicate with the outside world, and are circulating the report that the Bulgarians are massacring and devastating all the places which they are forced to leave, retreating before the Greek army. The Greeks are doing to her strongest ally, Bulgaria (after her exhaustion from fighting and driving out the Turks from Europe), the same thing that she did to Albania when she could not communicate with the outside world. They were the authors of the reports that Esad Pasha, the famous defender of Scutari, was a traitor to his country, giving Scutari to Montenegro and southern Albania to Greece, which time has proved to be entirely false. The present reports of the Greeks against the Bulgarians are used to conceal their own cruelty."

Nothing sadder has happened in many years in foreign affairs than the turning of these little countries against one another after their glorious record against the Turk. We may find comfort, however, for the light thrown on the Greek character in this letter by remembering history. In considering what happened in the most brilliant era of the human intellect, it is permissible to hope great things of the Greeks still, for the faults which that country shows now were dominant even in the period of the highest genius of Athens. It is altogether possible, of course, that our correspondent has greatly exaggerated, as is the nature of the human mind when deeply stirred; but, even if he is correct, it does not mean that there may not be mixed up with the present Greek cruelty and treachery a share of the old determination and brilliancy and freedom which, under favorable circumstance, may produce another renaissance. Jealousy and distraction characterized the Greek cities at the time of the unsuccessful effort to make Greece a united whole. Herodotus quotes with pleasure Cyrus' definition of the Greek market as "a place set apart for people to gather and cheat each other," and tells us that the Delphic oracle was bribed, and that one political faction wished to betray Athens after Marathon.

It will be remembered that Alcibiades commanded an Athenian fleet and the next day pointed out to the Spartans the weak places in his country's defense, yet he has no such reputation as Benedict Arnold. The changeability of the Greeks has been pointed out from the very beginning. Plato emphasizes it in the Republic, and Juvenal five centuries later energetically attacks their want of steadiness and character.

If the ancient Greeks had the faults of the modern there is at least a chance to hope that the moderns may develop some of the virtues of the ancients.

## "Is It Frivolous?"

DISCUSSION of baseball in the editorials of a grown-up periodical seems rather ludicrous to our wives. "Our wives," by the way, in this case is not the editorial plural; otherwise it would be "our wife." It refers to the wives of several persons concerned.

Our wives, then, somewhat object to having baseball made a feature. There is only one remedy for this state of affairs. More girls must play the national game when they are young. They are coming to it. We have this summer seen several girls in their teens in one small school throw a baseball with a proficiency that fifty years ago could not have been equaled by thirty women in the United States.

## No Trespassing

THE *Democrat* of Laconia, New Hampshire, ironically observes that the people of that State, in order to obtain advice in regard to managing public affairs in New Hampshire, will now have to subscribe to this WEEKLY. One of the most peculiar traits of human nature is the haughtiness with which certain publications think they have an exclusive right to cerebrate on affairs in their neighborhood. Doubtless the Laconia *Democrat* frequently expresses powerful and endlessly valuable opinions about affairs in New York, or even in China; but it seems to see something like a trespass, if not indeed an insult, in any interest taken in New Hampshire by a publication not printed there. We did not make human nature, however, and are not responsible for it.

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SECRETARY GARRISON WATCHING A REVIEW
*"The contingency of war in the present state of civilization must be one that all reasonable thinking men must consider"*

# The Vital Need of the Army

By HON. LINDLEY M. GARRISON
*Secretary of War*

THE vital need of the Army of the United States is to have the people of the United States know more about it and care more about it. In a general way the average citizen feels that the country should have an army and that it should be efficient, but that seems to be the limit of his consideration of the subject. He has little or no acquaintance with the Army as it exists, with what it is accomplishing, or with what should be done to make it the highly efficient instrument which it is necessary that it should be. Most of the consideration which the average citizen gives to the Army is *after* a crisis—and then he looks backward, not forward.

One has but to read the story of the War of 1812 as told by Admiral Mahan to have a picture of this situation. The story of that war is a pitiful one for an American to contemplate. It involved defeat after defeat upon land, and the final practical exclusion of all of our vessels from the high seas. One drawn battle and one defensive success on land, and several brilliant victories in individual actions at sea, only served to emphasize the possibilities that this nation had, if only it had been prepared for the struggle. The warnings of the approach of the war were numerous and prolonged, but the country utterly failed to heed them or to make any proper provision therefor. In consequence, it suffered the loss of its capital, the burden of a great pension list, and the humiliation of silence upon the causes of the war in the treaty of peace. History repeated itself upon all other subsequent occasions where similar conditions existed.

The *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor in February, 1898. For a long time before that there were distinct warnings of impending trouble. The disorders in Cuba had forcibly brought the attention of the government and the country to the impending crisis. Two successive Presidents, of opposite political parties, had declared, in messages to Congress, that the situation was such that the United States could not continue to endure it. During all of this period there was not that active interest in the situation which a patriotic people should feel and exhibit; and effective preparation for efficiently raising, equipping, and maintaining an army was not provided.

A curious but striking illustration of the effect of popular interest is shown with respect to the legislative treatment of the so-called Dick Bill in 1903. That bill, as first drafted, not only dealt with the militia, but provided for the organization of a volunteer reserve force. The members of the National Guard, taking a proper personal interest in that part of the bill which affected them, aroused interest therein. The citizens as a whole, taking little or no interest in the matter providing for a volunteer reserve force, ignored that portion of the bill. As a result, the bill, as passed, confined itself wholly to giving federal aid to making the militia more effective, and contained no provisions upon the absolutely necessary matter of raising volunteer forces and having a reserve.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not criticizing Congress. If the people take no interest in any particular portion of government, you can scarcely expect Congressmen altruistically to devote their time and attention to that which does not appeal to their constituents. It will be recalled that in England a government was voted out of office in June of 1895 because of a shortage in the ammunition supply. The early failures in the South African war were charged to inexcusable neglect of proper preparation for war—proper preparation in time of peace—preparation for which Parliament itself was largely responsible. The people, however, finally became aroused, and, with their eyes opened, saw the long existing situation, and turned the government out to show their displeasure thereat. It hardly seems possible that the American people, highly intelligent as they are, should need such severe lessons in order to cause them to take the slight necessary precautions to avoid such undesirable conditions.

The need for an army arises from the fact that it takes two parties to keep the peace, and at best any nation can control only one party, namely, itself. It is surely not necessary to cite instances to show that many wars were brought on by an issue forced by one nation upon another, and that the latter would have kept the peace, if possible. The contingency of war in the present state of civilization must be one that all reasonable, thinking men must consider. All reasonable, just people desire peace, both with respect to individual differences and national differences. Private conflicts between private individuals over personal interests have largely ceased, and their settlement been left to tribunals. But it must be remembered that the effectiveness of this method of settlement is because back of each tribunal is the entire force of the state. It is impossible to believe that every defeated litigant gracefully and willingly yields, and that he would not resort to force if he felt that force would avail him anything. Whether or not this desirable method of settling international disputes can be accomplished, I do not now propose to

discuss; nor is it proper that I should do so in this connection. It is a fact that no such trihunal for those questions that are most likely to hring on war has been established. And, until it is, we can only be guided in the future by what has taken place in the past. The past contains so many instances of unexpected wars, so many instances of the lamentahle consequences of unpreparedness for war, that any oation of intelligent people is fully advised of all the dangers of inattention and inaction io this respect.

Our country is fortunate in that it has no powerful neighbor on this continent which requires the maintenance of a large army in times of peace. The stretches of water that separate us from other great nations are, however, no longer the protection that they used to be. The oceans furnish finc highways for the transportation of troops and supplies, and improvements in shipping have made it easily possihle to utilize these highways over long distances. The distaaces, it is true, are still a protection; hut it would be foolish to elose our eyes to the fact that at various points of the puhlie domain of the United States we are still vulnerable to attack.

The great benefit accruing to us hy reasoo of our distance from other nations is that it frees us from the necessity of maintaining an army upon a war footing. We are free to count upon the time necessary to pass from a peace to a war footing. But this time is of little or no avail if previous preparation for such passage has not been provided. We also are all the more required to maintain our small army in peace time at maximum efficiency, with the most perfect organization and supplied with officers of the most advanced training. Only hy doing this can our present small army effectively act as a school of military instruetion for tbe nation, and as a nucleus for the expansion that will be necessary in time of war.

*"I am not criticizing Congress. If the people take no interest in any particular portion of government, you can scarcely expect Congressmen altruistically to devote their time to it"*

In the Spanish-American war—which was not, and was not contemplated to be, a war upon a large scale—we mohilized a foree of something more thao three hundred thousand men. In a smiliar war, that of Great Britain in South Africa, Great Britain sent about the same number of meo six thousand miles. If, in these restricted conflicts, such numbers were considered necessary, it is quite easy to cooceive the great numbers that would be required if war upon a larger scale were threatened or existing. In the Civil War, the United States government at the end thereof had more than a million men under arms.

It seems inexcusahle neglect and hlindness to duty not to provide, in times of peace, the proper method for augmenting the small standing army as it would need to be augmented in time of war. All of the details necessarily involved in that procedure should be carefully provided for in advance; and all regulations for the guidance and instruction of those upon whom the task would fall should be determined upon in order that the absolutely necessary things to be done might be dooe efficiently hy those upon whom the duty would then fall. It is only thus that we can prudently take advantage of the freedom from the necessity of maintaining a large standing army—a thing that no one desires to contemplate. Militarism, with all of its great financial and nther burdens, is the last thing that I advocate or that any one connected with tbe war establishment advocates. Our army today is of such a size that no one has yet suhjected himself to the ridicule of suggesting that we are remotely tending toward militarism. It is surely no tendency toward it to suggest that the small army that we have should be kept at the highest stage of effieieney for the necessary purpose of making it the basis for the expansion which will be inevitable if war comes. This great nation will surely not convict itself of wilful blindness or conscious inattention and neglect, when it once understands the situation elearly.

If the people of the country will but consider what the Army has done, and is doing, they will begin to realize what a great, efficient foree this hranch of the government is, and what it is capahle of doing, provided it receives proper support and sympathy from the people of the country.

When the war with Spain was over, it became necessary to prepare for carrying out the remaioder of the declared purpose of Congress to turn the government and control of the island over to the people thereof. Duriog the interval it was necessary that the island should be governed in accordaoce with the principles that it was intended should prevail after the government thereof had been turned over to its owo people. This duty was turned over to the Army—an organization that contained withio itself executive capacity, husiness training, koowledge of constitutional government, and the necessary self-cootrol for the kindly control of others. The island prospered greatly during the time that it was governed hy the Army. The physical conditions improved; the administration of its affairs proceeded with smoothoess—so much so that there was a failure to appreciate what this smoothness was due to. When the military government was withdrawn, difficulties almost immediately began; and at the end of four years it was necessary for this government again to intervene and to take over the conduct of the island again. Io this second intervention, while n civil gnvernor was appointed instead of one from the Army, there was placed an officer of the Army as an adviser with respect to each administrative department. And tbese officers, in comparative obscurity and with little recognition, largely

conducted the affairs and restored order and efficiency. Another officer of the Army revised and supplemented the laws of Cuba so that they might better insure the application of the principles of the excellent constitution with which the island had been provided after the war, hut which its own people had not been able to operate efficiently.

When this country took over the possession of the Philippines, the Army was charged with the dual task not only of carrying on the civil government, as in Cuha, hut of suppressing an insurrection at the same time; and the Army did each with equal efficiency. The insurrection was suppressed, civil justice was administered, commerce was regulated, and popular education was forwarded—all to nn extent and with a success theretofore unknown in colonial administration. We entered into possession of Manila in May, 1898, and it was not until July, 1901, that the military authorities turned the government of the islands over to civilians.

The achievements of the Army with respect to the Panama Canal are of too recent occurrence and are too widely known to require more than mention. In 1902 the President was authorized and directed to construct the Canal, nnd was assured of the necessary funds. The instrumentality provided was a Commission made up of seven members. As will be remembered, eminent civil engineers had been tried, one after another, as the head of this Commission, nnd, for one reason or another, they were not successful, and finally the whole matter was turned over to the Army; and its great and memorahle success in the mnnagement of all the difficult engineering, civil, and sanitary prohlems there encountered is universally admitted.

In the line of sanitation and of medical activity and progress, the record of the Army is of the highest. Progress in this direction since the Spanish-American war hns been truly remarkahle. The recent example of the Gettyshurg encampment should not be overlooked or its lessons minimized. More than sixty thousand old men were there cared for under the medical and sanitary officers of the Army, and were fed, housed, and taken care of hy the Quartermaster's Department, with a minimum of discomfort, ill health, and mortality.

The mnnagement hy the engineers of the Army of the great puhlic works has always received the unqualified praise of those who have come in contact with them and who have knowledge of the facts. It would be nn extremely difficult task to persuade people of this country to consent to take this work nway from the engineers of the Army and place it elsewhere. That magnificent body of men has not only devoted itself with great skill and application to all of the projects committed to its charge hy Congress, hut has always refrained from yielding to the temptation of enlarging its functions hy recommending extravagant or unnecessary expenditures.

In most of the emergencies that are not only unexpected hut unprovided for, the Army is the first hranch of the Government called upon, and I am proud nnd glad to say that it has always responded in such a way as not only to render efficient assistance, but to gain the unanimous praise of those who know its work. In fire, earthquake, and flood the Federal Government has been called upon to extend a helping hand to the citizens overtaken by dire calamity and beyond the power of their immediate resources to handle. The Army, with a personnel of intelligence capahle of grasping and dealing with such situations, has always been sent in, nnd has dealt efficiently therewith.

With respect to mnny of its duties the Army is enahled to draw upon a common source for aid; hut it has special activities in which it has to depend very largely upon itself for progress. The manufacture of arms and ammunition belongs principally in the domain of mechanical engineering, and with respect to this class of material privnte enterprise has not found it profitahle to devote a great proportion of its energy. In mechanical engineering for military purposes the literature and experience of the civilian is not sufficiently extensive, and the military man has therefore been required himself to absorb the general principles and to make his own application of them for the particular needs of his science. The United States Army has not been behind any other in its contributions along these lines. The great gun of the Civil War period, the most advanced weapon of its time, owed its success to the deep insight into mechanical principles possessed hy its inventor, General Rodman. He cast his guns hollow, and cooled the molten metal from the interior, thus hringing into play the strains due to the contraction of the successive concentric layers and greatly increasing the strength of the material.

The same officer introduced into the manufacture and employment of powder the most useful improvement that up to that time had been made in it. He recognized that a grain of powder did not flash into gas instantanously upon ignition, hut hurned in successive layers. He conceived the idea of pressing powder into large grains and perforating these with holes, the effect of which was that the consumption of the grain would be progressive, and that portion of it which was ignited in the interior perforation would hurn on a constantly increasing surface, so that the gas would form at an increasing rate, to compensate for the growing space behind the projectile as it traveled down the bore. The effect of this was to keep up for a considerahle intervnl such pressure as the gun would be ahle to stand, instead of having this pressure drop rapidly away, as was the case where fine-grain powder was used. The velocity of the projectile nnd the conseqnent power of the gun were greatly increased, whereas the strain upon the gun was not increased at all.

To officers of our Army are also due the invention of the disappearing gun-carriage upon which our seacoast guns are mounted, and which artillery officers consider the best type in use anywhere in the world. Likewise our officers are responsihle for the wire-wrapped rifle, which offers the best comhination of efficiency and economy that has thus far been effected in the production of heavy ordnance.

It will readily occur to any citizen of average intelligence who will devote the necessary time, that the prohlem confronted hy those who have charge of this great estnblishment is no easy one. Numerous things must be done in coöperation with Congress to make the present organization what it should be, to provide it with what it needs, and almost everything must be done to put us in a proper state of preparedness for the necessary expansion to a war footing. I feel assured that the members of Congress are ncutely aware of the situation, nnd would energetically and actively carry out the wishes of their constituents in these respects. The people of the country should interest themselves in these mnttters, and should take such sympathetic and active part as to insure proper support. You can not expect your Congressmen to act if you are not interested. You should not neglect your duty, and I feel sure that they will not neglect theirs, and I hope I shall not neglect mine. If we set nbout doing it, we can accomplish it. It is no idle boast that the American people are intelligent, competent, aud efficient, when once they set about any husiness. Is not this a business of national importnnce, and should not the people set about it? I think so, and I hope so.

*Next week we shall print the first of three nrticles in which will be given the plans of Secretary Lane regarding the control and disposition of the public domain. Mrs. Honore Willsie, the author of the articles, has been in close touch with the Secretnry and his work for weeks, nnd the articles give not only an nuthoritative statement of what Mr. Lane plans to do in such large matters as the Alaskan resources, the water power of the United States, the reclamntion service, nnd the Indinn Bureau, but also sketches intimately nnd viraciously his relation to office-holders and his daily illustration of public service. The whole development of the country is closely connected with the policy of the Interior Department, and we beliere that the reader who absorbs these three articles will come near to knowing how our immeasurably valuable natural resources are to be handled during the present administration.*

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*"People would whisper my name to one another as I made my majestic way to my aisle seat"*

# Confessions of a Reformed Dramatic Critic

By JULIAN STREET

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE regular Dramatic Critic of our newspaper was going abroad for the summer. He was not in the habit of coming down to the office often, but had his headquarters somewhere in the theater district, where he edited a dramatic paper "on the side."

I had only seen him a few times. He was a good-looking Broadway type of young man, well dressed and supersophisticated. Later he rounded out his career by becoming a wine agent and marrying a musical-comedy star.

When the City Editor told me, one morning, that the "Chief" wished to see me, I did not associate the fact with the departure of our Critic, but began to wonder what reportorial "break" I had made, and if it was bad enough to get me "fired."

When I entered the Chief's office, he cocked his eye and went on writing, while I stood there trying to conceal my apprehension.

Presently he looked up and asked:

"How would you like to do some dramatic work?"

I was astounded. I told him I would rather do dramatic work than eat—and I wasn't over-eating in those days, either.

"All right," he replied, turning again to his work. "We'll give you a whack at it and see how you make out."

Let me state my qualifications for the post:

I was an able-bodied American, male, white of color, and in a fair way to reach the desirable age of twenty-one years. I had attended a good boarding-school. At seventeen I had gone into a railroad office and sorted way-bills for six months, after which I had been fired. Three succeeding employers had endured me for half a year each, and had parted with me showing no regret. As a reporter I had done better, though not brilliantly. I had held my place a year and a half, and been raised from $10 to $15 per week.

But perhaps my strongest qualification was a certain inheritance which I possessed. I do not wish to seem boastful about this, but it should be mentioned. It was not an inheritance of a financial character, but one of style. I don't mean literary style, either. That has nothing to do with dramatic criticism. The style which I inherited was sartorial. My father had given me his old dress-suit. Even as I stepped out of the Chief's office I thought of this, perceiving that a dress-suit may be a very valuable adjunct to a New York dramatic critic. But not until long after did I perceive the more illuminating fact that a New York dramatic critic may be an adjunct to a dress-suit.

That night I could not sleep for thinking of the career before me. I pictured myself arriving, in full regalia, at first nights, accompanied by a certain very charming person. How proud she would be! Managers would greet me with humble effusiveness as I entered their theaters. People would whisper my name to one another as I made my majestic way to my aisle seat. The audience would watch me, covertly, during the performance, wondering what stupendous critical thoughts were concealed by that inscrutable mask, my face! Celebrated actors and beautiful actresses would endeavor to meet me, and, on succeeding, would hang upon my lightest words. For I should be a very scholarly critic. My photographs (which I would have taken in great numbers) would show me at a

*"I tried to appear casual, but I was conscious of awed glances"*

table with my books about me. My chin would be propped upon my palm, and my eyes would have a strange poetic look. I should be cold yet gentle, the Nemesis of bad actors and managers, the idol of good ones. Actresses of the loftiest type would be allowed, occasionally, to give me teas—no, not teas, either, come to think of it, but suppers. I could wear my dress-suit to suppers. Some day, at the theater, my piercing eye would discover, in some actress playing a small part, the signs of a great talent, hidden from the ordinary observer. I should write a startling, analytical critique upon her art, which would come as a complete surprise to her and to the rest of the theatrical world. She would be made famous overnight. And how grateful she would be! Probably she would fall in love with me, poor thing! But I should not marry her. I had other plans; and, besides, she should know suffering in order to become truly great. . . . My salary was still $15 per week.

NEVER, before or since, have I experienced the feeling of importance, the delusion of grandeur, which filled me as, for the first time, I went to review a play. Little did those innocent first-nighters, flocking into the theaters, realize that in a certain slender youth (wearing a dress-suit) they were looking upon a mighty agency for the uplift of art. Little did they suspect that the beginning of a renaissance had come!

But I must own that beneath my feeling of elation was one of dread. True, the play was upon trial before me, but I was also upon trial before the Chief. Ardently I hoped that the piece might be bad, for it seemed to me that one might write more brilliantly about a bad play than a good one.

But the play wasn't bad. It wasn't good, either, but fell somewhere between the two extremes. This was disconcerting; the more so because I did not know the other critics, and could not, therefore, discuss the matter with them and find out what I thought.

That night I sat up in my hall bedroom until four, writing an article which treated the new play ironically. I felt that I ridiculed it rather neatly, and went to bed satisfied.

If my first review did not create that furore which it should have, it was, at all events, pronounced "pretty good" by the Chief (who had not seen the play), and the dramatic department of the paper was placed definitely in my charge.

Now, obviously, it was time for me to meet the managers, the prominent actors, and my fellow critics. My first acquaintance in this field was the critic of a large morning paper. Though he had been a critic for some time, and ought, therefore, to have known better, he took himself very seriously. And because I took him seriously, too, he was pleased with me, and offered, generally, to "show me the ropes."

Together, we set out to call along Broadway. I remember that we carried canes and discussed drama. After visiting several secondary managers we went to the office of the most celebrated theatrical man of that day. My critic friend informed me that we should not see this Napoleon himself, for it was his habit to maintain a mysterious seclusion. Newspaper men were referred to one of his leading representatives.

I shall never forget that representative. We were kept waiting in his outer office for some time—a fact which jarred my new-found sense of importance. When at length we were admitted, I expected some apology for the delay. Indeed, I looked for almost anything but that which happened. The man was seated at a desk in his private office. His back was toward us. As we entered, he whirled around in his chair, glared at my companion, and without giving him time to introduce me burst into a torrent of profane abuse.

"Look-at-here!" he howled. "You blankety-blank-blank! Did you write that article in this morning's paper?"

That aught would follow save a rough-and-tumble fight around the office never even crossed my mind. If my companion critic needed help in holding up the banner of the independent press, I meant to give it. What, then, was my amazement when he merely flushed and dropped into a chair.

"Aw, say, now!" he said mildly. "You know you don't mean that! What was wrong with the story, anyhow?"

The other was not to be pacified so easily. He set forth his grievance, punctuating his remarks with expletives. It seems that the article in question stated that a very popular woman star—the pet of this management—was going to Paris, and would there witness Sarah Bernhardt's performance in a certain play. The truth of the statement was not, as I remember, questioned; but, because the play was the one in which the American star would open her next season in New York, it was feared that people might infer, from what my fellow critic had printed, that she would benefit by seeing Mme. Bernhardt, and that she was therefore the lesser artiste of the two. The fact that such an inference would be correct made no difference. It was bad "publicity."

Somehow—I don't remember how—we retired, in disorder, from that office. Before leaving I may have been introduced. I am not sure about it. Having gotten away from the managerial representative, I got away from the critic as soon as I could. I was embarrassed for myself, but most of all for him. Thenceforward we saw but little of each other. For a few months, we bowed when we met. Then we nodded. Then we stopped altogether, and pretended that we didn't know each other.

Frequently, in the course of the next two years, I had occasion to visit the office of the great manager's representative. Our relations were always formal and civil. Sometimes, it is true, he interrupted a conversation with me to curse his girl stenographer. She took it stoically, as if she, too, had been a critic.

Though he did not call himself so, this man was really a press agent—the "head devil" of a large corps employed by the manager. As you probably know, all theatrical managers have press agents, whose duty it is to get as much as possible in print regarding their employers and their employers' plays and actors. "Press stuff" comes to the Dramatic Editor of a newspaper in such vast volumes that it is possible to print only a small selection from the mass; and as the best press agent is, obviously, the one who makes the greatest showing in the pages, these gentry are forever scheming. Some concoct "fakes" which they surround with the trappings of the truth; others give "dog stories" with the frank admission that they are "fakes," but hoping, nevertheless, that they may be printed for their fantastic absurdity. Sometimes a Dramatic Editor will expose a "fake story" by way of "guying" the press agent, and at the same time showing his own shrewdness. I used to like to do this, now and again. It was like saying: "You can't fool *me!*"

In the "press stuff" which came to me from the man I have mentioned I frequently found glaring errors: mistakes in grammar or in the spelling of names of important plays and actors. Instead of correcting them when I "caught" them, I enjoyed printing the items, mistakes and all, with sarcastic comments of my own.

Not until long after did I learn, to my chagrin, that the errors had been made deliberately. The shrewd press agent saw through my sophomoric tendency to point them out, and, as all he wanted was publicity, he "planted" them for me to find, like raisins in a cake.

I know a dramatist who makes a specialty of salting critics' tails. He keeps a country place on Long Island, and invites his victims down for week-end parties. When the relatives of that dramatist go to visit him, they take the train. Not so the critic. The motor is sent in for him, and he arrives grandly, upon rubber tires, as befits his rank and station.

Awaiting him he finds a carefully selected house-party—how carefully selected he never dreams. Each member is in the plot and knows his "lines." That critic's visit is like some royal visit to the house of a favored subject. The other guests are a few attractive actresses, an interesting actor or two, a few more attractive actresses, another dramatist, who runs in from his neighboring estate, and a few more very attractive actresses. What chance has that critic? What hope is there for him, with a dramatist at either elbow to fill his glass, and a group of starry-eyed beauties bunched about him like a lot of children at the zoo and begging him to make a noise like a lion. Such little modesty as he may have had with him when he arrived is snatched away. Far into the night he drinks and lectures on the wonders of himself. And when at last he goes to bed he is less drunk with his liquor than with the debauch involved in conducting the "seeing me" tour.

It is to be hoped that the critic sleeps late on Sunday morning, thus providing the others with an opportunity to spend an hour or two in talking of themselves—an occupation which, as he has often pointed out in print, they dearly love.

When he appears the orgy recommences. In relays they take him through the day. The house and grounds are littered with personal pronouns which he has thrown away as a millionaire throws money. The air is full of them. But when bedtime comes the host and his co-conspirators retire fatigued but victorious. At the cost of a little champagne, gasolene, and subterfuge, they have purchased a large newspaper.

That is the true story of what happened to a certain critic whom I know. With

only slight variations, it has happened to others. Yet I venture the prophecy that, as I have told it, he will not know himself, but will wonder which of the other critics was the victim. And how much simpler, even, is the "fixing" of the critic in a smaller city!

Fancy, if you will, a famous star on tour in his private car. He arrives at a city of, say, two or three hundred thousand population. He is a national figure. His presence in the city is a matter of news. Imagine, then, his importance in the eyes of the local critic, a young newspaper man, living on ten or twenty dollars a week, and lacking even the sophistication of his brother of the metropolitan daily. The actor has a glittering car to live in. The critic rooms in a shabby boarding-house and eats in quick-lunch rooms.

He asks the press agent for an interview with the star. Very likely that astute person hands him a "canned" interview from a mimeographed sheaf. But if he thinks it worth while to "fix" the critic for life, he tells the star to have him in for dinner on the car.

What an occasion for the critic, in whose life even a good dinner is an event! He dons his Sunday suit, clips his cuffs with more than usual care, and appears upon the car at the appointed hour. The great actor greets him with what he afterward describes in print as "a delightfully simple manner." He is not, we learn, "the stiff, formal person he had been made out to be." He reels off stories in "his inimitable way." A steward appears and bids them to "a feast of delicate viands cooked to perfection by a high-priced chef." Then, full of champagne, coffee, liqueurs, and the smoke of fifty-cent cigars, the critic rises to take leave. But before going he musters courage to ask for a signed photograph.

"Certainly, my dear Mr.—ah—" The great actor seems positively flattered by the request.

He takes a photograph from a pile placed conveniently near the desk, seats himself, and, with pen poised, inquires suavely:

"Let me see. How do you spell your name, Mr.—ah——?"

"S-m-i-t-h," says the critic. "Henry J. Smith."

"Ah, yes; to be sure! Quite so."

The star writes and hands the picture to the critic, who bleats his pathetic thanks, and leaves in a dazed condition. Alone in his room in the boarding-house, he looks at the inscription:

*To my good friend, Henry J. Smith,*
*with warm regards.*
*Very cordially,*
*J. Montmorency Fitzgibbon.*

The critic is deeply touched. He has the picture framed, of course, and hangs it on his bedroom wall along with photographs of all the other theatrical "friends of his."

In speaking to his landlady and the girl he takes to first nights, he refers to the actor familiarly as "Monty" Fitzgibbon. His interview and his review of the first performance are done in his very best manner. Consider these excerpts from the latter, which is headed "A BIG NIGHT":

"Seldom indeed has there been witnessed in our city . . . auspicious occasion . . . histrionic artist of no mean ability . . . rose to heights of great emotional power . . . magnificent rendition of a difficult rôle . . . artist in all that the term implies. . . . A narrative so generally known needs no description of its plot at this time." (Then a description of the plot.)

As to the "supporting company," one had "authority," another "repose," another "distinction," another "played

with understanding," several others were "satisfactory," and the remaining few were "adequate." . . . A criticism well up to the high literary standards set by New York papers!

*To be continued*

# The Gaynor Charter

*William J. Gaynor is inviting the voters of the second city in the world to make him Mayor again, after four years' trial. The circumstances under which he was elected before were peculiar. There were three tickets in the field. Mr. Gaynor ran on the Tammany ticket, with a Tammany Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Of the other two tickets, one was headed by Mr. Otto Bannard and the other by Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and they fused on the nominees for the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The consequence was that they elected their Board, but Mr. Gaynor was elected Mayor. He has therefore been working in conjunction with a Fusion Board of Estimate. He is a brilliant man who frequently shows startling lack of scruples. Tied up with the Fusion Board of Estimate, his ability has been used and his political trickery thwarted. If he is put into office again, it will be on a Tammany ticket, with a Tammany Board of Estimate. This article shows the sort of thing we may expect of him if he and Tammany divide the full power among themselves. Nobody is cleverer than he. He is independent of Tammany in little things. It is only in big things that he is satisfactory to the organization—in matters like the Charter and the prosecution of big police offenders.*

"IT is no idle Hibernianism," says Chesterton, in the *Victorian Age*, "to say that toward the end of the eighteenth century the most important event in English history happened in France. It would seem still more perverse, yet it would be still more precise, to say that the most important event in English history was the event that never happened at all—the English Revolution on the lines of the French Revolution." And with similar accuracy it may be said that the most significant act of the present Mayor of New York was one that never achieved its end or had a practical result—the attempt made in the middle of his term to bring about a radical change in the distribution of political power in the city by a bill that, for sufficient reasons, came to be called "the Gaynor Charter."

This document was the most significant act of the Mayor, because it contains the indisputable record of the Mayor's ambitions for himself, and of his relations with the Tammany organization, both of which have been obscured in his official conduct by clever allusions and epistles in which the wisdom of the serpent is set forth in the language of the Sunday-school.

In 1909 there was sent to the legislature, by a commission appointed to draft a charter for New York, a brace of bills known as "the Charter" and "the Administrative Code," together constituting the so-called "Ivins Charter." It was universally recognized that this was an incalculable improvement upon the existing Charter in point of form. Its language was simple and scientific, while the existing act has been described by Mr. Gaynor, a thoroughly competent critic, as "the illiterate Charter." But it was unsatisfactory to the politicians. They were shocked by the suggestion of an unpaid board of aldermen, and frightened by the separation of the document into two parts. They suspected this divorce of substantive law ("The Charter") from procedure ("Administrative Code"), because they were unable to figure out its partizan effect; and the Republicans were not then prepared to give the local authorities the augmented power of amending administrative details contemplated by the "Code." Consequently, the only action taken by the legislature was to refer it to a committee of which Mr. Hammond, then chairman of the Assembly Cities Committee, was the head.



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to draw a bill for the next session, embodying the literary excellences of the Ivins Charter, but without its startling changes, and restored to the familiar form of a single instrument.

In 1910 such a bill was introduced by Mr. Hammond, and known as the "Hammond Charter." It was generally but not enthusiastically approved. The City Club urged its passage; the Democrats thought it would be wise to accept from a Republican legislature so generous an instalment of home-rule; the Republicans were ready to adopt it. Toward the close of the session, however, and when the bill was on the point of becoming law, Mayor Gaynor wrote a letter begging that action be deferred till he could examine it. In compliance with this request, the bill was dropped, and in the autumn a Democratic Governor and legislature were elected.

During the first months of 1911, pending the long contest over a United States Senator, the Hammond Charter was revised to meet the requirements of the Democratic majority—as expressed by its leaders in Senate and Assembly: but the changes were not radical. While this revision was in progress, efforts were made to obtain the views of the Mayor. It was known that he had referred the Hammond draft of 1910 to the Corporation Counsel for criticism, and that a report had been made by that officer or a committee of his assistants. Counsel for the Hammond Committee implored the Mayor to let this report be seen; and it was at last delivered three days before the Hammond Committee was required to report its bill. And yet no word from the Mayor.

On March 31, however, this reticence was explained by the introduction of a bill "constituting the Charter of the City of New York," which had been drawn in the Corporation Counsel's office under the inspiration of the Mayor himself, although he denied having written any of it. This was the original "Gaynor Charter." In arrangement it was similar to the Hammond Bill of 1910. It was subjected to fierce criticism as to both matter and style. Nevertheless, it was about to be pressed for passage,—for it enormously increased the powers of boards and officers in control of the "organization,"—when Governor Dix announced that, unless a reasonable opportunity were given for examination of the bill, he would veto it—an act of justice and courage for which he has never received the commendation it deserved.

In consequence of this threat (it will be noted that the Mayor asked no delay this time), hearings were held in New York City; and it became apparent that the bill would have to be completely redrawn. Mr. Ray Smith of Syracuse, and a corps of aides in command of Assemblyman Foley (representing Mr. Murphy's home district), were employed on this work. Two drafts were prepared, one in July and the other in September, and in its final form the bill ("Cullen-Foley Bill") presented a model of admirable English. In substance it remained an "organization Charter"; that is to say, it was designed to transfer vast and important powers from the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, chiefly composed of members elected on an anti-Tammany ticket, and from anti-Tammany officers, such as the Comptroller, to the Mayor, the Sinking Fund Commission, the Corporation Counsel, etc., largely in control of the Mayor and the local Democratic organizations in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

It would be tedious to set forth the details of the Mayor's Bill; but, "lest we forget," it is indispensable to mention a few of the most serious and those that shed light on what the Mayor sought to gain for himself. And it must be remembered that the last form in which the bill was submitted to the legislature, where it was passed in the Assembly but defeated in the Senate, was prepared under the direct and constant supervision of members of the Corporation Counsel's staff and in daily conference with the Mayor himself.

1. According to the calculations of the Allied Real Estate Interests, the mandatory increases of salaries would have been $3,579,000 a year; the salary roll of new places would have been $394,000; and there would have been possible a further addition of $816,500 to the city pay-roll. *Altogether, $4,789,500 in salaries.*

2. The Comptroller would have lost a large part of the fiscal functions he was elected to perform, and which had been given to him as the result of long and costly experience, and they would have passed to the Corporation Counsel, an appointee of the Mayor.

3. The Borough Presidents would have been shorn of some of their most important functions; *e. g.*, the Building Bureaus would have been consolidated into a department and placed in control of the Mayor.

4. Much of the power of the Board of Estimate over contracts, ***especially subway contracts,*** would have been taken from that Board and vested in the Mayor.

5. New and vast powers over public improvements would have been lodged in an office to be known as City Engineer, to be appointed by the Mayor.

6. The power now and for many years given to the Governor to remove the Mayor or a Borough President would have been destroyed (as it was in the Tweed Charter.

7. The Commissioner of Accounts would have been stripped of the power to investigate, except on the order of the Mayor.

8. Every matter requiring the consent of the Board of Estimate under the Rapid Transit Act would have required the *separate consent* of the Mayor, ***who would thus have obtained absolute control of rapid transit matters.***

9. In addition to the right the judges have to designate a newspaper in which summonses, citations, notices of sale, and all other legal notices should be published, the Mayor, who is not a judicial officer at all, would have been authorized to designate a law journal for such publication in the entire city, including five counties.

10. The Mayor would also have been able to specify a newspaper in which *all* notices of sale by auction anywhere in the city *must* be published.

11. The hospitals of the city would have passed into the control of a new Commissioner, to be appointed by the Mayor.

12. The educational system of the city would have been committed to the charge of a small body of paid commissioners, to be appointed by the Mayor.

13. The Department of Docks would have been split in two and a new Commissioner of Ferries been appointed by the Mayor.

14. Many of the powers over the finances of the city now controlled in the Board of Estimate would have been exercised by the Sinking Fund Commission, a majority of which were Tammany men.

15. The provisions of the present Charter regarding contracts—the result of generations of experience—would have been enfeebled in the interests of contractors.

16. Many enactments regarding the discipline of the police would have been wiped out or hamstrung.

It will be seen that the most conspicuous effect of this bill would have been to enhance immensely the power, patronage, and importance of the Mayor; in respect to subway matters he would have been omnipotent.

***In a less palpable but more insidious fashion, the influence over the city's finances and contracts, always exercised by the "organization," would have grown incalculably; and the multiplied salaries would inevitably have flowed chiefly into the pockets of its members.***

Recalling these particulars, it will be understood why this bill was called the "Murphy-Gaynor Charter."

The elections in 1911 turned almost exclusively upon the Gaynor Charter; and the judgment of the people of the State was conclusive against it. The Assembly, the only legislative body elected that year, was heavily Republican. Yet in 1912 this amazing assault upon good government seemed to be completely forgotten.

Surely nothing can compare with the successive drafts of the Gaynor Charter as a test of the fitness of its chief designer to be continued in the chief city office. It may be contended that the Mayor dictated only the provisions that would have magnified the Mayor's office, and that concentration of power and responsibility in him is a defensible policy. It is a defensible policy, but not midway in the term for which the Mayor was elected; and discussion of that question must not turn us aside from the consideration of the Mayor's assent to the purely "organization" features of the charter. *He was willing that Tammany should have its pound of flesh, if it would give him the subways and a few other fat things.*

And what shall be thought of the proposal that the Mayor should choose a law journal for the whole city (§1128)? The burden upon litigants for publishing legal notices is already severe. This plan would have doubled the burden. And for what? The principal purpose of publishing a summons or citation is to reach the eyes of persons not residing in the State. Could anything be conceived less likely to fulfil that purpose than a local professional paper? In 1911 it was suggested, in a pamphlet sent to the members of the legislature, that there was a law journal edited by a close friend and appointee of the Mayor which might benefit by this provision.

And, again, what of the section (§1129) giving the Mayor authority to select a newspaper for the advertising of all auction sales? Nobody could have sold his household furniture or unlisted securities without tribute to this paper. Nobody could have chosen the most suitable or least expensive medium, or a local sheet: ***everybody must have advertised in the publication of the Mayor's friend.***

With the documents before them, should not the voters ask themselves, not what the Mayor has done surrounded by a Board of Estimate representing an anti-Tammany Fusion, but what he would do with a Tammany Board?

# Banker-Management

*Why It Has Failed: A Lesson from the New Haven*

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

MR. BRANDEIS STANDS OUT AS THE ONE MAN IN THE UNITED STATES WHO PREDICTED TROUBLE FOR THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD WHEN EVERY ONE ELSE THOUGHT IT HAD SMOOTH SAILING. IN THIS ARTICLE HE GIVES THE LESSONS TO BE DRAWN FROM RECENT EVENTS

THERE is not one moral, but many, to be drawn from the Decline of the New Haven and the Fall of Mellen. That history offers texts for many sermons. It illustrates the Evils of Monopoly, the Curse of Bigness, the Futility of Lying, and the Pitfalls of Law-Breaking. But perhaps the most impressive lesson that it should teach to investors is the failure of banker-management.

## *Banker Control*

FOR years J. P. Morgan & Co. have been the fiscal agents of the New Haven. For years Mr. Morgan was *the* director of the Company. He gave to that property probably closer personal attention than to any other of his many interests. Stockholders' meetings are rarely interesting or important; and few indeed must have been the occasions when Mr. Morgan attended any stockholders' meeting of other companies in which he was a director. But it was his habit to be present at meetings of the New Haven. In 1907, when the policy of monopolistic expansion was first challenged, and again at the meeting in 1909 (after Massachusetts had unwisely accorded its sanction to the Boston & Maine merger), Mr. Morgan himself moved the large increases of stock which were unanimously voted. Of course, he attended the important directors' meetings. His will was law. President Mellen indicated this in his statement before Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty, while discussing the New York, Westchester & Boston—the railroad without a terminal in New York, which cost the New Haven $1,500,000 a mile to acquire, and was then costing it, in operating deficits and interest charges, $100,000 a month to run:

"I am in a very embarrassing position, Mr. Commissioner, regarding the New York, Westchester & Boston. I have never been enthusiastic or at all optimistic of its being a good investment for our company in the present, or in the immediate future; but people in whom I had greater confidence than I have in myself thought it was wise and desirable; I yielded my judgment; indeed, I don't know that it would have made much difference whether I yielded or not."

## *The Bankers' Responsibility*

BANKERS are credited with being a conservative force in the community. The tradition lingers that they are preëminently "safe and sane." And yet, the most grievous fault of this banker-managed railroad has been its financial recklessness—a fault that has already brought heavy losses to many thousands of small investors throughout New England for whom bankers are supposed to be natural guardians. In a community where its railroad stocks have for generations been deemed absolutely safe investments, the reduction of the New Haven dividend and the passing of the Boston & Maine dividend after an unbroken dividend record of seventy-two years comes as a disaster.

"No student of the railroad problem," said Commissioner Prouty, "can doubt that a most prolific source of financial disaster and complication to railroads in the past has been the desire and ability of railroad managers to engage in enterprises outside the legitimate operation of their railroads, especially by the acquisition of other railroads and their securities."

No railroad company has equaled the New Haven in the quantity and extravagance of its outside enterprises. But it must be remembered that neither the president of the New Haven nor any other railroad manager could engage in such transactions without the sanction of the Board of Directors. It is the directors, not Mr. Mellen, who should bear the responsibility for the transactions

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

*"The failure of the banker-management of the New Haven was not accidental. It was not exceptional. It was the natural result of confusing the functions of banker and business man"*

of the New Haven that Commissioner Prouty describes.

Close scrutiny of these transactions discloses no justification. On the contrary, scrutiny serves only to make more clear the gravity of the errors committed. Not merely were recklessly extravagant acquisitions made in mad pursuit of monopoly, but the financial judgment, the financiering itself, was conspicuously bad. To pay for property several times what it is worth, to engage in grossly unwise enterprises, are errors of which no conservative directors should be found guilty; for perhaps the most important function of directors is to test the conclusions and curb by calm counsel the excessive zeal of too ambitious managers. But while we have no right to expect from bankers exceptionally good judgment in ordinary business matters, we do have a right to expect from them prudence, reasonably good financiering, and insistence upon straightforward accounting. And it is just the lack of these qualities in the New Haven management to which the severe criticism of the Interstate Commerce Commission is particularly directed.

Commissioner Prouty calls attention to the vast increase of capitalization. During the nine years beginning July 1, 1903, the capital of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company itself increased from $93,000,000 to about $417,000,000 (excluding premiums). That fact alone should not condemn the management of reckless financiering; but the fact that so little of the new capital was represented by stock might well raise a question as to its conservativeness. For the indebtedness (including guaranties) was increased over twenty times (from about $14,000,000 to $300,000,000), while the stock outstanding in the hands of the public was not doubled ($80,000,000 to $158,000,000). Still, in these days of large things, even such growth of corporate liabilities might be consistent with "safe and sane management."

But what can be said in defense of the financial judgment of the banker-management under which these two railroads find themselves confronted, in the fateful year 1913, with a most disquieting floating indebtedness? On March 31 the New Haven had outstanding $43,000,000 in short-time notes; the Boston & Maine had then outstanding $24,300,000, which have been increased since to $29,000,000; and additional notes have been issued by at least one of its subsidiary lines. Mainly to meet its share of these loans, the New Haven, which before its great expansion could sell 3½ per cent bonds convertible into stock at $150 a share, is obliged now to issue $67,500,000 of its 6 per cent 20-year bonds convertible into stock at par. True, money is "tight" now. But is it not very bad financiering to be so unprepared for the "tight" money market which had been long expected? Indeed, the New Haven's management, particularly, ought to have avoided such an error; for it committed a similar one in the "tight" money market of 1907–1908, when it had to sell $30,000,000 of its 6 per cent 40-year bonds at par.

These huge short-time borrowings of the System are not due to unexpected emergencies or to present monetary conditions. They are of gradual growth. On June 30, 1910, the two companies owed in short-term notes only $10,180,364; by June 30, 1911, the amount had grown to $30,759,959; by June 30, 1912, to $45,395,000. And now it is over $70,000,000. Of course the rate of interest on the loans has also increased very largely. And these loans were incurred unnecessarily. They represent, in the main, not improvements on the New Haven or the Boston & Maine Railroad, but money borrowed either to pay for stocks in other companies which these companies could not afford to buy, or to pay dividends that had not been earned.

In five years out of the last six the New Haven Railroad has, on its own showing, paid dividends in excess of the year's earnings; and the annual deficits disclosed would have been much larger if proper charges for depreciation of equipment and steamships had been made. In each of the last three years, during which the New Haven has had absolute control of the Boston & Maine, the latter paid out in dividends so much in excess of earnings that before April, 1913, the surplus accumulated in earlier years had been converted into a deficit.

Surely these facts show, at least, an extraordinary lack of financial prudence.

## *Why Banker-Management Failed*

NOW, how can the failure of the banker-management of the New Haven be explained?

No one has questioned either the ability or the integrity of the bankers. Commissioner Prouty attributed the mistakes made to the Company's pursuit of a transportation monopoly.

"The reason," says he, "is as apparent as the fact itself. The present management of that Company started out with the purpose of controlling the transportation facilities of New England. In the accomplishment of that purpose it bought what must be had and paid what must be paid. To this purpose and its attempted execution can be traced every one of these financial misfortunes and derelictions."

But it still remains to find the cause of the bad judgment exercised by the eminent banker-management in entering upon and in carrying out the policy of monopoly. For there were as grave errors in the execution of the policy of monopoly as in its adoption. Indeed, it was the aggregation of important errors of detail which compelled the reduction or passing of dividends and which ultimately impaired the Company's credit.

The failure of the banker-management of the New Haven can not be explained as the shortcomings of individuals. The failure was not accidental. It was not exceptional. It was the natural result of confusing the functions of banker and business man.

## *Undivided Loyalty*

THE banker should be detached from the business for which he performs the banking service. This detachment is desirable, in the first place, in order to avoid conflict of interest. The relation of banker-directors to corporations which they finance has been a subject of just criticism. Their conflicting interests necessarily prevent single-minded devotion to the corporation. When a banker-director of a railroad decides as railroad man that it shall issue securities, and then sells them to himself as banker, fixing the price at which they are to be taken, there is necessarily grave danger that the interests of the railroad may suffer—suffer both through issuing of securities which ought not to be issued, and from selling them at a price less favorable to the Company than should have been obtained. For it is ordinarily impossible for a banker-director to judge impartially between the corporation and himself. Even if he succeeded in being impartial, the relation would not conduce to the best interests of the Company. The best bargains are made when buyer and seller are represented by different persons.

## *Detachment an Essential*

BUT the objection to banker-management does not rest wholly, or perhaps mainly, upon the importance of avoiding divided loyalty. A complete detachment of the banker from the corporation is necessary in order to secure for the railroad the benefit of the clearest financial judgment; for the banker's judgment will be necessarily clouded by participation in the management or by ultimate responsibility for the policy actually pursued. It is *outside* financial advice which the railroad needs.

Long ago it was recognized that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client." The essential reason for this is that soundness of judgment is easily obscured by self-interest. Similarly, it is not the proper function of the banker to construct, purchase, or operate railroads, or to engage in industrial enterprises. The proper function of the banker is to give to or to withhold credit from other concerns; to purchase or to refuse to purchase securities from other concerns; and to sell securities to other customers. The proper exercise of this function demands that the banker should be wholly detached from the concern whose credit or securities are under consideration. His decision to grant or to withhold credit, to purchase or not to purchase securities, involves passing judgment on the efficiency of the management or the soundness of the enterprise; and he ought not to occupy a position where in so doing he is passing judgment on himself. Of course detachment does not imply lack of knowledge. The banker should act only with full knowledge, just as a lawyer should act only with full knowledge. The banker who undertakes to make loans to or purchase securities from a railroad for sale to his other customers ought to have as full knowledge of its affairs as does its legal adviser. But the banker should not be, in any sense, his own client. He should not, in the capacity of banker, pass judgment upon the wisdom of his own plans or acts as railroad man.

Such a detached attitude on the part of the banker is demanded also in the interest of his other customers—the purchasers of corporate securities. The investment banker stands toward a large part of his customers in a position of trust, which should be fully recognized. The small investors, particularly the women who are holding an ever-increasing proportion of our corporate securities, commonly buy on the recommendation of their bankers. The small investors do not, and in most cases can not, ascertain for themselves the facts on which to base a proper judgment as to the soundness of securities offered. And even if these investors were furnished with the facts, they lack the business experience essential to forming a proper judgment. Such investors need and are entitled to have the bankers' advice, and obviously their unbiased advice; and the advice can not be unbiased where the banker, as part of the corporation's management, has participated in the creation of the securities which are the subject of sale to the investor.

Is it conceivable that the great house of Morgan would have aided in providing the New Haven with the hundreds of millions so unwisely expended, if its judgment had not been clouded by participation in the New Haven's management?

Painted by George Bellows.

## "BOTH MEMBERS

*The Bellows cartoon for next week will be "The Dance in the Madhouse"*

OF THIS CLUB"



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# Back of Third Base

By GERALD MORGAN

Illustrations by James Preston

SHE used to come and sit in the grand stand of the ball park, on the left field side, a few rows behind the field boxes. She was young and pretty, and she dressed very quietly indeed. But she was evidently a fan, for she followed the game and always applauded the good plays of the home team.

Abie Meodel was the first person to notice her there. Abie was a pimply-faced youth, one of the "peanut boys," and now and then she bought chocolate from him. She always said "Good afternoon," and once she gave him half a dollar and told him to keep the change. That half-dollar was bread upon the waters. Abie told the other peanut boys that she was a "swell dame."

The second person to notice her was Louie Kelly. Louie Kelly did not come honestly by his name; he had come honestly by nothing that he had ever had in all his life. He was a small, dark, thick-set young man who, with two or three satellites, used also to sit on the left field side, where the sun warmed their thin blood. Louie came of a family from southeastern Europe that had been raided for several centuries, often successfully, by gentlemen of Cossack extraction. But in the land of the free he did the raiding himself.

He enjoyed horses, women, power, and war. He enjoyed horses much more than baseball; but, as there was no racing just then, and as he had a season ticket in part payment of political services rendered, and nothing to do in the afternoons (his profession made no demands of him till after dark), he went to ball games. He enjoyed power over about two hundred of his dependents who voted as he desired. He enjoyed women, both as a profession and as an avocation. As for war, he had been known to shoot a policeman in the stomach even when stymied by a lamp-post, and make a clean getaway afterward.

*"Abie told the other peanut boys that she was a swell dame!"*

But Louie had his limitations. He saw a plainly dressed girl, alone and unprotected, but he did not see the difference between the simplicity that costs four hundred dollars and that which costs four dollars.

He bought two bags of peanuts from Abie Mendel, and went down and sat beside her. He offered her one of the bags, and told her that she was a grand little piece of goods. She did not answer him, but he went right on talking.

Abie Mendel saw at once what was going on, and remembered the half-dollar. He scuttled back around the rear of the grand stand, and reappeared on the first-base side. He approached a man sitting at the end of one of the aisles, leaned down, and whispered:

"Say, Mr. O'Brien, Louie Kelly's chasing a decent skirt back of third base."

Mr. O'Brien was a stout, moon-faced man, who looked as unlike the plain-clothes detective detailed to the ball park as any one could. He looked up in the direction of third base as if the actual pursuit described by Abie Mendel might be going on there—a pursuit that would undoubtedly have drawn the attention of the spectators from the game.

"All right, Abie," he said.

He went up the aisle, circled the stand, and paused for a moment to spot Louie Kelly. As soon as he had done that, he walked right up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You're wanted at the telephone, Louie," he said. Then he slipped into the vacant seat.

"Thank you," said the girl, "Mr.——?"

"O'Brien," replied the rescuer stiffly. "I'm a policeman. You come up to the games alone?"

"As often as I can," answered the lady, smiling sweetly.

"And there's no blame reason why you shouldn't," he said shortly. "I'll keep an eye on you myself."

"Thank you again, Mr. O'Brien," returned the lady. "I'm Miss Smith. My father's in Wall Street, and I'm keeping him company. These long summer afternoons, I always come to ball games when I can."

Meanwhile, nine or ten rows back of them sat Louie Kelly, in a snake's black rage. "Oh, to hell with old Squaretoes!" he spit out at one of his gang. "It's not him; it's Peanuts. Peanuts'll pay for this, and as for the skirt——"

Running true to form, Louie Kelly loosed the devil within him chiefly upon the girl—upon any girl.

"I'd beat her up till she was about croaked," he said explicitly.

"That's the boy," said Mr. O'Brien, continuing the delightful conversation down below—"that's the boy for my money, pitching now. He's certainly going some for his first season. He's the kind that's good when he has to be good. He keeps his nerve right with him."

"Gordon, you mean," said the girl.

"That's right. He's from the colleges. Only broke into the big leagues this year. Watch him."

Cliff Gordon was a big, fair young man, very businesslike, very deliberate in his movements. There were two out, a man on second, and two strikes and two balls against the batter. Gordon was watching him, his hands at his sides, with that grave look so typical of the modern American athlete. Then he wound up, pitched, and the batter struck out on a wide, high ball.

"Outguessed him again!" exclaimed the enthusiastic O'Brien. "He's certainly a good one!"

It was a hard game. Gordon was clearly outpitching the visiting pitcher, but the batting of the home team went for next to nothing. Hit after hit was scooped up by the visiting infield, back of third, over second, liner after liner settled in their hands. The visitors came up for their half of the ninth, with the score only one to nothing against them, where it should have been four or five.

Then followed one of those sudden changes which make baseball the game it is. A hit, a low throw, a ball that just grazed a batsman's uniform, filled the bases, with none out. Not a sound could be heard but the yells of the visiting coaches. Then—a pop fly to the infield—a little grounder which forced a man at the plate—a foul—another—a wide swing, three strikes and out.

"He's certainly good in the pinches," said Mr. O'Brien, with repressed emotion.

He turned to the lady, and a sudden thought crossed his romantic mind.

"Do you know Cliff Gordon?" he asked, as they were going out.

"I wish I did," replied the lady simply.

After that day, Mr. O'Brien moved his seat from the first base side, which he had always much preferred, to Miss Smith's choice place back of third. She did not come to all the games, but it gradually occurred to Mr. O'Brien that she never missed one when Cliff Gordon pitched. And so, one evening about nine o'clock, moved by an odd emotion, he went down to the café and pool parlor next to the Arlington Club, where Tim Mullane, the manager of the home team, used to have a glass of beer and a club sandwich before going to bed.

"Hello, Tim," said Mr. O'Brien. "How's that young Gordon of yours coming on?"

Mullane looked up. "Why, hello, Bill," he said. "Have a drink! Gordon's coming on all right. He don't watch the bases like he ought to, but he's certainly good in the pinches."

"Say, Tim," said the detective, sitting down, "has he got a girl?"

"How do I know? Why?"

"There's a girl in the stands—" began O'Brien.

"Show girl?" interrupted the manager. "I don't want nothing like that at the

*"The visitors came up for their half of the ninth, with the score only one to nothing against them"*

ball grounds. Say, if Mike Tuthill or Pete McGowan—with their faces like the outfield before it was sodded—ever catch the kid at that game, they'll guy just about fifty per cent off his effectiveness."

"Show girl nothing!" exclaimed O'Brien. "Nice girl. Thinks a lot of him. I'd like to have him meet her."

"Well, say," drawled the astonished manager, pulling back his chair, "if you're not a fine old matchmaking Irish laandress! Now, just suppose you leave my players alone. You're there to keep crooks and pickpockets out o' the stands, not to run a matrimoaial agency. See?"

And Mr. O'Brien, red in the face, withdrew. He had to give it up.

The next day Cliff Gordon pitched. Mr. O'Brien and Miss Smith had scarcely time to relax, when something happened. The first visiting batter took first on an error. Gordon delayed the game, as he always did on such an occasion. Burke—called Lizzie, sometimes (but never without reprisals), on account of his high voice—was umpiring. He told Gordon to hurry up.

Burke called the first one a ball on the second batter, and the two hundred volunteer umpires who sit behiad the catcher yelled in derision. He called the second one a ball, too, just because he was gettiag angry. Then Cliff Gordon turned and said: "Lizzie, your eye's off to-day."

"All the way," replied Umpire Burke.

"All the way" meant all the way off the field, without pausing at the beach, and the spectators saw no more of Cliff Gordon that afternoon.

But for the matchmaker it saved the situation. "Three days' suspension under the rules," he said to himself joyfully, as he came into the stands the next day and made sure that Miss Smith was already in her seat. "Cliff Gordoa won't be in uniform to-day." And, sure enough, the young pitcher, dressed in his street clothes, was there in the stand, as close to the home team's bench as he could get.

"Say, Mr. Gordon," said the detective bluntly, "I'm O'Brien from the Central Office. There's a young lady here I'd like to have you meet."

And Gordon got up, not sure whether or not he was going to be arrested. O'Brien led him over to the left field side.

"Miss Smith," he said, "this is Mr. Gordon."

Miss Smith looked up, astonished. Then consternation gave way to amusement.

"Happy to meet you," she said, "but sorry you're not playing, Mr. Gordon. They need you."

Inwardly she thought: "Well, I never! Who'd have thought that old policeman took me seriously? You do see life at the ball park. And, after all, he is awfully nice-looking."

"Mr. O'Brien," she added, aloud—but O'Brien, the tactful, had withdrawn and was looking upon his work from afar with the emotions of a successful general. So, also, were looking, but with differeot emotions, a small knot of men high up in the left corner, perched like a horrid swarm of bats—Louie Kelly and his friends.

"Yes, I was suspended," continued Mr. Gordon, in whom the virus was already working as well as O'Brien could have desired. "Just for saying 'Lizzie' to his umps. Is that fair?"

"No," replied the girl, smiling; "it isn't."

And so they talked, and, while they talked, he thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever met, and she thought that professional ball-players were very nice young men and not the tough brates they were said to be. And O'Brien resumed his seat back of first, his daty done for the day, resigning all the obligations of a chaperon. And all this was not lost on Louie Kelly.

He was jealous. Jealousy was, as he would have said himself, his one best bet. Another man was doing what he had tried to do. Abie Mendel had a broken head—so much for justice; aow let justice complete her course. To the two men with him he said:

"Be at Cohen's place iu Seventy-ninth Street at five-thirty. It's dark at six. I'll be driviag the taxi with the skirt inside. The joh is to get her out without a holler. See? .And fix Cohen."

He ducked out of the grounds quickly. No one noticed him. He crossed Eighth Avenue, and made his way to the vacant lots where the motors and taxis had been parked. It was a long chance, to be sure; but to the drivers of many a New York taxi Louie Kelly was no stranger. He approached one of the chauffeurs.

"You're Sam Stengel, ain't you?" he said. "I know you. Did you drive that skirt from Seventy-ninth Street?"

The man nodded.

"Now, see here, Sam," Kelly went on quietly. "I'm going to drive her back. See? You can have the machine at Times Square, or anywhere yoa say, at seven. Never mind what I'ro doing. You're took sick, and you're going home on the elevated, like a good feller. Now beat it and go somewhere where you'll be seen. See?"

Off went Stengel, with the hope of reward and the fear of punishment working the same way with him—he knew Louie Kelly—and the latter got inside the taxi.

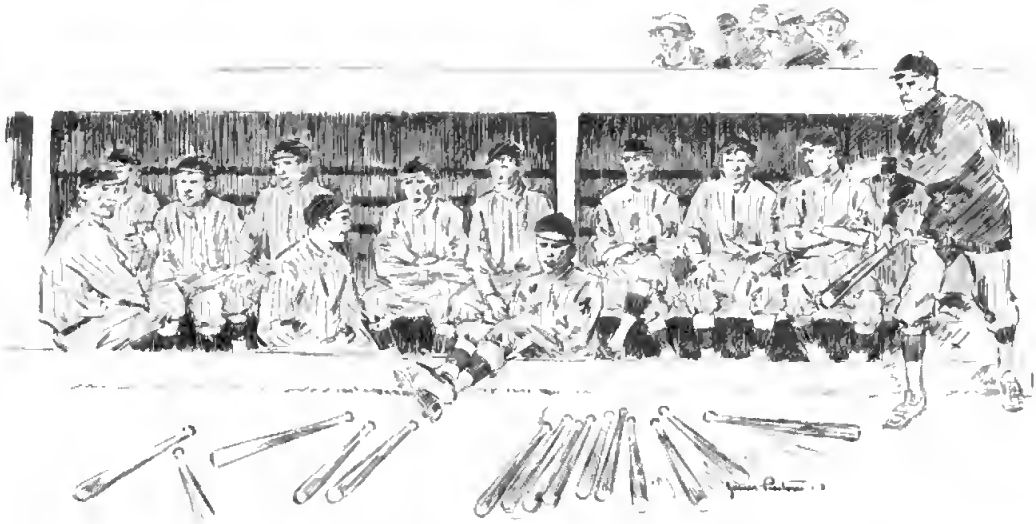
The crowd was coming out. There she was, with the youag man. If he got in, the game was all off.

He did not get in; he opened the door.

"But this isn't my driver," she said.

"No, ma'am," Kelly answered. "He was took sick. I've took his place."

Gordon shut the door. Kelly turned aad saw that. He took a good look at Gordon, then he started. A street-car ahead, two great passenger motor-trucks,



one on his left, one behind, both cursing, absorbed his attention. He neither saw nor heard Gordon reopen the door and get in beside the girl.

"May I go down with you, Miss Smith?" he said. "I don't just like that driver's looks."

"What nonsense!—so far out of your way," she replied.

"Just the same, I guess I will," he said.

Once out on the asphalt, Kelly breathed again. The address he had was on Seventy-ninth Street, near the Park. Straight down to 110th Street, then across to Fifth Avenue, then, say, to Ninetieth Street, turn east to Lexington,—if she asked him, he would say the streets were torn up,—and at Seventy-ninth Street a quick turn east, across Third Avenue, to Cohen's. He went slowly, to let the September darkness increase.

Inside, they were talking. She noticed the east turn at Ninetieth Street, but did not bother. The turn south at Lexington Avenue completely reassured her. They were under the Third Avenue elevated structure at Seventy-ninth Street before she noticed.

"Why, we're going wrong," she said.

Half-way down the block still farther east, Louie Kelly brought his car up to the sidewalk. Now was the time for action. He jumped out. The girl had opened the door. She was just ready to put her foot on the step. Over her mouth Kelly slapped a great hand, jammed her back in the taxi, and whistled.

Louie Kelly's first knowledge of Gordon's presence was a straight right-hander on the jaw. He was knocked back clear across the pavement, and fell sprawling against the railing of Cohen's yard just as two gangsters ran *out*.

Gordon, not stopping even to look, opened the door of the taxi on the street side, and ran round the back. The two gangsters had lost their presence of mind. They made for the near door of the taxi, and they did not see Gordon. He took his time, and hit them where he meant to, before they had a chance even *to* raise their fists. They dropped, both of them, like ninepins.

But Louie Kelly himself was a quicker man. He drew his knife, jumped from the railings, and slipped past the open taxi door with his arm raised. It was a question of a moment only, and the girl's arm, suddenly outstretched from the taxi, stayed his. Then Gordon hit him a second time. An instant later he and the girl were left *alone* on the street.

"Let's get out of here, quick," he said to the girl. "Let the taxi take care of itself."

He took her arm, and, before the crowd had time *to* gather, they hurried west across Third Avenue. He felt the pressure of her hand.

"I say," she said quietly, "you really are good in the pinches, aren't *you*?"

He did not answer.

Across Lexington, Park, and Madison Avenues they went.

"Here's where I live," she said.

He looked at the house, and the hope that had just dawned in him began to sink. For it was not so much a house as a mansion. So far as he was concerned it might as well have been Buckingham Palace—with the portcullis down.

"Miss Smith—" he began.

"And my name's not really Smith," she said.

"Miss Smith," he went straight on, "I'm a professional ball-player. I might as well be a butcher."

"Come in," she said, "and tell my father about it all." She paused. "Not that I have anything against butchers," she added, "but I do think baseball is just the nicest profession in the world."

"You do?" he said.

A MONTH later, as Detective O'Brien was crossing the field on the way to his selected seat back of first base, the manager, Tim Mullane, stopped him.

"Going to look after the presents, Tom?" he asked.

O'Brien laughed.

"No; but I'm going to the wedding," he said.

"He'll never pitch another game of ball," the manager went on. "Don't tell me! And suppose, after this, *you* leave my ball-players *alone*! But I say, Tom,"—and his voice, rich with an unaccustomed brogue, rose as high as ever did Umpire Burke's,—"they're a foine pair! Cliff inthrojuced me yistadda. He was always the good wan in the pinches."

# An Open Letter to Woodrow

***Refusing an Unexpressed Invitation to Collaborate on the Currency Bill***

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

DEAR SIR:
*Your letter, still unmailed,*
*Requesting my collaboration*
*Upon the Currency Bill has failed*
*To reach its proper destination.*
*However, when you DO inquire,*
*I can not do as you desire.*

*I do not lightly spurn your need;*
*I've no desire to be embarrassing;*
*I'd gladly aid you, yes, indeed;*
*I know the enemy is harassing.*
*But here's the fact (please do not doubt it):*
*I don't know one blanked thing about it.*

*'Tis true, like you, for many a year*
*I've sweated over it and studied,*
*Until it all became as clear*
*As the Missouri River—muddied;*
*But Currency still wears its hobbles*
*And every "standard" made still wobbles.*

*I've droned the dullness of the schools*
*Through paraphrastical verbosity;*
*I've conned the wisdom of the fools*
*Through catachrestical spinosity.*
*I've cheered them, verbal and statistical,*
*Down to the common taste of mystical.*

*Still Doctor Thus and Senator So*
*Will take some monetary hair and split it,*
*But when they've told you all they know*
*The difference is that I admit it.*
*They're just as far from Fiscal Science*
*As Farmer Jones and his Alliance.*

*So just one thing (or else you're lost)*
*I warn you, on this point be plastic!*
*At any pains, at any cost,*
*The Currency MUST be elastic.*
*Yes, yes, elastic it must be*
*To stretch from where it stays—to me!*

## A NEW YORK SUMMER SHOW

*The Morgan cartoon for next week will be "The Ritz"*

MARGARET ANGLIN

*Starting from the Californian coast, she will travel eastward, giving productions of the tragedies of Sophocles, Euripides, and Shakespeare*

# The Drama Outlook

***The Most Interesting Possibilities of the Season***

AS New York is still the principal producing center of the United States, what happens there is of interest all over the country. What succeeds in New York in 1912–13 is seen in San Francisco and Mobile in 1913–14.

Will the coming season be as interesting as the last? Since competition has existed in the American theater by the breaking away of the Shuberts from the syndicate monopoly the number of good plays has noticeably increased. The record of the past season added a number of dramas that appealed to the intelligence through their substance or their form. The new plays made a better showing than the classics, but yet English literature was at least as well represented as usual. William Faversham's "Julius Caesar" had an encouraging success, and he is to follow it with more Shakespeare this season. Annie Russell's "Much Ado About Nothing" was one of the most satisfactory productions of Shakespeare given in a long time, and her revivals of Sheridan and Goldsmith also cast credit on her, and gave the young people an opportunity to see that the stage can give pleasure even when it has some relation to masterpieces. John Kellerd's long run in "Hamlet" was an interesting feature of the season. Boys and girls found old friends attractively presented in "Little Women" and "Snow White." The Gilbert and Sullivan revivals meant much to lovers of the best qualities in comic opera.

Possibly, among the new dramas, "Fanny's First Play," with Shaw at his pleasantest, aroused the steadiest interest among those who do not get a pain in the head when they use their brains. "Rutherford & Son" marked the entrance of a new playwright of distinction, and it was acted extraordinarily well. Mr. Ames' idea of having a small theater devoted to experiments has helped our stage. It is to be hoped that his $10,000 prize will bring him many good plays. It ought to, for a renaissance of the drama has struck the United States, and dozens of thinking men and women with literary gifts write plays, to every one who did ten years ago. The experiment of having the Princess Theater devoted to one-act plays started out well under the decidedly able management of Mr. Holbrook Blinn.

The new Stage Society of New York furnished in Maysfield's "The Tragedy of Nan" one of the big plays of the time. Pinero was represented by a new comedy as well as by the revival of "The Amazons"; Knoblauch and Bennett put forth in "Milestones" one of the most interesting leading facts in ordinary human history; "The Yellow Jacket" gave charm to a caricature of Chinese ideas, sentiments, and conditions; fresh treatment of more or less new themes gave life to "Hindle Wakes" and "The New Sin"; contemporary interest and dramatic suspense made "Within the Law" enormously popular; Edward Sheldon's well-made play for Mrs. Fiske illustrated the tendency of our reviving drama to reflect on what is really moral as contrasted with the rubber-stamp morality which is subsiding, and his "Romance" presented one remarkable acting part and various effective stage qualities. "Damaged Goods" showed we are ceasing to be idiotic prudes. "Years of Discretion" presented a characteristic of the era, which is the business of comedy. There were many others wholly worth producing. Take it altogether, the season was a rich one, and there is indication that the coming season is to equal the last in the most popular of the arts, which is at the same time the loftiest among the literary forms. If 1913–14 does as well as 1912–13, we shall be satisfied. Here are some of the possibilities.

Margaret Anglin's season promises to be perhaps the noblest feature of the theatrical year. It will offer to at least a certain number of people a chance to see what the greatest tragedy means when it is intelligently presented. She opens her season at the University of California in the Greek Theater on September 6, playing a two weeks' engagement at the special request of the Dean and Chancellor of the University. Her regular season starts in San Francisco on September 22. In her repertory will be four Shakespearean plays—"As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Anthony and Cleopatra." At the University of California her only play will be the "Elektra" of Sophocles, which she will also include on her Coast tour, which begins immediately after the San Francisco engagement. She will then start East, playing through Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, and Montreal, and in the larger Western cities. She opens in Boston on February 1, and about March 1 is New York. During the spring she plans to give special productions of the "Medea" of Euripides and the "Antigone" of Sophocles.

The outlook for Shakespeare is unusually good. Mr. Faversham, supported by Cecilia Loftus, will give "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and possibly "Hamlet." Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are coming over in repertory, which will include "Hamlet" as well as an interesting collection of modern plays.



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John Drew is to give "Much Ado About Nothing;" and if one were going to select a character from Shakespeare for Mr. Drew, it would be Benedick. Robert Mantell will play King John. Mr. Frohman has the weakness of announcing a good many things that he does not produce. Nevertheless, we are probably safe in saying that Maude Adams will appear in two plays by Mr. Barrie which throw side-lights on Shakespeare. One is called "The Ladies' Shakespeare, Being One Woman's Version of Notorious Work." This is really "The Taming of the Shrew," with a very few sentences inserted to show that Catherine was really not a shrew at all. The other is called "Rosalind," and is an extremely charming one-act play in which the comfortable and impersonal interests of a wise middle age are delightfully contrasted with the qualities of youth.

The average of interest in the new plays ought to be high. "Fanny's First Play" will be followed by another drama by Bernard Shaw, and the best we can wish for it is that it may be as genuine comedy as its predecessor. A new play by Galsworthy is promised at the Little Theater, and if it equals "The Pigeon" it will make a deep impression. Mr. Ames will also produce "Prunella, or Love in a Garden," by Granville Barker and Lawrence Housman, a comedy in which considerable charm is mixed with a conglomeration of mystical ideas not at all easy to follow. The same intelligent manager will give us Arnold Bennett's comedy "The Great Adventure," with Janet Beecher in the leading woman's rôle, and also a drama called "The Clash," by a new British author, Cyril Wentworth Hogg.

Among the American plays, there ought to be a number with genuine quality. Mr. Ames' $10,000 play contest is just closing. Let us hope he turns up two or three geniuses. Augustus Thomas will be represented by "Indian Summer," a new play with John Mason in the leading rôle. If Eleanor Gates does as well in her forthcoming play as she did in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" she will contribute much that is best to the season. A similar remark might be made about the new dramatic comedy by Rachel Crothers, who seldom puts out anything without lending to it something of genuine art in form and also something of genuine comment on human life.

It happens that two famous American pieces of literature figure in the season's production: "The Raven," by George C. Hazleton, tells the life of Edgar Allan Poe, and Longfellow's "Evangeline" has been turned into a play by Thomas Broadhurst.

All this is full of interest and promise, and yet it is wholly possible that the one or two or three things which will stand out as the real contributions of the season of 1913–14 may be entirely unforeseen; for one of the most satisfactory features of the drama as it exists to-day in America is the sudden cropping up of plays like "Kindling" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl," or the occasional importation of a play like "Rutherford & Son"—plays by unknown authors with a powerful grasp on life as it exists to-day and sufficient technique to combine that grasp into genuinely significant drama. N. H.

*[Next week's issue will contain an article by Mrs. Fiske, comparing actual stage life with stage life as it is represented in recent plays.]*

# Thoughts About the Theater

ONCE in a while a genuine tragedy is written in our day, such as Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," for instance; but that species of art does not seem at all likely to gain the foothold that it has had in some of the greatest periods of the drama. Speculations about the cause are many. Some have put it on the newspapers, especially on the yellow press, some on democracy and the control of the intellectual life by the majority, some on the lack of training in elocution. De Quincey, in his essay on the Cæsars, says:

"Why had tragedy no existence as a part of the Roman theater? Because, and *that* was a reason which would have sufficed to stifle all the genius of Greece and England, there was too much tragedy in the shape of gross reality almost daily before their eyes. The amphitheater extinguished the theater."

We have considerable hope that, although tragedy will never be a dominating form again, it will at least revive enough to hold its own with other forms, for it is certainly the highest of them all, and the one in which the profoundest qualities of the human soul are expressed.

## *Looking Straight*

HERODOTUS was the first great muckraker. He not only told about the faults of his countrymen, but took away the credit of some of their most famous victories by explaining that their opponents were not well armed. The Greeks lied, but they did not fear the truth. Their genius was founded on their directness of vision.

This summer has seen the suppression of a play by Hauptmann because it showed appreciation of Napoleon, and the German enthusiasm for him at the height of his power.

Professors are turned out of colleges because their doctrines are looked upon as socialistic. Anti-imperialists were scorned in this country in the Spanish war, and in England in the Boer war. What a contrast to a civilization in which the greatest comic writer the world has known, in the middle of a desperate war for existence, put on the stage plays in which he laughed at the public, at one of the most eminent generals, and at the chief statesmen. We should have a better chance of becoming a great as well as a big nation if we had less fear of the truth, whether in the theater, where we bark against "Damaged Goods," Ibsen's "Any Night," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," or in government, where we suppress the truth at Lawrence and Paterson instead of letting the matter be debated out fully in the open.

The Greek, at the great period, was not only willing to have every side presented, but nothing delighted him more than to discuss serious problems from early morn until he went to bed. He was willing, in the words of Keats:

> "To bear all naked truths
> And to envisage circumstance, all calm."

And his playwrights reflected that intellectual calm and love of truth.

## *Summer Shows*

MRS. AUSTIN, in "A Woman of Genius," speaks of "that execrable sort of entertainment which comes up in any community like a weed when the women are out of town." They are out of town now, and that sort of entertainment does not grow nobler year by year.

## *Sex Morals*

THE success of "Damaged Goods" and the amount of educational benefit brought about by its production has encouraged those who manage the sociological fund of the *Medical Review of Reviews* to arrange for the production of an adaptation of François Coppée's play "The Guilty Man." The play will be produced next fall for one performance, and we hope it will be successful enough to lead to its being seen by the general public.

## *Actors and Character*

IN "Why Women Are So" Mrs. Corlidge says:

"The great preacher and the brilliant orator are effeminate, producing their effects far more by the hypnotism of high emotion than by the ideas that they express. Like actors, they, too, are subject to extreme reaction after the culmination of any emotional effort in which they are often as irresponsible as children. It is particularly suggestive that, of all the types of men denominated 'effeminate,' the actor most nearly resembles the type of woman set up as the ideal in the past century. He, like the woman, makes his place in life chiefly by the cultivation of manner and appearance. He, like her, depends for success upon pleasing rather than being admirable. The 'matinée idol' is an extreme example of character—or, rather, perversion of character—by the social necessity of being charming and of trading in assumed emotions."

In the same book it is pointed out that it is one of the ironies of social development that, while ascetic religion has been a most powerful hindrance to women, the stage has become one of the strongest influences to elevate our ideals of pure beauty. "At the beginning of the nineteenth century the drama was generally regarded in America as an evil influence, and an actress as a foredoomed prostitute. But in the last hundred years the stage has drawn to itself the highest productions of literary and scenic art, and the acting profession has produced some of the noblest human beings of our time.

"In addition to the correction and cultivation of taste, the stage has had an incalculable influence upon the standards of health among women. The actress, the dancer, and the prima donna must have, before all talent, strength to endure the training and the hardships of her profession. However sensual and violent her temper may be, to win success she must deny her appetites and work—work incredibly hard. With the never-ceasing curiosity of the general public regarding the lives of stage people, these facts have become known, and in their dissemination educated every stage-struck girl as well as many feeble amateurs."

"DOWN AT THE CORNER"

*The Sloan cartoon for next week will be "The Girl at the Window"*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED ("RIGHT WING")

WHEN international clashes in sport make for sane criticism and a keener understanding of what the other fellow is doing, they are worth while; and, measured hy that standard, this year should be memorable. It is many a long day since there has been an opportunity to see the nations so frequently arrayed in peaceful barness on field and stream. The United States has successfully defended two cups and regained another, which is triumph enough, in all conscience; hut the mere fact that our foemen from overseas have been mastered is of little moment in the face of the reasons therefor.

England's polo team was beaten as much hy the American spirit as hy anything else; her cold, experienced tennis team was vanquished largely because of the typical American pace; and the canoe cup was retained because of the superiority of American boat-building, even when that boat-building was almost down to miniature. Surely an enviable record.

This is the sort of competition that leads to mutual valuation, and there have been lessons for every nation in each one of the international competitions. Our tennis men have learned that sheer brilliance may never again carry them so far; our polo players have learned that the game in this country is in need of reinforcement from the ranks; and our victorious canoeist has learned that the time may come when more than perfect lines in the tiniest of sailing craft may settle the issue.

Our competitors, on the other hand, have learned that in tennis pace, all other things beiog equal, or even nearly equal, will fileh a Davis Cup; that in polo horsemanship is only half the game; and that in canoeing there may be nearly as much in the boat as there is in the man.

Frequency of international competition leads to tolerant consideration of methods to which one has not been accustomed from the cradle, and to a closer and fairer analysis.

In England manner as well as method counts for a great deal, which explains in some measure the *entente cordiale* between Maurice E. McLoughlio and the British critics, and although ao American tennis-player is oo longer "roasted" for appearing on the court in black shoes, there is no hlinking the fact that the sportsmanship of the American team at Wimbledon, quite as much as its play, has marked a step forward in international competition.

The thoroughly satisfying feature of the work of the Americans has been its tendency to develop the "winning punch" under pressure, notahly when R. Norris Wdliams handled his racket like a veteran after one match had gone against America, and when McLoughlin, perhaps over-tired from too much play at Wimbledon, nevertheless clinched the cup victory with a triumph over a man nearly twice his age, and rich in tournament experience. I like to feel, however, that the acid test came when McLoughlin disposed of Barrett in the British championships, and when Williams mastered such a veteran of the courts as Dixon. I like to feel that these matches were rather a test of American tennis than of American boys.

It was necessary to learn whether the American style of game was sound, and neither the various tournaments that are held in this country nor the preliminary tie with the Australasians—who are temperameatally much like ourselves —sufficed. It was necessary to pit the American game against men who had the hahit of winning. A Davis Cup victory in such circumstances leaves no regrets.

At this distance it would appear that we still have something left to learn from the Englishmen in the matter of ground strokes, while "overhead" we are practically unbeatable. It must not he forgotten, however, that the overhead game is the "forcing" game — the type of play that, while making the greatest demand on the player, at the same time makes the greatest demand on his opponent. It is well understood in warfare that the commander dearly loves the attack, and apparently the first flight of tennis-players has applied this principle.

It seems unfortunate that the criticism directed against Harold H. Hackett oa the other side was so savage, hut it must be remembered that a merely steady, sound player, no matter what his value to the team, had little ehance for acclaim. Hackett, to my way of thinking, is no less to be honored than the hrilliant young men who bore the brunt of the battle, for his was the hardest task, and in the face of it he maintained his poise, played the best game of which he was capable, and even improved in the famous doubles match after a mediocre start.

The real sensation of the college rowing season was the fine work of the two Western crews, Washington and Wisconsin. Both crews were made up of as fine material as any coach could wish for, and indeed the Washiogton eight was a superb combination physically. The further these men rowed the better they rowed; and when it is considered that they had no experience in such fast company their showing was remarkable. The Western uoiversities are certainly enterprising. Their baseball invasion of Japan is a fair sample of their euergy, and it is to be hoped that in the near future more of these Western teams may be seen in action in the East.

John Paul Jones, probably the fastest mile-runner who ever lived, has put away his spiked shoes and given up competitive athletics. He had inducements, legitimate and otherwise, not to do so. But John Paul Jones is an unusual sort of chap. He cares less, perhaps, for success in athletics than any man who ever kicked cinders. It is barely possible that Jones has gone to the other extreme in athletics. When a man whose record is such that he can not be suspected of any wrong, and who is conceded to have the world's record "in his pocket," abandons the game, it seems a pity. Jones has never been able to run a fast first half mile, for one reason or another. I am inclined to believe that he would do better work against the watch could he be induced to come out again.

Small boat sailing received a new impetus with the challenge and unsuccessful competition recently of Ralph B. Britton of the Gananoque Canoe and Motor-Boat Club. The Canadian, sailing in a craft that was fifteen years old, and of the flat-bottomed variety, nevertheless proved one of the finest sportsmen that ever visited these waters. While he was doomed to defeat from the start, he called the attentinn of the committee to a foul he had committed at the first mark in the first round of the first race, and so forfeited aoy chance of victory. He said frankly, on his first appearance in these waters, that he had come down with little hope of victory, but with the expectation of stirring up interest in one of the best and most neglected of sports.

It is extremely doubtful if Yale oarsmen will continue to pin their faith to English methods. Their experience at New London was most discouraging. When the English coaches took hold of the crew it was not as far advanced as it should have been, and neither the Yale eight nor the Yale coaches learned as much from their English visitors as they had hoped to learn. When Yale allowed John Kennedy to go, it was understood that the coaching would be in the hands of graduates. The only graduate who seems to have kept up anything like a steady connection with Yale rowing is James O. Rodgers, who is undoubtedly a capable coach.

It has been the habit of many oarsmen, especially Englishmen, to maintain that a professional sculler can not teach sweep rowing as well as an amateur. Charles E. Courtney, James C. Rice, and several others have exploded this theory hy turning out better crews than any amateur has so far been able to produce. A knowledge of eight-oared rowing — both theory and practice — is not confined to any one country or any one coaching coterie. Common sense is a better aid to a rowing coach than slavish adherence to any particular system. It is doubtful if the English amateur coach understands the temperament of an American crew. The few Englishmen who have coached successfully in this country have simply taught commonsense rowing and have adapted their stroke to the available material. It is to be hoped that Yale will find a solution of the present problem, hut there is no douht that just at present the Elis are on the wrong track.

So remarkable has been the record of the University of Illinois in baseball that a team from that institution would be welcomed throughout the East. There might then be a real test of the type of baseball played hy the colleges of the two sections.

In the meantime, there comes flashing from the Pacific Coast, in the person of young William Johnston, another asphalt-court-bred youngster who may yet dispute the premiership of this country's tennis courts with the fiery McLoughlin. Such a showing as he made at Longwood gives promise of triumphs to come, and it may be that from the viewpoint of the huilding-up process our tennis is on a more nearly solid foundation than that of the Englishmen. That McLoughlin was unahle to defeat Anthony F. Wilding, in the challenge match for the English championship is hardly a reflection on his hrand of tennis, for Wilding is not alone an exceptional tennis-player hut an exceptional man.

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Prestaa

## I

## Lemuel Loveth His Horse

*LEMUEL BOGG was not brilliantly radical,*
*Neighbors admitted and strangers observed.*
*Setting his face against newfangled, faddical*
*Notions, to deadly reaction he swerved.*
*Airships and battleships*
*Filled him with dread*
*"Rowboats and cattleships,"*
*Lemuel said,*
*"Used to be fit for our dads. As to wheels,*
*They got along some without automobiles.*
*You may dub me a frump and fogy," said he,*
*"But a hoss and a buggy is plenty for me."*

*Lemuel lived on a prosperous farm,*
*Peacefully, "not wishin' nobody harm,"*
*Save and excepting one Hiram J. Scagg,*
*Who, living adjacent,*
*In manner complacent*
*Seemed quite addicted to bluster and brag.*
*If Lem made a joke, Mr. Scagg made a wittier;*
*If Lem got a milch-cow, then Si got a prettier.*
*He stood like a spectre to Lemuel Bogg—*
*Better land, better clothes, better barn, better hog.*
*"But, y' bet," muttered Lem, "spite of bluster and boss,*
*He ain't got a critter kin touch my old hoss!*
*By tousy,*
*Not Pansy!"*

*Landaulet, limousine, racer, and runabout,*
*Terrors that whizzed like a shot from a gun, about,*
*Honked by his door*
*With a rush and a roar,*
*Killing the poultry, offending the breeze,*
*And kicking gray dust upon Lemuel's trees.*
*Every morning, when Lemuel Bogg*
*Hitched his mare Pansy and started to jog*
*Over the turnpike to Hipplewhite's store,*
*Sure as he turned around Pettigrew's place*
*One of Them Things round the corner would race,*
*Shocking poor Pansy again with its roar*
*Till she threw up her tail,*
*Stood on her head,*
*Snorted, turned pale,*
*And sank down as one dead—*
*While overwrought Lemuel ardently swore:*
*"If I ever lay hands on them fellers, I'll snatch 'em*
*Deef, dumb, and blind—but, by heck, y' can't catch 'em!"*

*Lemuel's daughter, a pretty young party, set*
*Firmly on being like one of the Smarty Set,*
*Came to her father and pouted deliciously.*
*"What y' want now?"—Father eyed her suspiciously,*
*Knowing her actions*
*Bode money transactions.*
*"Pa, I've been thinking—"*
*With courage unshrinking*
*She came to the topic which drove Lem to drinking.*
*"Most of the girls of MY class are now taught—oh,*
*Up-to-date stunts, such as running an auto.*
*Every young fellow who boasts a Tuxedo*
*Owns a six-cylinder, shaft-drive torpedo.*
*Only ourselves jog our ossified way,*
*Chained to the past in a single-hoss shay."*
*Lemuel cried,*
*Touched in his pride:*
*"Cars is for city folks, gasolene's flossy,*
*But this here durn neighborhood's always been hossy.*
*And I'm free to declare*
*That Pansy the mare*
*Is the swiftest durn critter on any farm near—*
*Unless Silas Scagg has gone bought him a deer."*
*"He ain't!" Daughter's tone was malicious*
*And vicious.*
*"He's got something swifter." "You mean—"*
*"A machine!"*
*"What? No!"*
*"It's so!*
*And it looks quite a lot like a Thing that can go."*

*Like the voice of old Satan on those who discuss him*
*Came to their ears a sardonic "Toot-toot!"*
*And Silas J. Scagg—Lem'l never COULD fuss him—*
*Stopped at the gate in a low, rakish brute*
*Of a modern machine*
*With the sides done in green.*
*"Mornin'!" said Si.*
*"Howdy!" quoth Lem,*
*Remarking, quite dry,*
*"Well, y' got one a' Them!"*
*"Yep," answered Si, well recalling the day*
*When Pansy had beaten his gelding, Old Gray.*
*"It's time for us farmers to scrape off the moss,*
*For only the fossils go round with a hoss."*
*"Hem!"*
*Chortled Lem,*
*"Since you've counted your losses*
*At racin'*
*And pacin',*
*You've found out at last there are hosses and Hosses.*
*Since y' never could win with what feeds upon grass,*
*Ye're right to speed up with yer element—gas."*
*"Oh, dash!"*
*Snorted Si,*
*With a rash*
*Speed to high.*
*Toot! Toot!*
*Swift scoot—*
*He was off there and then,*
*Killing Samantha, Lem's favorite hen,*
*While the latter stood, grave as a ghost on the Styx.*
*"Sixty-two ogre-power Cannibal Six!"*
*He muttered*
*And sputtered,*
*"Everythin' 's goin' to pieces in many ways—*
*What's this here neighborhood comin' to, anyways?"*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# "Winds of Doctrine"

*A Brilliant Book About Present-Day Conditions*

A NEW book by George Santayana* is always an event of importance to a few, because it marks a step forward in the thought of their lives. It means that on some subjects of permanent value they have been helped along to a more finished understanding.

This influence with me began many years ago, and at first Mr. Santayana's verse occupied a larger place in my mind than his prose. He seemed to me then, and he seems to-day, to have written poetry certainly not surpassed by any living American. William James once said to me that he thought the following sonnet worthy of Keats:

> Have I the heart to wander on the earth,
> So patient to her everlasting course,
> Seeking no prize, but bowing to the force
> That gives direction and hath given birth?
> Stain tears, sweet Pity, to refresh my dearth,
> And plough my sterile bosom, sharp Remorse,
> That I grow sick and curse my being's source
> If haply one day passes lacking mirth.
> Doth the sea therefore hate, that I may bask?
> Or do the tired earth and tireless sea,
> That toil not for their pleasure, toil for me?
> Amid the world's long striving, wherefore ask
> What reasons were, or what rewards shall be?
> The covenant God gave us is a task.

I should not care to make that particular statement (and William James was an impressionist in conversation), because I think that Mr. Santayana's verse, even at its best, is not noticeable for exuberance or spontaneity, delightful and permanently satisfactory as it is for purity and intellectual command. As the book to which attention is now invited has much to do with Catholicism, we might go back to a poem that gives very personally his attitude toward that religion:

> I love the pious candle-light,
> The boys' fresh voices, void of thought,
> The woman's eager, inward sight
> Of what in vain her heart had sought.
>
> I love the violets at the feet
> Of Jesus, red with some blood-stain;
> I love the cross, and it is sweet
> To make a sacrifice of pain.
>
> Some offer bullocks to the skies;
> Some, incense, with their drowsy praise;
> He brings the gods what most they prize
> Who sorrow on the altar lays.
>
> I love the Virgin's flowering thrice,
> Her golden crown, her jewelled stole,
> The seven dolorous swords that shine
> Around her heart, no aureole.
>
> Thou Mother of a suffering race,
> Whose pangs console us for our birth,
> Reign thou for ever, by the grace
> Of sorrow, Queen of all the earth!
>
> Perchance when Carnival is done,
> And sun and moon go out for me,
> Christ will be God, and I the one
> That in my youth I used to be.
>
> Things all are shadows, shadows all,
> And ghosts within no idiot's brain.
> A little while, they fade and fall,
> A little while, they come again.
>
> Sing softly, choristers; ye sing
> Not faith alone, but doubt and dread.
> Ring wildly, Easter bells; ye ring
> For Christ arisen, and hope dead. .

Mr. Santayana will never be popular either in verse or prose, but he will be re-read oftener than most writers, and by some highly trained readers he will be read many years after he himself has ceased to exist.

"Winds of Doctrine" is a collection of essays that follow up logically the several volumes that have preceded it. Looking back across this series of books, I remember that my ideas of Browning were fundamentally changed by what Mr. Santayana wrote about him; that I had never thought sufficiently about the relation of Shakespeare to religious philosophy until Mr. Santayana analyzed it; that he gave me my first sharp realization of what a "Philistiae" is; and that my picture of Walt Whitmaa was, to a large exteat, drawn hy him. Personally, I believe this coantry now has no essayist who is his equal.

This book is a study in contemporary opinioa. The chapters are on:

The Iatellectual Temper of the Age.

Modernism and Christianity.

The Philosophy of M. Henri Bergson.

The Philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell.

Shelley: or the Poetic Value of Revolutionary Principles.

The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy.

Some persoas prefer to thiak hastily about the events of the moment; others enjoy a different perspective and like to contemplate those ideas that do not cease to be when the afternoon paper has been left behind on the street-car. It is to this latter and smaller group of readers that books from Mr. Santayana's pea are important. This volume treats the present age as eritical and interesting to live in; an age that keeps some characteristics of Christendom and yet is beginning a different civilizatioa; that feels the value of religious faith, of the pompous arts of our forefathers, of academic architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music, of class privileges and family authority, and yet has broken the shell of Christendom, felt the unconquerable mind of the East and of the pagaa past, and is confronted hy the industrial future, hy a new spirit—that of the emancipated, atheistic, international democracy.

We scarcely know what the word Christianity means. A bishop may he a modernist, a chemist a mystical theologian, a psychologist a believer in ghosts. The greatest happiness of the greatest number has perhaps come to mean (I am giving Mr. Santayana's ideas, and often his words) the greatest idleness of the largest possible population. The word reform, which is a magic word to-day, means to shatter one form and to create another, but the two sides of the act are not always equally inteaded or equally successful.

In the arts freedom is a loose idea that makes many artists like truant children who think their lives will be glorious if they only rua away and play forever; their taste, their vision, their sentimeats are oftea interesting; they are mighty in their independence and feeble only ia their works.

To Mr. Santayana it is natural that there should not be great heroes, saiats, artists, philosophers, or legislators in an age when nobody trusts himself, or feels any confidence in reason, and when the word dogmatie is a term of reproacb. Greatness has character and severity, it is deep and sane, it is distinct and perfect. For this reason there is none of it to-day. Reason has abdicated, life is running turbid and full, aad we are the sport of vested iaterests, tribal passions, stock sentiments, and chance majorities. Mr. Santayana's view of the iatellectual temper of the age is not a sympathetic one, and yet he is fair-minded.

The chapter on "Modernism and Christianity" will be notably interesting to any who are eadeavoring to understand that subtle conflict which is now going on in the Catholie Church. Mr. Santayana realizes, of course, that contradictions have always existed in religion, that the morality of chivalry and war aad the ideals of foppishness and honor have been loag maintained side hy side with the maxims of the gospel, whicb they entirely contradict, and he thinks that the doctrine of Copernicus, although accepted hy the Church with some lame attempt to render it inaocuous, remaias aa alien and hostile element, like a speat bullet lodged in the flesh.

Sin has ceased to be the fearful imprudence which it seemed to the ancient Hebrews aad is aow judged on entirely different grouads. Once it was as logical to fight for religion as it was to fight for nationality. The true Christian, to be sure, has always been the exception, aad whenever a nation is converted to Christianity, its Christianity in practice must he largely converted into paganism. The aominal Christian, becoming a man of business and the head of a family, will form an integral part of that very world which he will pledge his children to renounce as he holds them over the font.

Even in the golden age of Catholicism, the age of Dante, the world was full of hitter conflicts, faithless rebellions, worldliness, and barbarism. It was a conglomeration of iacorrigible rascals. A religion which condemns worldliaess is in this dilemna: if it remains merely spiritual it can not affect the world, and if it develops organs with which to operate on the world, these organs become a part of the world from which it is trying to escape. To Mr. Santayana, therefore, a modernist is nothiag but a freethinker with a sympathetic interest in religious illusion. His is the historical attachment to his church of the Catholie who has discovered that he is a pagao.

I always like to have Mr. Santayana on my side, especially when I feel a little shaky, as in my prejudices against Bergson and Herbert Spencer, for instance. Mr. Santayana is never timid. He calls Herbert Spencer foolishly dogmatic and an important part of his philosophy a piece of ignorant self-sufficiency. The chapter on Bergson may he summed up ia the admission that his thought has all the charm that can go without strength and all the competence that can go without mastery, and that its fundamental principle is like that of a philosopher at sea who, to make himself useful, should blow into the sail.

As it is more difficult to give ia short space an impressioa of a great artist than to quote a few sentences summarising a philosophy, I shall not say anything about the brilliant essay on Shelley, although it will probably he the most popular chapter in the book.

The final chapter, oa "The Geateel Tradition in American Philosophy," comes close to American life. "To understand oneself is the classic form of consolation; to elude oneself is the romantic." The picture of William James here given is drawn by a man who did not agree with him but very much admired him, and it is the best picture, I thiak, yet painted of that alluring American.

It will be a long time before a book is published with more general intelligeace than this one contaias. N. H.

*"Winds of Doctrine." By George Santayana. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.



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# What Women Are After

*An article which endeavors to make clear what will be one of the principal purposes steadily pursued by this publication*

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

*One Kind of Education*

THE "Feminist Movement" is a poor name for a big thing. The expression is not English: a word ending in "ist" usually suggests theory and dullness; and to the ordinary mind the principal ingredient of the idea is the vote. The desire for the vote no more expresses or sums up the idea than the term "good roads" in itself makes clear to the imagination the differences in civilization which would result from turning bad roads into good ones; or than the term "conservation" paints the immense advantages in ordinary living to the ordinary family when the national resources of the country are properly handled by the trustees for all the people; or than the words "good schools" are sufficient to picture the difference between equality, freedom, and knowledge on the one hand, and ignorance and special domination on the other. Out of one hundred people who favor an eight-hour law for workingmen and women, probably not more than one is able to fill in the real meaning of that law in the lives of the families affected by it. Voting is a valuable and a necessary part of the new influence that women are to use in remaking our civilization, but it is merely the expression of a right and a point of view and a powerful weapon for helping along changes that are founded on something much deeper than legal procedure.

The new position of women in the world means that the intellectual and moral standards of civilization are to be changed. They are no longer to be the expression of one sex slightly influenced by the other. They are to be the composite ideals of the two, not of the two acting separately, but of the two as each will be modified by the other as they come into fairer, fuller, and more equal communication. The world is still full of institutions and ideas that are stereotyped and ignorantly worshiped, and which, nevertheless, are obstructive to the welfare of mankind.

Already we see the effect of letting loose the criticism of half of the human race on a civilization built up by the other half. The attitude of the world to-day toward all the vices is a very different thing from what it was a century ago, when the thinking on the subject was merely man's thinking. The changing view of what needs to be done in industry is already partly due to women, and will be much more due to them as the moral and human side of industry passes more and more into their hands.

The great underlying institution of marriage is now being subject to criticism, and to women will in the main fall the task of deciding just what alterations shall be made in it, and in the ideas of sex morality that center around it. The opinions of men fifty years hence will be very different from those of the man of to-day, because their education will have been different from the cradle. The time will soon come when all the little boys and all the little girls will not be bent like twigs in different directions, one set of faults and virtues for the boys and another set of faults and virtues being encouraged in the girls. Boys will not be called effeminate if they show delicacy and consideration, nor will girls be called tom-boys if they show physical vigor and enterprise.

In "The Old Fashioned Woman," by Elsie Clews Parsons, just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, a very interesting addition is made to the remarkable list of books by women about moral civilization brought forward in the last few years. Undoubtedly, the one of these books that has made the deepest impression is Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage," as it is called in the English translation of part of it, although the original "Lines of Life" would have been a more satisfactory name—a book that has probably had a profounder influence in this field than any other book since John Stuart Mill's "Subjection of Women." There have been many others, such as Olive Schreiner's passionately felt "Woman and Labor," Jane Addams' "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," Elizabeth Robin's "My Little Sister," Mary Austin's "A Woman of Genius," and Mary Roberts Coolidge's "Why Women Are So." No one of these books could ever have been written by a man. In fact, there is only one man writing constantly on the subject to-day who seems to have a sufficiently profound grasp of it to rank with progressive women in influence, and he is H. G. Wells.

The encouraging thing is that the changes are not only very rapid but very agreeable. The girls of half a century ago did not usually become more interesting as the years went by. They were vivacious, pleasant creatures, but they began to lose early in life. As their minds had almost nothing to feed on, they began to grow old at the beginning of their twenties, and often were really old at thirty. Their energetic, developing period had ended, and they had settled down to a routine in which they seemed to expect nothing. They had the manner of having already lived. This certainly is not surprising when we consider their bringing up, which is thus expressed by Calverley:

For verily, O my daughter, this world is a masquerade,
And God made thee one thing, that thou mightest make thyself another:
A maiden's heart is as champagne, ever aspiring and struggling upwards,
And it needed that its motions be checked by the silvered Cork of Propriety
He that can afford the price, his be the precious treasure,
Let him drink deeply of its sweetness, nor grumble if it taasteth of the cork.

If the fashionable girl was successful, what did she look forward to? She might

Side by side with rumors of wars and stories of shipwrecks and sieges,
Shall appear thy name, and the minutiae of thy headdress and petticoat,
For an enraptured public to muse upon over their matutinal muffin

Growth is not likely to continue when there is nothing to stimulate it. Habits are formed when we are young. If a girl of twenty is interested merely in hats, dresses, and what she can get out of her looks, she will be unhappy and uninteresting as soon as her youth begins to pass. A sound education and a sound point of view tend to drive in those habits that enlarge the horizon and stimulate interests which increase with years. They enable a woman to have a broader and deeper and more lasting influence on her children. When her children are grown up, her intellectual interests enable her to be useful to the community in some other way. Her friends among men are not those who are merely attracted by the freshness of her complexion, but the superior men of the community who are interested in her through life for what she feels and thinks and does. Middle age and old age are very pleasant things to persons who care not merely for physical charm but for facts and ideas. The rising girls of the present feel the truth of what was said by one of the most brilliant women the world has produced:

"The just soul has no moral sex, but is man or woman according to the will of God; the Code is always the same, whether the just soul be the general of an army or the mother of a family."

The changes we have been referring to are the real objects of the Feminist Movement. Let it not be imagined that the support for these changes is mostly among enthusiasts or persons of senti

mental tendencies. Perhaps the most distinguished man of science alive to-day is Alfred Russel Wallace, and among the most significant books of 1913 is his "Social Environment and Moral Progress." Consider, therefore, his views:

"The foregoing statement of the effect of established natural laws, if allowed free play under rational conditions of civilization, clearly indicates that the position of woman in the not distant future will be far higher and more important than any which has been claimed for or by her in the past.

"While she will be conceded full political and social rights on an equality with men, she will be placed in a position of responsibility and power which will render her his superior, since the future moral progress of the race will so largely depend upon her free choice in marriage. As time goes on, and she acquires more and more economic independence, *that* alone will give her an effective choice which she has never had before. But this choice will be further strengthened by the fact that, with ever-increasing approach to equality of opportunity for every child born in our country, that terrible excess of male deaths, in boyhood and early manhood especially due to various preventable causes, will disappear, and change the present majority of women to a majority of men. This will lead to a greater rivalry for wives, and will give to women the power of rejecting all the lower types of character among their suitors.

"It will be their special duty so to mould public opinion, through home training and social influence, as to render the women of the future the regenerators of the entire human race."

The Feminist Movement, properly understood, is merely the moral movement in human evolution. It is merely the substitution of modes of thought based on present conditions of industry and education for modes of thought which were built up under a system of constant warfare and general ignorance. The movement of women toward contributions to the world's ethical progress is just as resistless as the march of general education or the movement of industries out of the home into the factories. It is one of the biggest facts to-day, and it will be a still bigger fact to-morrow. The publication that undertakes to express progress can no more leave this movement out of account than it can ignore labor, or the relation of government to wealth, or scientific agriculture, or public schools. HARPER'S WEEKLY, under its present management, wishes nothing more strongly than to become a medium for much of the most adequate thought on social institutions of to-day, as seen by the most intelligent women, who are undertaking to make them better not only for women themselves but for men also, and naturally most of all for children, since in them are determined all the possibilities of the men and women of the future. Mr. Wells did not exaggerate when he said: "Our modern world is burdened with its sense of the immense, now half-articulate, significance of women." Dean Swift said: "I am ignorant of any one quality that is admirable in woman which is not equally so in man. I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature; nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both." What exceptional men in all ages have recognized all mankind must recognize soon.


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# Finance

*Cutting Out the Bad Places—As Applied to Railroad Investments*

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

WHO has not watched a hlne-nproned housewife pariog nway diligently nt n panful of hig red apples or dingy-lookiog potatoes? The bad places, the rotten spots, are surgically removed. No rapid process this, hut when it is done the apples and potatoes are sonod and good. If only she cuts deep enough!

Wander as much as the investor will nway from railroad securities, neither he nor the American people can sever the vital connection between national prosperity and railroad solveney. Here is the foundatioo of the investment—and in a sense the whole financial—structure, and it must be kept strong and sound. If receivership, new management, reduced dividends, and shifting of inter-corporate relations are needed to bring railroad securities into conformity with law, made either hy legislhtures or hy the hnrd experience of every-day business, then the removal of diseased parts means health and streogth, whatever the temporary paiu nnd uneashess.

## You Are the Railroad Investor

THE owner of railroad securities is n person to conjure with. Ahout his devoted head play much of the oratory of politicians, labor leaders, and those individuals who write letters to the newspapers under classical signatures decrying tbe socialistic tendency of degenerate times. Somehow, the man one meets is more inclined to buy real-estate bonds or stocks in the newfangled public-utility holding companies. Sometimes the railroad investor seems like n myth.

But the railroad owner is no creature of fancy. His very reality, his firmly established place io the financial order of things, his lack of newness and novelty, all make him less conspicuous than the perhaps venturesome owner of a less familiar vnriety of stock nnd bond. On July 1 the Pennsylvnnin Railroad Company had 84,244 shareholders, of whom 40,325 were women. These are real humnn beings, for the most part. No other railroad has so many, hut nearly every large system can point to at least a score of thousands of separate owners.

The law says there nre two kinds of persons, real and legal. Mrs. Trask, born and hred in n Massachusetts town, and now the wife of nn instructur in mathemntics in n New York college, is a real flesh-nnd-hlood person. She inherited n number of shares of New Haven and Boston & Maine stock, the income from which formerly permitted her to wear as good clothes as the wives of full professors, while her husband's small salary nicely met the rent and groceries. Wheo these two railroads reduced their dividends, Mrs. Trask, being n real person, was nnnoyed and perhaps puzzled. But the New York Life Insurance Company is n legal person under the law, and incapable of being annoyed and puzzled. And yet, the fact that it is a large holder of New Hnven stock is illustrntive of the truth thnt you nnd I nnd everybody nre railroad investors.

A very large proportion of securities of leading American railroads are uwned hy fire and life insurance companies, savings banks, colleges, universities, charitable and philanthropic institutions. It is hardly necessary to say that these institutions touch the lives of men, women, and youths, millions of them. The New York Life Insurance Company has more thnn $330,000,000 of railroad bonds, nnd it added nearly $4,000,000 to its list in 1912. The Equitahle added nearly $10,-000,000 to its even larger holdings in the same year. Harvard University has 7,351 shares of Pennsylvania stock, and thousands of shares of almost every other well-known railroad. Of a single issue of railroad bonds its books show no less than $794,000. The savings banks of New England alone are said to hold more than $100,000,000 of bonds of the New Haven system.

## What the Country Has at Stake

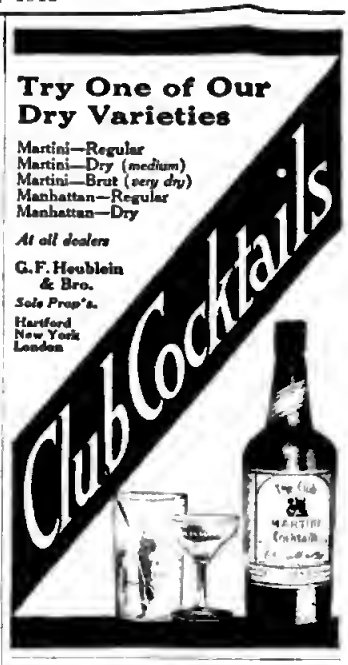
RANDOM figures are merely suggestive. Stated hroadly, the savings of the people have gone into insurance companies and saviogs banks. The gifts of the wealthy have gone into colleges and "homes." Our vast steam transportatioo system, with its 250,000 miles of track and its annual intake of $3,000,-000,000, had been made possihle because the savings banks nnd insuraoce companies have invested in them the painful accumulations of the humble multitude. The aggregated savings of n whole people have pruvided capital to build and rebuild America's railways, and if these companies ever come anywhere near to ruio, the people will be impoverished hy the certain downfall of their saviogs and insurance institutions.

## Railroads Must be Clear of Taint

THUS the railroad security holds a central and influential position. If these corporations are mismanaged, uther corporations are sure to be. Drive the iocfficient or over-ambitious railroad manager out of husiness, and you set up high standards for other companies. Railroad securities are standard to which others conform. As they become sounder and cleaner there is douhle cause for rejoicing.

There are four great companies where an obnoxious conditioo has been squarely dealt with Perhaps the New Haven should long ago bave reduced its dividend. But at last the whole ome step is taken. For several years, New Haven stock declined more or less steadily, dividends of eight per cent were paid and not earned. Here was clear but unadmitted weakness, striving against the inevitable, all business common sense flouted. But now the stock, at or near 100 and paying six per cent which the compauy can earn with an aggressive and enlightened new management, is worth considering. Disgusted and critical as many persons believe themselves rightly to have been against the New Haven management, the fact should not be hastily dismissed that here is enormous and, as human affairs go, permanent value in the property itself. Said the Interstate Commerce Commission, after a scathing nrraignmeot of New Haven management:

"It seems proper to add that, while the


He was a very good looking and entertaining young man, and consequently a social favorite

He was being invited to dinner and as is often the case the thought bored him.

"Won't you dine with us on Monday evening?" the would-be hostess asked sweetly.

"Monday evening," he reiterated slowly and thoughtfully. "I am very sorry but I am afraid I cannot make it for Monday evening"

"Then Tuesday evening? How will that be?"

"Nor can I make it Tuesday evening. I have an——"

"I'm so sorry. But Wednesday evening?"

"I'm going down to Boston Wednesday evening"

"My word, but what a popular young man. Then let us say Thursday evening Surely you can——"

"Oh, well," said the young man, "suppose we make it Monday evening."

## THE "BLUES"

### A Lady Finds Help From Simple Food

Civilization brings blessings and also responsibilities.

The more highly organized we become the more need there is for regularity and natural simplicity in the food we eat

The laws of body nutrition should be carefully obeyed, and the finer, more highly developed brain and nervous system not hampered by a complicated, unwholesome dietary.

A lady of high nervous tension says:

"For fifteen years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia. I confess that an improperly regulated diet was the chief cause of my suffering. Finally, nothing that I ate seemed to agree with my stomach, and life, at times, did not seem worth living.

"I began to take a pessimistic view of everything and see life through dark blue glass, so to speak. My head became affected with a heavy creeping sensation and I feared paralysis.

"Palpitation of the heart caused me to fear that I might die suddenly. Two years ago, hearing Grape-Nuts so highly spoken of by some estimable friends of mine, I determined to try it.

"The change in my condition was little less than miraculous. In a short time the palpitation, bad feeling in head and body began to disappear and the improvement has continued until at the present time I find myself in better health than I have ever enjoyed.

"My weight has increased 20 lbs. in the last year and life looks bright and sunny to me as it did when I was a child."

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financial operations of the company have resulted in heavy losses, there is nothing to indicate that its solvency has been impaired. The company has expended in the last nine years upon its road and equipment over $50,000 a mile, a sum almost equal to the average capitalization of the railroads of the United States at the beginning of that period. While this expenditure has been made with a free hand, there is nothing to show that it has not been wisely made, and to indicate that the result has not fully justified the outlay."

Then, too, the Illinois Central, with its unbroken record for dividends since 1862, now finds it wise to reduce the dividend from seven to five per cent, after several years of great losses through strikes, floods, and graft in the car and locomotive repair department. The latter item alone cost $3,000,000, if common report be credited. This fine property has a new management with no taint of graft connection. When its stock sells somewhat below 100, there will be another inducement to invest.

A few years ago the old and solid St. Paul decided to build a fifteen-hundred-mile extension on a generous scale. The cost was great indeed, and the long-established seven per cent dividend was clearly endangered. Under the acid test of Stock Exchange speculation, the price steadily declined, and at last, in 1912, down went the dividend rate to five per cent. Restoration of confidence, a moderate advance in the stock, and general belief in its present intrinsic worth were the direct consequences.

Last December the United States Supreme Court held to be illegal the ownership of $126,650,000 of Southern Pacific Stock by the Union Pacific. Negotiations to sell this stock were painfully drawn out, but have at last come to an end, and when the exact details are published a big burden will be lifted off the investment back of one of our best railroad properties. Final compliance with the law will put Southern Pacific stock in a clear and open position.

One of the weakest links in railroad finance has been the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, only a short time since placed in receivership. This action does not at once create sound investment securities. Temporarily it makes millions of them worthless. But it is a step in the right direction. Students of American economic history know that railroad reorganization generally has evolved an ever stronger financial type.

It does not follow that those stocks that have been named are necessarily the best available for either investment or speculation. But their cleaning up has put new rivets into the financial structure. Mortgage bonds, debentures, convertibles, and equipment trust certificates are all made the safer for conservative reduction of common stock dividends.

All problems of railroad finance are not forthwith solved as by magic. But the final test of any investment is the earning power behind it. Everything resolves itself into earning power. Assets are worthless unless founded upon it. Judged by this test, the keeping of dividends within the earning capacity of a business is the first and most essential step toward making its securities desirable. Small or irregular earnings and too large dividends are the positive and negative sides of the same evil. Railroad earnings are increasing, and managers are conservative about dividends. The two tendencies work for a common good.


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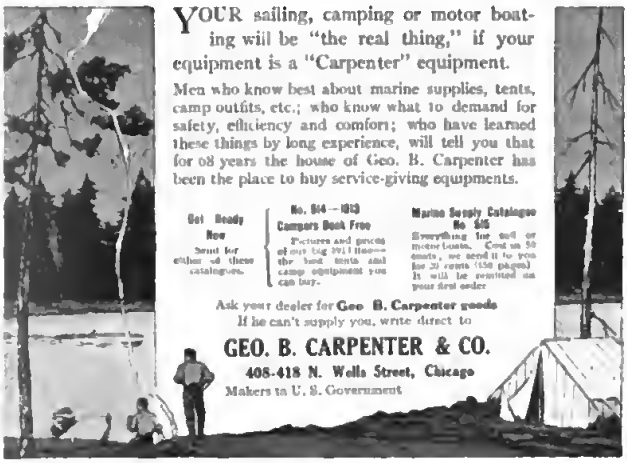

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## WHAT THEY THINK OF US

*Life*

Since HARPER'S WEEKLY was to be sold, it made a great deal of difference whom it was sold to. We could not have chosen a fitter owner for it than Norman Hapgood. Only will he please remember that business has been dull and coal scarce in Alaska ever since he saved it from the Guggenheims, and that it begins to look like a toss-up whether the New Haven road can survive its rescue by Mr. Brandeis, and will he please make a note that to improve any part of life too much too suddenly is bad for trade and tends to reduce circulation and bring on relapse?

*Manchester* (New Hampshire) *Union*

It appears that Norman Hapgood will not take "direct personal charge" of HARPER'S WEEKLY until the issue of August 16. Right in the midst of the silly season, as it were.

*Buffalo News*

Norman Hapgood has purchased and will edit HARPER'S WEEKLY. The exchange boy will scarcely understand our sudden partiality for the paper.

*Utica* (New York) *Observer*

It is announced that Norman Hapgood, formerly editor of *Collier's*, will not take personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY until August 16. In other words, Congress will be left to the business of passing a tariff measure without Mr. Hapgood's direction.

*Belfast* (Maine) *Journal*

*Harper's Bazar* has been sold to Hearst and HARPER'S WEEKLY to Norman Hapgood; and people are wondering if they will become yellow journals.

*Wisconsin State Journal*

No true general would retire from the field of battle to take a chair at West Point. Norman Hapgood is a general in the army that is fighting for the common good. Through him the name of HARPER'S WEEKLY will again stand for the highest and loftiest purpose, as years ago it did under the editorship of George William Curtis. The rich traditions of HARPER'S WEEKLY'S richest days could be bequeathed to no better hands than Hapgood's.

*Seattle Times*

There are thousands of men and women in the United States that will regret to see this splendid old WEEKLY pass from the hands of Mr. George Harvey into the hands of Norman Hapgood.

*Philadelphia Inquirer*

"Politics," says Norman Hapgood, "is a high spiritual endeavor." We can show Mr. Hapgood some districts, however, where it is merely a high spirituous endeavor.

*Portland* (Oregon) *Journal*

Norman Hapgood says that "politics is a high spiritual endeavor." Lofty but useless consolation for the Republican politicans who are endeavoring just now not to part with their stools at the pie-counter.

*Brooklyn Eagle*

As a compromiser, Hapgood may undertake to ride more horses than the clown, with equally disastrous results.

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AUGUST 23, 1913

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

*This is the* SECOND ISSUE

*Edited by*

## NORMAN HAPGOOD

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Minnie Maddern Fiske
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"Right Wing"
Oliver Herford

*and*

The first publication of Secretary Lane's plans

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 23, 1913

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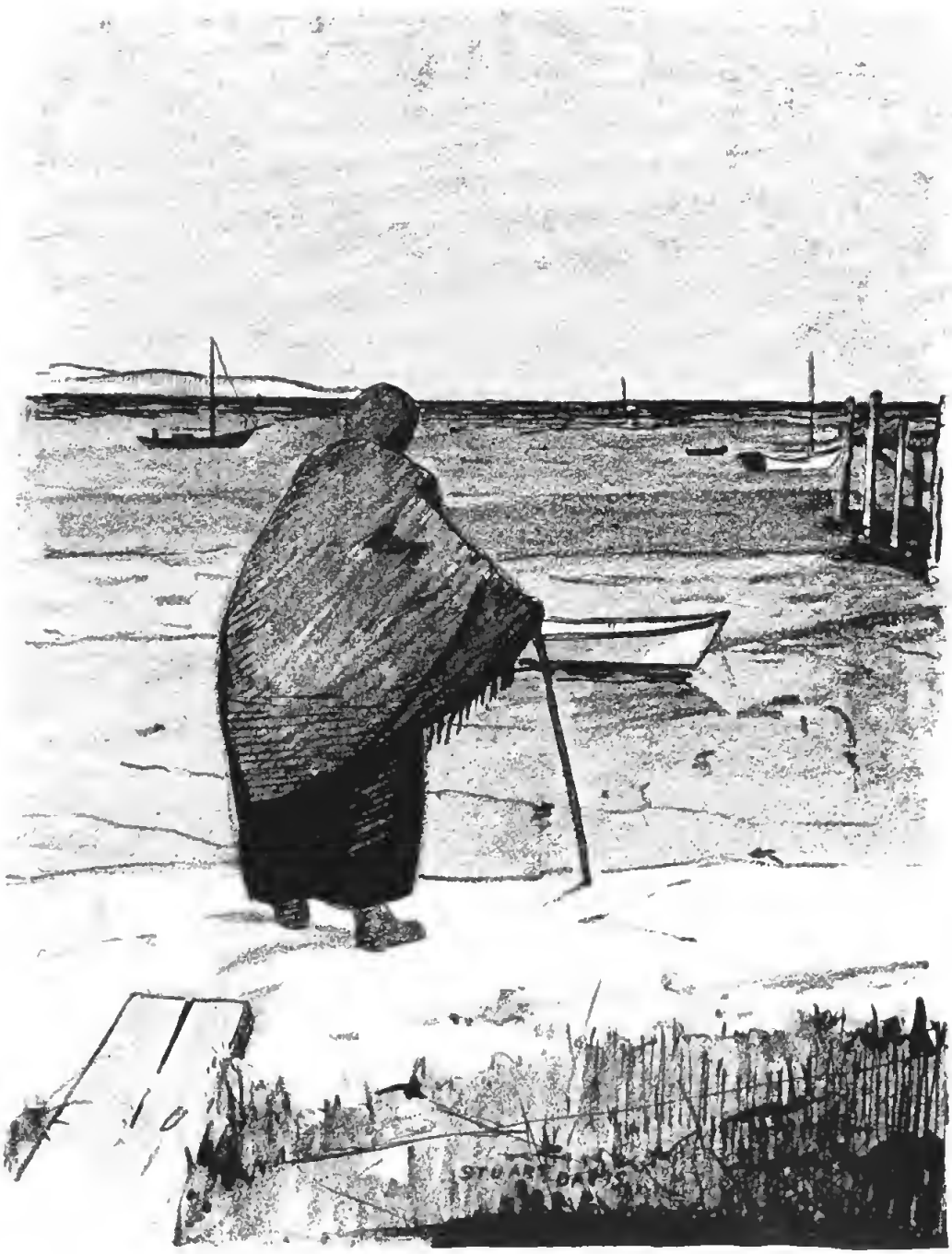

**EBB-TIDE**

*The Davis cartoon for next week will be*
"A LADY OF LEISURE"

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2957 | Week ending Saturday, August 23, 1913 | 10 Cents a Copy $5 00 a year

## Gaynor on Liberty

MR. GAYNOR'S popularity is based in no small degree on his literary and historical equipment. He keeps people from being bored by giving them racy anecdotes about John Calvin, and racy extracts from Epictetus, when they expect him, being a politician, to hand them nothing but rubber-stamp expressions and ideas. When we undertake, however, to elect a Mayor in one of our great cities we have to decide something more than whether he is amusing. We have to decide something more than whether he has ability. It is important to know whether he is honest. Mr. Gaynor is characterized by intellectual tortuousness, he is very subtle, and the positions which he takes are dictated by what he wishes to accomplish, rather than by simple observation of the needs of the city.

Last week we gave an important illustration of this in the evil charter that he endeavored to inflict upon New York. We shall now give a light illustration of the same characteristic, showing him posing as a defender of a free civilization when an attempt was first made to regulate traffic in the congested streets of New York. Justice Gaynor was on the bench at the time. In 1905, there was an application made to him to restrain Commissioner McAdoo from enforcing the same kind of traffic regulations that are now in force throughout the city. A certain real estate dealer thought his business was being interfered with, so he followed the usual and convenient method of getting a judge to interfere with the administrative authorities. Gaynor, in deciding in favor of the real estate man, made the following observations:

> Every approach to said square is guarded and picketed by mounted men like the approach to a military camp or headquarters. It is a most extraordinary sight. . . . For the Legislature to place control of the local administration of highways in a constable or the head of the police would be a most extraordinary event. It would be so contrary to the whole course of English and American Law as to excite surprise. . . . Our government is one of laws and not of men. And it cannot possibly endure on any other basis. Those who advocate the changing of our police into a military instead of a civil force and turning the city over to its commander, either do not know what they are saying or else they want to destroy our system of free government.

The law has been amended since then to overcome such objections, and it would be rather difficult, probably, for the most intense patriot to foresee the end of our civilization and freedom because vehicles are prevented by the police from tying themselves into knots at crowded corners.

This is not one of the most important episodes in the Gaynor career, but it is simple and it is clear and it will do as a basis for the conclusion that not all of Mr. Gaynor's high-sounding democracy is to be taken with too much seriousness. The most important question, however, in the New York City election is not Gaynor. It is Tammany. To get a vivid impression of what that venerable institution stands for, refresh your memory with the Nast cartoons in this issue.

## A Game That Works

WHY is it that Tammany, after stealing profusely from the city for so many generations, and wasting much more than it steals, and being the cause of burning hundreds of people in buildings, and killing thousands before their time from disease, and making it harder for everybody to keep his family alive, should still be a favorite with the masses? Mr. Amos Pinchot has, in a recent address, put the principle of Tammany success in a homely illustration:

> There is a game called "stuss" which, as you may or you may not know, is popular in many sections of New York. From the secret of the popularity of "stuss" may be deduced the cause of an important element in Tammany's power.
>
> The loser at "stuss" is never allowed to leave the temple of chance dead broke. At the door there is always returned to him a percentage of his losses, and the unfortunate one goes on his way with the feeling that he is being taken care of even in adversity.
>
> This bonus, given to the victims of the fickle goddess, acting through the agency of a carefully calculated system, is called "viggrish." The Tammany-Wall Street combination, with its wholesale grafts and its retail charitable district organization work, is the counterpart of the "stuss" joint and "viggrish." Tammany robs the public on a magnificent scale in public contracts, and in enormous profits wrung from the people through Tammany owned and operated gas, electric lighting, and traction companies. Then the Tammany bank, having accumulated a large amount of loot, gives a little back, in chicken feed, as it were, so that the defrauded citizen recovers in the shape of charitable gifts, picnics, the payment of back rents, the opportunities of employment, or even in his funeral expenses, a slight percentage of what has been stolen from him. And he, or his family, is duly grateful.

The American people may not be the easiest people on the earth to bunco. Probably in different directions any of the great nations could put in a strong claim for that distinction. When the Americans put in their argument, however, for first place, probably the patient and innocent stupidity with which we allow our cities to be misgoverned, would be the strongest argument we could bring forward.

## A Difference

IN justice to Mayor Gaynor, it ought to be pointed out that his nomination by Tammany Hall four years ago was on a very different footing from the nomination by the same organization of Governor Sulzer. Tammaay took Gaynor because it more or less had to. It nominated Sulzer because he was exactly the type of man it likes. All the practices that have been revealed recently against Sulzer are those which are characteristic of Tammany men and thoroughly accepted by them. It is a rather sickening spectacle to see Tammany punishing Sulzer not for those faults of which it approves, but for the fact that after he became Governor, he made a showy effort at independence.

What we think about Sulzer himself can be found in a special article in this issue.

## Brains

THIS is 1913, and those bipeds who represent the American people at Washington think it is their duty to protect this country against foreign art. The only objection to them is their lack of logic, or else of courage. Here is HARPER'S WEEKLY, for instance, publishing an article in this very issue by T. P. O'Connor, and thereby helping American writers to starve, and making it harder for this country to raise a crop of writers of its own. Americans are allowed to disgrace themselves and their country by going to see new plays by Barrie, Pinero, Hauptmann and Brieux, and thus getting in the way of native playwriters and stopping the development of numberless American Shakespeares. We listen to Russian, German, Italian, and French composers without a blush, with no young Lochinvar to lead a crusade for the protection of the American composer. Not only ought all of these nefarious practices to be prohibited, but there should be a law preventing Americans from going abroad to look at foreign pictures. What is the use of the American painter slaving along, if his countrymen are going, in the summer time, across the Atlantic to fill themselves up with appreciation of foreigners? What is the matter with the senators and representatives who are protecting American painters against themselves? The American painter does not wish to be protected. He wishes foreign art brought here, but, of course, he does not know anything about his own welfare. Representatives from Oleander and Pig Creek should teach him what is good for him. They should prohibit the American people from the enervating effects of luxury, and they ought not to stop in the middle of their task. Are they afraid to follow their thought to its logical conclusion?

## White Slaves?

IT has been held in the notorious San Francisco case that a man is brought within the Mann Act, the so-called White Slave Act, if he merely pays the fare of a woman from one place to another, if they are making the trip for purposes deemed morally objectionable. It may or may not be wise for the government to undertake to regulate all the sex matters in the universe, but it is certainly idiotic to make no distinction between the real white slave traffic, which is the organized inter-state trade in vice, and those voluntary arrangements between the two individuals concerned. The fight against organized vice as a business has begun in earnest, and has an increasing weight of public feeling behind it. The danger of a statute like the Mann Act is that, in mixing up a cruel business with the ordinary concerns of private individuals, it may bring about a reaction. The Mann Act not only does not confine itself to organized traffic, it does not confine itself to prostitution organized or isolated. It undertakes to bring within the Federal statute, on a technicality, purely individual and non-mercenary matters and thus make the Federal government interfere with the most intimate private morals. Whatever your opinion about human rights may be, you will admit that the law in this instance is undertaking a considerable amount of regulation.

## A Question of History

A STUDENT of history not long ago said that Governor Blease of South Carolina was all right, except that he belonged in the sixth century, and that the gunmen of New York were also all right, except that they belonged in the fifth century. A friend of ours, who has traveled much, asked whether an educated Filipino would think that the record of the Illinois legislature at the last session indicated that the citizens of Illinois were fit for self-government. Civilization goes forward, but not all at once. Meantime, it is amusing to watch our public characters, whether they seem to belong to the twentieth century or the third.

## What Men Must Do

THE nature of women has been influenced a good deal in the past by what men have wished. The nature of men is to be influenced a great deal in the future by what women wish. Women have a better ideal of the family than men, and therefore men will be compelled to raise themselves to higher standards of self-control and social consideration in the future, and they will be compelled to educate themselves away from conventional ideas that have been standardized largely for the convenience of their own primitive natures.

## One Kind of Loneliness

IBSEN makes one of his persons say that the greatest man is most alone. Shelley said of Wordsworth:

> Thou wert as a lone star,

and Wordsworth said of Milton:

> Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

Perhaps, indeed, greatness has a loneliness which is harder to reach, but surely not more sorrowful, than that of common man. The great man is able to explain his loneliness, especially if his is the greatness of art, and everybody can be made to see it; but what of the loneliness of the most obscure of human beings—some shup-

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girl in n great town, some farmer's son alone and drenming, some child with unkind parents? That loneliness is not less whicb has not the halo of greatness to give it glory.

## Exclusiveness and Love

GENIUS is frequently not the soundest exponent of morals. Schiller went to far as to say:

> In every epoch in history when the arts flnurished and taste reigned supreme, mankind was sunk in deprnvity, and it is not possible to find a single example of esthetic eulture, at once widespread and advanced, among a people possessed of political freedom and civic virtue, of fine manners accompanied hy genuine morality, or of behnvior nt once refined and sincere.

Those arc rather sweeping sentences to hnndle. The greatest period of Dutch painting came at n time when the Dutch character was wonderful for endurance, independence, and stnbility. Scholnrs dispute about the Atheninn chnracter nt the great artistie period. It lacked some virtues, bnt it was probnbly notnble for general elevntion. The characters of Michelangelo nnd Dnnte hardly suggest thnt Italy nt her height would support Schiller. The age of Shakespeare was an age thnt showed mnny of the healthiest trnits the British bnve produced. The greatest artist uf our own dny, Tolstoy, was nlso the greatest moralist.

Shelley has expressed one aspect of this question frequently:

> I never was nttached to that great sect,
> Whose doctrine is, that each one should select
> Out of the crowd n mistress or n friend,
> And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend
> To cold oblivion, though it is the code
> Of modern morals, and the beaten road
> Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,
> Who travel to their home among the dead
> By the broad highway of the world, and so
> With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,
> The dreariest and the longest journey go.
>
> True love in this differs from gold nnd clay,
> That to divide is not to take away.
> Love is like understanding, that grows bright
> Gazing on mnny truths. . . .
>
> Narrow
> The heart thnt loves, the hrain that contemplates,
> The life that wears, the spirit that creates
> One object, and one form, and builds therehy
> A sepulcher for its eternity.

## With Our Own Eyes

OCCASIONALLY one has the fortune to see n bit of history in the making. Not many weeks ago we were standing of a sunny Sundny afternoon before n flag-draped plntform in Hyde Pnrk, listening to nn address on Woman's Suffrage by a London school-teneher. She spoke with dignity, tolernnce, and courtesy, and a crowd uf severnl thousand dignified nnd courteous Britons listeued with respect. Directly in front uf us stood n young ruffian of indeterminate nge and unsavory odor. He mnde comments in disturbingly audible tones, to the great annoynnce of n slightly deaf old gentlemnn who stood in front of him. The old gentlemnn remonstrated, the youth was impertinent, an altercation folluwed. Several men interfered, and peace was restored. But the noise hnd been heard. From variuus pnrts of the crowd, gently, unobtrusively, some eight or ten other young hoodlums converged on their compnnion. When there were enough of them to uphold one another's flagging courage, they began to shout insults in unison. The bystanders were furious, the speech wns being spoiled. A violent wrangle arose. More hoodlums heard the noise and joined the rnnks of their fellows. The old gentleman shouted for order at the top of his voice nnd grabbed one of the hoodlums by the collar. A scuffle followed. The womnn who was speaking, seeing the futility of continuing, announced: "It is nbout tea-time now. You mny be getting hungry. The meeting is adjourned till next Sunday." She nnd her compnnions then dismounted, pieked up their banners, nnd quietly withdrew. The dispute between the incensed bystanders, partieularly the old gentleman, and tbe hoodlums continued. The youtbs began to howl in unison. Up rnshed six or eight London bobbies bent on law and order. They arrested the old gentleman and dispersed the erowd. The next morning the yellow press had large headlines, "More suffrnge riots in Hyde Park. Women teachers incite crowds to riot. Timely arrival of police prevents serious consequences."

## The Mary Powell

FIFTY years ago n boat builder (this is imagined, for the facts nre not known nor do they in the least mntter, for they "have nothing at nll to do with the case") was profoundly moved by a queenly, n soul-compelling, and a good-diffusing womnn; but he was no poet and could not mnnifest his devotion in rhyme nnd rhythm. Yet his imperative ambition was to interpret his inspiration into something that might in turn benefit the world. So he built n poem: he designed n most benutiful white vessel with exquisitely graceful lines; nnd he named her the Mary Powell. And so transcendently delightful was thnt vessel, when outlined against the loveliest scenery in the world, so swift and sure her course along its nohlest river, dashing the rainbowed spray from ber bow, so benignant her existence, thnt these fifty yenrs past people hnve never tired admiring her; "many an eye has danced to see" her flags in the hreeze, muny n henrt has throbbed nt her passing, nnd from first to last men have called her, perfectly comprehending her designer's inspiration, The Queen of the Hudson. So from the beginning of the race hnve superb women moved men to glurious works; and never has such ndmiration been more justified than when translated into utilitnrian nchievements. The Mary Powell is going to the scrap heap! that is wlnt it really amounts to, though her owners are trying to break it gently to the many thousands who love her nnd cherish memories of those with whom they spent hours on her runs. "She will make occasional trips." This, nny discerning person can see, is but softening the blow. Soon she will pass awny along with such grny heads as began their wedding trips on her sympathetic decks. But thnt is the nppointed course for benutiful women and devoted men, and wonderfully fashioned vessels, as well as fur all and everything else in the cosmos.

*" He is actuated by two or three fundamental principles that he is endeavoring to make into national policies"*

# Mr. Lane and the Public Domain

*The New Word In Washington*

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

MR. WILSON has gathered into his cabinet certain men as alien to the understanding of Washington as if they had come from Mars.

Not only the theories of these gentlemen are strange, hut they have a vocahulary that is not easy for Washingtoo to translate into the old vernacular.

Washington is full of talkative gentlemen with large Adam's apples who will tell you what the President eats for breakfast and the age and weight of the White House cook. They eall all the cabinet officers by their given names and speak of them patronizingly. But if you ask these same gentlemen to quote first hnnd the ideas of the men they speak of so fraternally and eritically, they have immediate husiness in ao opposite directioo.

However, the gentlemen with the Adam's apples are not alone in their ignorance. Ask the average voter what is the work of the Department of the Interior. He can give you almost no ioformation regarding it. Ask the man who is above the nverage in mental training and political experience. He can deride or praise the President's choice of Franklin K. Lane as Secretary of the Interior, hut he can give you no clean-cut idea of the work of the department that Mr. Lane is to dominate for the next four years. And if you speak of the oew vocahulary to him, he looks skeptical.

You can find a number of Congressmen who know one aspect of the Department's work. The Congressman who is a conservationist knows where the Department of the Interior touches his work. The member who is for or against Indian land-grnhhing knows thnt sooner or later he must come in cootact with Mr. Lane. They know little or nothing about the rest of Mr. Lane's work. They have, however, heard of the new word.

Mr. Lane must make some decisions in the next four years that will affect America's future fundamentally. Two great wars must be fought out in America in the near future. One is the wnr of State vs. Federal Rights. One is the war of Monopoly vs. Competition. A favorite battle-ground for hoth wars will be the Department of the Interior. Io deciding the merits of the combatants Mr. Lane is going to use his new vocabulary, and Washington is not going to understand.

The work of the Department of the Interior covers eight unrelated Bureaus; the General Land Office, the Indian office, Pensions, Patents, Education, Geological Survey, Mines, and the Reclamation Service. Each Bureau ought to have a highly trained specialist at its head. The man controlling sueh a group of unrelated businesses ought to have some remarkahle qualities.

He ought to have a thorough knowledge of America, her geography and geology, her Federal and State laws, her economic past and preseot. He ought to have the capacity for making quick, origioal, and sane decisions. He ought to have a keen understanding of men. In other words, the Secretary of the Interior ought to have a culture that is geoeral as well as legal aod scientific, a mind that is original and fearless as well as deeply human.

THE offices of the Interior Department are in the Patent Building. They are lnrge and light and, io summer, ooisy with the roar of street traffie. Mr. Lane reaches his office at 9.15 in the morning. He leaves it at 7.00 in the evening. He takes twenty minutes to half an hour for lunch. He works these hours seven days out of the week. His evenings are filled hy state functions or hy folk of greater or less degree whose desires the office day was not long enough to cover. The days average something like this.

9.15—Mr. Lane and Mr. Meyers, his secretary, attack an eighteen-inch pile of correspondence. 9.20—A telephone call from Mr. Tumulty, the Presideot's secretary. 9.25—The Senator from Montana calls regurding his Reclamation Projects.

9.30—A tall gentleman with a patronizing manner. He is chairman of a state central committee.

"Mr. Secretary," he says, blandly, "I won't take but a moment of your time. I wanted to get an appointment for Bill Smith. How about the land office in our district?"

The Secretary is gravely scrutinizing his visitor. "It's very warm, isn't it, Mr. Jones," he says. "Is your friend Mr. Smith efficient?"

Mr. Jones hitches his chair forward complacently. "He's a Democrat," he says, "and he deserves something good. He's got a pile of recommendations a foot high."

"That's good," says Mr. Lane. "Is he efficient? If you were in my place and felt yourself responsible to the President and the public for his work, would you appoint him?"

The visitor's look of blandness changes to one of suspicion. "Of course I understand!" he says, rising, red-faced. "You have your own favorites to play. Good day, sir!"

The Secretary sighs, taps his desk, and stares at the electric fan for an instant, then returns to Mr. Meyers and the mail.

9.40—Senator Gore wants to talk to the Secretary about appointments.

9.50—An attack on the eighteen inch pile. 9.55—Gray-haired Senator calls to talk about a bill Mr. Lane wants introduced. 10.00—Man who says he was a childhood friend of the Secretary calls on secret and unimportant business. He has with him a woman dressed in black. Both greet the Secretary effusively.

"This lady is an esteemed acquaintance of mine," says Childhood Friend. "She has been on the temporary list in the Pension Office. Her term ends next week. I am very anxious that you re-appoint her."

Mr. Lane looks from the man to the woman. "You knew, madam, when you took that job that it was temporary?"

"Yes," says the woman, her thin face eager, "but I have three little children to support, Mr. Lane."

The Secretary winces and turns to the man. "There are over a hundred people on that temporary list. A great point was made of making each person who took a job on the list understand that it was temporary when he took it. Yet each one has come to me in dire distress, asking me to create a permanent job for his special case. Nearly every story is quite as painful as your friend's. I have no work for these people."

"Can't you get the President to give her a better job?" asks the man.

"What are her qualifications?" asks Mr. Lane. "Isn't it true that she has not passed the Civil Service examinations? I am responsible to the President and the people. How can I override the rest of the hundred and make a special case here?"

The man and woman rise. The woman, angry-eyed, makes for the door without a word. Childhood Friend pauses for a parting shot. "I'm sorry," he says, "for her husband was a Democrat!"

At 10.10, a man from Kansas calls to tell the Secretary what he thinks about conservation. 10.30—Another woman from the temporary Pension list.

THE door is closed to visitors at noon. At 2.00, a conference with Mr. Newell, head of the Reclamation Service, involving the expenditure of two million dollars. At 3.00, a conference with engineers and corporation heads to discuss Mr. Lane's new policy regarding Water Power. At 4.00, a conference with the Attorney General. At 5.00, an attack on a chaos of reports and briefs. At 6.00, a last annihilating assault on the eighteen-inch pile that has now grown to a full two feet in height.

The first day with Mr. Lane leaves one with a hopeless sense of confusion. He seems to live in a welter of questionings and importunings, to be all but submerged in a sea of red tape and technicalities. Yet after the second and third days spent with the Secretary, one slowly discovers that he is actuated by two or three fundamental principles that he is endeavoring to make into national policies. The principles are simple and Mr. Lane never deviates from them. It is only his vocabulary that is confusing to Washington.

On a recent hot July morning, two men were talking in the New Willard Hotel at Washington while they ate their breakfast.

"I've come to make one last kick on the tie-up of Alaska," said the fat man.

"Got anything there, yourself?" asked the thin man.

"Coal mines. Represent some money that wants to build a railroad there. Government's got to quit this dog-in-the-manger business and get out."

"Going to see Lane and put the screws on him, I suppose," suggested the thin man.

"Screws, all right, but there is nothing coarse about my methods," answered the fat man, glancing around the all but empty dining room.

"What's Lane's avenue of approach?" asked the thin man.

"Same's all the rest, I suppose," replied his fat friend. "What does any one take a government job for? The most thankless job on earth, outwardly. But," he brought his fist down on the table, "I'm in the right! What do the dopes down here know about us in Alaska? All the resources in Alaska belong to us that's up there now. The government's got no business in Alaska."

THAT same morning there appeared in Mr. Lane's office a man with honest brown eyes and the languid manner that usually goes with a frock coat and high hat in July.

"Mr. Secretary," said Mr. Brown, "I just want to tell you my ideas on Conservation. I don't want a job or a favor. I want to tell you where I disapprove of your ideas."

The Secretary eyed his visitor keenly from under his eyebrows, swung round in his chair, annexed his glasses firmly to his right thumb and smiled.

"This is just the sort of help I want," he said. "You are a Westerner and a State's Rights man, I suppose."

Mr. Brown smiled a good, square-cut smile and nodded. The corners of the Secretary's mouth deepened as if he liked the smile.

"You are sure that you have my ideas on Water Power clearly in mind?" he asked. "What I want to do is to develop all the available horse power in America. Congress and America must evolve a clear policy for this development. That policy must embody the idea that the developers of water power must not have too much other kind of power. I have had enough experience with regulating monopolies to know how very difficult it is. You must make your conditions before, not after organization."

Mr. Brown's eyes were eager. "I know," he said. "I'm a lawyer. But let the States have control. The whole West is for State control. If it came to a scratch, we could say to you, 'You own the stream,' but you shan't use a street or a town facility in reaching that stream!"

"You have the idea, with most of the public," answered Mr. Lane, "that Uncle Sam *wants* to take more and more power. He doesn't. But along certain lines it seems necessary. If the States had not been so neglectful and at times so corrupt there would be no need now for the government to step in regarding Water Power. If we could eliminate from this office, Mr. Brown, land and water matters there still would be more than we could do. The trouble with the people out West is that they think that we in Washington are encroaching on their rights. Why, Mr. Brown, I'm not trying to centralize. I'm trying to de-centralize."

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked the State's Rights man.

"Well, take the Alaska question," said Mr. Lane. "That is the most vital question before the Department to-day. We have there virgin soil on which to try out the new ideals of democracy. Right there we must learn to de-centralize, to make the people of Alaska lean as much as possible on their local government.

"The idea is strong in the West that the Federal government is building up great bureaus that are making rigid rules for the preservation of government rights and property, and that as a result we have bureaucracy which

is distasteful to them because it is removed from them. Everything must be sent to Wasbington, and there is not enough authority in the local officials.

"There is some truth in the criticism. There is a strong tendency to keep things always centering in Washington. The difficulty is to devise machinery by which greater play can be given to the judgment of efficient local men. I shall try to do that in Alaska. I am trying to do that in the West.

"For example, I have called upon the Salt River Valley Water Users' Association to give me concrete suggestions as to how to operate their plant so that instead of controlling it by fixed rules from Washington, its control can be left to the farmers on the project.

"And I want Alaska for the individual and not for a great East India Company. For that reason, to save the individual from monopoly and from himself, some sort of Federal guardianship seems essential. What have the States done witb their own public domain? Tbink of the wealtb they might have saved for the future use of their citizens!"

Mr. Brown did not take his eyes from the Secretary. It was evident that he was adding and subtracting, trying to catalogue Mr. Lane. It seemed a pity that the fat man from Alaska who said that be knew Mr. Lane's avenue of approach could not bave been there.

MANY a solid Easterner will tell you that the battle of State's Rights was settled when the slaves were freed. Yet in every Public Lands State in the West, and in the South wbere the government is seeking to control power made from navigable waters, there is growing an acute resentment against Federal control. Slowly but surely Congress is lining up under various names, Insurgents, Progressives, Old Liners, Stand Patters, Conservationists, for or against government control. Mr. Lane must stand the buffet of most of tbese attacks.

Mr. Lane is an individualist up to the point where the individual fails to be square to the individual next door. Wherever it is possible for the State to control the greedy individual, wherever there is *efficient* local control, let it exist. But the States have made bad work of controlling tbeir natural resources. State governments are easier to handle than National. Wherever the State fails to eare for the individual, the Nation must.

The Secretary is consistent in this theory in his views on Alaska. This is what he says about the bill now in Congress for the Federal building of an Alaskan railroad:

"I BELIEVE that under this policy, Alaska will develop most safely and speedily, and the resources of the country become most speedily available to the whole people.

"Tbere is but one way to make any country a real part of the world. By the constructiou of railroads into it. This has been the heart of England's policy in Africa, of Russia's policy in western Asia, and is the prompting hope of the new movement in Cbina. Whoever owns the railroads of a country determines very largely the future of that country, the character of its population, the kind of industries they will engage in and ultimately the nature of the eivilization they will enjoy. The policy of governmental ownership of railroads in Alaska seems to me to be tbe one that will make most certainly for her lasting welfare.

"To many of our people Alaska is little more than a land of natural wonders, here and there dotted with mining camps and fishing villages. If Alaska is to be notbing more it is almost a matter of indifference who builds her railroads. I bave talked with many people who know that country well and I am convinced that we should think of Alaska not only as a country of mines and fisheries but of towns, farms, factories, and mills, supporting millions of people, the hardiest and most wholesome of the race. If this coneeption of a possible Alaska is true, then our legislation should be such as to most surely hring ahout this possibility. And it seems to me that there is less of hazard to Alaska's future if the government of the United States owns the railroads whieh will make its fertile interior valleys accessible from the coast.

"THIS is a new policy for the United States. Very true. This is a new part of the United States and policies properly change with new conditions. Tbe one determining question in all matters of government should be, Is it the *wise* thing to do? The aneient method of opening a country was to huild wagon roads. The modern method is to build railroads. To huild these railroads ourselves and control them may be an experiment, hut sucb an experiment does not suggest scandals more shameful, nor political conditions more unhealthful, than many we have known in new portions of our country under private ownership.

"And in the end we shall be able to estahlish and maintain our own chosen relationship between Alaska and the rest of tbe United States, unhampered by threats of confiscation or the restraining band of any merely selfish influences. We can only procure the highest and fullest use of Alaska by making her railroads wholly subordinate to ber industrial and social life and needs—true public utilities."

Many people ask why the government should own and run railroads in Alaska and not mines when mines are there the competitive units. To this Mr. Lane says:

"It is not necessary, though it might be useful for instruction like the Government's model farms. Tbere ought to be government mining regulations for the protection of life and for the development of the mines that will tend to conserve the coal. The trouble with government experimental farms has been that they have been run to get the highest results from a productive standpoint, and they have been expensive. It would be admirable for the government to show how a mine ought to be run and if this is necessary for educational purposes, all right. My idea is that things that are good can be ingrafted on to existing institutions without the government actually carrying on the work.

"IN this as in everything else, I am in favor of from day to day doing that thing which seems best, judged by a hope and an ideal for the future. I am not a narrow opportunist, believing in doing for to-day alone. That is tbe difference between a savage and a civilized man. The savage acts for to-day alone. A civilized man has enough imagination to see to-morrow in relation to the act of to-day. I don't believe that any absolute philosophy of government can be made to apply to all conditions."

One morning a man called on the Secretary to ask for the job of Indian Commissioner for a friend.

"Is he efficient?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Oh, he's a Democrat, all right," replied the man. "Don't know anybody who has done more for the party in our district."

"Caring for the Indian Bureau is highly specialized work," suggested the Secretary. "What I'm looking for is a ten thousand a year man who is willing to take the five thousand a year of the Commissionership."

"Shucks," said the man, "I know fifty men at home who would take the job!"

Mr. Lane shook his head and the man waxed indignant. "It's easy to see," he exclaimed, "that Demoerats need expect no patronage from this administration."

For just a minute Mr. Lane and his visitor stared at each other. It was plain in the Secretary's face that he felt the futility of making the man see that he had no price. Tbat he sincerely wanted a man who understood Indians, and who was an honest and efficient executive for the Indian Commissionership. The visitor knew one phase of human nature; that one works always for a reward. But to the visitor, there was but one reward—money. He did not get the idea tbat the finest reward is "to do the thing as you see it, for the good of Things As They Are."

Efficiency is a difficult word for a politician to understand. It is difficult for any American to understand it as applied to politics. Yet Efficiency is one of the watch-words of the new administration and wben it is used as the weapon of n great policy like that of Federal control of Public Utilities, it has a powerful effect on the mind of the average, hard-working citizen.

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## THE DANCE IN THE MADHOUSE

By George Bellows

*The Bellows Cartoon for next week will be*
A TINCAN BATTLE ON SAN JUAN HILL

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED
("*Right Wing*")

ARNAUD MASSY, OF FRANCE

EDWARD RAY, OF ENGLAND

WHAT a year for the golfing contingent! And the climax is not yet. When these lines appear several famous foreign professionals already will have been seen in action by the great host of amateure that, for one reason or another, is unable to make the pilgrimage to St Andrews, to Hoylake, to Troon, to La Boulie, and other famous foreign courses. The visit of Vardon, Ray, and Reid of England, and of Tellier and Massy of France can not but be fruitful.

With Vardon's play most of us are familiar, albeit it is an older and perhaps a trifle stouter Vardon we are seeing in action this time. The world of golf has progressed since the first visit of Harry Vardon years ago. It was the fashion then to seek to copy blindly the grip and stance of the visitor, especially the grip. The amateur observer neglected too often to observe that Vardon had unusual hands, and that his grip was hopelessly ill adapted to the average player. There were other features of his play that might better have been imitated. But the "Vardoo grip" was the craze. Imitation in golf—imitation without adaptation—is too often the quickest way to pile up one's hills for lost balls.

But the great body of American amateurs has progressed markedly. Even the average player is to-day the thinker that he was not, say, teo years ago. There has been so much clever analysis, so much capable instruction, that there will be oo more blind following of an idol, I think. Thus the foreignere (is there such a thing as a foreigner when it comes to the great brotherhood of golf?) will be more keenly and more iotelligently watched and studied than ever before, and the amateur should benefit by that study.

I do not mean that anything these experts do should be copied outright, hut I do mean that when an intelligent player increases the sum of his knowledge of the methods used successfully in any game, he can nut well avoid becoming a better player.

There is a chance that under different conditions the American "pros" will do better in the long run than they did in England and France last spring, when five of our best were thoroughly taken care of. There are marked differences in the courses over which these matches are played, and these differences, rather than change in form, often mean the difference between victory and defeat. After tbe defeats at the hands of the Frenchmen the Americans complained (not, however, in any spirit of poor sportsmanship) that the Frenchmen pulled and sliced unmercifully, and were not properly punished for it, while their putting was of the deadly order.

While in this country Massy and Tellier will have to learn to keep on the flag,—the Englishmen may be relied upon to do that—hut if their putting continues to be as deadly as it was on their home links, the American "pros" will have to extend themselves from start to finish of the golfing invasion.

This matter of putting hrings up the old theory of national temperament—too often confused with individual temperament—in sport. Is there any situation in golf that would seem to put a greater premium on the phlegmatic temperament than playiog the odd for a half or better on the putting green from a distance of, say, twenty feet? And yet, here are these supposedly volatile Frenehmen—volatile, if we are to accept the old-fashioned idea—beating the Anglo-Saxon in sheer sang-froid. I wonder if some of those who assume a superior knowledge of national characteristics as applied to sport are not thinking of the attitude off the field rather than on.

It was eustomary, some years ago, to call this country a "nation of sprinters"—this in the face of the wonderful performances at long distances of the late Willie Day; and one still finds learned editorial writers pointing out that we excel in all sports requiring the sudden expenditure of great nervous energy extending over a hrief period. Yet, after we learned how to run the distances, we turned out soone great distance men. It is a difficult matter to put the label on a nationality in sport.

Many a critic has stoutly asserted, time out of mind, that the Englishman excelled io all games calling for patience and endurance. Yet we find that in English rowing, in all two-crew races, the theory and practice to-day is to "put the burden of proof on the other fellow," to "kill him off" at once, and then finish as well as possible. In the case of national characteristics in sport, there are so many exceptions that they do not prove, hut absolutely destroy, the rule.

But to our golf again. The visitors will have their hands full with golfing engagements. At the close of the Shawnee matches Vardon and Ray will appear in matches against the leading American professionals, not forgetting the "homebreds" at Atlantic City, Wilmington, Deal, Wykagyl, and other leading courses.

Witb the notable exceptions of Anthony F. Widding and J. C. Parke in England, and Larned and Wright for a time in the Longwood doubles, youth seems to have had its will of the tennis world this year, and even the severest critics of the play of the new California star, William M. Johnston, see in this eighteen-year-old a coming champion. The new-comer from the Pacific coast has oot made as strong an impression on the New York critics as upon those at Longwood, due largely to weak ground strokes and unsteady back hand; but there is no gainsaying the fact that he is headed in the right direction, and will improve as he grows older, just as did Maurice E. McLoughlin. As it is, three of the hig early tournaments have been won by the youngsters, and it must be remembered that the hrilliant and wily Touchard, despite his many puhlic appearances, is still youog. Washburn, his doubles partoer, is only a junior at Harvard, while, as every one knows, R. Norris Williams, the internationalist, is entering his junior year at the same university. Still another Harvard junior, F. H. Whitney, won the Narragansett Pier event, while Clarence Griffin, another one of those persistent Californians who keep everlastingly coming, accounted for the Western title.

Now, in all of these victories by the younger element there has been nothing in the nature of luck. It was sheer good tennis that carried them to the front, for they disposed of veterans who were by no means off their game. Touchard, Gardner, and Clothier, the last named one of the steadiest tournament players in the game, fell at Longwood, while Griffin disposed of men like Shelton, Byford, Blair, and Armstrong. These latter are not so well known in the East, but their ranking is on record to prove their class. Truly a youngsters' year, even without the oational championships.

By the time these lines appear, the call for football candidates will have gone out all the way from Maine to Oregon. There is promise of a more interesting season even than last year, for the coaches and players have had a full year's work under the latest version of the rules, have steadied down to their game, and are prepared to advance along original lines, being sure of their foundation.



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# Pitchers Who Bat

By ERIC HAROLD PALMER

*Big league pinch hitters of 1913 include Crandall, Caldwell, Hendrix, Yingling, Dubuc, Johnson, rivals of Harry McCormick as emergency batsmen—Tradition upset by this development*

WHEN Gaby Deslys, the French music-hall artiste whom a press agent and ex-King Manuel made famous, first came to America, the critics were of one mind.

"She can't sing, she can't dance, and she isn't such a beauty," was the unanimous verdict.

Gaby drew $4,000 a week as salary, however, and therefore reviewers had to agree that from the financial standpoint she was a "riot."

Similarly, there is a player in the National League whom the experts maintain is a slow fielder, a slower thinker, and a still slower base runner. The indictment has never been denied by the man who gives this player a berth with the classiest team of the circuit, no less a judge of ability than John J. McGraw. Harry McCormick (nicknamed, for some inexplicable reason, "Moose") was able to join the ranks of the "hold-outs" last spring, and sign eventually for a much larger salary than he was offered by the New York Club in its original contract. McCormick draws nearly $3,000 a season, and will get a full share in the world's series spoils. He has the reputation of being the greatest pinch hitter in the game.

When the Giants started their great July winning streak, McCormick did not have much chance to show his wares. He finally tired of sitting on the bench, and several times asked McGraw to allow him to get into action. Thus, in a contest where the Giants were five runs to the good, the "fans" were surprised to see "Moose" stroll to the plate.

"What's he hitting for?" they murmured, not "Who's he hitting for?"

It was the right way to put it, for the answer was plain. Larry Doyle put it as follows:

"McCormick is batting for exercise."

The peculiar case of this good-natured fellow, who makes an excellent living by keeping cool under fire, brings up an interesting analysis of the 1913 season, relative to the fine art of sending up the right batter when the issue depended on a ball which the fielders could not handle.

Tradition has certainly been getting bumps this year in the big leagues as well as in the wider fields of social, business, and political activity, and this is particularly true of the pitchers.

The greatest surprise is that the pitchers are blossoming out as Wagners with the stick,—something unheard of,—and the "dopesters" sit silent in wonder.

About three years ago the spectators became so disgusted with the qualities of the average twirler as a batsman that a change in the rules of the game was suggested, to add to the interest. This idea was that another player should be permitted to hit for the pitcher and run bases. By this means, it was hoped, the attractiveness of play from the grandstand standpoint would be increased and the hurlers would welcome the opportunity to rest between innings.

The proposition for a tenth man on each side met with considerable favor for a period, but was finally frowned down as too much of an alteration. "Leave well enough alone," was the decision.

In one of the early games this season, Ames (now of Cincinnati) was pitching for the Giants. When you speak of Ames' batting average, it is in whispers.

The Giants were two or three runs behind when there was a rally. One run had tallied, and anxious runners were on second and third bases, with only one out.

"Who's the batter?" was the exclamation from the grandstand to Coogan's Bluff.

"Good night!"

"Two out!"

"Ames up! O-o-oh!"

These were the yells. How many millions of times has that same wail gone up throughout the various circuits! Who could trust a pitcher to deliver the needed hit?

For some reason that McGraw never took the trouble to explain, Ames strolled to the plate on that dreary afternoon instead of a more certain batter. After two futile swings, "Red" rapped a measly roller to the box, and a double play resulted.

From the bottom up, these were the last thirty names in the standing when the talk of eliminating the pitchers as batters was started: Keefe, Druckie, Ruelbach, McQuillan, Ames, Knetzer, Hendrix, Richter, Weaver, Moore, Loudermilk, Toney, Golden, Bell, Scanlan, Bergen, Ragon, Cammitz, Collins, Cole, Gaspar, Harmon, Richie, Steele, Tyler, Marquard, Sallee, Schardt, Alexander, Mattern, and Butler. Every one is a pitcher. Butler played the infield part of the time. Butler hit for .178, while Keefe had .086—and Keefe took part in no fewer than thirty-nine games!

But there has been a different story to tell within the past few months.

Who are the great pinch hitters of 1913, forgetting the only McCormick?

Otis Crandall is one of the greatest emergency batters in the game. "Doc," as he is best known, is called into the breach frequently. Crandall, a pitcher, is especially noted for his ability to save the game when the other fellow "cracks." He has always batted well. When the Giants came back from the spring training trip this year, the sensation was Crandall's great batting in the exhibition games. He made thirteen clean hits in a row.

WALTER JOHNSON

*"The star of the Washington team slaps the ball on the nose two times out of three"*

In Pirateville Claude Hendrix is demon or hero, according to where you come from. In abusing the sphere, few have it on Hendrix this year. He is wiping out memories of that .098 in 1911. He started to undo the wrong in 1912, when his batting first began to arouse talk.

Who is sent in when the Yankees are trying to get on the winning end? Caldwell, a second-rate pitcher but a ferocious wielder of the stick, as you can see by looking at his record this season.

Caldwell is such a whirlwind on the bags that Manager Frank Chance is trying to convert him into an outfielder. The pitcher once won a game for his dejected comrades by stealing home.

Every once in a while, perusing the Washington box scores, the faithful follower of the sport finds an asterisk before the name of Johnson, and down below are the words:

"Johnson batted for Ainsmith in the sixth."

The star of the Senators slaps the ball on the nose two times out of three.

When the Superbas are in need of a safety, who is called upon? The bleacherites shout for Yingling. Out comes a lithe young fellow who hits from the left-hand side of the plate. The man with the Chinese twist to his name is one of the rising southpaws, but he is hitting nearly .400 at present, and showing daring on the bases.

Other strong hitting pitchers in the big leagues to-day are Hess of the Braves; Rixey of the Phillies; Griner of the Cardinals; Harmon of the same team—weak in past seasons; Rucker of the Superbas; Benton of the Reds; Wood of the Red Sox, often used in a pinch; Dubuc of the Tigers, who is the star extra sticker of the Detroit team; Tesreau of the Giants; Boehling of the Senators; Sallee of the Cardinals; Hall of the Red Sox; Wagner of the Superbas; Robinson of the Pirates; Adams of the same nine, and Blanding of Cleveland.

The most amazing reformation in the big leagues is found in the case of Ragon, the big Brooklyn right-hander. Last year Ragon was a really pitiful figure as he swung aimlessly at bat. The "fans" laughed every time he came up. For that matter, so did Ragon. Early this season, when Ragon was winning one game after another, he began meeting the ball hard, and sometimes got two hits a game. So surprised was he, after knocking the ball into safe territory, that he turned handsprings. The "rooters" forgot to grin when his turn came and the cries nowadays are:

"Get a hit, Pat! Look at that hole in right!"

Ragon now has all the confidence he needs.

Perhaps, in 1914, he will join the ranks of pinch-hitting pitchers.

# Plays of Stage Life

By MINNIE MADDERN FISKE

MRS. FISKE

(*From the Portroit by Sergius Ivanowski*)

IT is singular that when a dramatist selects for his theme the theater and the people of the theater, almost invariably he misrepresents both. The dramatic author, from the nature of things, ought to know as much, or more, of this subject than he knows of any other. As it is not possible to suppose that his distortions are due either to unfamiliarity or to ignorance, the natural conclusion is that they are deliberate.

Judging from the several plays I have seen that purport to represent the life of the stage and the characteristics of its followers, it is evident that the authors cherish the naive idea that the public always expects to see one particular phase of them—and that a phase which is neither typical nor veracious, and which degrades both the institution and its calling in the eyes of play-goers.

Since the age of three I have been engaged actively in theater work, and I have yet to see the life of the theater presented truthfully in a play; at least, its life as I have known it. The actors and actresses in plays are, for the most part, strange, unrecognizable creatures—conventional puppets of a disingenuous intention. The dramatists who whittle them out know that there is nothing representative in them. So do the producers who place them on view. They must laugh in their sleeves at the ease with which these threadbare specimens from the old bag of tricks deceive a public that ought by now to be sophisticated sufficiently to recognize their real character.

But it is not this aspect of the matter that is its worst. Usually dramatic authors in plays of this description befoul their own nests. They do not hesitate to draw large revenues from works that traduce and disgrace the allied actor's calling upon whose service they must depend. Dramatic authors and theatrical producers have been willing to reap pecuniary harvests from plays that vilify the stage, projecting its people as wantons or worse, and giving it a fictitious atmosphere of vulgar immorality. This has always seemed to me a low and dastardly thing to do. There can be little question that it is base for authors and producers to seize upon and exploit for money the occasional unsavory features of certain spots in the theater and place them before the public as representative of theater life in general!

Doubtless there are unsavory things connected with the stage in a sporadic way, but many of us who have passed our lives in the theater have never come in contact with them. In "What the People Want" Mr. Arnold Bennett has approached more nearly a picture of theater life as we know it than any other play-writer; but the *real* play of the theater and of its actual people is yet to be written.

On the other hand, the most distinguished of English dramatists has recently given us a play that depicts the vulgarest attributes of a certain department of theatrical entertainment. It is regrettable that this writer did not employ the better material at hand of which he had ample knowledge. He has had a long experience of the theater, both as actor and writer; he has won a high place in the estimation both of the public and of his own profession; and he has made a fortune through the medium of the stage. A play from his pen dealing with the real life of its followers would have come as from one having authority. Instead, he chose to compose a play that reveals an alleged phase of life with which we actors are utterly unfamiliar. He shows us only a group of hopelessly vulgar, stupid, silly, impossible persons living a ridiculous existence. It is all quite strange to us of the real theater. And one has a strong feeling, in witnessing this play, that, strange as it is, the author has striven successfully to make it even more repulsive and obnoxious than even the slightest excuse of basic fact would warrant.

The theater is not sustained by its weak elements. In all times it has been pillared by solid men and women.

# Love in the Dawn

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

*DAWN, with hallowed flame, seemed to sing your name*
*Through our open window as the golden glory came.*
*Ardor thrilled me through; Dawn again—with you!*
*"Up and at the world again! The world is made anew!"*

*Newly on my sight flashed the lovely light,*
*All the ringing roads of fame glittered broad and bright.*
*On again! with new visions to pursue;*
*And dawn again, dawn again, dawn again—with you!*

*Other dawns may keep joy as pure and deep?*
*Dawns of greater splendor may awaken me from sleep?*
*Nay! They never can bless a stubborn man*
*Like the dawn, the wonder-dawn, with which this day began!*

*Oh, my deeds must take triumph for its sake!*
*Loud my heart shall sing it while the mind remains awake:*
*Words I never knew could so thrill me through—*
*Dawn again, dawn again, dawn again—with you!*



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# Hearing a Play with My Eyes

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

IF a deaf man understands a dramatic performance the actors have a right to feel that their interpretation is adequate. At the Comédie Française I was for the time a deaf man, since I understood no French. Perhaps I was something more than a deaf man, as my enjoyment of the acted performance was somewhat disturbed by the clatter of the dialogue, which at times seemed endless. And yet, I shall always treasure this performance of Kistamaecker's *L'Embuscade* as one of the rare treats of years in the theater.

Here were actors who ceased to be actors. They became the persons of the play, each character as clearly marked as a coin fresh from the mint. Where were the actor's tricks, the petty pilferings and smotherings that are valued as a means of personal advancement by our Broadway tricksters?

They have no place at the Comédie Française. Here the performance is an integral.

I HAVE no idea who is the leading man at the Comédie Française, or the leading woman. If there is a second man in the company, he did nothing to show it. They were all leads, down to a frowsy workman who played a three-minute bit in the second act with such distinction that he accompanied me home side by side with the three members who were assigned the big scene of the play at the end of the third act.

And how independent were these three of the big scene! They had been scoring steadily all through the play. Every task assigned them up to that point had been handled with a cleanness and precision that marked them as masters.

THE big scene may have been necessary for the author; for the actors it was superfluous. But how they handled it when it came! No holding back—no jockeying for place—no backing up stage for an advantageous position—no preliminary distortion of face or body to signal the audience that the big moment was approaching; just a rational, easy playing until like a shot the big moment was upon them, striking them as fully unawares as it did the audience. Like an echoing shot the big moment was passed; the curtain was down; and an electrified audience found personal relief in storms of applause hurled at three artists who almost effaced themselves against the back walls of the scene. Even in the acknowledgment of applause the individual did not step on the neck of the character.

ONE is ever fascinated by the accomplishments of an honest student. The members of the Comédie Française are honest students. Their work is energized by thought—thought—thought.

And what superb direction! As the players were submerged, so was the stage business. It came so naturally, so incidentally, that it never seemed to be at all. The entire machinery of the performance was so concealed, so muffled, that one never knew machinery was necessary to it. And, after all, if there is any art in the theater, it is the art of legerdemain. The audience must never catch any one acting, must never see the hand of the director, and must never know there was a scene-painter.

IT follows that this result can only be accomplished by the very finest acting, the most sympathetic and far-seeing direction, and the most imaginative scene-painting.

The acting and general performance have answered for the cast and the direction, and now we come to the production, as we term the scenic, property, and light equipment.

THE first scene showed a view of the Mediterranean at Nice. In the foreground was a château and small private park. There were trees painted on cut drops, a form of stage equipment not at all approved by American artists and producers, who believe that good trees must be real trees. But the real trees have not arrived at the Comédie, and I pray that they never may, because real trees never do look like real trees, since their roots run into a ground cloth and their branches into border lights, while the cut drop trees at the Comédie looked like a Corot. So well were they painted that they did not look like scenery. How can the real tree on the stage ever look anything else but a prop? Once you strike detached realism, you stifle imagination; and there never was an artist or a property maker who could make a tree to compare with the glory of a forest that any child can imagine.

The cut drop trees were merely a suggestion, but a suggestion so well directed that the audience supplied a park that could not be surpassed in nature.

The second scene was the office of an automobile factory—with large windows looking out on to the grounds, one factory building showing across the way. Here, again, the artist surpassed himself. The only concrete suggestion of a factory was a mammoth steel crane, standing erect at one side just outside the windows. That crane told the whole story of the size and importance of this factory. It was a stronger suggestion than thousands of whirring wheels. And yet, the whole set seemed very simple—in fact, would have been nothing at all without the crane.

THE third act was the library of the automobile manufacturer. Here, again, was the suggestion of refined living. A few pictures, two tapestries, a frieze, several sets of books, each different from the rest—no long rows of ponderous volumes—just as much furniture as space and good taste would permit—no cluttering and choking of the scene with objects that conveyed nothing to the play. Again suggestion was applied, and in that library the auditor felt the entire life and tastes of the occupant.

The last act, showing the factory after it had been wrecked by a bomb, was again a masterpiece of cut drops—a few twisted pulleys and shafts hung in the air. The shafts were broken. One pulley sagged down below the rest, seeming ready to drop on the people below. A battered lathe was the only set piece, and this was profile scenery. The sagging scenery, with holes torn through, was shown by borders. It was as complete a wreck as one might ever witness, yet it consisted of fewer than seven hanging pieces of scenery, and was doubtless built and painted at a cost that would seem trifling to those producers who gravely include in their announcements the amount of money spent on a production—as if money spent were ever a recommendation for anything.

SO the scene-painters at the Comédie were fully in the spirit of the institution when they suggested the settings of "*L'Embuscade*." But scene-painters must have help, and most of all from the electrician. For lighting can make or kill the best scene ever painted.

The conspicuous feature of the lighting at the Comédie is again simplicity and suggestion. Here there are no batteries of arcs and floods and spots, no baby spots lighting up faces in dark places. If the scene be dark, the faces remain in darkness—which is exactly as any sane audience would have it, since here again we come upon suggestion. The audience, already familiar with the faces and with the situations of the play, needs no guide to the expression of the face. If the characters be groping about in the ruins of his factory, they are reasonably sure that he is neither yawning nor grinning. They see an expression on his face which he himself could not possibly improve.

DAY is breaking on the factory ruins. In the background is an opaque mountain. A slight streak of pink rises above the mountain. It grows almost imperceptibly, never with a single jump. As it grows, objects in the factory begin to take on form. Finally the lathe is bathed in a faint light. Now objects on the mountain itself begin to take form, and finally we discover a second and lower range of mountains. On this range the vegetation begins to appear; but never once is there a shaft of light from any place. The entire lighting is done by borders and strips on dimmers, and the effect is complete.

NOW the greatest part of all. The last act is short. It begins with daybreak. The theatrical producer's temptation would be to have lights full up by the end of the act, in order to give the audience the full force of the wreck. But again at the Comédie they credit the audience with some imagination, and also a little brain. They don't attempt to give full daylight in twelve minutes. At the end of the act only a natural amount of light has appeared, yet it is enough to outline the scene; and so convincingly is it done that, when the curtain has descended on that last act, you feel that the light is still growing on the mountain. It does not seem possible that a dawn so legitimate could be snuffed out by the mere ending of a play.

So it is at the Comédie Française. They have brains and imagination, and they credit the audience with as much. I didn't understand a word they said, but never before was I told so much in three hours.

***Miss Hallroom probably feels that she makes a pretty picture seated at her window, but over the way they think the two flat-irons she has left on the window-sill spoil the effect***

*The Sloan cartoon for next week will be*
"HIS DAY'S WORK OVER"

# Taxing the Cost of Living

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

*President of Leland Stanford University*

THE rise in the cost of articles of necessity began about 1897. It is world-wide, rather greater in high-tariff countries, because of the shelter and leverage offered by protection. In general, this rise is about fifty per cent; the fall in the purchasing power of gold about the same. It is enhanced and aggravated in different countries by special conditions. These elements are not causes of the rising cost of living, but modifying circumstances. According to Sauerbeck, the "Englishman's dollar" of 1897 is now worth seventy-eight cents, the "American dollar" but seventy. Index tables of wholesale prices of many articles leave the American dollar at 1913 as worth sixty-one cents in the values of 1897. Of actual causes leading toward this change, three may be recognized:

1. The great increase in the world's stock of gold (from about $7,500,000,000 to about $11,000,000,000). This increase has now passed its climax. As the amount of gold at the best is very small for the credit resting on it, the bonded war debt and municipal debt of civilized countries exceeding $60,000,000,000, it is believed that the importance of this factor is greatly exaggerated. Including bonds of private corporations, there are upwards of $150,000,000,000 in evidences of debt in circulation in Europe. It is, however, an element of unknown importance in determining the value of gold as stated in terms of other products of labor and capital. In so far as this goes, it is a cheapening of the actual value of gold.

2. The improvement of the processes by which gold is extracted, and the consequent cheapening of gold as measured in terms of labor. The cyanide process has made it profitable to work low-grade ores and old dumps, and a new dollar obtained from a gold mine costs, in labor and capital, much less than the old dollars cost. Whatever value may be assigned to this factor, its influence is long since spent. It is not likely that the gold market will soon be disturbed again by new discoveries of mines or by new processes. So far as it goes, it means an actual cheapening of the value of gold.

3. The increase of taxation the world over, due to (1) the waste of actual war, (2) the extension of armies and navies, and (3) the increase by one hundred to two hundred per cent of municipal and other local indebtedness of the world. "Instead of living beyond our means, we are living beyond the means of the fourth generation." These extra taxes correspond to excise duties. They are laid more or less directly on the industries of the nations, and their effect is to increase the selling price of products. In so far as this influence goes, it is not a cheapening of gold, but the pushing up, through taxation, of other values.

ROUGHLY speaking, the taxes of the world have been doubled since 1897. Supported by these additional taxes, millions of men have been drawn from productive labor. In 1911 the bonded debt of the world for past expenditures (pawn checks for wars already fought) amounted to $57,000,000,000. The annual interest charge on this was over $1,400,000,000. The annual naval expense of the seven most "progressive"—that is, most wasteful nations rose from about $250,000,000 in 1897 to $629,000,000 in 1911. The total military expenses of these same nations doubled in this time, with a corresponding withdrawal of men from industry to militarism. Meanwhile, municipal and other local debts everywhere are two or three times as great as in 1897. For example, San Francisco had in 1902 a budget of $6,500,000 annually. For 1913 this budget is $15,000,000. The valuation of city property was, in 1902, $413,000,000. It is now $510,000,000. It is estimated that in 1921 the valuation will be $753,000,000, the tax $27,000,000.

THE bonded debt of British cities rose from $1,500,000,000 in 1897 to $3,800,000,000 in 1912. A similar increase is seen in Germany and France. In the United States the total of State and local taxes has risen from $1,090,000,000 in 1901 to $2,505,000,000 in 1911. The fact that these sums are raised by indirect taxation makes the burden the greater. They must be paid in the increased price of commodities—in other words, by a rising cost of living. All taxes, however levied, constitute a confiscation of private property for public purposes. A nation is a huge corporation, which differs from other corporations in its power to levy assessments without limit on its boardholders. The dealer accustomed to a certain percentage of profit adds his tax burden to this percentage. In doing so he must lower his purchase price or raise his selling price. What he does or can do depends on the relative power of resistance of producer, dealer, and consumer. The stress and incidence of taxation fall on the less resistant elements. Any one of the three groups may combine to throw off this stress. The dealers are more often successful in this. As production is more or less limited, the consumer is the weakest of the three groups, and finally bears most of the burden. Some part of the consuming group being also producers may roll the burden back, but in any case an increase of taxation is a burden on the people, and they can only shift it among themselves. There is no foreigner they can plunder to make their losses good.

AS each dollar must bear the tax burden, its value is diminished. Taxation lowers the purchasing power of money. As the purchasing power is likely to fall farther in the future, the rate of interest rises. Bonds will be paid at their maturity in still cheaper dollars. Hence the fall in value, the world over, of "gilt-edged bonds."

In this connection it may be noted that the price of most stable and staple commodities is fixed in London, the clearing-house of the world trade. Our exports have, in general, in New York the London value minus the cost of handling. Imports have the London value, with the addition of the cost of handling and the tax on imports. The value of non-exportable or perishable goods depends on local conditions, and is subject to much greater fluctuations. Thus potatoes are now very dear in California, and onions are excessively cheap. But this is a local matter of supply and demand.

I am a dealer, let us say, in Palo Alto. I allow a margin of fifteen per cent gross profit on my dealings. I have some taxable property, and I feed my family. My taxes, direct and indirect, amount to $500. With time my government, municipal, State, and national taxes raise this tax to $1,200. I must increase my profits by $700. I allow a margin of twenty-five per cent on my transactions. Those from whom I buy have raised their margin also; they were obliged to do so to make both ends meet. I find that I can not secure a margin of twenty-five per cent—my competitors cut under my prices. We lose money. Then we form a secret or private combination to hold up the Palo Alto prices. Our customers, largely professors, can not increase their stipends. They find that a salary of $4,000 in 1913 is equivalent to one of $2,500 to $2,800 in 1897. The cost of living has risen; the purchasing power of money has fallen. It has fallen mainly because all consumption has been over-taxed. The United States has done her part in this; but all over the world, from Osaka to Manchester, Buenos Aires, Palo Alto, and Irkutsk, the same story is told with local variations. The suffering is greater on those nearest the breadline. In my experience, I have found the pressure greatest in Italy and in Japan, and least in the United States, although here perhaps most fuss is made about it. The more you take away from the people the less they have left, and the higher the price they will set on what is left; and the more unpleasant it is to be poor, because the man lowest down is the man who can not set his own prices.

IN this view, the primary factor in the rise of the cost of living is the fall in the purchasing power of gold, due to the excessive and growing exactions of the governments of the world. In other words, it is produced by the steady encroachments of the government on the individual the world over, through the Indirect Tax and the Deferred Payment, the two instruments of tyranny in the past now used by democracy for self-oppression.

There is certainly a dangerous portent in a prosperity that rests on taxing the future, and in the steady inflation of values, because we waste so large a percentage of all our increments of effort.

The debtor world is growing nominally rich at the expense of the creditor world; but a large part of its apparent wealth is due to the inflation of prices, and these in turn to administrative waste, not to real additions in value. With the financial management of even the best of the "progressive nations," no private corporation could escape insolvency. Leroy-Beaulieu has lately declared that the world has rarely before been so badly governed. Its financial affairs are "in the hands of incurable prodigals and improvident experimenters."

And the sign and evidence of this is in the steady rise in staple values, the steady increase in the cost of living.

Referring to the migration of people across the Rhine at Basle, from high-taxed Germany toward freer and more prosperous Switzerland, the so-called "Pilgrims of Hunger," Professor Paolo Goldini says: "In ten years we shall all be Pilgrims of Hunger."

# Tammany and I

ONE of the brilliant pages in American history tells of the fight against Tammany at a time when Tweed was at the height of his power. Nothing is so clearly remembered about that campaign to-day as the work of Th. Nast, which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

We republish certain of the more famous among them for two reasons: First, in taking over HARPER'S WEEKLY it gives us pleasure and stimulation to remember the glories of its past. Second, these cartoons have a direct and essential bearing on the fight going on in New York this summer.

When Nast began to attack Tammany, Tweed held the position now occupied by Charlie Murphy, and he also controlled a working majority in the State legislature, just as Murphy does. To attack him seemed so hopeless then that even some of the bravest and best elements in the community urged him to desist. Fortunately about that time the New York *Times* changed hands and rendered tremendous service in the fight. Newspapers go up and down, and as one reads American history he sees

THE WAITING VULTURES—"LET US *PREY*"

*This is one of Nast's most famous cartoons, and it is particularly alive to-day, because the fact that Tammany preys on the community is just as real a fact to-day as it was when Nast led his crusade. It is still true that Tammany is not a political organization, but a machine for obtaining plunder.*

"STOP THIEF!"

*"They no sooner heard the cry than they issued forth with great promptitude; and, shouting 'Stop Thief!' too, joined in the pursuit like Good Citizens."*—"OLIVER TWIST."

THE TAMMA

*"What are you*

*(The first use of th*

*The above cartoon, "The Tam days before the election of 1871 WEEKLY. It represents, of c his band watching the Tiger at*

*Nast had been attracted by the a little boy, he had seen it on a fir*

*The printing of the picture ide for all time. It asks the questi it?" A few days later the peo about it was to turn the Tweed R*



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# Harper's Weekly

a paper with the same aame perfnrming great puhlic service at one time and the opposite at another. The New York *Sun* was amnng those which threw ridicule aad discouragement on the fight against Tammany. Nast's part in that fight was recognized in an amusiag way when a bill was introduced in the State legislature, containing a protest against "an artist encouraged to sead forth, in a paper that calls itself a journal nf civilization, pictures vulgar and hlasphemous, for the purpose of arousing the prejudice of a community agaiast a wrong which exists only in their imaginatinus." That, you see, was a lnag time befnre Mayor Gaynor, in trying to put nbstacles in the way of Mr. Whitman, spoke of those whn wished refnrm as having their heads full of vice and crime.

It is hard tn say which cartoon nf a number is the most famous or the most powerful. Perhaps first place should be given to the one in which the famnus Tiger symhol was first fastened as a term of reproach upon Tammany, the picture that bore the equally famnus question, "What are ynu going to do about it?"

IY TIGER LOOSE

*oing to do about it?"*

*famous Tiger symbol)*

*:many Tiger Loose," was used two as a double page in HARPER'S urse, the Coliseum, with Tweed and s work of greed.*

*emblem twenty years before, when, as engine.*

*ntified the organization with the Tiger on, "What are you going to do about le declared that what they would do ing out of office.*

CAN THE LAW REACH HIM?

*The question asked by this cartoon is a question that in recent years is most frequently associated with the term "The Man Higher Up." The little man is easily caught. The public almost loses hope at times of getting the men most responsible for those misdeeds that do the greatest damage.*

THE AMERICAN RIVER GANGES

*In this cartoon Nast summed up the Ring's attempt to retain power through concessions to the church. It was Nast's sternest arraignment of sectarianism in the public schools.*



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# "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"

WE can see no reason for not making n literary depnrtment interesting, and it ought to have n better chnnce of being interesting if it deals almost exclusively with significant books, nnd takes some of those from the past.

A singularly interesting book to read for those who believe in the value of democratic government, nnd perhaps particularly for those who do not, is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which we take the liberty of reviewing this week, although it was puhlished in 1873.

Most of us are accustomed nuwadnys to take these three words as if they were alwnys words of praise. Thnt is not the point of view of Sir Jnmes Stephen. He has a grent distrust of humanity in general, nnd of all those movements thnt tend to put the government of the universe in the hands of the majority.

"Upoa all the subjects which mainly interest mea as men—religion, morals, government—mankind at lnrge are in n state of ignorance which in fnvourahle eases is just beginning to be conscious thnt it is ignorance. How far will free discussion carry such knowledge as we have on these subjects? The very most thnt can be hoped for—men being what they are—is to popularise, more or less, n certain set of commonplaces, which, hy the condition of their existence, cannot possibly be more thnn half-truths."

Stephea looks upon most people as selfish, sensual, frivolous, idle, commonplace, and wrapped up in petty routine nnd habit. The effect of increased liberty for them, he declares, "would aot is the least degree tend to improve them. It would he as wise to say to the water of a stagnnnt marsh, 'Why in the world dn not you run into the sea? You are perfectly free. There is not n single hydraulic work within n mile of you. There are no pumps to suck you up, no defined channel down which you are compelled to run, ao harsh banks nnd mounds to confine you to any particular course, no dams and no floodgates; nnd yet there you lie, putrefying and hreeding fever, frogs, and gnats, just as if you were n mere slave!' The water might probably answer, if it knew how, 'If you want me to turn mills nnd carry boats, you must dig proper ehannels and provide proper wnter works for me.'"

OUR effort to produce a kind of universe in which there shall he a certain standard of comfort to all and effort shall be applied mainly to the workiag out of other ideals has no acceptance from this vigorous critic. He says of it: "Habitual exertion is the grentest of all invigorators of character, and restraint nad coercion in one form or another is the great stimulus to exertion. If you wish to destroy originality and vigor of character, no way to do so is so sure as to put a high level of comfort easily within the reach of moderate and commonplace exertioa."

This distrust of what people would do with an established standard of comfort is, of course, closely connected with the belief that most people are incapable of being interested in anything connected with the higher life. Stephen states this over and over again in many racy ways. For example, this: "The great mass of men is not capahle of this kind of disinterested passion for anything whatever. On the other hand, they nre open to offers. They can be threatened or hribed into a more or less nominal adherence to almost any creed which does not demand too much of them. Indeed, they like it rather than not; but some degree of considerntion is essential. The real leading motives of the mass of mankind are personal prudence and passion."

THERE is n tendency in our day to look with disapproval upon punishment, partly on the ground that the fnults which nre punished are caused hy society itself. The kind of swift logic thnt this critic indulges in is well shown in this brief remark: "It does not follow that because society caused a fault it is not to punish it. A man who breaks his arm when he is drunk mny have to have it cut off when he is sober."

A somewhat related poiat of view is found in the nnswer to those who think that the law cnn not do very much to improve people: "The busybody and world hetterer who will never let things alone, or trust people to take care of themselves, is n common nnd n contemptihle character. The commonplaces directed against these small creatures nre perfeetly just, but to try to put them down hy denying the connection between law nnd mornls is like shutting all light and air out of n house in nrder to keep out gnats nnd hlue-bottle flies."

Of course, Stephen is too intelligent to carry his disquisition far enough to put him at a disadvantage, and on this last point no one sees more clearly than he certain limitations to what the lnw can effectively deal with—for exnmple: "To try to regulate the internal nffnirs of a family, the relations of love or friendship, or maay other things of the same sort, by law or hy the coercion of puhlic opiaion is like trying to pull aa eyelash out of a man's eye with a pair of tongs. They may put out the eye, hut they will never get hold of the eyelash."

One of the things that has made Stephen so favored n writer with a few very attentive readers, amnng whom was the lnte Willinm James, is the graphic picturesqueness that finds itself in unusually close association with sharp logic. In discussiag this relntion of lnw to freedom in the regulation of the vices, he says: "If freedom does not like it, let her go nnd sit on the heights self-gnthered in her propbet mind, and send the fragments of her mighty voice rolling dowa the wind. She will he better employed is spoutiag poetry on the rocks of the Mntterhora than in patronising vice on the flngs of the Hnymarket."

WHAT we call progress in humanity seems to Stephen n decrease in general vigor of character nnd an increase ia mere nervous sensibility. "Equality," to him, is a hig name for n small thing, nnd the enthusiasm about it has growa mostly out of the invidious position of the French privileged class before the Freneh Revolution nnd the enormous development of wealth in the United States. In our country, he doubts "whether the enormous development of equality in America, the rapid production of nn immense multitude of commonplace, self-satisfied, and essentially slight people is an exploit which the whole world need fall down and worship."

As to frnternity, he knows hardly anything in literature so nauseous as Rousseau's expression of love for mnnkind when read in the light of his "Confessions," and feels inclined to advise him to keep his love to himself and not daub it on the author or any person in whom he is interested. It is not love, according to Stephen, that one wnnts from the great mass of mnnkind, hut respect nnd justice.

THIS humanitarianism of the dny makes people hate the very thought of pain nnd discomfort, and disposes them to talk nbout one another's affairs in the way of nnturnl sympathy and compliment, nnd now and then to get into states of fierce excitement about them, hut does not increase the one talent which our nuthor thinks worthy nll other talents together; namely, that of judging right upon imperfect material—the ability to see things as they nre without exaggeration or passion.

It ought not to he necessary, perhaps, to say thnt the present writer disagrees with Sir Jnmes on almost every poiat, but that does not interfere with a belief that Stephea is one of the most stimulating critics of the prevailing tendency in the world that can he fouad anywhere ia English literature.

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# The Night

By WITTER BYNNER

*I HAVE so loved life that, when night is deep,*
*I shall but fall asleep,*
*As a lover's eyes grow dim*
*With his beloved lying close to him.*

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## The Faith Clock

*Through the dim-lit church, like a drowsy bell*
*The voice of the Parson rose and fell.*
*"Put not your trust in Works!" he cried,*
*"By Faith alone are we justified.*
*Works are unstable as watery wares;*
*In Faith alone is the Grace that Saves!"*

*But the Shepherd reckoned without his Sheep.*
*They had wandered away to the land of Sleep,*
*And over the heads of his slumbering flock*
*His words were borne to the Belfry Clock.*
*"So Faith is better than works! Dear me!"*
*Cried the Belfry Clock. "I'll try it, and see!"*

*These words momentous were scarcely said,*
*When something snapped in the Old Clock's head,*
*And a weight he'd felt since his earliest day*
*Now all of a sudden dropped away.*
*He listened in vain for his heart's "tick-tock."*
*"It's time I tried Faith!" cried the Belfry Clock.*

*Next morning, the Squire missed a date,*
*And Parson Jones was an hour late*
*For a wedding party, and Deacon Brown*
*Lost the four-thirty train to town,*
*While his daughter 'Mandy waited in vain*
*All afternoon for a tardy swain.*

*A vestry meeting at once was called*
*And the Belfry Clock was overhauled.*
*His works they decided were past repair,*
*But they all agreed his old face to spare.*
*So they put in a patent electric chime*
*And wired the clock for "Standard Time."*

*Ere long, through the veins of the Belfry Clock*
*There tingled and thrilled an electric shock;*
*And now, as he marks the passing hour,*
*He feels the throb of an unseen power,*
*And he chimes aloud in exultant might:*
*"That darned old Parson for once was right."*

*"A critic should never, never, look or write as though unqualifiedly pleased with anything—except, of course, himself"*

# Confessions of a Reformed Dramatic Critic

By JULIAN STREET

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

DURING my second season as critic, it became my duty to review a comedy from the pen of a young playwright who was a friend of mine. Frequent rumors of critical corruption and prejudice had been reaching me, and I was more than ever determined now to "stand straight," cost what it might. I wanted my friend's play to succeed; but, more than that, I wanted the world (which didn't care) to see that my character rose like a tower above the petty influence of personal feeling. In my fear lest it be said that I had erred on the side of leniency, I wrote a harsh review. It was the worst to appear in any paper. When I realized this, I felt sorry and ashamed. My friend was hurt. I tried to explain, and I am glad to say he forgave me. This should have taught me a lesson, but it did not.

Later in the season, another friend spoke to me of a young actor who was making his New York début in a small part. "Try to give him a little send-off," said my friend. It was the worst thing he could have done. Again I tried to stand erect against the tug of personal feeling, and again I leaned backward until my scalp-lock touched my heels. Several of the other papers gave the young actor unsolicited praise. I tried to give him his deserts, but really gave him less, for I "bunched" him with a group of minor players whom I pronounced "adequate." That word was a favorite of mine. It is a favorite with many critics. They love it for its fine Olympian ring. Adequate! It dismisses, with a majestic wave of the hand, the poor, struggling, scrambling, hopeful, eager, human ant to whom it is applied, while at the same time it sheds a reflex glory upon the ink-hurling Jupiter who pronounces it.

Yes, that young man was adequate. Had not another young man described him as such? I, the critic, I, the important and imposing youth whose pockets, if they did not bulge, at least swelled gently each Saturday with the fifteen dollars that he earned—or was it eighteen, now? Yes, if memory serves me rightly, the newspaper had recognized my critical abilities by increasing my emolument. But what does it matter—fifteen or eighteen? Suffice it that my pay was "adequate."

I recall a case in which another writer tried, as I did, to play "straight." He had been a press agent, but had long wished to become a critic. At last, with the help of the manager who had employed him for several years, he obtained the desired position on an influential newspaper. The manager liked him well, enough even to lie about his salary, thus securing him an increase of pay. Now, it happened that one of the first plays that the new-made critic was called upon to review was a production by his former employer. It is fair to suppose that the manager had a comfortable feeling that at least one paper would be favorable. The play appeared, and the review came out. All but one praised it. The exception was that newspaper from which the most had been expected! The critic, however, had developed a terrible integrity. He meant to show that there were no "strings" on him. No, sir-ee! Even the manager who was the victim of this young man's "uprightness" saw the joke, and laughed.

Another manager—a powerfully built and usually determined gentleman—had long known that a certain Chicago critic was hostile to him and his productions. Uncomplainingly he put up with repeated injustices until, one day, an article appeared in which the critical venom was spilled upon a certain gifted young actress whom he was starring. He might have even stood that, had she been any other one of his stars, but his interest in her was twofold, for he was in love with her.



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When, later in the season, the star was booked to reappear in Chicago, the manager was determined that she should not again be attacked as a means of satisfying personal dislike for him—not, at least, without immediate reprisal.

A day or two before the first performance, the assistant of the offensive critic called at the theater for photographs.

"Will you take a message to Mr. Blank?" asked the manager.

"Certainly."

"You tell him, from us, that if he says one word against this lady I shall go to his office, and if I can't find him there I shall go to his house and camp on his steps. I'll certainly find him, and, when I do, I'll beat him to a pulp!"

In due course came the first performance, and next day the newspaper reviews. With blood in his eyes, the manager took up the particular paper in which he was most interested at the moment. The criticism was distinctly unfavorable. Unmercifully it "roasted" the play, the playwright, and the performers. But among the latter there was one distinguished exception: the star was not attacked. With punctilious regard for the wording of the warlike message, the critic had avoided "saying one word against the lady." Thus—much to the amusement of a manager, who, though pugnacious, is blessed with a sense of the ridiculous—a threatening situation ended without bloodshed.

WHILE there is, in my mind, no doubt that most critics are honest in the primary sense of the word, there is one form of journalistic dishonesty that is practised by almost all of them. They pose. Their posing is done with the harmless and ridiculous purpose of making their readers believe them to be men of erudition—which, as a matter of fact, few of them are. Having posed myself, I know about it. The scholarly pose is called into play quite frequently in any theatrical season, but never so forcibly as when European players act here in their native tongues.

Can you imagine a critic reviewing a performance by Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, or Réjane, yet having no knowledge of the French language? It has been done times without number. I am one of those who have done it. Sometimes I understood a good deal of what went on upon the stage through having seen the play before in English or having read a translation. Sometimes not. But in the theater during the performance, and

in the review that I wrote later, I posed as understanding everything. Indeed, as I look back, I think I must have seemed to understand plays in French better than in English. At the latter I sat in critical solemnity, without laughter or applause; but at French plays I gave knowing smiles and nods of appreciative sagacity when the audience laughed or applauded. In my criticisms, too, I performed similar feats, in a journalistic way. In reading over my reviews of performances by Bernhardt and Réjane, I am astounded to-day at their apparent understanding.

It was with a very simple, human purpose that I posed: I did it to preserve my self-respect. And I am confessing to it, here, for the same purpose. This may seem paradoxical, but it is not: the truth is that my views on self-respect have changed of late years, much in the same way as my views on plumbing. Now I like the open kind.

Not the least droll part of my pose, in those critical days, was the fact that, more than any one else, perhaps, I was deceived by it myself. Because I wished to be a very scholarly young man, I began to think I was one. I even entertained, for a time, the idea of purchasing a pair of those large, round-rimmed spectacles that give the wearer such a look of owlish wisdom. An optician said that he could fit me with a pair, in plain glass, which would not obstruct my vision; but somehow, they did not fit my juvenile visage, and I was forced to content myself with some extraordinary and almost useless folding opera-glasses, worn upon a broad, coo-

spicuous black silk ribbon, about my neck.

It was at about the black-silk-ribbon period of my intellectual growth that I reviewed a performance by Mme. Réjane, in "l'Hirondelle." Unlike most French plays given in New York, this drama was new to the critics. Nor were translations to be had. It was a trying night for the critical fraternity, but we appeared as usual, and sat in judgment on that play that most of us could not dimly comprehend.

Driven to desperation, one critic went out to the manager and asked point-blank:

"What's this play about, anyway?"

The manager outlined the plot.

"Well," said the critic, in a last feverish effort to maintain his pose, "I don't think much of it, anyhow!"

He wrote accordingly. Most of us wrote in a similar spirit. And, because it was the only thing we really understood, we united in a vigorous critical assault upon the scenery!

During that engagement Mme. Réjane also played "Zaza," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter had previously appeared in New York. Many of us considered Mrs. Carter the superior artiste of the two, and said so flatly. After all, what are the French? They're not so much! Why, you can't even understand what they're talking about!

There were two critics of my time who knew French, and, as it happened, they were leaders among us, each in his own field. One of them was a really eminent poet and scholar, a man who I think was, without exaggeration, the largest figure, in a strictly literary sense, then

or since connected with any newspaper in the United States.

The other was his antithesis. An Englishman who wrote for a yellow journal under a fanciful pen-name, and was—so far as I know—the dean of the school of flippant (or "flip") critics. He is still writing, and, while there is indisputable "Smart Alec" cleverness about his work, it is also characterized at times by unparalleled audacity, coarseness, and brutality.

Each of these critics had his following among the younger men. Some of us, as I have said, attempted erudition. Others used the slap-stick, the bladder, or the tomahawk. At least one critic of the latter school has been assaulted by the husband of an actress upon whom he made a vulgar and unwarranted personal attack. Perhaps he has been assaulted more than once. Perhaps the others have. But that these critics are not perpetually black and blue is to be wondered at.

Among the rest of us there were, perhaps, two or three more or less independent thinkers; the remainder trailed along. We—for I was one of the trailers—not only wished to think as the best known critics thought, and to write as they wrote, but to go where they went. Many times, in the course of each New York season, several new plays open on the same night. The critics must select between them. Sometimes, when confronted by such a case, I would advise with other minor critics, in hopes of hitting on the play the major critics would attend. I have even known one critic to telephone to the office of a more important confrère and inquire his intentions.

CRITICAL etiquette, in New York, has its well-established rules. Critics may, for example, talk with one another in the entr'actes, but may not, with propriety, speak to the manager about his play. Once, in the days of my novitiate, I broke this rule; indeed, that is how I became aware of it. I was acquainted with the manager, and when, between the acts, I saw him pacing up and down the lobby with a nervous step, I had a sudden impulse to tell him that I thought his play was good.

Moisture welled into his eyes. Gripping me convulsively by the hand, he told me that, although he had been a manager for twenty years, such a thing had never happened before; no critic had ever spoken to relieve his tension on a first night.

His gratitude was touching, but it made me feel vaguely that I had blundered. Then I became conscious of the disapproving gaze of a pair of older critics, and began to understand. I got away from the manager as quickly as I could, and never again let a feeling of humanity get the upper hand of me on a first night.

The ideal critic rests upon his seat like a bronze Buddha with a poker face. Practice before the glass will help the young and inexperienced critic to some extent, but without natural immobility of countenance he can hardly hope to become great. If his face is expressive, he had best take refuge behind a perpetual frown. Otherwise he may be caught with a pleased expression on his face, which is the one unpardonable thing. A critic should never, never, look or write as though unqualifiedly pleased with anything—except, of course, himself.

One of the first little tricks to be learned about the critical trade is the way to make little jokes about the names of plays. Look over the theater advertising in a newspaper, and consider the possibilities there presented for puns, twists, and inversions. Suppose, for example, that James Forbes' comedy "A Rich Man's Son" had been a failure instead of a success; what critic would not seize the chance to apply to it the word "poor" by way of contrast with the word "rich" in the title? A play called "The Rack" offered a splendid opportunity; obviously there was "nothing in 'The Rack' but the tickets." In the case of "Electricity," it "failed to give off sparks." I know nothing of the musical piece called "The Red Petticoat," excepting that many a brilliant critical mind would be glad of a chance to say that it "should be taken off."

Another critical trick is that of writing quotable catch-lines. These should be brief and emphatic: "A Roaring Farce," "Every Line a Laugh," "Big Hit," "Scores," "A Success," "A Triumph," etc. The critical object in the writing of such lines is not to advertise the play, but the critic. More and more, managers are quoting, in their newspaper advertisements and on their bill-boards, such lines as the above, with the names of the critics duly appended. This not only influences the public but flatters the critics. I know, because it flattered me. Never shall I forget the splendid sensation of seeing my name upon an "eight sheet," with the legend "A Great Success!" But, alas! I left the field too soon! It is not unusual, to-day, to see a critic's name outside a theater in electric lights—nor by the way to see the critic standing there beneath the sign, like a lady before her portrait at an exhibition trying not to look too pleased.

IN the majority of cases the morning-paper critics do not witness the play on a first night. Owing to the pressure of time, they are usually forced to leave, like commuters, during the last act. But if there is pathos in the early flight of the commuters, there is majesty in the exit of the critics. Their exit has the dramatic flavor of the exit of the jury at a murder trial. What is in their minds? Will they acquit or convict? Within an hour their decisions will be written. Within two or three hours their imperishable thoughts will be whirling madly on the cylinders of swift rotary processes. And when a little later, you sit down at the breakfast table, you will find them there, in print—to spoil your meal, perhaps, if you are a manager, a playwright, or a player.

I remember a drama that ran on, uneventfully, through two and a half of its three acts. Then, suddenly, just near the end, there came a big, redeeming scene that saved the play from mediocrity.

I met one of the morning-paper critics the day after this play was produced. He had reviewed it unfavorably and without thinking that he had probably left the theater early, I mentioned my surprise.

"No," he said, "I didn't think much of it."

"But didn't you like that big scene in the last act?"

"Oh," he answered. "Was there a big scene in the last act? I didn't see that. I had to get out and write my stuff."

If I were asked to set down an account of what I considered my most remarkable critical achievement, I should not hesitate, but should refer you to my printed notice of a musical comedy that was produced some years since at the Casino Theater in New York. After sitting through the first performance with critical attention, I decided that the piece did not deserve to live, and wrote accordingly. I called it a failure. It was "Floradora!"

Despite my unfavorable opinion, "Floradora" kept on. It played all over the world. Great fortunes were made from it. Everyone connected with it became rich. Brokers took "flight" for the chorus girls; millionaires married the beauties of the famous double sextette. I would not be surprised to know that somewhere "Floradora" is still going on. But *I* am not going on. That is, I have stopped writing dramatic criticisms. I do not claim any credit for stopping. I was told to stop, so I did. I simply left the drama to its miserable fate. And look at the result! What result? I can't see any, can you?

# Orators Who Have Influenced Me

## By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

### *DISRAELI*

AS with Gladstone, so with Disraeli, there is one particular moment in which I see him most visibly. It was on a Sunday afternoon in summer; and it was in the height of the great duel between him and Gladstone with regard to the Eastern question—a controversy the vehemence of which it is difficult to get this generation to realize. Gladstone was thundering in Midlothian and many other parts of the country against Disraeli for his support of the Turks against the Christians, and the Balkans; and he had excited feeling to such an extent that many good people regarded Disraeli almost as if he were an embodied Anti-Christ; and party passion ran higher than at almost any period in my recollection. You must realize this atmosphere around him to understand why this sight of Disraeli excited such an imperishable recollection in my mind. For Disraeli seemed singularly calm and detached amid all the cyclone around him. Never have I seen an English figure so strangely dressed. He wore a short overcoat, cream colored, and gay—the kind of coat that you would expect to find on a young dog going to the race-course or with his sweetheart to a hunt; his trousers were light in color; he carried a cane; and his waistcoat was embroidered. With his black ringlets, the black tuft on his chin, and his swarthy complexion, he looked to me just like a King of the Gipsies, who had wandered for a while from his caravan and was walking among the Georges with his dress only partially concealing his Oriental love of color and finery. And he was all alone, walking through that London of which he was then the greatest figure as if he were but a country yokel taking his first view of the wonders of the metropolis. This solitude and this silence amid the tumult and the multitudes seemed to me in weird contrast with the millions of voices that were raging around him either in praise or in reprobation.

IT was a curious instance of that atavism that brought back a man in old age to the habits and tastes of his youth. Disraeli was born into the epoch that had just succeeded that of Beau Brummell, as Brummell was born into that which had succeeded the Macaronis and the other fops before the Regency. It was the age of the dandies, and even the most brilliant men—Byron among the rest—were proud to take a place among the dandies; and Count D'Orsay, one of Disraeli's earliest friends, was by sheer force of good clothes able to command the attention and dictate much of the life of London. In those far-off days Disraeli outbid even the most fastidious dandies; for he is reported to have worn green breeches; and certainly he did adorn his shirts with lawn cuffs, and adorned his waistcoat with multiform and lengthy chains. And there he was now—an old man arrived, after all the storms and scandals of a very hot youth, to the greatest of human positions, and he was dressed as if he were a gipsy king out for a holiday!

IT was not, of course, the first time I had seen him. He was then no longer a member of the House of Commons; he had hidden his old strange picturesque and arresting name in a coronet and the title of Earl of Beaconsfield. I had seen him, off and on, for years in the House of Commons, watching him from the conning-tower of the Press Gallery, and fascinated, as every visitor to Westminster was, by his strange appearance and manners. I have already described his face, with its olive complexion, its dark hair, its perfectly impassive expression, and its statue-like stillness. It was part of that brilliant pose by which, all through his life, he was always able to arrest attention, and to stand out from whatever company he was in, however large or however illustrious. Gladstone drew

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your attention and held it, and constantly made you more attentive still by his restlessness of movement and his changeability of expression. But even Gladstone's wondrous and noble figure had not the same weird and unconquerable fascination of this great rival of his.

AFTER all, Gladstone was essentially English. He was English in his strong build, in his face, singularly handsome as it was, in his frankness of look, in his suggestion of the athlete who loved the open air and the long walk. Disraeli, on the other hand, was the Eastern in everything: in his looks, in his beaked nose, in his complexion, above all in that almost unearthly stillness that suggested to every chronicler the sphinx or the mummy. And when he did rise and walk—a thing that sometimes seemed impossible in one so still—there was a certain panther-like slowness and shuffle in the walk that did not seem European at all; it brought up before your inner vision those dusky beings that puzzled the Englishman and left him unable to go behind the expressionless eyes and impotent in spelling out the mysteries of the dark soul underneath.

If anything were wanting to make the contrast of Disraeli with his environment more conspicuous, it was the florid faces, the comfortable and prosperous forms of the squires around him, with their telltale faces of wide acres and rural life, of whom this strange Eastern was the trusted leader and all-powerful chief. You couldn't, accordingly, keep your eyes off Disraeli as long as you were in the House of Commons: he stood out, strange, remote, silent, motionless, as much in contrast with all around him as a blackbird in the midst of a crowd of white doves.

*"Disraeli was Eastern in everything, in his looks, in his beaked nose, in his complexion, above all in that almost unearthly stillness that suggested the sphinx or the mummy."*

WHEN, at length, this immobile figure rose to his feet, there was again the same sense of his loneliness and his remoteness from all around. The language was, of course, English, but it was English of quite a different kind from that you had heard from the others. It was glittering; it was luxurious; it was often pompous and bombastic; it was the language of a literary man with poetic gifts, and yet with a certain richness and extravagance of taste that seemed to be like glittering gold on a coat of corduroy, so little did it resemble the ordinary businesslike and unadorned words you heard from the average member of Parliament.

The delivery was also quite different from that of any other speaker. The tones were deep—often they were sepulchral. There used to be a saying in the days of Disraeli that he spoke like a man with a plum in his mouth. The voice was deep and penetrating, but there always seemed at the same time to be something muffled in it. And as a rule, too, it was somewhat monotonous, as if Disraeli had cultivated a curious mannerism of speech—as used to do parsons of the old school who either sang or intoned their sermons. When you compared this style of speech with the splendid range of Gladstone's voice,—each note in the whole gamut of the wonderful flexibility of that musical organ attuning itself to the particular character of the different passages in his speech,—Disraeli seemed to be colorless and funereal and—I must again use the word—pompous.

AND yet, there were few men who ever sat in the House of Commons who had used his voice with such terrific effect. Even to-day one can read, with all the delight in any piece of literature that brings you into a magic land, the speeches in which Disraeli wrecked the omnipotence of Sir Robert Peel, and dragged him down from the dictatorship of a great party, and left the place vacant for the despised Jew whom Peel had so foolishly floated. The brilliant satire, the bold images, the racy anecdotes—all these things shine out still from even the cold and closely printed pages of Hansard; and you can almost hear the deafening applause, the thunders of laughter and gratified hatred, that greeted these powerful attacks on a great Parliamentary figure, the Goliath slain by the sling of the Parliamentary David. Yet, if one reads the contemporary accounts, one finds that even then the speeches must have had in their delivery some of those very faults that seemed to spoil Disraeli's speeches in the days of his maturity.

In the late Mr. Moneypenny's biography of Disraeli, one of the most impressive passages is that which he quotes from a writer of the time, describing Disraeli's manner and method as he engaged in this tremendous duel, in its way the most dramatic and thrilling in all the annals of even the House of Commons. This is the passage:

As an orator Mr. Disraeli can not be pronounced highly eloquent. In both voice and manner there is much monotony. He wants variety in action, gesture, expression, and elocution, always excepting when he breathes his sarcastic vein. . . . His action, where he has any, is ungraceful; nay, what is worse, it is studiously careless—even offensively so. With his supercilious expression of countenance, slightly dashed with pomposity, and a dilettante affectation, he stands with his hands on his hips, or his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, while there is a slight, very slight, gyratory motion of the upper part of his body, such as you will see ball-room exquisites adopt when they condescend to prattle flirtation. And then, with voice low-toned and slightly drawling, without emphasis, except when he strings himself up for his points, his words are not so much delivered as they flow from the mouth, as if it really were too much trouble for so clever, so intellectual, in a word, so literary a man to speak at all. . . .

So much for his ordinary level speaking. When he makes his points the case is totally different. You can then detect the nicest and most delicate inflexions in the tones of his voice; and they are managed, with exquisite art, to give effect to the irony or sarcasm of the moment. . . . In conveying an innuendo, an ironical sneer, or a suggestion of contempt, which courtesy forbids him to translate into words—in conveying such masked enmities by means of a glance, a shrug, an altered tone of voice, or a transient expression of face, he is unrivaled. Not only is the shaft envenomed, but it is aimed with deadly precision by a cool hand and a keen eye, with a courage fearless of retaliation. He will convulse the house by the action that helps his words, yet leave nothing for his victims to take hold of. . . . And all the while you are startled by his extreme coolness and impassibility. . . . You might suppose him wholly unconscious of the effect that he is producing; for he never seems to laugh or to chuckle, however slightly, at his own hits. While all around him are convulsed with merriment or excitement at some of his finely wrought sarcasms, he holds himself, seemingly, in total suspension, as though he had no existence for the ordinary feelings and passions of humanity; and the moment the shouts and confusion have subsided, the same calm, low monotonous but yet distinct and searching voice is heard still pouring forth his ideas while he is preparing to launch another sarcasm, hissing hot, into the soul of his victim.

I WAS fated, quite by accident, to hear Disraeli's last speech both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. In the Commons the speech was addressed to empty benches at the end of a Parliamentary session. Sir William Harcourt, who was a great personal friend though a strong political opponent of Disraeli, led the attack; and he did so in a voice the softness of which seemed to strike me, though I had heard not a whisper of the coming change. It was on the then burning question of the Bulgarian atrocities.

Disraeli, in reply, spoke in the same curiously subdued tone; it was in that speech that he used the afterward famous phrase of coffee-house babble. And thus quietly he slipped out of the great arena where he had built up his fortunes from penilessness and contempt to the Premiership of the greatest of empires.

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## II

### Lemuel Smelleth Gasolene and Loveth His Horse Less

*SO wagged the world with the smoothness of vaseline;*
*Lem, still defying the Demon of Gasolene,*
*Drove faithful Pansy to town, the long way,*
*Seven hours' trot in the heat of the day.*
*One August morning,*
*Without the least warning,*
*Round Pilkins' Pump whizzed a little gray car,*
*Striking Lem's gig with so breathless a jar*
*It tore off a wheel,*
*And the Automobile*
*Paused while its owner removed his cigar.*
*"Sorry!" he drawled, though his tone was polite,*
*"I'll pay the bill. I'm G. Whillikins White.*
*And say! If the crash has delayed you, look here—*
*Jump in my car and I'll carry you clear*
*To town, do your shopping, and hustle you back again."*
*Lem paused, confessing*
*His errands were pressing.*
*So he leaped in the auto, which, taking its track again,*
*Charged like a cannon-ball puncturing air;*
*And now he was in it*
*(Though dead set ag'in' it),*
*He had to admit and declare*
*This rubber-wheel rolling*
*Was sort of consoling—*

*Much more so than driving a mare.*
*"And the way he can handle*
*Them brakes is a scandal,"*
*Thought Lem as he flew and held on to his hair.*
*Just one solid gray streak—AND, BY GOSH, THEY WERE THERE!*

*LEM, getting down*
*In the heart of the town,*
*Purchased a thimble, a ham, and a hat;*
*Then, like a lord,*
*Pitched 'em aboard,*
*Got in himself and expectantly sat.*
*Somehow, as White thumbed the jig marked "Magneto,"*
*Buzzed on the spark like a humming mosquito,*
*Lem felt a twitching,*
*Sort of an itching*
*Yearning to wrest from the driver his seat,*
*The wheel in his hands, and the clutch at his feet.*

*Man, ever changeful, ungrateful as cayalty,*
*Where is thy constancy—where is thy loyalty?*
*Lemuel, where is thy faithfulness now,*
*Swearing to Pansy a horse-loving vow?*
*Gone, or departing with monstrous rapidity!*
*Lem, leaning close with a hectic avidity,*
*Thus spake to White:*
*"Say, if I might,*
*Couldn't I help you to run 'er until—"*
*"Na, no, my man—*
*Well, yes—you can*
*Jigger that oil-pump awhile, if you will."*

*Whillikins White pushed a jig with his thumb;*
*Inside the car was a desperate hum,*
*Then the enginery shook with an anger profound*
*As Whillikins backed 'er.*
*Then, turning her round,*
*Back down the roadway she flew like a wizard—*
*Giddy sensations made Lemuel's gizzard*
*A void, so to speak.*
*Again a gray streak*
*Of fast-flying fence-rails and dust flung like foam.*
*Lem closed his eyes. AND, BY GOSH, THEY WERE HOME!*

*WHILLIKINS looked at his watch, whistled low:*
*"Twenty-six minutes, round trip—rather slow!"*
*"Slow!" gurgled Lem, for response at a loss.*
*"Say, Mister Man, how'll you trade for my hoss?"*

*Daughter Katurah and mild Mrs. B.*
*Noted the change, and were worried to see*
*Lem'l's abstracted*
*And semi-refracted*
*Look. They were fussed by the way that he acted.*
*He was remarkably silent at supper, most*
*Brief of response when a topic came uppermost.*

*After the meal he spoke, bitter as tansy:*
*"Shucks! I'm tired feedin' that old critter Pansy!*
*Her only able*
*To stand in the stable,*
*Eatin' the hair off 'er—*
*Any good feller*
*Give me a fair offer,*
*Dash it, I'd sell 'er!"*
*Mother gasped, "Father!"*
*But daughter sniffed, "Bother!*
*Dad's waking up to the Modern Idear."*

*RIGHT after supper, as stern as King Lear,*
*Lemuel strode to the barn, whence a whinny*
*Told him that Pansy, the faithful old ninny,*
*Stood at her manger, where some one had led her,*
*Tied her securely, but never had fed her.*
*"Simple old critter!"*
*Speaking quite bitter,*
*"Type of a race*
*Passin' away*
*Off o' the face*
*O' the earth, so they say!"*
*Lem stroked his chin, which was getting some gray,*
*Then, going aloft*
*Where the fodder was soft,*
*Pitched faithful Pansy a forkful of hay.*

*Hard upon sunset, the night being hot,*
*Lem sneaked away to the old cedar lot,*
*Sat on a log by the side of a brooklet,*
*Furtive, his glances—*
*Then, taking chances,*
*Pulled from his pocket a Motor Car Booklet,*
*Turned to the page labeled "Center Control."*
*Yes, the Gasolene Microbe had entered his soul!*

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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# The Dr. Cook of Politics

By N. H.

THAT William Sulzer was a cheap demagogue had been widely known for many years. That he was weak on the money side had been suggested by previous speculation, but this side of his nature received little attention, so uncharacteristic did it seem compared to the incomparable vanity of the man. Never did a person out of an asylum show more grotesque symptoms of megalomania. A few persons asked, "Is Sulzer crooked?", but nobody took much interest in the answer. Instead they told stories to illustrate the incredible conceit of the creature. At the inauguration in Washington his behavior near the President convinced beholders that Sulzer thought Mr. Wilson a subordinate figure in that little celebration. And he got away with it. Thousands applauded him. He was the very Dr. Cook of politics. The masses took him at his word. He said he was the people's friend and they thought he was. He called the executive mansion the People's House, and this shell-game imitation of Abraham Lincoln worked successfully on unsuspecting myriads. Is not Dr. Cook still lecturing in the land? And is Barnum really dead?

SULZER has never done an unpopular thing that I know of. He never had any morality except to seek cheap success at any cost. A Tammany Hall Congressman for years, he differed from the other Tammany Congressman in being more spectacular and more demagogic. His whole life was spent in flattery. Read his speeches. Conceit and subserviency are mixed in equal parts. He speaks everywhere, and everywhere he flatters those from whom he hopes advancement.

Tammany Hall cannot take all the blame for furnishing such a product. The American people must take some responsibility for accepting him. It was only a little while ago that he exploited falsehoods against the admirable Commissioner of Immigration, William Williams, because Sulzer was toadying to recent immigrants; and soon after the people chose him for Governor. Tammany Hall was satisfied, but after all, the people chose him. Tammany was satisfied because it usually prefers a weak and vain product to a stronger man. Dix suited Murphy. He had a "front" behind which Tammany could hide. He was said to be "respectable." He was certainly dull and subservient. Murphy liked him, and the great American people preferred him to Henry L. Stimson, who ran only out of a sense of duty and who was ideally equipped.

WHEN Sulzer loomed on the horizon, Murphy had good reason to rejoice. He had had a narrow escape. He had come within an ace of seeing Wm. G. McAdoo nominated for Governor. Had it not been for a personal complication at just the wrong moment McAdoo would be at Albany to-day. We should then have been without his brilliant services at Washington, but there would have been a Governor who would have done Tammany just as much harm as a strong Democrat at Albany could do, and that is much. No wonder then Murphy was relieved. Of Sulzer no doubt his reflections were much as follows: "Here is a fine old five-spot coming down the pike. Let him come. The people seem to want him. Let them have him. He's good enough for me. We have sent him to Congress a good many times and he hasn't done any harm yet. He is an ass, of course, and he likes to shake his ears and bray, but he will stand without hitching, and if he doesn't we will hitch him."

MURPHY can hardly be criticised for the one mistake he made. He underestimated the power of vanity and ambition in high office. It sometimes makes a lion of the silliest lamb. William saw himself as a future president. He imitated not only Abraham Lincoln but Governor Hughes. He took up the excellent cause of direct primaries, as Hughes had done, and tried to use it to show that he had become the boss of his former masters. He used hundreds of telegrams and long distance telephones at the public expense. He made a whirlwind campaign, but he too overlooked one thing. If you are going to have a falling-out with your fellow-statesmen of Tammany Hall, you must be careful about campaign contributions and stock-gambling debts, and also about any affidavit. That is one of several practical morals to be drawn from this eventful history.

Of course, Sulzer thought he had the story covered up. Adventurers usually think they have their stories covered up. Sulzer supposed the brokers with whom he gambled, and to whom he turned over various funds, would protect him. But those brokers and the stock exchange, like all of us, have felt the changes in the atmosphere. They recognized that, if they owed something to their client, they owed something also to the law and to the public. They delivered him up to justice, or, if you choose, to the revenge of Tammany Hall. It is a grotesque and even tragic history, but it will not be without its uses if it makes it a little harder for our mighty nation to choose cheap professional politicians, thinly disguised, in preference to the ample, available number of first-class public servants who have nothing to recommend them but their ability and their independence.

POOR old Sulzer!—He has lived all his life in a struggle for appearances. He did not try to be. He tried to seem. He probably half deceived himself. A friend of mine called on him not long before the exposure, and it turned out in the conversation that she was sister-in-law to a well known man named B——. "What!" exclaimed the Governor, shaking her hand with great effusion. "You a sister-in-law of my dear friend B——! Well, I am glad to see you." To the best of B——'s recollection, he and the Governor have never met. It wasn't all conscious falsification. Part of it was the histrionic temperament gone mad. And it was so over-done that nearly everybody had begun to laugh at it. A politician a few weeks ago brought me a message from the Governor asking if I would go to Albany. "No," I said, "I certainly shall not. Why should I? He doesn't want to see me. He is just urging people up there for effect and then making them sit around for hours until he gets ready to come out and do the 'great man' act." Was the messenger angry? Not he. "I am glad to hear you say that," he replied. "I agree with you." Every person I know laughed at him—and yet he won the people. He fixed his hair and his face like the mask of tragedy, and talked on the platform like a last-generation Fourth-of-July orator. He let it be understood he was a Jew, and let it be understood he wasn't a Jew according to political exigency. He never in his life went to work quietly to do good, without seeking noisy acclaim. He never stood up for his opinion against his immediate advantage. He never relied upon reason, but placed his trust in pose and rhetoric. He had no element of superiority, and yet the people trusted him. He posed and screamed, and the people took him at his word.

WELL, enough of him, perhaps. Let us sum up the lessons and subside. "From excess of evil, evil dies." The event is so disgraceful it may do something to make the people think. The case looks to me about like this:

1.—Look out for the professional-politician type, and don't trust one of them merely because he tells you he has stopped playing with the machine. Also don't believe him when he tells you, with loud cadences, that he lives only that a suffering people may be a little less wretched through his efforts.

2.—Insist on moral character. Some strong men are without it, like Gaynor. Most standard demagogues are without it, like Sulzer. Hughes had it. Wilson has it. Keep your eye out for it always. Choose your public servants for their experience, their ability, and their morals, and don't believe that anybody who year after year has represented Tammany Hall is ever going to be worthy of your confidence. Tammany Hall must be destroyed before the citizens of New York will have an even chance to get and keep adequate men in office, in the City and in the State.

3.—Don't try to get rich in a hurry. Don't yearn after money you do not earn. Don't gamble. It is a national vice and it destroys every year many far better men than Sulzer.

HIS career is finished. Heaven knows what will happen to him. I for one am sorry for him. He is a mere symptom—nothing but a product. We shall learn on November fourth whether the people have learned anything from this choice lesson in professional politics. They will then choose, in Sulzer's home city, between the tricky, ignorant, and plundering politicians on the one hand, and a ticket carefully made up by independent citizens on the other. Four years ago a fusion movement gave us Mitchell, Whitman, McAneny, and Prendergast, and they are running all together on a ticket against Tammany this summer. On the other side is the ticket dictated by Murphy. The choice will show whether the disgrace of Sulzer has been used by the people for their enlightenment, or whether it has passed unheeded or misunderstood.



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"THE RITZ" By Wallace Morgan

# How Men Look to Women

By MARY ROBERTS COOLIDGE, Ph.D.

THE proper study of womankind is Man—wives and daughters learned that long ago in pursuance of domestic administration; but women in general are learning it anew as they make their first modest essays in politics. The feminine lobbyist doubtless practises now, as ever, the wiles of the manageress or the adventuress, as her temperament may dictate, and sizes up mankind accordingly. But the women of the Western States who have quite recently come into political recognition have come to a more direct and personal interest in the membership of the legislature.

In California they have had the good fortune to be swept in on a wave of political reform and have found their presence and their ideas received at the Capitol with surprising cordiality. The twenty or more women who, as representatives of women's clubs, and civic, charitable, and social-reform associations, constituted an ioformal council at the Capitol have not found it necessary to lobby in order to get a hearing. For the most part they have been met by the legislators with courtesy and their suggestions and demands, particularly on behalf of children aad youth, have is many cases been accepted. And yet, while sitting day after day within the rail, whether as advocates of some reform measure or simply as spectators bent on getting an education in political tactics, they have suffered a certain disillusionmeat concerniog their political representatives.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, and in spite of all the recent muck-raking, which might have led to the supposition that most law-makers are either stupid or crooked, the idealizing feminine mind has clung to a school-girl's dream of public officers both intelligent and patriotic. Although in the relaxation of the family cirele their own men-folk might he a little peevish and personal at times, might practise a repetitious wit, and were even astonishingly egotistic and illogical when they wanted their own way, nevertheless, every woman has assumed that her Maa was great—or, at any rate, worthier thao other men in public life.

Imbued as they were with these simple and old-fashioned ideas, it has been something of a shock to the women attending the legislature to see these professional patriots behaving on the floor just like plain folks—four-fifths of them, like men in other walks of business, more or less incompetent, and sometimes rather ill-educated and crude in speech and manaer. A good many seem to he there because a thousand dollars and mileage for four months' work looks good to them; quite a number are there to groom themselves by a little legislative experieoce and advertising for some salaried post in the appoiatment of tbe governmeat; a still larger number enjoy the game—such men as a century ago migbt have been leaders of daring deeds, or hunters, or possibly pirates. The fractional minority are all that sustains the feminine observer's faitb in democracy, for they seem to belong to a competent order of men who, having been successful in business, journalism, or the law, honestly wisb to put their efficieacy to the use uf the State. They are not conscious reformers, but they don't like to see the coantry run badly and they itch to set thiags right.

After a few days of observation, the herd of men begin to differentiate into groups according to their manner and physique. There is the type of well-groomed, gentlemanly persons with broad brows, thin lips, and quiet, incisive voices—of the city rather than of the soil—who have endurance and a considered pace, and are, as the spectators afterward learned, more pugnacious than they look. The country contingent with hawk-like eye, sun-browned cheek, thick, grizzled hair and high nose, represents the pioneer ranchmen, miners, and mountaineers. There is, too, a group of men who, by their look, might be ward politicians, successful liquor-dealers, or ex-pugilists; with their rosy color, developed muscle, and comfortable flesh, a little low of brow and narrow between the eyes, but wide of jaw and evidently genial good fellows among men. As for the minor types, there are a few who personify caution—they look to the right or left before they come out into the open, and run no uanecessary risks; and a considerable body of new men of the athletic, young-lawyer sort—clean, clear-eyed, very dignified, but as yet of unknown capacities.

TO the feminine onlookers these legislators afford more sensations than any two-ring circus; for in debate they are by turns amusing, revolting, pitiful, and at times thrilling and admirable in their display of raw or disciplined human qualities. In committee most of them behave like sane, business-like creatures, but as soon as they get upoa their feet on the floor many of them assume a striking pose, either to impress their constituents, to furnish newspaper copy, or merely because they have an habitual affectation.

There is the chronic humorist who never fails to lighten business with witticisms, whether the subjcet be puerile or important; and the chronic legal-objector who prides himself on teaching law to his colleagues, youag and old alike; and always the old-fashioaed arguer who has "grave doubts as to the constitutionality" of any measure for whicb he does not wisb to vote. But most ia evidence of all are the orators-by-instinct—the campaign politicians who bellow forth the most commonplace ideas and ohvious facts as if patriotically inspired. Their senteaces burst forth frequently with the startling unexpectedness of a safety-valve.

ON almost any day these explosions may occur. Perhaps a solid business man, who is ordinarily mild-manaered and reasonable, will rise to his feet and assure his colleagues that he did not intend to speak, but he *must* explain his position on this hill. Although the measure may coocern any trivial practicality, the speaker will suddenly and without appareat occasion, make it aa agitating affair. His voice takes on a fierce, orotund volume, and with trembling gesticulation and convulsed countenance, he will pour forth a stream of torrential eloquence, while his colleagues peacefully read the newspapers, smoke with half-closed eyes, or write letters and send them out by the messengers as if nothing at all were going on. They evidently mean no disrespect, but they seem to know that the orator can not stop and most of them have already made up their minds how to vote.

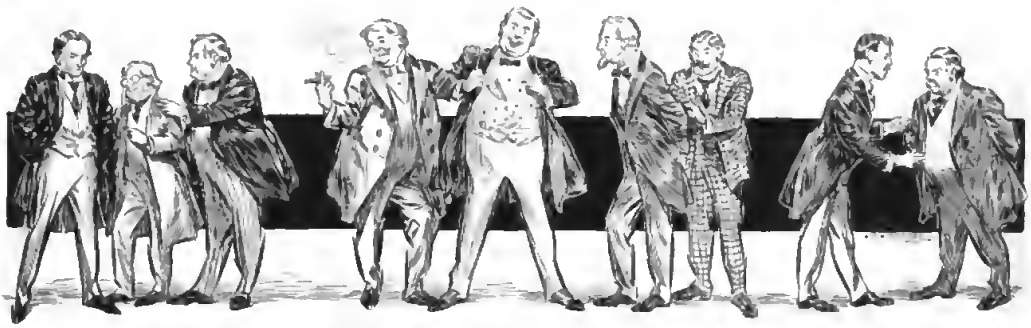
Whenever the perpetual tourist or a band of school children in charge of teachers, wandering through the marble corridors, hear this contiauous, bellowing sound, there is a rush for the galleries that they may learn how their country is governed; but the women apprentices to politics ask each other in bewilderment: Why does he do it so *violently*? For if any woman at a club convention should carry on like that she would be removed and treated for hysterics. The only answer is: They can't help it. Long ago these politicians acquired the habit of campaign oratory and they know no other way of expressing themselves—at least on their feet. It is, as the French say, "To orate or to be silent!"

THERE is something amazing to the conventional feminine mind in the unconscious self-exposure of these men. We have been taught to suppose that it is only women and children who talk about themselves in public, or use the personal iastance by way of illustration. But here on the floor fond fathers explain about "my five children" and "my little daughter" in the presence of their brother politicians and the curious crowd behind the rail with a shameless intimacy that makes a woman shrink. If the measure up for discussion relates to the liquor question or gambling or vice, they "turn on the tremolo" by instinct, as part of the oratorical effect with whicb to confuse the issue. Now and then the speaker "fakes" bis emotioa pretty well, but usually there is an insincerity of tone which brings a look of boredom or contempt to the faces of his auditors. Many of the women ia attendance upoa this legislature had also attended the National Federation of Women's Clubs in San Francisco last year, and they could but contrast the reticent dignity of speech, the restrained emotion, and the earnest resort to facts displayed there with the egotism of naked masculiaity exhibited by their political representatives.

IN almost every legislative debate there are two or three old-time bogies that contiaually pop up. If the bill has any relation, however remote, to certain well-known corporations, some gentlemen feel obliged to get up and whack them—regardless of personal obligations. This kind of bogeyism is supposed to look well. But to the spectator it seems very like the automatic whipping of a dead-eyed teamster which has ceased to produce any effect whatever. Then there is that yellow bogie, the Oriental, who has had the stuffing knocked out of him regularly for thirty years, but who must be dragged out at every session in order that the astute politician may set himself right with certain labor interests. The most ancient shade of all is the States Rights Alarum—warranted to go off as promptly as a clork whenever there is an issue between the State and the Federal Government, and the State happens to he in a mood to dare the President and his miaions to come on.

Among other old-fashioned but more staid and reverend figures are the Platitudes—moral and otherwise—which, like marionettes, punctiliously appear and play their parts while their masters pull the strings and furnish the voice. Whenever a senator wishes to "crawfish" he usually begins by declaring that "the motives of every gentleman on the floor are above reproach"—he is perfectly sure of that—and then he produces a prim little puppet, whom he calls "My Conscience," who explains how imperative it is that he should vote "as he thinks best." Everybody within hearing may know that this is merely an excuse for voting some other way than he has promised or than his constituents demand, but, if maintained with sufficient skill, it is unanswerable.

But all this play-acting is not so out of place as it might appear. The fact is, these gentlemen are not talking to their colleagues or even to the galleries, but to the newspaper correspondents. Professional politicians always need advertising, and every legislator wishes to be presented to his constituents in the morning papers as a highly moral and energetic



fellow. For, if it should inadvertently happen that he can not deliver the goods that he promised before election, he must still be able to convince the people that he tried very hard to do so. Indeed trite moralizings and sentimental buncombe seem to be a sort of steam let off to cloud the issue.

Men used to do this wholly by means of platform oratory, but nowadays to roar and to quaver and to shake your fists or point the tremhling forefinger is getting out of date—is even a little ridiculous—and the newspapers must be relied on to create the necessary atmosphere of approval in the orator's own district. Thus, whenever the modern legislator finds it desirable to vote against the demands of his constituents he takes refuge in posing as a martyr to his conscience and explains at length (for the benefit of the reporters and his home town) why he must do so even at the risk of political suicide.

At this session of the California legislature one wholly new note was sounded —one that frequently lightened the murky air with humor. For the first time in the experience of these representatives the "good woman's influence," about which they had been wont to spout, had become a concrete thing to be reckoned with. Those quiet, innocent-looking ladies within the rail represented thousands of silent voters whose temper in politics had not yet been tested; and behind them were other shadowy thousands quite unknown but not, therefore, negligible. Whether a man scorned or approved of their power, it might well make him uneasy.

Those legislators, particularly, who wished to sidetrack the moral measures definitely urged by the feminine electorate, referred with resentment to the pressure brought to bear upon them by their women constituents. One assemblyman, in a very violent manner, called "God to witness" the awful day when the mothers of the country descended to threaten their accredited representatives. To the amusement of his auditors, he then revealed that among hundreds of letters from women he had received one from a "good lady" who, after asking him to vote for a certain measure, had concluded with the terrible statement that "the women will remember their enemies as well as their friends!" Another gentleman complained openly of the political menace of the organized women's clubs, temperance unions, and civic leagues of his district. He doubtless knew how to meet the pressure of corporation and machine interests, but he had no idea how to escape this feminine coercion. All he could do was to stand up and shout that these women did not know what they wanted, nor what they were talking about. One senator asked a colleague whether he was going to vote for a certain bill that the women were urging; the other replied, whimsically: "Don't I have to go home?"

In the debate on the Red Light Injunction and Abatement Bill on the floor of the Senate, the leader of the opposition expressed himself as distressed to see "the blushes and looks of horror" on the faces of the twenty or more middle-aged women who were there to represent various reform associations. They ought not to be there, he said; it was quite improper and they had only themselves to blame. He was only one of several men, otherwise highly intelligent and capable, who instinctively took the traditional attitude toward women, and were quite unaware that the conspiracy of silence between men and women on certain vital subjects has been finally and completely broken through. They seemed not to grasp the idea that women, however limited in political experience, know perfectly what they want, especially in matters relating to the welfare of children and youth.

The legislators were constantly referring to "the good women" and by implication setting others over into the category of "bad women." They have not yet found out that this classification is offensive to "the good women" themselves, nor do they perceive that women are already differentiated into many varieties, requiring varied treatment. Inside the privileged rail, in those solemn red plush chairs, there have been sitting through the whole session a coterie of women who looked, no doubt, to the undiscriminating male eye, just like a thousand other harmless, decent, domestic ladies such as men leave out of account when bent on legislative errands. These women were all over thirty, some of them gray-haired, serious-looking, quietly dressed and unmistakably ladies, and a little shy at being marked out as there "for something."

What these lawmakers did not comprehend was that this row of innocent-looking middle-aged women had been working for years in charities—for the aged and infirm, the defective, the unemployed, the sick of body and soul, the young on the roads of perdition—and that they represented an amount of competence and accumulated information on these matters not possessed by most politicians. While these gentle-seeming creatures sat there with that look of disciplined docility which is the mask of women of our day, the cock-sure legislator told them what they ought to want, as if their legislative demands were vagaries of children. A pretty, gray-haired lady whose whole leisure had been given for years to work among defective children, said one day, hotly, to another woman of the circle: "If I could show these men the horrible, misshapen, diseased babies in an institution within a mile of this Capitol, they might realize a little what we are here for—and what they should be here for." And the others could but feel with her that it would be a long time before the average man would see what they can see.

But if those women in waiting sickened sometimes at the primitive man there exposed to their gaze, they were, nevertheless, acute enough to grasp the political significance of a body that, while falling so far below their ideals, was yet better, perhaps, than the constituency from which its members came. They said to themselves: This is concrete democracy. We have legislators behaving like that because we, The People, *are* like that. They might have said—to paraphrase a famous criminologist—that every community has the legislators it deserves.

As the days of the session hurried on and moments of crisis became more frequent, exceptional men began to stand out—a good many of them; and this fractional minority became, to the feminine imagination, the saving remnant of the State. They were the younger men, or those not so long in public harness, for the most part, who had a premonition of the approaching and cleaner order; men of better education who bring to the struggles of practical legislation higher ideals absorbed in an academic atmosphere; men who don't drink so much nor talk so blatantly as the old-time politician; men who are willing even to listen respectfully, and do not resent the claims of women citizens.

The women within the rail soon came

to understand that the real work of a modern legislature is done in committees and that what they were hearing upon the floor was, in part, copy for the newspapers, but chiefly the natural unconsidered talk of the mischievous, irresponsible, unmoral boy that survives in every normal man and must blow off. They began to judge them less by their public behavior and more by the results in the shape of legislation which was the serious business for which they were commissioned. Considering the noise, the inattention, the lack of system and facilities, and the inexperience of many of the legislators, the laws that at last emerged and went on the statute books were surprisingly good.

It was a great education, for the women, in the nature and methods of man outside of domestication; while to many of the legislators these women were probably mere eccentrics or reformers—not to use less respectful terms. Yet that polite, critical, docile-looking circle was also shrewder than it looked. However untutored in politics, these women knew how to stand obstinately against the comfortable creed of Things-as-they-are, and, in their very ignorance and idealism, would continue to exact a higher standard. Every man began unconsciously to recall his mother's, or his wife's, or his often-pooh-poohed sister's point of view; while each woman went home saying to herself: women can get anything they want from the legislature if they attend to the representatives in their own districts. They have all but done it once—they can do it better next time. At the next session there will be another circle, larger, more assured, more obstinate, and with more experience in the psychology and practice of legislators; and in two years or four, with women voting, the exceptions among legislators may become the rule.

# Finance

*The Passing of the Pioneers*

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE owner of securities who is not directly connected with large affairs can not fail to be puzzled at times by the rapidly changing personnel of the country's financial leaders. He has but to read the biographies of men like H. H. Rogers, E. H. Harriman, Henry M. Flagler, J. P. Morgan, and Anthony N. Brady to realize that these men were the very life of many of the great corporations they created.

The old leaders brought about what has been called a "hundred million dollar era." Concentration and centralization of industry, while having other than personal causes, were at least championed and led by men such as these. Already this year three of our greatest "captains of industry" have died. In less than ten years a whole generation has left the stage. Who will succeed them no one can tell. Perhaps they will have no successors, and there may be no need of any.

In the nature of human life men must die, that being one of the chances of business and investment just as it is of everything else. But a few years ago, somehow, not much thought was taken of what would be the results of the passing of an entire group of financial giants. The intimate part which certain daring geniuses played in building up the corporate structure of this country clearly raises a problem now that so many of them have gone. What will be the effect upon investment securities? Are either temporary losses in market prices or in permanent values to be expected?

## *What Brady Stood For*

TAKE for instance Anthony N. Brady, whose death was so recently recorded. Perhaps there are many readers who never heard of Brady. His name certainly did not arouse the newspaper headline writer to such pitches of enthusiasm as did those of John D. Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and E. H. Harriman. He was a quiet man who escaped publicity. But he was one of the Titans all the same. Beginning life as a small tea merchant, he came to be what is known as a power in finance, and his fortune must be all the way from $40,000,000 to $75,000,000. Not that the fortune means much in itself. It is mentioned more by way of incident than because of its intrinsic importance. It is not the riches he accumulated that essentially matters, it is the master influence that he and many others like him possessed in shaping industry into what it is to-day.

From a successful tea merchant in Albany, Brady eventually became interested in the local utilities (gas, tractions, and so on) and later entered the same field in a broader way. Although in time he became a dominating figure in one of the country's largest trust companies, an important figure in rubber companies, and the holder of an immense quantity of stocks (said to have had a value as high as $31,000,000) in tobacco, yet this man always devoted his talents mainly to gas, electric light, and street railway enterprises. He was one of the chief factors in the gas company in Chicago and he was *the* man in the abnormally rich electric lighting company in New York City and the traction lines in Brooklyn. The latter he improved and built up to an appreciable extent, and mainly through his efforts a concern, which ten or fifteen years before had very poor credit, was able to command more than two hundred millions of dollars for new subways designed on a liberal scale for future generations.

## *Good Work Lives On*

AS men like Brady pass away conditions affecting their enterprises must change. Is the new order of things disquieting or reassuring?

It is much easier to ask broad questions than to answer them. Time alone fully satisfies such queries. But it may be noted that even in the daily stock market, where fluctuations depend largely upon sudden and unexpected happenings, and the unaccountable personal equation, no disturbance resulted from the death of Harriman, Morgan, and Brady.

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*"There's a Reason"*

*for*

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vast as their interests were. Men are not as indispensable as they seem.

One sound lesson to draw from these facts is that those who huild sound structures need have little fear of the fate of these creations after death. Nn doubt many enterprises depend largely upon one man's ability. A sanitarium in the Catskills which is said to have insured the life of the remarkable physician who founded and conducts it, for the full amount of the capital stock, is not an exception. Most investors will do well to keep their hands off a concern where the personal equation is absolutely essential. Conservative securities are based upon more than any one man. The Pennsylvania Railroad would not have been what it is to-day without Scott, Thompson, and Cassatt. But who doubts the ability of Rea to continue the work which an almost military organization has set in motion?

It is perhaps safe to say that the work of the future calls for hard industry and plain, ordinary, efficient workers, rather than for daring and genius. Indeed the men who have gone are not only not indispensable for the present and future, but are perhaps not best fitted to meet the new problems which have arisen. This is a radical statement, but it bears elose inspection.

Clearly the railroads do not call for either a Harriman or a Cassatt. Indeed they do not seem to call for a Mellen. An executive for the immense structure which E. H. Harriman built up wuuld have been sorely out of place in the last year or two if he had been of the plunging, ambitious type. From the point of view solely of the owners of stocks and bonds the men to bead the Harriman railroads must be both conservative and sensitive to publie opinion. Ruthlesaness simply would have made the trouble into which their properties had fallen because of the government suit against their merger all the worse. The same is true also of the New Haven system. What will give value to New Haven debentures and stock in the next few years will be conservative bookkeeping and finance, and the ability of the new executive to get close to boards of trade and local granges. A giant of finance, bent upon colossal amalgamations, would simply throw the New Haven with its scores of thousands of security-holders into bankruptcy.

### *The Trusts No Longer Supreme*

THE last few years have witnessed a remarkable movement toward decentralization in indnstry. In the banking field alnne the tendency has been otherwise. Whether this will continue now that Murgan is dead, and public opinion and the party in power alike uppose the movement, is at least questionable. But the big transportation and manufacturing industries are decentralizing rather than combining. Enforcement of the Sherman Law has broken up many of them. The mammoth Oil and Tobacco Trusts have been split into many parts, and there are several new tobacco companies of prominence, and a dozen new and ambitious oil concerns. Under the same decree the Powder Trust has split into three, and the Harvester Trust has to an extent anticipated an unfavorable decision hy voluntarily separating into two segments. The Sugar, Shoe Machinery, and Steel Trusts are now being sued and it looks as if the Telephone and Smelting Trusts would come next. A score of smaller combinations are under similar attack.

Moreover, it has begun to dawn upon men that perhaps after all bigness does not mean efficiency. Stockholders want officers who will conserve and make efficient rather than aggrandize. The new presideat of the American Sugar Refining Company is an amiable and accomplished gentleman, but to compare Charles H. Allen with Henry Havemeyer, autocrat of sugar, would be to provoke a laugh. Havemeyer was a man of singular force of will, but if he were living to-day and trying to operate his company as he did fifteen years ago, it would be crushed and ruiaed hy sheer force of public opinion.

Thus while business to be successful needs efficient operators to-day as much as ever it did, it does not require the same type of masterful Titans. The big corporation to-day demands an executive who will conserve its resources, take an enlightened view of publie as well as private rights, and employ the soundest and most scientific methods. But more significant still is the fact that an entirely new group of business enterprises, calling upon the publie for their investment savings, has grown up along with the decline in the power of the big combinations.

Even if the compulsion of law, publie opinion, and doubts as to their real efficiency had not begun to break the grip of the giant combinations, another power has arisen to eheck them. Wholly new groups of enterprises have come into being to command executive talent and investment capital. It has been said that the old autocracy of business bas gone and a new democracy come in its stead. This statement is rather "high falutin" and remains to be proven. But it is at least true that two of the greatest of these new industries, the automobile and public utility, have grown up without any large combinations or trusts. Until a comparatively few years ago the only important publie utility companies were in the large cities and were in the hands of the same men that controlled railroads and industrial trusts. But the business of gas and electric lighting and power and interurban railways has long since espanded far beyond the large cities as well as away from any limited group of financial autocrats. An entirely new generation of men has come forward to build and manage these concerns.

It has been well said that this is an era of little things and little jobs in the financial world. That is because so many new industries have grown up to a point where they demand capital from the public at large. A few of the executives of these newer industries are fairly well kmwn, such as Henry Ford of automuhile fame and George Eastman of kodak renown. But for the most part the newer leaders of business do not figure in the public eye as did the financiers who have gone.

Thus the passing of the Old Guard does not seem on the whole to threaten the stahility of our investment structure. Now and then the newer promotions lack stability and are ballooned too high by their over-entbusiastic backers. Some fairly big hubbles will have to be pricked. Some mistakes are being made which the older generation would have avoided. But altogether a fairly sober time seems promised, and less will be heard about the High Finance and The Interests. And a very fortunate thing that is for the owner of securities.

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# The Whens of Life

## *When The Last Child Leaves*

*For half your life, you've labored with "the children" in your mind,*
*Sometimes a little step ahead, sometimes a mile behind,*
*And many a night you've pondered on the whenceness of the how,*
*But you did it, yep, you did it! raised 'em one and all, and now—*

*Lordy, but it's lonely when the last child leaves;*
*The year is at the autumn and the very weather grieves;*
*The skies are gloomed and raining,*
*The whipped trees are complaining*
*And there's sobbing in the chimney and a weeping at the eaves.*
*For oh! it's lonely, lonely, when the last child leaves.*

*There's a good deal of that feeling when the baby went to school,*
*Or the big boy went to work (as independent as a mule!)*
*Or the girl went off to college, with a happy, hurried kiss,*
*But always there were comings-back. It never was like this!*

*So, oh, it's lonely, lonely, when the last child's left.*
*The living-room has suffered loss, the bedroom cries of theft.*
*And eke the cheerful dining-room*
*Becomes a sad, repining-room,*
*For every room is lonely when the whole house is bereft,*
*So, oh! it's lonely, lonely, when the last child's left.*

*You can not change the universe, you wouldn't if you could;*
*Your link is in the chain of life, and somehow that is good,*
*But you were first to them so long, in all their joys and cares,*
*And now the last one's left you to remembrances—and prayers.*

*So, oh! it's lonely, lonely, when the last child's gone,*
*Seems 'most like a waste of time just living on and on,*
*With no one left to do for,*
*To hustle for and stew for,*
*And you know the dusk around you is the twilight, not the dawn,*
*So, oh! it's lonely, lonely, when the last child's gone.*

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.



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# What They Think of Us

*New York Globe*

Who may be just the guy to take a morihund gasette, and make the same as lively as a London suffragette? Who may be just the guy to wage a nation-wide crusade and show the demons up who dope the circus lemonade? Who may be just the guy to put a night shift on the press, and shoot the circulation to 1,000,000—more or less? Who may be just the guy to put old Colonel Harvey hep to how to ginger up his rag and fill it full of pep? (But can he call the turn on who will be our President and rule the land four years from date?) That Norman Hapgood gent.

*Savannah* (Georgia) *Free Press*

Norman Hapgood may strike a happy chord in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

*Oakland* (California) *Tribune*

We are sorry to lose Colonel Harvey's scintillant lucubrations. He discussed men and measures with engaging frankaess and rare good temper, and he displayed keen penetration in his estimates of the movement of popular forces and the trend of public opinion. He is no enthusiast, like Norman Hapgood, and he never tried to make the WEEKLY popular hy appealing to prejudice or fanning popular excitement. Hapgood is an adept at both.

*Fort Worth* (Texas) *Record*

Norman is a great molder of public thought. It takes him months to fully make up his mind, and then he acts. Wouldn't he be a valuable man on the staff of a daily newspaper, where a star man is given five seconds to make up his mind and is canned if he doesn't deliver the goods?

But Norman is a journalist, and the workers in the morning or afternoon field are mere men.

*Fort Wayne* (Indiana) *News*

What the WEEKLY will be under its new management remains to be seen, and it may be that an effort will be made to popularize it by the introduction of hysterical sensationalism and hy a pandering to the multitude inoculated with the social and economic heresies of uur day.

*Fort Worth* (Texas) *Telegram*

The name of the magaziue will not be changed, at least for the present; so the subscribers will have to judge for themselves whea it casts the rusty shell of worldliness and begins to dabble its butterfly wings in the diviae afflatus fresh from the altruistic kaobs.

*Syracuse* (New York) *Herald*

If McReynolds thinks this is hard going, though, just let him wait until Norm Hapgood gets back into editorial haroess again.

*Life*

Anent the recent change of owners of HARPER'S WEEKLY, we find the *Springfield Republican* discussing weeklies in general, and saying:

Of course there are politics and literature which keep a number of strong English weeklies going. But for some reason the English type of weekly has thrived even less in this country than the English type of monthly review. But it is a hig public, and one never can tell what may take its fancy.

Yes, it is a hig public, but at present it seems to be very imperfectly assorted. There must be a great many readers who don't know where to get the precise thing they want. There is great diversity of taste aad need. A good many periodicals seem now to be constructed on a sort of blunderhuss plan and aimed at the whole company of readers, in tha hope of reaching everybody with something. But that is a large contract, and does not promise to make effective publications.

The more inviting method is for the editor or publisher to settle in his mind what kind of readers he wants, and do his best to sort them out of the general mass and make friends with them. That is somethiag that can not be done in a minute. It is a long process, hut when you have accomplished it you have something worth having: a body of constituents who know you, and care what you say, and who will be helpful to you as long as theyfind that you are helpful to them. There is a difference between periodicals that is of the same sort as the difference between Delmonico's, say, and a travelers' lunch counter.

*Boston Truth*

Mr. Hapgood's notions . . . comprehend muckraking, exposure, the divorce of the editorial page from the counting-room, denunciation of social conditiuns and financial methods, and the whole saturated with socialism. Mr. Hapgood is high-headed and opinionated; he would not hesitate a moment to accept a position as general manager of the universe. He is a super-muckraker. We regret he was not present at the creation.

*Unity*

*Unity* is glad that Norman Hapgood obtained possession of HARPER'S WEEKLY rather than start another paper; for now we have plenty, but we would have been one short without an organ for Norman Hapgood. Now old associations will be reinforced by new inspirations, and the sagacity, the wisdom, and the culture of George William Curtis be justified in his succession.

*Phoenix* (Arizona) *Republican*

The aew WEEKLY will appeal to an entirely new class of readers, and probably many more of them, bringing them ioto closer touch with the world as it is rather than as it ought to be.

*San Francisco Star*

How can HARPER'S or anything else so reach and help the average reader that he "must have it"? We think that Hapgood knows or will find out.

*Columbus* (South Caroliaa) *Record*

Norman Hapgood is an enthusiastic admirer of President Wilson, and he believes the South is the coming section of the country—two poiats very much in his favor.

*Rockford* (Illiaois) *Star*

Unless we are much mistaken, Editor Hapgood will put HARPER'S WEEKLY in the list of oft-quoted periodicals.

*La Crosse* (Wisconsin) *Tribune*

Norman Hapgood will make the WEEKLY welcome in American homes.

*Hammond* (Iadiana) *Times*

What Will Hapgood Say?

President Wilson and friends of his administration, as well as many other publicists, are rather anxiously awaiting the first appearance of the new HARPER'S WEEKLY within a few days. They are curious to see what attitude Norman Hapgood and his associates, new owners of the WEEKLY, will assume toward the administration.

Important changes are contemplated both in the appearaace and nature of the contents. In discussing the appearance of this newcomer among the MCCLURE publicatioas, Mr. Hapgood has already aaaounced that the editorial policy of the publicatioa would he favorable toward the progressive policies of the present administration; hut, since he also intimated that their attitude toward progressive policies of all kinds would be one of hearty support regardless of the party which may be leading, the President and his advisers are anxious to know just what he does mean.

*Waco Morning News*

Mr. Hapgood's writings not yet have puzzled us so, shot over our heads so, that we have had to take refuge in inane characterization thereof as "classical." However that be, we are not interested in the return of Hapgood. We do not class him with Colonel Harvey in any regard, and that Harvey is still with us as editor of the *North American Review* is all that concerns us aad all we are glad for. And we consider HARPER'S will lose a deal of its influence and friendship in the South and Southwest with Harvey gone, and Hapgood, outcast of *Collier's*, injectiag his Bull Moose fads and unstable comment on the times viewed with Roosevelt's myopic vision, where for so many years was Harvey's sterling writing on men and measures, times and customs.

*Extract from letter of Senator Wm. E. Borah, May 22, 1913.*

I sincerely congratulate you and more sincerely I congratulate the country. I have been for many years one of your readers and I am glad of an opportunity to be so again.

There never has heen in the history of this country a finer opening for a journal which will voice the sane and permanent principles of modern progress —which will refuse to yield to the demagogic demands of those who would build up classes and which will defy those powerful interests which through another process would create classes.

*Extract from a letter from Miles Poindexter, dated May 22, 1913.*

The underlying popular impulses and spirit of the times, I think, are more intense and persistent and far-reaching than even we progressives generally appreciate. It will make a great field and opportunity for you with such a powerful instrument as you can make of HARPER'S WEEKLY.



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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 30, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

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*Drawn by Oliver Herford*

"Passionately adventurous, eager and unafraid, she runs the gamut of the city—its high lights and still shadows."

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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**LABOR DAY**

By O. D. Cesare



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2958 | *Week ending Saturday, August* 30, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

## The Limit

GOVERNOR SULZER can not excuse himself by showing how bad is Tammany Hall. He must stand or fall by his own performances. It is true, nevertheless, that what seems to strike the ordinary man most forcibly in this latest national scandal is the incomparable hypocrisy of the Tammany Hall politicians, who attack a governor of their own selection on pretended moral grounds, when everybody knows that the real grounds are that the Governor, when he got into office, dida't prove as easy to manage as Murphy and his lieutenants expected him to be.

## Push It Along

GOOD for Dayton, Ohio. Whether we should properly add "Good for Springfield, Ohio," can not at the moment be said, because of the mechanical fact that this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY goes to press before August 27th, 1913, on which date a more or less attentive world can know how Springfield decides on a matter of intelligence. A little later, Sandusky, Ohio, is to pass upon the same subject.

The most important and sacred concerns of women and men are passed upon necessarily by a few individuals chosen to office. They decide how much it shall cost to live in a city, and to be furnished with asphalt, and policemen, and firemen, aad parks, and electric light. They decide whether building laws shall be so written and so enforced that a few hundred working girls shall be burned up every once in a while; and whether the schools shall have systems fitted to help in life, or outworn and valueless. They decide whether the police shall make nmple fortunes out of vice, and whether the inside speculators in real estate shall get the benefit of the big improvements for which the working citizens pay. New York entrusts these questions usually to a pack of predatory nnd ignorant sports from Tammany Hall. Chicago has an almost equally perfect system. We have seen the struggles against it recently in Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Denver, and sometimes there is a little gain and sometimes a little loss. The fundamental gains, however, have been in the smaller cities. Since Galveston began it, a number of towns in this couutry have been putting an end to the system. On August 12th, Dayton took a step, well tested in Germany, hut not existing heretofore in any American city larger thaa Sumter, S. C., where the plan is in successful operatiou. It adopted by a large majority the city-manager plan of government, by which the city, like nny corporation, hunts up the best man it can get aaywhere and hires him as General Manager. Dayton puts all the powers of the city in oae small board, and this board hires the general manager, who controls all the city departments, except schools and courts, and is paid what he is thought to be worth, and kept in office as long as he is satisfactory. A lean outlook for patronage this! A system which would not nourish a "Tiger," or any other predatory aaimal. The American people will adopt it as they become wearied of being bled, demoralized, and rendered ridiculous by a system devised for the exclusive use of leeches.

## A Contrast

THE biggest cities ia the United States will sooner or later have to show themselves as intelligent as some of the smaller ones in the way they govern themselves. As New York is having the liveliest trouble this summer, we mny take that as an example. Is it not unspeakably ahsurd that a voluntary associntion of citizens should have to interfere, without any legal basis, in order to bring any non-partisan element into the situation? If that town adopted a short ballot, abolished its Board of Aldermen, increased the powers of its Board of Estimate, secured real direct primaries io place of the present Tnmmany-made variety, and abolished party columns, the legal machinery of government would assist the choice of the best men, whereas now it is framed to assist spoils. A general manager might come later, or might not. The city is aot ready for him yet, but it is ready for the other reforms and would pass them instantly if a fair expression of opinion could be had. Of these reforms, the most important are the short ballot and the abolition of party designations at elections. Think of the necessity of a committee of citizens, after working for months to focus the opinion of the city ou the few esseatially responsible positions, being then compelled to go ahead and choose coroners and sheriffs, and other officers who ought either to be abolished or appointed! Equally ridiculous is the necessity of voters casting ballots for these minor officers, about whom they can know nothing, instead of selecting the few men about whom they can form responsible judgments, and holding those men to the selection of their proper subordinates. The present system makes democratic government a farce. It keeps the machine alive. It makes everybody pay good hard money needlessly for dishoaesty and waste. It helps nobody except those who live by getting their feet into the trough and passing a share of the swill to their supporters.

## The Most Interesting City

IN all the world, what city contains the most varied and intense interests? That depends, of course, upon the nature of the mind judging it, but a certain few stand out above the rest. Paris is frequently selected. It is not difficult to see why London seems the most interesting to many. We have heard New York chosen for obvious reasons. Constantinople seems the most interesting to at least one of our friends. Italy is richest in this respect, no doubt. Venice has a combination of beauty and uniqueness which can scarcely be matched; Florence seems the most attractive city in the world to many lovers of finished art forms; and our own choice would be Rome. Of that city, Mr. Bryce says:

"To half the Christian nations, Rome is the metropolis of religion, to all the metropolis of art. In her streets, and hers alone among the cities of the world, may every form of human speech be heard; she is more glorious in her decay and desolation than the stateliest seats of modern power."

It would give us pleasure to get some points of view from our readers about the interestingness of cities; and especially about small towns and villages that they have visited.

## Heroism

SOME philologues would have us believe that the German noun *könig*, king, is derived from the verb, *I can;* others derive from the same root the word for artist, *kunstler*. Romain Rolland, in his novel "Jean-Christophe," has one of his characters use the phrase, *Als ich kann*, as his motto. Like a modern stoic, he laughingly remarks to Jean-Christophe: "Why be angry because of what you cannot do? We all have to do what we can. . . ." "It is not enough," growls Jean-Christophe. "It is more than anybody else does," corrects the older man. "You are a vain fellow. You want to be a hero. That is why you do such silly things. A hero! I don't quite know what that is: but, you see, I imagine that a hero is a man who does what he can. The others do not do it."

All success comes, according to Gaynor's friend, Epictetus, from discriminating between what is controllable, and what is uncontrollable. "Two rules," the philosopher continues, "we should have always ready: that there is nothing good or evil save in the will; and that we are not to lead events, but to follow them."

## The Soul of Happiness

THERE had been a flood from the neighboring river; a man stood and watched the ravages it had wrought upon his cultivated land and the basement of his little house; and a passer-by condoled with him, exclaiming about how sad it was. "What would you have?" said the owner. "What does it matter? We are unhappy in this world only if we choose to be."

## Inspiration and Drink

USUALLY liquor is either celebrated by the poets because they think it cheers and inspires them, or else its ravages are seriously considered. It is seldom treated ironically; hence the unusual quality of these lines from "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman:

> Oh, many a peer of England brews
> Livelier liquor than the Muse,
> And malt does more than Milton can
> To justify God's way to man.
> Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
> For fellows whom it hurts to think.

We do not happen to know any place where the drink question is put more impartially. It is perfectly true that liquor is more lively than poetry in its effect, and that it frequently, for a little while at any rate, justifies the ways of God to man; but the essential point in the whole question is that put in the last line, that its special value is for fellows whom it hurts to think.

## Justice

WHY do we say, "Poor but honest"? Would not "Poor *and* honest" do as well and considerably better? Remember that Marcus Aurelius says, "*Even* in a palace, life may be lived well." It would be just as reasonable to say, "Rich but honest," as "Poor but honest."

And these words represent a point of view that lies under all our institutions. Well we remember the figure of a certain man.

He scuddled out of the road, as the horseman approached. He was maimed to such a degree that he had hard work to move, but he got well away to the side, leaving the whole roadway to the man on horseback. The cripple smiled and nodded pleasantly as the rider passed, and the horseman reflected upon the make-up of a universe in which he, who could turn aside without effort, rides right on, while the cripple laboriously makes way.

## What Is a Nation?

THE Philippine question is upon us, the immigration question presses, and what are the general principles that should fill our minds as we study these specific problems? What is a nation? The most brilliant answer we know is Renan's. First he tells what it is not. Race? France is Celtic, Iberian, Germanic. Germany is Germanic, Celtic, and Slavic. Italy is the most mixed of all the leading European nations—Gallic, Etruscan, Greek, and much else. In the British Isles, the Celtic and Germanic mixtures are beyond analysis. Language? The United States and Canada are two nations; New Zealand, with her three languages, is one. Prussia talked Slavic a few centuries ago. Religion can no longer be the basis, as it was when religion and patriotism were one, when the religion of Athens was the worship of the Acropolis. Community of interests? Like the other conditions we have mentioned, this counts, but only as one element, ever changing also. Geography? The Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi, the Loire, the Seine, might be "natural frontiers," as easily as the Great Lakes or the Rhine. *A nation is a state of mind. It is a spiritual principle.* It is created by a history of effort, sacrifice, devotion—to have done great things together in the past, to wish to do great things

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together in the future—that welds millions into a nation. Past defeats count even more than past successes, perhaps, as we see in our Southern States. *A nation is composed of the sacrifices which its people have made and of those which they are willing to make.*

Renan selects Goethe, Schiller, Kant and Beethoven as the true founders of German unity. What kind of patriotism had they? Certainly not the kind that consists mainly in boasting about the greatness of one's own country and emitting noisy defiances to all other races. The best patriotism is consistent with a broad interest in all the world. No one was ever more cosmopolitan than Goethe. The best that a man can do for his country is not to make himself offensively partisan, but to get the best mind product and character product of which his nature is capable.

It was Schiller who called himself a citizen of the world, and said that wherever life was found there was sunlight pleasant to him, and mankind dear. His only enemy was evil, his banner the azure of his dreams. Where right or peace ruled, where art smiled and beckoned, where beings were beautiful and kind, there he naturalized his heart, and his compatriot was man. Was he, therefore, less devoted to Germany, in any sense that helps? He was one of the very creators of her national spirit, that burns so brightly now, and he did far more to create it than if his patriotism had been less enlightened than it was.

## Vox Populi

MR. JOHNSON said, or at least DeQuincey remembered his having said, of a man who had succeeded without desert: "Why, I suppose his nonsense suited their nonsense." It would be a fallacy to think the crowd had an invariable habit of being right, but it is a much worse fallacy to think there is any minority which can decide for the crowd better than it can decide for itself. The most satisfactory arrangement is the state of society in which the majority makes the decision but in which the most intelligent and best educated members are constantly expressing themselves. One of the virtues of the crowd is that it likes to listen to leaders, and on the whole it shows good common sense.

## Baseball English

THE French, who have lately become partisans of the ring, print in their newspapers accounts of battles by Carpentier, Sam Langford, and Bombardier Wells which, for classical purity, almost match the fables of La Fontaine. No more do the best of Paris sporting editors interlard their narratives with English words and phrases, though now and then a neologism does creep in, as when one reads of a certain well-known *combattant* as being *mis knock-out*. Much less argot enters into the French history of a ring-battle than you will find in an American record of the mildest of baseball games. For that matter, how do *you* like your baseball news written? The Chicago *Record-Herald*, which is trying to find out, prints varying testimony. Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago Americans, declares "in favor of a clean, plain English story of the game. When the facts are covered up with a lot of useless words the reader is likely to grow tired." A member of the University of Chicago faculty holds, on the other hand, that "it would be pretty tame to report baseball in plain ordinary English.""There is a species of humor on the sporting page," Professor Butler continues, "which is enjoyable. We want the picturesque." Mr. Comiskey and the Chicago professor are one, however, on the point that a baseball writer is at fault when his frivolous narrative baffles the lay mind. Then it is that the proverbial "Old Subscriber" has good reason to write a letter of complaint to the editor, quoting the baseball bard who sang,

> "Play ball!" Again the summons runs
> Through city, hamlet, town, and State.

It is usual for people to defend slang on the ground that it expresses shades of meaning that can not be so well expressed by any established method of speech. This remark was made to William James once, and he said: "Give me an instance." The defender of slang started with some confidence to explore his mind, but finally had to give up. We have tried the same experiment frequently, and always with the same result.

## Beauty

THERE is a line of Alfred de Vigny's poem "The Deluge":

*Et la beauté du monde attestait son enfance—*

"And the world's beauty bore witness to its youth." This verse finds expression for one kind of beauty, that which belongs to all in nature that is fresh and unsullied. Fortunately there is another beauty than the transitory one found in the uninhabited island and the maiden of seventeen springs. The first charm of civilization was long ago tarnished. It is the privilege of the future to evoke a more sophisticated yet no less satisfying order of beauty: beauty in institutions; beauty in developing traditions; beauty in human ideals.

## Instinct

THE Maha-Bharata was written about 1500 years before Christ. It says:

> For a woman's troth endureth longer than the fleeting breath,
> And a woman's love abideth higher than the door of death.

It was some time ago that the highest and truest ideals of the human race were started.

This is perhaps connected with the fact that much of our best safe-guarding comes from nature. For instance, frequently a woman, even of full natural instincts, has no special desire for progeny. Then a strong love comes, and to what was only a vague general idea before, that she naturally would have children, is added a real longing, an intense imagining of how pleasant a little creature would be, and of what a solemn and joyful possession it would be *together*. Desires grow when the ideal surroundings are prepared. Nature takes care of us. She is often careless, but judge her by her best, and wonderful is she in harmony and depth.

# Mr. Lane and the Public Domain

*II. "The New Freedom" in Washington*

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

THE new administration represents the last stand of individualism in American national politics. This is what certain members of the administration say and what many persons well versed in economic history believe.

A group of men came to plead an irrigation matter before the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Lane's face was inscrutable while he listened for five minutes to an impassioned speech. Finally he interrupted calmly:

"We will waive the oratory," he said. "What I understand is that you are asking me to imperil the water-supply, during dry seasons, of one of the government projects, by permitting your company to get into a watershed where they have no right to be."

"Oh no, Mr. Secretary!" exclaimed the man, "you misunderstand! It wouldn't imperil your project. And what is to become of our project during a dry season? Have the farmers on a government project more rights than those on a private enterprise? Is this government going to get more and more paternal, to hamper free enterprise more and more, to stifle freedom of initiative? What is to become of our opportunities when the government controls them all?"

"The individual must be protected from himself," replied Mr. Lane. "But that ought to increase, not injure opportunity. It should add to a man's self-confidence. And the most distinguishing characteristic of an American is self-confidence. Governed by a knowledge of what has been done, the American is not overawed by tradition or convention, or by learning of a physical condition. He feels that there is a possibility for realization for the man that has a will and a purpose. He feels that, because in so many cases he has known it to be true. That means that opportunity can not be shut against him. In trying to save opportunity for the future, for the coming manufacturer to have a free field, for the young men to have a chance to get at the land for farming and at our natural resources, we are fighting to save the spirit of the American people.

"The American is not resigned to a mediocre lot, because he believes he can do for himself. And he always will believe that, if the government—and by that I mean all the people—concerns itself now in giving the boy a tangible, economic basis for the belief that he can do what his father has done. It is a new freedom that we are trying to bring to America, a freedom that means a fair chance for every man to live and best serve himself. It is from this point of view that I must look on all the business that comes to this office."

The irrigation man fingered his brief thoughtfully. He was an intelligent young man. It was not only what Mr. Lane said that challenged his attention. It was also the clean-cut sincerity and simplicity with which the Secretary spoke of this new freedom. There was a quality of direct purposefulness about the Secretary, a sense of his force and singleness of direction that made the young man eye Mr. Lane keenly.

ONE of the most important matters now before Congress and the country is the control of water-power. Electricity developed from water-power is going to play an enormous part in the industrial and social life of America in the immediate future. Some of the great monopolies are realizing this fact much more thoroughly than the general public, and are quietly directing their efforts toward water-power monopoly. The use of electricity grows daily. Developed from water-power it can be made so cheaply as to be brought within the reach of factories and homes, down to the simplest detail of cooking and cleaning. Already some of the great transcontinental lines are beginning to electrify their equipment, serving it with hydro-electric power. Natural gas may be exhausted, oil wells may cease to flow, coal beds pinch out. Still the water will run in our streams, an inexhaustible power-supply, an enormous opportunity for trust-building.

What shall be the water-power policy of the government, both with regard to streams on the public domain and navigable streams not on the public domain? What shall be the relation of the state and the national government with regard to water-power control? How shall they co-operate so as to make rules liberal enough to encourage vigorous development and yet fully protect the public interests?

There is an almost endless number of points to be considered in formulating such a policy. Shall the Department of the Interior which controls the streams on the public domain attempt to derive a revenue from such streams? Inasmuch as the government does not attempt to undertake the development of water-power, it ought to offer to private concerns who do undertake it enough profit and protection to encourage them in the undertaking. But the consumer must be protected. Hitherto the policy has been that the only way to protect the consumer was to provide that the permit to the power-producer might be revoked at any time by the official that granted it. But this has been found a serious obstacle to encouraging investment.

If the state or the national government is called upon to spend money in protecting or improving the stream and the stream can be made to procure a revenue, ought it to be compelled to do so? Shall the state or the federal government grant water-power permits and collect the compensation? How shall the monopoly by private interests of the public utilities developed from the streams be prevented? Shall the permits be used as a source of revenue to the state or the federal government?

THESE are a few of the questions that faced Mr. Lane when he undertook to formulate a water-power policy. He began by laying down a basic principle. This is that the greater the benefits the consumer derives from the development of resources, the less the government should tax the individuals and corporations receiving concessions. For such concessions, Mr. Lane has laid down the following conditions.

1—The greater the development of horse-power, the lower the charge per horse-power to be made on the part of the government. This is intended to assure the full use of the stream.

2—The lower the rate to the consumer the lower the charge on the part of the government.

3—No charge whatever for a period of five to ten years, during which the power-company is finding its market.

4—Acceptance as a public utility of the states' jurisdiction over intrastate rates and service and of federal jurisdiction over interstate rates and service.

5—Absolute prohibition of combination and monopoly and the right of revocation on the part of the government in the event that it is established to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Interior, or the courts, that such combination has been made, or that prices have been fixed by the agreement of competing companies.

WHEN he had outlined this policy, Mr. Lane asked hydro-electric men who had solid engineering and business reputations to confer with him in Washington as to the practical working details of his ideas. It was a most interesting group of men who gathered in Mr. Lane's office.

"I want," said the Secretary, "criticisms and suggestions regarding the water policy this department has developed. I want to know where it is to your mind



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practical and where impractical. Mr. Gorham, what do you think of it?"

"Mr. Secretary, I can say frankly that my people are well pleased."

"But how are we to arrange it," insisted Mr. Lane, "so that the consumer will surely get the benefit of this? How, for example, can I prevent your company, after it has fulfilled the conditions I have made, after it has developed the full capacity of the stream and has put a reasonable price on the power—how can I keep you from selling it to yourselves, under the name of another organization as a distributing company, at this very reasonable rate, and then selling it to the consumer at an exorbitant rate? You know that in the Salt River Valley the people of Phoenix pay a high rate. It is not a strict analogy, but I think you get my point."

"Well," the water-power man smiled, "Mr. Secretary, after we have given the power at a reasonable rate to a distributing company, I don't see what more you can do to us that will not be confiscatory in its nature."

Mr. Lane looked at a lawyer who was listening keenly. "Do you get what I want to avoid?" asked the Secretary.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "but it seems to me that your Public Service Commissions must attend to that detail. Where there is no Public Service Commission, the Secretary of the Interior must be called upon to regulate."

"That last is not a good idea," said Mr. Lane. "You can't get men to loan money for a development company under conditions that are contingent on one man's judgment. We must standardize as much as possible."

"But," suggested the lawyer, "competition ought to regulate the price to the consumer, particularly the sort of competition provided for by this policy."

"No government," returned the Secretary, "attempts to regulate anything on the basis of competition, and you can't raise money to swing a proposition that is constantly open to regulation. We must have freedom for the investor, but a new sort of freedom, the freedom of protected opportunity."

*"There is a quality of direct purposefulness about the Secretary, a sense of his force and singleness of direction"*

The water man from the Northwest who had been fanning himself and listening intently spoke for the first time.

"My idea," he said, "is that the public under this new policy will just about do its own regulating. This policy is going to force a complete openness on the part of the power-producing company. It will have to keep a very careful account of the per cent of possible horse-power it develops and of costs. These accounts will be open to inspection and the public can keep itself informed about them. Even if the producing company makes itself the distributing company under another organization you still have this entire publicity. You have forced, as far as accounting and publicity go, a separation between the power-producing and the distributing business that will give the consumer the discrepancy between the cost of making and the selling price and when he once gets this, the consumer will do the rest. He always does, once he knows."

A grin and a nod went round the circle of power-producers. The Secretary's eyes twinkled and he adjusted his glasses to his right thumb, which is a sign that he is glad that one of his ideas had got across.

"We want," he said after a moment, "to make conservation popular. We don't want to make money for the government out of conservation. We want to save the country's natural resources for the people and put them where the people can get them."

The group of men listened courteously. One could only guess at what interpretation they were putting on Mr. Lane's words. These men were highly trained in business and in law. How highly trained they were in the type of economics that Mr. Lane was making into policies, one got no inkling.

"I want," the Secretary went on quietly, "the function of the Department of the Interior to become more and more that of a great constructive department. There should be no friction between the state and the federal government on this score. We should co-operate. We must look out for the interests of the public and for those of the concessionaries. We must not permit monopoly. We must keep the individual free."

THE Secretary held a hearing in May to allow the water-users of the Reclamation Projects to lay before him personally their complaints against the service.

Everything about that hearing, except the quality of human nature involved, was unusual. The mere fact that Mr. Lane had thought to have this kind of a hearing was unusual. The great import of the matter to America was unusual.

Ostensibly the people who were on trial were the engineers of the Reclamation Service. Yet really they were not. The people of the United States were being tried as to whether or not they were capable of undertaking and handling the magnificent experiment known as the Reclamation Service. To get the import of Mr. Lane's acts after this hearing one ought to understand pretty well what the Service is and what are its problems.

The Reclamation Act was passed in 1902. Its idea was to bring water to the arid regions of the country, through money raised by the sale of public lands in the various States and Territories. Its originator, Major Powell, did not want this work to be done for the real estate man or the land-speculator or the land-hog. He wanted the reclaimed land to be divided into tracts just large enough to support a man and his family and he wanted this man to be the man who could not get land without government help.

The framers of the Act were wise. They said: "If you go on a project you will make a better farmer; if you have to pay for the dam, we will build for you. We will give you time and ask no interest on the nation's investment. But you must consider each of your acres in debt to Uncle Sam until it has paid for its share of the dam. We do this that you may water your land not as an object of the nation's charity, but as a business man doing business with his government."

As soon as the Service was organized it was inundated with pleas from the various States for the starting of a project in their arid regions. The Service responded to the limit of its capacity. By 1906, twenty-five projects had been started. By 1912, nearly seventy million dollars had been invested. The business of the Service became huge and complicated beyond what any one had foreseen. Not only was each dam a colossal engineering problem, but each had a unique business administration to be worked out. The Service had to develop concrete-manufacture, hospital, and amusement

and police service. All the details of administration that could belong to a great manufacturing and construction business and to the camp town of thousands of humans had to be worked out by the director and engineers of the Service. And these problems were in addition to the problems of actually administering the water, of taking care of the farms and the farmers.

People did not wait until water was on the land. As soon as a project was undertaken they flocked on to it. Sometimes they had to wait five years before the water got to them. Building a dam and canal is a slow job. These people were hard up and unhappy, and blamed the Service. Irrigation is an intricate art. Many people on the projects were strangers either to farming or to irrigating. Many people made good. Many didn't. Some found it difficult to make their yearly payments. Land-hogs and speculators raised the price of land in some places so that even good crops were not profitable. People blamed the Service.

Every Secretary of the Interior has been swamped with letters of complaint about every detail of every project. Congressmen have investigated the Service. But the complaints keep on coming. When Mr. Lane took office he planned a short cut to find the heart of the trouble. He asked the farmers on the projects to come to Washington and tell him their troubles man to man.

The hearing was a most significant incident in Mr. Lane's career as Secretary of the Interior. He had before him a remarkable group of men. There was Senator Newlands, one of the fathers of the Reclamation Act. There were other Congressmen who frankly suspected the Service of dishonesty. There were project-farmers, bronzed and (for the most part) discontented. There were project-engineers, bronzed and on the defensive.

MR. LANE must be a lawyer, and judge the legal claims of all parties. He must be an irrigationist, and understand the efficiency of the project-farmers. He must blend the information that he received from this hearing into a policy that should be fundamentally right in its bearing on governmental activity. He ought to so formulate his policy that the farmer will be protected from his own ignorance; that the engineers' neglected powers of administration will be developed; that the insidious workings of private interests who do not like the water-power development on the projects will be offset by the content and well being of the citizens on the projects.

The hearing began with a statement by the water-users of the Salt River project of their complaints as to the cost and the administration of the Roosevelt Dam. The atmosphere was peaceful at first. But it was not long before Senator Newlands was asking questions, questions that always bore on the feasibility of the Reclamation idea. The different Congressmen joined in and the hearing resolved itself into an almost common denunciation of the Service engineers, who sat quietly listening.

Mr. Lane sat calmly, his face inscrutable except for an occasional half smile. He put the engineers on the stand and allowed both them and the members of the hearing to talk freely. He did little questioning himself, but there was not a face in the room that he did not scrutinize. He sat for hours, composed and intensely concentrated on the matter in hand.

After the hearing was over, the Secretary said to the abashed layman, "The real Reclamation problem is a human one. Here we have two types of minds, the engineer's and the farmer's, that must learn to do teamwork. Both are fine types. Both are used to dealing with primitive forces. A man with a true engineering mind can not be dishonest. Nothing but a real love of his work would keep him fighting such overwhelming odds. He has to fight both nature and man. He risks his life every day. He isolates himself from the amenities of life. The man that does that hasn't the mind that works along the line of getting rich quick. Undoubtedly our engineers have made mistakes. They are human. But the engineering mind is not a dishonest one. Did you ever read 'The Sons of Martha'?"

The abashed layman had not.

"It came to me during the hearing," Mr. Lane went on, "that if the farmers could get the engineers' viewpoint most of the difficulties between them would be smoothed out. I took the poem down to read to them but I didn't get to it."

The abashed listener looked up the "Sons of Martha." Part of the verses go this way:

They say to the mountains "Be ye removed!" They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry!"
Under their rods are the rocks reproved. They are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit, then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger Death at their gloves' ends when they piece and re-piece the living wires;
He reers against the gates they tend; they feed him hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn ere men see clear, they stumble into his terrible stall.
And hale Death forth like a haltered steer and goad him and turn him till even fall.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts break loose,
They do not teach that His pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose;
As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

"It is a problem of human adjustment now," said Mr. Lane, "and after the project is completed it is a problem of teaching the farmer to help himself. It is the man who makes a farm and irrigates it that I am interested in, not the land speculator. We have been making money for land speculators, not homes for the farmers, on some of our projects. The man who irrigates his land should have the easiest terms from the government, because he is the one who is giving the public the benefit of that land. The people of the United States have invested $75,000,000 in building irrigation works, to irrigate farms—not to raise the value of lands held out of use.

"The man who chooses to hold his land from use has a right to speculate on his own resources, but not on the advance loan of the government. I think that conditions fully justify special considerations being given those farmers who have gone upon these reclaimed lands and have done their best to cultivate them. It should be said in justice to the water-users that at the hearing not one of them suggested a desire that the government should waive its debt. All said they were prepared to meet their obligations to the government if terms somewhat more favorable were made. Less than one half the water-users have paid the building charges that were due December, 1912, and which will be delinquent December, 1913. At this time it becomes necessary to pay building and maintenance charges which should have been paid last spring and were deferred owing to the pending of the 'Swigart vs. Baker' case in the courts, in which the right of the government to collect such charges has now been upheld. In view of all these conditions it seems a wise and just thing to reduce all present building payments, giving credit to those who have paid. I shall urge upon Congress the passage of some act, giving a further extension of time for the payment of building charges under proper limitations and conditions.

"The great difficulty on the projects is the matter of payment. It is probably the root of the discontent. My policy is one of leniency toward the debtor who is in difficulties. He must be given every chance to make good. He must pay eventually, but he must have freedom to work without his debt oppressing him. A man must have a chance to hope, in order to thrive. And a man can not hope unless he has freedom to act."

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## A LADY OF LEISURE

By Stuart Davis

*There will be another Davis cartoon next week*

# Modesty in Women's Clothes

By Francis R. McCabe

*"Of course the respectable guardians of public morals will do all that they can to prevent suitable costumes from being used in public recreation places"*

MOST persons would perhaps agree that a woman should not appear in public in a state of nudity, but how far short of that happiness propriety makes it necessary for her to stop seems to be an undecided question. A costume which some women would think perfectly proper and modest might subject them to severe criticism and even arrest. Women should have some way of knowing what kind of dress they can wear.

It is very interesting, as well as significant, to observe that the modern craze for wearing as scanty clothing as possible is exactly coincident with woman's emancipation in other directions. Many are the supporters of the feminist movement who deny with vehemence that modern fashions are in the slightest way connected with other forms of freedom, and those most addicted to airing their persons in public are the last ones to label themselves suffragists or free-thinkers. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the two things have come together and bid fair to stay together. The persons most alarmed at the awful tendency in women's dress are the ones most in danger from it. The masculine portion of the community seems to be genuinely concerned at this concerted attack upon its much-vaunted purity; also from the citadels of conservatism—the pulpit and the school—alarm-cries are being sent out against this tendency. A general degeneracy of modern life is prophesied, if the women continue to reduce their clothing.

Whenever a practice steadily gains ground against a theory, we can feel pretty sure that the practice is right and the theory wrong. That freedom from unnecessary and restricting clothing is an essential part of freedom in other respects, persons who have never found it necessary to wear the clothing, considered entirely adequate by the conservative friends of feminine modesty, may not appreciate.

The principal objection to light clothing, even in summer, seems to be that it is immodest for a woman to allow men to see any part of her anatomy uncovered, on the general theory that nakedness is immodest and likely to excite sexual passion, and that clothing has the opposite effect. The whole idea is founded on a fallacy. Take the custom of the Mohammedans, who insist, with a great deal of reasonable argument to support their theory, that it is the face, not the body, that is most exciting.

*"Let us sincerely hope that, before many years have passed, this costume may be adopted as the standard street dress"*

*"'Familiarity with the sight of the body abolishes petty pruriencies, trains the sense of beauty, and makes for the health of the soul'"*

The Mohammedan woman, who, says Nisbet in "Marriage and Heredity," "can not be persuaded to unveil her face in the presence of men, will think nothing of displaying the whole of her leg or bosom," is more nearly right than the Christian woman who drapes her form but will freely let men see her face.

"There ought to be no question regarding the fact that it is the adorned, the partially concealed body, and not the absolutely naked body, which acts as a sexual excitant," says Havelock Ellis ("Studies in the Psychology of Sex," vol. vi, p. 97). "I have brought together some evidence on this point in the study of the 'Evolution of Modesty.' 'In Madagascar, West Africa, and the Cape,' says G. F. Scott Elliot ('A Naturalist in Mid Africa,' p. 36), 'I have always found the same rule. Chastity varies inversely as the amount of clothing.' It is now indeed generally held that one of the chief primary objects of ornament and clothing was the stimulation of sexual desire, and artists' models are well aware that when they are completely unclothed, they are most safe from undesired masculine advance. 'A favorite model of mine told me,' remarks Dr. Schufeldt (*Medical Brief*, Oct., 1904), the distinguished author of 'Studies of

*"The prejudice against trousers as being unfeminine is being slowly undermined by our contact with the Oriental"*

the Human Form,' 'that it was her practice to disrobe as soon after entering the artist's studio as possible, for, as men are not always responsible for their emotions, she felt that she was far less likely to arouse or excite them when entirely nude than when semi-draped.' This fact indeed is quite familiar to artists' models. If the conquest of sexual desire were the first and last consideration of life, it would be more reasonable to prohibit clothing than to prohibit nakedness."

"Lohman tells us," says Westermarck ("The History of Human Marriage," p. 193), "that among the Saliros, only harlots clothed themselves, and they did so in order to excite through the unknown."

"The native assumption that men were ashamed because they were naked," says Prof. William I. Thomas ("Sex and Society"), "and clothed themselves to hide their nakedness, is not tenable in the face of the large mass of evidence that many of the natural races are naked and not ashamed of their nakedness, and a much stronger case can be made out for the contrary view, that clothing was first worn as a means of attraction, and modesty then attached to the act of removing the clothing."

"OLD women among the natural races," says Prof. Thomas (*Ibid.*, p. 210–211), "often lose their modesty because it is no longer of any use. Bonwich says that the Tasmanian women, though naked, were very modest, but that the old women were not very particular on this point."

"But while we find cases of modesty without clothing and of clothing without modesty, the two are usually found together, because clothing and ornament are the most effective means of drawing attention to the person, sometimes by concealing it, and sometimes by emphasizing it." (*Ibid.*, p. 215.)

Geoffrey Mortimer ("Chapters on Human Love") says: "There seems to be no doubt whatever that clothing was adopted for warmth and decoration, and not from motives of decency. Drapery has always served to inflame sexual passion, and some tribes have regarded all garments as indecent. Mr. Wallace found the Brazilian woman who put on a petticoat almost as ashamed of herself as civilized people would be if they took theirs off. As Westermarck says, 'It is not the feeling of shame that has provoked the covering, but the covering has provoked the feeling of shame.'"

Girls have in recent years become so accustomed to wearing waists with sleeves which come only to the elbow that a girl now would probably be as much surprised to be told that that is immodest as she would be to be told that it is immodest to allow a strange man to see her face.

Recently a girl was surprised in just that way. A farmer advertised for a wife, and after correspondence with the young woman, agreed to marry her, but when he met her at the railroad station he declined to carry out his agreement because her waist had short sleeves. He said he wanted a modest woman for a wife. "Am I not modest?" asked the girl. "What! Modest with those bare arms?" exclaimed the farmer.

"Concealment is not modesty," says Lady Cook, "else would the Turkish woman be the most modest, whereas they are the most depraved."

"CHILDREN," says J. M. Crane in "Lucifer," "are natural logicians, and they see no reason why one part of the body should be concealed more than another. To tell them that to expose their persons is 'naughty' or 'isn't nice' does not appeal to their logical minds. They want to know why it is 'naughty' and it is that word 'why' which is the terror of conservative people."

But human beings are likely to finally come to believe anything that is incessantly dinned into their ears from early youth, and then it appears to them to be perfectly natural and proper, though they may not have looked at it in that way when they viewed it with unprejudiced minds.

*"The old fashioned riding habit had a full draped skirt, high stiff derby hat and other uncomfortable features"*

*"For walking and for many other purposes the good old style of women's clothing is absurd and barbarous"*

From these examples it is obvious that custom alone determines the modesty or immodesty of any garment, and that all that is necessary to make any article of wearing apparel perfectly innocuous to the masculine beholder is for enough women to wear it enough times for it to become a customary sight. Take, for instance, the riding habit. The old fashioned riding habit had a full draped skirt, a high stiff derby hat, and other uncomfortable and ridiculous features. Through the divided skirt this costume has evolved into one of the most sensible and promising of all dresses for women. The young girl who now rides horseback in our parks and in the country wears knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket and a soft felt hat, as like her brother's as her figure permits. Let us sincerely hope that, before many years have passed, this costume may be adopted as the standard street dress. The prejudice against trousers as being unfeminine is being slowly undermined by our contact with the Oriental. The Chinese women are the most modest and feminine in the world. They all wear trousers and would be horrified at the immodesty of the skirt.

Of course the respectable guardians of public morals will do all they can to prevent suitable costumes from being used in public recreation places.

IT is generally recognized by physicians that it is beneficial to have the air come directly into contact with the body, and many of them recommend air baths to their patients.

In "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity" (p. 18), Sir Henry Thompson, the famous English physician and hygienist, says: "With our usual habits of life, the skin is never uncovered or exposed to the surrounding air except for a minute or two when taking hot water baths; hence it becomes soft and flabby, loses its healthy surface and more or less its ability to resist cold, especially what is called 'catching cold.'"

"The hygienic value of nakedness is indicated by the robust health of savages throughout the world who go naked," says Havelock Ellis. ("Studies in the

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Psychology of Sex," p. 105.) "The free contact of the body with air and water and light makes for the health of the body, familiarity with the sight of the body abolishes petty pruriencies, trains the sense of beauty, and makes for the health of the soul." (*Ibid.*, pp. 105, 106.)

The sentiment which tends to prevent women from allowing men to see them in a state of nudity, or in clothes that show the lines of their forms, causes women to wear clothing which is uncomfortable, inconvenient, embarrassing to their movements, unnecessarily expensive, injurious to health, and dangerous to life in various ways.

"A woman does not know what freedom of movement is," says Delos F. Wilcox ("Ethical Marriage," p. 138), "until she has tried physical exercise without corset or skirts in a gymnasium or elsewhere."

PERHAPS the most serious thing about women's dress from the standpoint of health is the matter of impeding or interrupting the circulation of the blood. Dr. Mary E. Walker says ("A Woman's Thoughts, Love, and Marriage," p. 62): "Scarcely a woman can be found old enough to marry who is not affected with some ailment produced by wearing an unhygienic dress."

"A woman gets tired and exhausted after the slightest exertion, because she is improperly dressed," said Dr. E. C. Dudley, in a lecture before a class in Northwestern University Medical College, at Chicago.

"No wonder her circulation is poor; no wonder she is unable to stand any exercise or exertion to amount to anything. The upper garments are usually of some thin material, and, according to the caprice of fashion, may not cover the arms, neck, and upper part of the bust. A profusion of skirts are worn loosely around the lower extremity of the body, and the feet are held in a vise-like grip of thin high-heeled covering which resembles stilts more than shoes.

"In strange contrast to such inadequate protection of the upper and lower extremities, the waist and hips are swathed and compressed in a 'torrid zone' of whalebone, corset, belt, steels, and the bands of the various under and outer garments worn by the women of today.

"The average woman wears a total of seventeen layers of bands of some sort around her waist. Allowing twenty-four inches as the average waist circumference of a Chicago woman, although there are many with larger waists, it means that each woman has a total of thirty-four feet of bandage tightly wrapped around her."

Dr. Dudley told his class that the only way the woman of to-day can become strong and hearty is by banishing the numerous tight bandages about the waist and giving more care to keeping the upper and lower portions of the body warm.

If a woman falls into water, if her clothes catch on fire, if she is caught in a panic-stricken crowd, long skirts embarrass her movements and endanger her life, and may do the same for others. If, as they often want to and sometimes need to, women run or jump or climb, they can not do so with the same facility with long skirts as they could without them, and in many cases they can not do without embarrassment what they could do without any embarrassment if they were clothed in a different manner.

"But many women are over-modest in fires," says former Fire Chief Edward F. Croker, of New York. "They will take time to argue the point of putting on more clothing before permitting a fireman to rescue them. No one should resist a fireman at a time of rescue. At the Windsor Hotel fire this was one of our greatest difficulties."

Because no one has invented a costume so obviously perfect that all women are willing to put it on and wear it at once, regardless of the comments it may at first excite, and because no one has organized a thorough campaign for dress reform, those who have attempted it confining themselves to wearing the costume individually instead of inducing some several hundred women to put it on simultaneously, no sudden change has ever been accomplished in women's clothes.

Some years ago Dr. Mary Walker, attempting to introduce a reform, suggested and herself wore a costume consisting of trousers and a coat practically the same as worn by men. She had a few followers for a time, but has none, or practically none, at present, I think.

WOMEN'S clothes have always been the despair of the physician, the educator, and the artist, as well as the woman who has to wear them, and now, behold, a sudden unaccountable movement among all women of all kinds, in all walks of life, guided by the usually irrational leader, Fashion, toward the very object which has been agitated by high-brow reformers for so many years.

For horseback riding, for shopping and walking, for playing games that require running or jumping, and for many other purposes, the good, old style of women's clothing is absurd and barbarous.

The persons who most need clothing reform are those who have to work for their living. But the factory girl and the shop-girl and the working girl in general will never adopt any article of dress on her own account that has not already been adopted in fashionable circles. All fashions start at the top and work down. In our aspiring democracy a distinctive working costume is unthinkable, but the working woman is very clever in adopting quickly any costume which the rich may wear, for whatever occasion it was originally designed. For instance, when certain summer girls took to wearing what is commonly known as the "middy blouse" for certain rougher forms of sport and tennis, the same costume suddenly bloomed out in great profusion in all the factory districts of all our towns. It was a comfortable, loose-fitting, and easily cleaned substitute for the shirt-waist, which is so apt to get out of order and requires such careful adjustment about the waist. Moreover, it eliminated the necessity for corsets. The craze for sports among modern English and American girls bids fair to evolve a number of sensible and comfortable costumes which will be adopted for street wear by the working girl.

A MOVEMENT or evolution that has continued steadily in the past is very likely to continue in the future until it can go no further, so that the disposition which women in Christian countries have been showing for many years to wear less and even less clothing in public is very likely to continue until they get to the point where they will wear none at all, or practically none, when it is for any reason desirable and the temperature is such that it can be done without discomfort.

Notwithstanding somebody's protests or notions that a thing is unwise or immoral, people are very apt to do that thing if they find by experience that it is agreeable or beneficial to them to do it, if the doing of it does not infringe upon the rights of others. For women to wear little clothing or no clothing certainly does not infringe upon the rights of others.

Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, in her delightful book "The Old-Fashioned Woman," one of the most charmingly satirical books ever written on the woman question, says:

"Where belief in the magical relation of clothes to personality persists, or where the suspicion is strong that sex left to itself may vanish at any moment and dread of this disappearance precludes toleration or any deviation from sex type, sex labels in dress will be made to stick. If, on the other hand, variation in personality ever comes to be considered more important than artificial distinctions of sex, of even an unvarying natural distinction, dress together with other sex labels or earmarks will soon wear off —and nobody will notice."

## CONTRAST

BY

WILLIAM SCOTT

AWAY with the smells of the city,
With odors that arise from the street,
With hustle and bustle of traffic,
And the treadings of thousands of feet.

Away with the smells of the city,
With its places of smoke and of grime,
With its rivers of filthy waters,
And its sewers of sickening slime.

Oh, give me the smells of the country
With the songs of the birds and the bees,
And views of the hills and the valleys,
And the comforting shade of the trees,

Where fragrant are ripe fields of clover
And are acres of tall growing corn,
And glorious scent of wild blossoms
Inhaled with the halo of morn.

Oh, give me the country forever,
With its woodland and valley and plain,
Where Nature and Man are as brothers
To the Power that ripens the grain.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## A Tammany Garden of Verses

### The Statesman

When I was young, a long frock coat
And soft hat caught the people's vote.
Now folks is never satisfied,
They wants to see a *MAN* inside.

### System

Election day, it's up to me
To vote as often as can be.
And, if I fail to land the bluff,
I get a lemon sure enough.

The guy that hasn't lots of dough
On eats and drinks and smokes to blow,
He's got the double cross for sure,
Or else his politics is pure.

### Rain on Election Day

The rain is raining all around,
The swell guys shun the polls,
But Tammany is on the job,
In boots with rubber soles.

### Happy Thought

The world is so full of a number of votes
I'm sure that we all should be fuller than goats.

## Musings of Hafiz

*The original of the "Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten"*

WHEN I was invited to write for "Pen and Inklings," it was understood that I should have a perfectly free paw to express myself on any subject that I might choose to discuss.

Nevertheless it is with regret that I feel called upon in this, my first article, to criticize most severely the work of a fellow-contributor.

PARODY is at best a pastime for the feeble-minded, as profitless as the pursuit of an imitation mouse contrived to simulate life by the agitation of a piece of string to which it is attached. Only when a parody points a moral or aids a cause is it excusable, and in the case of the specimens printed on this page I see no excuse whatever.

POLITICS, beyond its possible effect on the high price of liver (a year ago a portion of liver was given away with the family meat order, now it has risen to ten cents), has no interest for me; but I have sufficient family pride to be sure that my relative the Tiger, who is made light of in this doggerel (what an appropriate word!), can stand only for what is brave and righteous.

As for the "Tammany Garden of Verses," it is nothing more than a frivolous parody of a collection entitled "The Kitten's Garden of Verses," printed in a book and very properly dedicated to me, since I furnished most of the ideas and sat for all the pictures. I was present when these shameless parodies were written and did my best to suppress them, but so unfriendly was the reception of my well-meant effort, I nearly lost one of my lives in my haste to absent myself from the scene.

I have learned since that there is still another collection entitled "A Child's Garden of Verses" by one Stevenson. It is said to be exceedingly well written, but not having seen it I am in no position to judge.

THE LITTLE WHITE DANCER

By Ben Ali Haggin



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# Foreign Lessons for American Playwrights

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

ON a very rainy, dismal day, when I was a very small boy, I heard a man opine that, on that sort of a day, the Germans bought rope. The observation that puzzled me not a little was later interpreted to me, and for a long time I had a strong impression that the Germans were a melancholy race prone to gather about cellar rafters and barn doors.

As I sat in the Lessing Theater, Berlin, observing the brilliaat torture of characters in Hauptmann's most recent success, "Rosa Berndt," the rope-buying observation was again recalled. Hauptmann is surely the greatest influence in the German theater to-day. He has rescued it from its heavy-classic overacting period, given it the modern, natural touch which has resulted in making it, in many respects, the most advanced theater in the world. He has found his subject matter in every-day life. He has taken his characters from close at hand. He has depicted human conflicts so intimately that the simplest-minded could recognize their verity. He has brought the stage from the remote to the adjacent. His influence, so great in Germany, has been felt in all other countries. For all this he deserves the great position he has won, but in spite of his achievement Hauptmann will never be a world dramatist, and the reason lies in his racial melancholia.

HE has developed into a dramatic vivisectionist. He smuggles comparatively happy and healthy characters into his study and then proceeds to cut off their legs, pour molten metal into their brains, lacerate their hearts, or remove them altogether, and, while the victims writhe under his diabolical tortures, be coolly records their actions. Since he is a highly trained observer, his records are very accurate and when read from the stage these observations impress one as being true to the last gasp. In another branch of Hauptmann's laboratory he indulges in bacteriological research. Having extracted virus from each writhing soul, he smears specimens on glass slides, and with the aid of his passionscope proceeds to classify the elements of which the virus is composed.

This is followed by pathological inquiries with Dr. Hauptmann unfolding the brain layers, seeking out the lesions, tracing them back to their causes and there revealing the final registrations of all the preceding tortures. Approaching a play in this manner, the dramatist at once subjects theme, story, and plot to the demonstration of what a collection of characters will do under certain stresses, given certain tendencies to begin with. As witness, "Rosa Berndt."

The entire vivisection of this play is precisely performed. One feels that Hauptmann understands his subjects, but when it is all over one is forced to wonder the need of it all, the object of all that laceration. Is it not a morbid practice, research without a resultant; vivisection that produces no method of cure; just probing and scalding and roasting?

This form of play-writing does not begin with a theme, a plot, or a solution. It begins with so many people placed in such and such predicament, brought into this and that collision just to see how they will take it. If the play is the thing Hauptmann's method is wrong.

But in Hauptmann's method much has been discovered. He has shown the possibilities of character-drawing. He has achieved perfection in establishing motives and he has relentlessly followed motives and acts to their logical conclusions, no matter how bitter. For that the future theater will always be indebted to him. The ideal playwright will be an optimist who can see life as clearly as Hauptmann, but who can extract from it formulas and reasonings that will help every auditor in the solutions of his own problems, that will help him see more clearly the philosophies of life which bring the greatest achievement, the deeper tolerance, and the completer happiness.

FRANK WAEDEKIND in his plays tries to bear messages. I saw his "The Awakening of Spring" at the Kammerspiele. I had read it several years before and wondered if it were possible to give it the semblance of a coherent, connected play. It was not. The play so lacking in contiauity, motives, and clearly defined conflicts never for once maintained aay of the illusions of good drama. The auditor knew he was being preached to, and, while the message was a tremendous one, it is one that might better be read.

"The Awakening of Spring" is not a play. It is a series of sketches all seeking to draw the same conclusion. Had Waedekind possessed Hauptmann's constructive skill he could have delivered his message in play form. He needed only one set of characters instead of several—he needed only one incident of child ignorance instead of many. It is not necessary for an author to summon substantiating witnesses and corroborative evidence. If he tells his story well enough, one case will convince his audience that there are many such.

Yet Waedekind marks an advance over Hauptmann. He at least aims to point out a condition that should be remedied. But in doing so he erred in discarding all that Hauptmann has taught.

I believe the future great plays will possess the insight and technique of Hauptmann and the protest of Waedekind. This seems the ideal play of the future. Joined to this must be optimism, for the public seeks constructive thinking and it is only the optimist who knows how to tear down in order to build better.

Since optimism seems to be found only in the younger countries, I believe the future great plays will come out of America; for here we can think and wonder without deciding that the scheme of life is a failure, and a rainstorm now and then does not send us off inquiring the price of rope.

IN France one does not find the introspection of the German theater. Here playwrights seem chiefly concerned with developing tense situations. The French audiences are thrill-seekers. Theme and characterization are subjected to big moments. Two of the most successful plays this spring were Kistamaecker's "L'Ambuscade" and Bernstein's "The Secret." Neither play had anything to recommend it in the way of theme or character-drawing. In plot, each play had taken very old ideas and twisted them to a new angle wherein it was possible to bring out a big dramatic situation that was somewhat different.

In the projection of this situation both plays were superb examples of the dramatist's skill. In construction and development they were almost flawless. Each play reminded me of an exhibition train-wreck I once witnessed. As the trains started from opposite directions we knew there was a tremendous thrill coming. Breathlessly we watched them gain speed as they approached each other. When the collision came one's heart gave a tremendous jump. Our knowledge in advance that the trains would collide seemed to make the incident none the less thrilling.

So it was with these plays. Soon after the curtain was up on "L'Ambuscade," we learned that the wife of the loving and prosperous automobile manufacturer had an illegitimate grown son of whose existence the husband had not been advised. Further, to complicate matters, the loving mother induced her husband to give the young man employment in his firm. The young man, unaware of his mother's identity, pitted himself against his employer by leading a strike of the workmen. There were the two exhibition trains, hurtling together. Every auditor knew the crash was coming, yet when it came the moment was breathless, and the throb-seeking audience, having had its great thrill, voted the play a success.

IT is another phase of the German laboratory method of play-building. Given certain characters under such and such conditions, how will they collide and just where will the pieces fall? Though this method is not productive of great and living plays it has served a valuable purpose. It has shown the possibilities of big dramatic moments and the way of their development. It has demonstrated just how to bring the two trains together for the greatest possible thrill.

Yet, like the analytical plays of Hauptmann, it gives one little to take home. Its effects are but momentary. It offers no new light on any problem of life with which many of us are confronted. It treats with unusual conditions instead of every-home problems.

If the theater is to be a reflector of life it should reveal it at angles which are elucidating, not merely recording or thrilling. The German theater records; the French theater thrills; but neither is in the best sense constructive.

The American playwright should study the methods of both. If to their great specialized perfections he can add significance of theme, he will write masterpieces.



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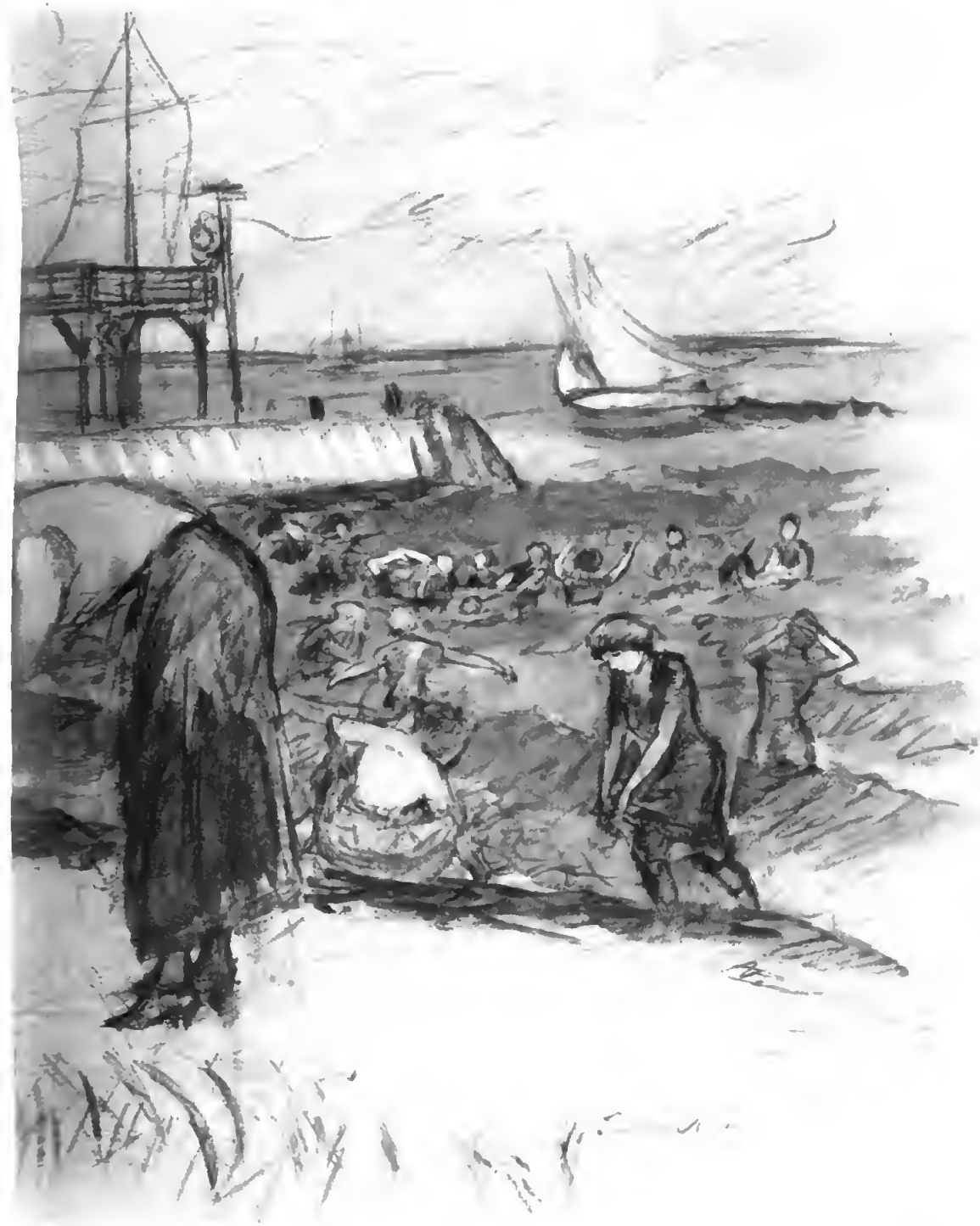


# TIONS

IAM GLACKENS

# ISAAC

By JOHN AMID

Illustrations by J. R. Shaver

*"Through the whole three miles the steady, flinging gallop never faltered."*

"GOOD morning, please!"

It was Gauda Singh's customary salutation. The turbaned, classically featured young Hindu had just finished the chores, and came out of the barn to satisfy his curiosity concerning the voices of the white men.

"Good morning, Ganda Singh." Chet Russ, as always, returned his devoted employee's greeting with equal courtesy. He was standing feet spread, hands thrust deep into the pockets of his dirty, big-hipped corduroys, regarding the venerable wreck of a big farm horse, of that delectable color sometimes known as clay-bank, that mourned existence with drooped head and dejected tail, at the end of a musty picket rope.

Hermann Gifford, Russ's guest for a day or two, having completed an investigating circuit around the old plug, stopped beside him.

"Some horse, what?"

Chet spat disgustedly at the fragment of a baled leaf of alfalfa.

"Some horse—him? He's no horse; he's a detective. All he's good for is to gum-shoe the barley-barrel—everlastingly gets loose and goes snooping around until he gets his head in the feed. That is, when he can stand up, he does. Some days he's too tired to get on his legs at all."

Gifford grinned, and the Hindu edged closer. Seeing the white man in apparent good humor he ventured a query.

"You sellum?"

Russ turned.

"Him?" He jerked a contemptuous thumb at the yellow horse. "No. Not any sellem. Not any good now. Maybe fifteen, maybe twenty, maybe ten dollars. No good. Other men all time beatem. Too much whip. Not any sellem."

The Hindu smiled his approval, showing dazzling white teeth.

"Do you often break out in language like that, Chet?" It was Gifford's first morning on the ranch. "That's certainly some classical for a once-was Phi Beta Kappa. You're becoming proficient with the mother tongue, old man."

"Oh, don't mention it, don't mention it!" deprecated Russ. "I can talk more languages now than they'll ever teach at the university—Pidgin English, Greaser English, Hindoo English, Jap-talk, and plain American for use on the folks from home."

The Hindu interrupted again.

"Pretty soon rain, more better. Horse all time let go walk. Not tie up so much. You hope so?"

"Lord!" said Gifford, "Please pass the interpreter."

"You're sort of slow in the bean," said Russ, commiseratingly, "Find it hard to understand English, do you? He just asked me if I thought it wouldn't be better, when the rains came, to untie this Isaac plug and let him roam the gray desert instead of buying feed for him. But I have a better scheme than that. It calls for an outlay of one thirty-forty cartridge and two hours' work with a shovel." He turned to the Hindu again.

"When rain come not any horse more, maybe."

A look of horror crossed the Hindu's face.

"You killum?" he asked in amazement.

"I guess so," Russ nodded indifferently. "All time too much eat hay. Not any work. Too much lie down. All time too much tired. Not any good live now—not happy any more. Pretty soon die, then maybe pretty happy." He dilated on the matter, consciously stung by the look of repulsion that showed on the Hindu's strong features.

"You killum?" repeated Ganda Singh, scarcely believing his ears. "Shootum?"

Ross nodded again and started away, signifying that the incident was closed; but the Hindu was rapidly keying himself up to a pitch of incoherent excitement.

"Mis' Russ!" he expostulated. "Wait a min'!" He groped for words in that difficult medium of expression, the half-learned speech of the English. "Wait a min'! Not any killum. Pretty soon die, all right. Not you shootum—no good."

"I understand," answered Russ, patiently, as if reasoning with a child. "You not understand. You think sellem all right—then other man too much whip. I think better shootem. Pretty quick go sleep—not anybody whip. You understand?"

"All right understand." The Hindu nodded his head vigorously. "Wait a mia'. You savey God?" He pointed a dramatic finger at the sky. "Bimby God killum. You not killum. My country not any killum. My country pretty good. This country too much all time kill—kill cow, kill mule, kill dog." He pointed at the white man accusingly. "You kill cowboy! No good. Not any more kill!" He pointed upward again. "God not any like."

"Well, well!" expostulated Russ. "We'll see, Ganda Singh, we'll see. Maybe not any killem. Maybe killem. Bimby we'll see." He walked away.

"You not any killum!" the Hindu called after him warningly. "First money buy all time feed! I pay!"

But Russ merely waved his hand.

"Good Lord!" said Gifford as they approached the house. "Do you let the crazy niggers order you around like that? If it was my outfit I'd give the guy a gun and order him to go shoot the plug himself. Say," he added as a thought struck him, "what cowboys have you been killing around here? Always knew you were a bad lot."

Russ only chuckled.

"Can't you understand what a cowboy is? That merely refers to a bull-calf. I marketed one a couple of weeks ago, and the rag-heads haven't quit jabbering about it yet. Ganda Singh is the worst one in the bunch. He went away all that day—and cried over me when he came back. Said he'd have to tell God I did it! What do you know about that?" Together they entered the house.

At the breakfast table Gifford brought up the subject again. "Your husband must be a pretty busy man, Mrs. Russ," he said, "with all these Hindus around here—if he has to do what all of them want."

"Oh, don't tell me anything about *that!*" exclaimed Mrs. Russ, putting down her fork with a little clatter of impatience, "I think Chester is absolutely *crazy* about his *Hindus*. What is it this time? That Ganda Singh again?"

"I think," admitted Gifford gravely, "that was the Rajah's name. It seems his plans for the disposal of one of your colts differ slightly from your husband's intentions in the matter."

"Chester Russ!" The lady glared at her husband. "Are you going to let that black India man change your decision about old Ike? That horse," she explained, turning to the guest, "has been cluttering this place for years! He is absolutely useless. He is so stiff that when he lies down the boys make bets about whether he will ever get up again. It is *awful!*—that's what *I* say! Chester has been getting ready to put that horse out of his misery for *ages*, and now if that *Hindu*—" Words failed her.

"Poor old Ike!" said Russ regretfully. "He has outlived his usefulness, for a fact. With the two machines there really isn't

the slightest use of keeping him now, even for an emergency."

"If we ever *could* get him hitched up," augmented Mrs. Russ, "he would balk. He is the *meanest* old thing!"

"He is an awfully interesting old brute," said the owner of the ranch. "He used to be a cow-pony once—you would never believe it from the size of him; he looks more like a yellow elephant. But it would surprise you to see how nimble that old plug is when you get a saddle on his back. Even now, stiff as he is, he could wheel on a dime."

"You mean to say that that *whale* of an old plug was ever a cow-pony?" asked Gifford incredulously.

"That's what. If you had looked on his back when we were out there this morning you would have seen scars from old saddle-sores. He must have been shamefully used once upon a time. He's sore there yet."

"He must have been a funny looking cow-horse!" commented Gifford.

"I'll bet he was a dandy!" said Russ warmly. "There is a lot of sense in that sleepy old head of his; but oh, Reuben!" —he drew a long breath—"it must have been a long time ago!"

"How old do you suppose he is?"

Russ shrugged his shoulders.

"No telling," he said. "He's a long way past the age when you can even give a guess. Maybe eighteen years—maybe twenty—maybe thirty. Do you know," he added, "horses live a long time out in this climate—longer than in any other part of the country, I believe. I wouldn't be surprised if that old brute is all of thirty years."

"He is old enough to be put out of the way!" said Mrs. Russ emphatically, "that's *sure*. And now if you let that old Ganda Singh go and wheedle you out of your decision with his idiotic superstitions— Oh! he makes me *mad!* He dropped a garbage-can right in the middle of the yard the other day, because he said there was a *cow*-bone in it."

"Was there?" asked Russ, grinning.

"There was *not*. He makes me tired. I had to get out there and kick the crazy bone out of the yard and keep saying to him: 'Sheep! Sheep make bone—cow not make bone!' until he believed me. It was a perfectly harmless little mutton-chop bone."

"Did he apologize when you had convinced him?" laughed her husband.

"Oh, as soon as he was assured that it wasn't any dreaded remains of cattle he got right down on the ground and scraped up the whole pile with his hands, and put it back into the pail; but he couldn't get every little bit. There was a lot that was all *runny*. Vera had put in some sour milk or something, and it called the flies just *awfully*. Chester, you have just *got* to fix those screens *to-day*."

"What is all this mystery about cowbones?" asked Gifford. "Me-thinks I smell a ghost."

"That is another of his crazy ideas," said Mrs. Russ, tossing her head.

"Cattle are beasts of burden in India," explained Russ briefly, "so they mustn't kill 'em—at least that's what I make out from his conversation. It is bad enough to kill sheep and pigs; beasts of burden are exempt."

"Would you *believe* it!" said Mrs. Russ, "Chester had some veal to ship the other day, and there was *nobody* around to help him load it in the wagon but that Ganda Singh. Would he help him?—Not he! He wouldn't lift a *finger*. Chester nearly broke his back getting the big thing in the wagon. He has the *craziest* ideas."

"They're not so bad," expostulated Russ. "They're part of his religion. They seem funny kinks to us, but some of our ideas, I suppose, look equally funny to him. Whenever I can conveniently, I certainly prefer to let him have his own way about those things. I wouldn't like it very well if I had to take orders from some guinea who kept ordering me indifferently to commit what I consider blasphemous acts."

"Well, about this Isaac matter," argued Mrs. Russ. "You certainly *can't* let him have his way. That old horse is *awfully* in the way, and it costs a *lot* to feed him."

"My dear," said Russ, "that poor guy offered to buy the horse and feed him himself, rather than have me shoot him."

"Let him, then!" retorted Mrs. Russ vindictively.

"Tut, tut, my dear!"

"Chester Russ! if you try to 'tut, tut, my dear' me, I'll—I'll throw something at you."

So the subject was dropped.

At the end of the week Hermann Gifford went away; but the old yellow horse, Isaac, stayed on.

"Maybe he will drop off one of these days of his own accord," said Russ hopefully, when his wife expostulated with him. "He is liable to go any time now. No horse can live forever, you know."

*"Half a mile down the road they met Ganda Singh."*

"He will live for *decades!* I just know he will," said Mrs. Russ, "just to be mean and spiteful."

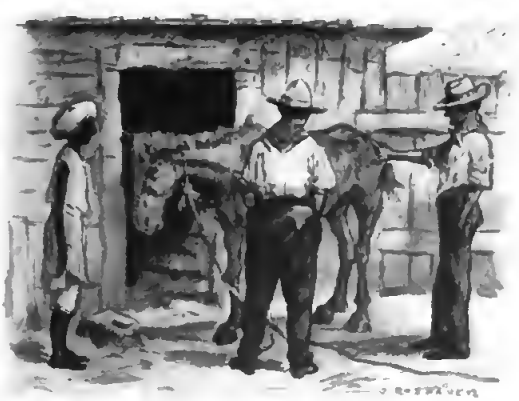
Except as a plaything for the children, who occasionally led him about in make-believe games of Indian warfare, the old yellow horse indeed seemed to have outlived his usefulness. Even in the children's games he was useful only for lead-purposes. The old saddle-sores on his back made him touchy about being ridden without a saddle, and the only saddles on the place were two old Mexican, carved leather affairs, almost too heavy for the children to lift.

Once Vera, the hired girl, saddled him and rode him a mile or so to the foot of the hills and back, but vowed that she would not repeat the experiment. She had been unable, she reported, to get the stiff old beast out of a walk, dig him in the ribs much as she might.

"It was different before we had the machines," Mrs. Russ complained. "You had at least the shadow of an excuse for keeping him then. Now there isn't *any*."

In their early days on this outlying ranch, which in time, they hoped, was to become a portion of the great California orange area, they had relied upon horses for trips to the railroad and town, four miles away. In those days old Isaac, though used mainly for hauling in some phases of the rock-clearing work, had made many unexpected trips on short notice for medicine or the like. With increasing prosperity, however, Russ invested in an automobile, and, after a couple of years of satisfactory service from the first old, second-hand car, had bought a second machine. He had a natural taste for mechanics, and developed into a very good driver, doing his own repair work and keeping both machines in excellent condition. One (and usually both) was always in shape for an instant start. The older machine was a heavy, two-cylinder affair, with the power of a truck and the voice of a locomotive. It had, however, the tractable kind disposition of a big family hound. The other machine was a snappy little runabout that could, if necessary, make the trip to town and back on a single one of its four cylinders. With the two serviceable machines continually on hand it seemed indeed that the end of equine transportation for the Russ family had come forever. But the plans of mice and men—!

One chilly December day, shortly after



*"A look of horror crossed the Hindu's face."*

the first rains, Chet Russ was working in the barn overhauling some spare harness. Suddenly he became aware of n commotion in the direction of the house, and an instant later heard his wife calling his name, hysterically. Intuitively sensing calamity he jumped from his place nnd started from the barn with n speed undreamt of since college cinder-pnth days. Rounding the corner of the structure he caught sight of his wife as she rushed into the house, carrying in her arms their seven-year-old boy.

The mule team was standing beside the low fence that surrounded the house, left there for n moment by Ganda Singh while he went to carry out some request of Mrs. Russ.

Russ burdled the little fence with the speed that had won him the captaincy of his college track-team, and dashed into the kitchen. He found his wife inarticulate with terror and sympathy, trying with trembling, futile fingers, to ascertain the extent of her boy's injuries.

"Oh my baby! My bnby boy!" she was babbling, over and over again, as every touch drew screams from the half delirious child.

Attempting to retrieve a tennis ball, the lad had ventured too near the business end of one of the staid-appearing but touchy mules of the team, and without warning the beast had suddenly lashed out nt him. The iron shoe had caught him where neck and shoulder meet, grazing and cutting open the chin, and throwing him against a wheel of the wagon.

With the self-possession that never deserted him, Russ directed the girl, Vera, where to find the necessary bandages; and while trying to stanch the flow of blood nttempted to quiet his hysterical wife.

"It will be easier for him as soon as we get him bandaged n bit," he said nbove the boy's screams, "and then I will go for the doctor. Pull yourself together, my dear, pull yourself together! It's not as bad as it looks." But his own shaking fingers belied his words.

The instant he dared leave the boy, having exhnusted the expedients of first-aid-to-the-injured service, he jumped for the barn and the autos. The nearest telephone was three miles away on the outskirts of the little town. He thanked Heaven for the swift machines.

A moment later he was face to face with one of those queer incidents that sometimes change the currents of human life.

Two automobiles, each capable of more than thirty miles an hour, each in good running condition, and each left at his moment of emergency, by a trick of fnte, useless because of lack of fuel.

Chet Russ was one of those individuals equipped with n mind that in an emergency ran neither above nor below its normal capacity.

Without haste, but also without n single lost motion, he took saddle nnd bridle, nnd started around the barn, noting mechanically that the heavy-braided quirt hung from its place on the saddle horn. With long strides he nppronched the old yellow cow-pony, Ike, considering even as he nppronched how most quickly he could saddle nnd bridle the venernble horse.

At the first blow in his ribs the old horse grunted, then stopped dead.

"No time for thnt now, old man!" said Russ in n pleasant voice. "We can't lnve nny balking now. It's you or the boy, I'm thinking."

At the assured, accustomed tones the old pony again started forward with his stiff walk. Urging him continually, but carefully avoiding n repetition of the first break, Russ quickly bad him in n clumsy, loose-footed enater. Then, and

*"No good. Not any more kill. God not any like."*

not until then, he reached for the heavy quirt with itchiug fingers. First slipping the noose over his wrist, he elosed his hand firmly on tbe loaded handle.

"Now, old boy!" he said—and the quirt descended.

When a temperamentally kind man is of necessity cruel his hlows cnrry weight. Each time the quirt descended n welt arose on the old pony's withers, simultaneously, it seemed, with the descending leather.

But the strokes were not frequent. Even as he restrained his arm, Russ thought, grimly, of n line from Izaak Walton, wherein the great angler issues instructions for impaling n live frog on n hook—"tenderly, as though you loved him, that he may live the longer." Russ knew that he had between his legs only the wreck of an old cow-pony, and the telephone was three miles nway.

At the first blow the old horse put in real effort and doubled his gait; but with his stiff old joints it was fearful work, and Russ half expected each moment to feel him trip and crash headlong. The second blow fell only when the wise old pony showed signs of moderating his speed.

Then n rather wonderful thing happened: the old yellow horse, that for months had been so stiff he could only rise from the ground with extreme difficulty, seemed to limber up and become young again. The years sloughed off him like a slipping blanket. He reached out like a three-year-old.

"Good boy!" whispered Russ, coaxingly, leaning low over the saddle horn. "Good boy! Now you can do it! You can do it!"

Through the whole three miles, the steady, flinging gallop never fnltered. Caressing the yellow neck with the hand that held the reins, Russ reserved the swing of his right for the terrible quirt, which the running pony scarcely seemed to feel. Favoring the horse with every muscle of his body, in so far as it could be done, Russ brought him into the neighbor'n door-yard nt the same frightful clip thnt had dwarfed the miles. Once there, he reined hard nnd slid him to the porch steps on his frayed old stump of a tail, flinging himself from the saddle through the dust before the old horse could regain his feet.

At the 'phone it seemed hours before the doctor's familiar voice came over the wire. "Hurry, please!" drawled the physician, "I'm just going out."

"You bet you are!" said Russ. "You are coming to my place, quick! This is Chet Russ. My boy's been kicked by a mule, and he's hurt—bad! Pick me up at Cubberly's as you go by, Doc, and make it fast! I'm afraid—" his voice fnltered—"I'm afraid the lnd's about all in."

But he was not all in, although, as the doctor admitted a couple of hours later, "That certainly was a pretty close squeak."

"It's n lucky thing," he added, "you got me before I got awny. Tbnt's whnt gasoline will du." He nodded sagely.

"It wasn't gasoline," said Russ. "It was an old yellow horse thnt's been sticking around ever since I can remember. Nobody knows how old he is. But a machine couldn't hnve made any better time over these roads."

"You don't say so!" commented the doctor. "Where did you leave him—Cubberly's?"

"I sent n Hindu for him as soon as I got a chance," said the rancher. "He ought to be here hy now. Guess I'll get in and ride with you n piece until we meet 'em, Doc. I'm kind of anxious to see the old plng and npologize for the way I treated him on the wny down. There's nothing more I could do here for the boy, is there?"

"Nothing now," said the doctor. "He'll sleep until the drugs wear off, and the nurse'll be here hy then. Get in!"

Half n mile down the road they met Ganda Singh, lugging on his shoulder the heavy breaking-saddle.

"Where's Ike?" asked Russ quickly. "Not any come," said the Hindu, indifferently. "Pretty good now, he dead. Not any shootum," he added with satisfaction, nodding his head. "God killum. Pretty quick. Pretty good."

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# Labor Day Orison

*A Morning Prayer for Workers*

By HIRAM MOE GREEN

O GREAT Father of all men,
In humble acknowledgment to Thee our knees are bowed.
We thank Thee for the day again,
Refreshed from sleep to join the moving crowd;
Grateful for work, for each to know his task;
To do this well and honorably, O Father, Lord, we ask.

O Thou Great Master Workman,
We ask Thy guidance for our faulty hand,
To sin not, nor to err, to honest be and true,
To guard, and keep from jeopardy those few
In our care.

Keep our hearts pure, our minds and lips unsullied,
And to command
Of each no more than from each one is due;
To love our brother-workman and no one despise
For his poor part, nor judge, nor criticize.

And when the day is o'er, and we go into night,
Let us come home and be grateful in Thy sight.
AMEN.

# Orators Who Have Influenced Me

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

## CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

I REMEMBER almost the first moment I heard Parnell's name. I was discussing with a well-known Irishman a recent election in Ireland; it was for the county of Dublin, and the year was 1875. And my friend said that the defeat of our candidate had been expected; he was such a hopeless creature; scarcely able to string even a few words together. The poor creature was Parnell. It was the second time he had abjectly failed; at a great meeting at which he was asked to appear, and where Isaac Butt, the kindest and gentlest of men and then leader of the Irish movement, said everything in his favor, he had failed to get through even a short speech. Stammering, slow, unable apparently to get out of his breast anything he thought or felt, the young politician had to resume his seat with the sense of utter failure.

And to the end of his days, Parnell retained a good deal of this fearful hesitation and slowness of speech. So well was this known that even his most faithful supporters never saw him rise without a certain trepidation. For, in addition to this slowness of speech, he was one of the most casual of men. He never could keep his papers in order; he was a very slow worker; and he had no quickness of grasp either of legal points or of figures; and often within five minutes of the moment when he ought to be on his legs in the House, he would be found trying to collect laboriously certain statistics in the library; a bundle of papers would be scattered around him; then messages would come, each more urgent than the other; and at the last moment he would rise, try to gather his papers together and possibly lose some of them in the short distance that separates the library from the floor of the House. And then there was always a little uncertainty as to what he would say. He would stumble into a blunder from sheer nervousness or the absence of that easy command of words which belongs to the born speaker. Once during the Parnell commission, when, before three judges, his life and the life of his party were at stake, he made every friend in the court icy cold when he said quite simply that some statement of his might have been meant "to deceive the House of Commons."

SO well are most of these facts known that it is almost an accepted legend of Parnell's life—in which, as in the lives of so many remarkable men, there is any number of legends—that he was the only Irish leader in all Ireland's history who was an incurably bad speaker. People knew his power over men: how millions of his race, scattered all over the world, obeyed his single word as though he were a prophet or a despot whom to disobey would mean either blasphemy or death. And people always wondered why it was that a stammering speaker, with no fluency, diction, grace of style, nor power of logically arranged argument, could exercise such omnipotent sway.

There is some truth in this legend; but it is not altogether true. Parnell's power was mainly due to the force of personality. Don't ask me to explain what personality is, for it is the subtlest and the most indescribable of human things. But, though we would find it hard to define personality, we all know what it means; we all know that some persons have a power over us, and some have not. Parnell could really hypnotize almost anybody who came at all near him. It was partly physical, for he was an extraordinarily handsome and impressive figure. He was very tall, very slight, and beautifully proportioned; and his face was at once attractive and awe-inspiring. Imagine a perfect oval, with a brownish beard, a mouth compressed, and then, surmounting this, a forehead of perfect shape, and all this illumined by strange eyes, red-flint in color, with a strange glitter in them so that, when suddenly he turned them on you, you felt almost as if a dazzling and blinding electric light flashed



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out of the darkness and half blinded you. Add to this that there was always about the expressiou an almost uncaany look of aloofness, and of a pride, fierce, almost arrogant and uncoaquerable. And the impression of this pride was true; it was pride that helped to make Parnell; it was pride that destroyed and killed him. The best description I ever heard of Parnell's appearance was given by Sir Lewis McIver, a stout Unionist, who differed *in toto* from Parnell' in policy, but admired the man. Parnell, he said to me once, looks like Lohengrin.

EASY-GOING, tolerant, a splendid listener, studiously polite, unpretentious, Parnell's potent personality only came out at odd and infrequent iatervals. He would yield, sometimes against his own judgment, to his friends; he would appear distrait and indifferent even when many important things were being discussed. He often submitted to things and to men he did not like; hut a moment came when you felt that you touched adamant, and that you could ao more move Parnell than you could the Matterborn. And, though he had extraordinary self-control, there were moments when his anger was palpable, though even then controlled; he would give a stern straight look from those straage eyes of his, and I have seen even bold men shrivel under the gaze.

His power, then, rested mainly on personality; but was it true that he was a had speaker? It was not. But again I must say that when Parnell spoke well—and he did often speak badly—it was when this tremendous personality behind the speech revealed itself. He was a man of action, and words to him meant action, not mere words. All his pursuits, all his reading was in practical thiags. The only paper that he seemed to take regularly, and that he could not do without, was an engineering weekly. Talk to Parnell about poems or novels, be could say nothing—he had never read one. The only occasion on whieh he tried a poetical quotation he misquoted, although it was one of the most hackneyed tags of Irish oratory. Of history, even of Irish history, he kaew little; and the little Irisb history he did finally acquire was during the long hours of his imprisonment for six months in Kilmaiaham Jail.

But, on the other hand, he often astounded his frieads hy the depth and width of his knowledge in other things. Discuss with him, for instance, American railroads, and he could pour out facts as to their development, their traffic, and their prospects. And I have heard him say things about the development of electricity at a time when its abundant use of to-day was undreamt of, things that appeared to me dreams at the time; and now, long years after Parnell died, they are commonplace and frequent realities.

TO hring out, then, the powers of Parnell as a speaker, you had to confront him with a situatioa where he had to deal with facts; still more, where he had to deal with difficulties; most of all, where he had to deal with resolves. When such occasion arose, you might rely on Parnell rising immediately to the situation. Then there was no hesitation; the words came out, not slowly or with any hesitation as to the particular form they should take; they were like shells sent hurtling from a Maxim gun. Aad when he was ia this mood the whole man seemed transformed. The lassitude, the embarrassment disappeared, and you saw a man erect, proud, fierce, who shot out his sentences as easily as if he had been the most fluent and the most practised of orators. Every word, too, represented an idea or a fact, and I have seen the whole House of Commons, which, like all bodies of men, is impressionable and infectious in its emotions, almost cower as they heard from this man's lips words which, backed

*He had his divine and he had his poor moments: he required the stimulus of great emotion or of great peril, or a great occasion, to bring him out*

by his tremendous personality, sounded as if they were the words of some irresistihle heing, of some implacable doom.

Once I heard him make an attack on a stroag political opponent. He rarely made such attacks; he had a dislike, unless he was driven to it, for personal attacks; hut when he was driven to it, there was no man more ruthless. And in this speech every word fell like vitriol on a wound; and even the strong nerves of his opponent for once seemed to give way, and the speech visibly disconcerted him.

ON another occasion, when Parnell was roused to one of his fits of cold fury, he astounded his followers hy delivering a speech which was so direct, so fierce, so defiant that he looked ao lnager the cold-blooded and self-controlled individual which he was usually supposed to be, hut a revolutionary prepared to play, like the Revolutionaries of Franee during the Terror, for his own and for other people's heads. It was one of the unknowa factors of Parnell's persoaality that he always lived under the shadow of a conviction that be would have hut a short life. At every momeat in life there stretched across it this loag, bleak shadow. This accounted for thiags which used to appear to his frieads as sheer hypochondria. When you saw the erect form, the flashing eyes, the powerful limbs, you could not associate Parnell with physical any more than with intellectual weakness; hut he knew hetter, and in his inner mind not all the delirious shouts of tens of thousands of worshiping admirers could ever still that warning voice of an early death. It accounted for some of his mannerisms, even in dress. When he was still a young man he appeared in the House of Commons, even in fairly good weather, in a long, woolen waistcoat known, I think, as a cardigan. For years his friends regarded all these things as part of his hypochondria; it was only when he appeared, after a long absence, in the House of Commoas pale, languid, and glassy-eyed, that they began to realize that Parnell was mortal, and perhaps doomed, as he always thuught, to a brief career. Joseph Biggar, a sturdy, dour Ulsterman, who was one of Parnell's earliest associates, hut who would have sacrificed Parnell or anybody else to his cause, —he had the fanaticism of a Marat,—saw Parnell at one of those terrible moments, and he had to go away and weep in secret.

THE speech of Parnell which I remember best was never reported, and aever will he. It was a private meeting, and I believe no reporters were allowed to record it. It was at the terrible moment when, agaiast the judgment of all his colleagues, he insisted on the election of Captain O'Shea for the town of Galway. Every one of his followers hated O'Shea as the worst form of political enemy; aad some of them, without positive knowledge, surmised the hideous nature of the power that he was able to exercise over Parnell. When Captain O'Shea's candidature was announced for Galway there was a popular revolt, aad the whole town went mad. I was with Parnell when we reached the railway station in the town, and never have I seen aa angrier or more determined crowd. It looked as if we could not escape with our lives. Parnell remained calm throughout all the tumult, and in the end it was agreed that he should address a private meeting of our supporters and try to reconcile them to the caadidate they hated with such deadly fury and with such just suspicioa.

It was a small and a squalid hall, and the audience was so fierce, so uproarious, that it seemed impossible that anybody could get a hearing, and least of all Parnell, who was held to he responsihle for the whole dubious traasactioa. And, when Parnell rose, everybody kaew that he was fighting for his life. But he was equal to the occasion. He took no notice of the deadly insults that were flung at him, but went right on to the description of the situation. He was too adroit to discuss the questioa on its own merits, hut he raised it to the general issue of the prospects of Ireland. Aad then he pointed out that at that momeat he had an Irish Parliament withia the hollow of his hand, but that if they opposed and heat him the great prospect would be lost, Ireland, he said, will be lost when Parnell is beaten; Irelaad will no longer have a leader. Aad these words were uttered with such tremendous emphasis that the crowd was awed aad silenced and conquered, and Captaia O'Shea was allowed tu be elected.

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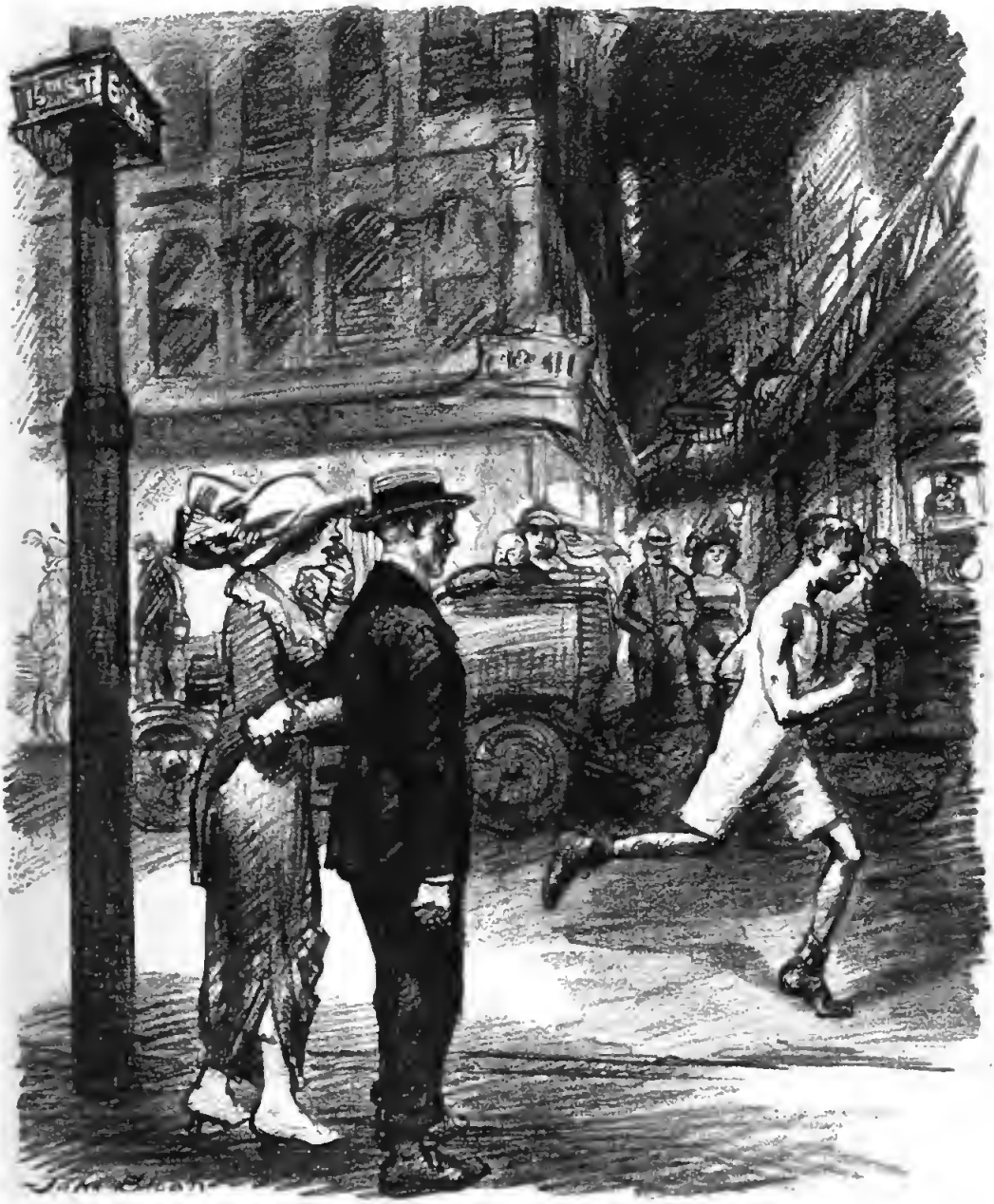

## HIS DAY'S WORK OVER

By John Sloan

*The Sloan Cartoon for next week will be*
THE HOT SPELL IN NEW YORK



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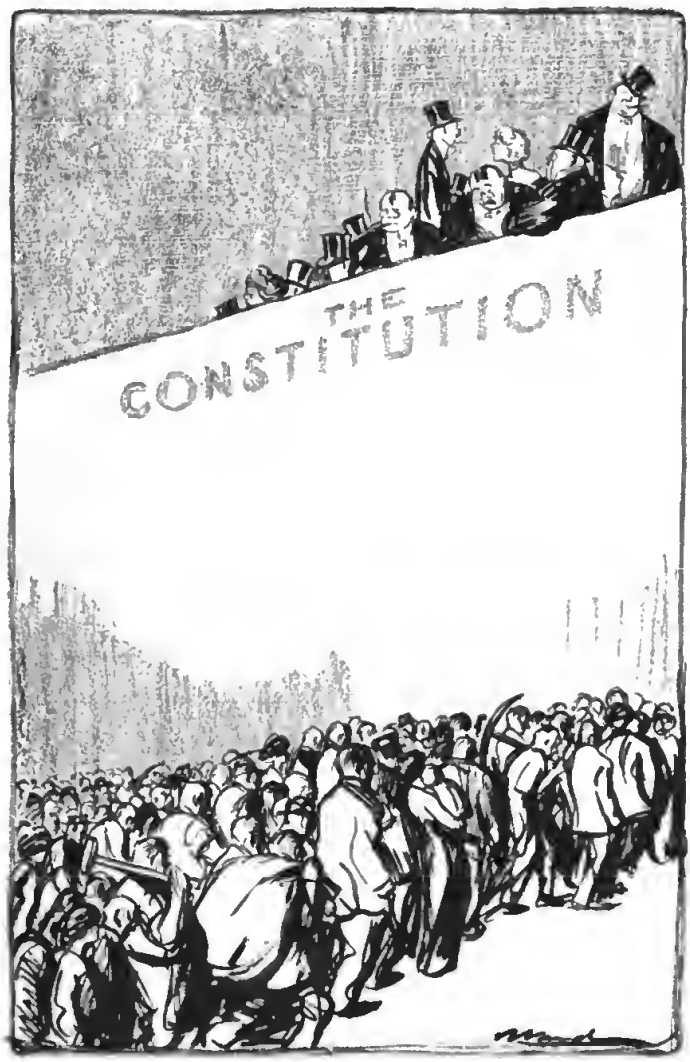
# Political Snapshots

*A Discussion of American Beliefs*

By CHARLES ZUEBLIN

Illustration by C. R. Weed




*"Is the Constitution so superhuman that we must worship it?"*

## I

## IDOLATRY

MR. VOTER, do you worship your Constitution, or do you understand it?

Idolatry is a serious handicap to life, and the worst of it is that the object of idolatry is generally a blunder, shrouded in myth. For the first time since the Constitution was hammered into shape and interpreted for the American people, serious study is being given to the science of politics. Even when the country was torn by the contest over states' rights that resulted in the Civil War, slavery was so overpowering an issue that men were driven by prejudice or passion, instead of by reason. Now, men and women all over the country are asking themselves, "Is the Constitution so superhuman that we must worship it?"

*When it comes to lèse majesté, has the German emperor had anything on the United States Constitution?*

MR. VOTER, you do your own thinking. Are you up on history?

When "Aleck" Hamilton got a tip from "Charlie" Montesquieu that there was infallibility in a system of checks that separated absolutely the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, did "Aleck" doom the American people to surrender their thinking faculties to him till the crack of doom? Moses broke the Ten Commandments before he got down from Mt. Sinai, but the stand-pat American has insisted that we obey "Aleck" as though Montesquieu were Jehovah. Does the old-fashioned American know that a French count, inspired by the British aristocratic system, guided Hamilton and his fellow aristocrats in the formation of the document which Mr. Gladstone oracularly called "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man"?

*Mr. Gladstone was a subtle statesman, Mr. Voter. He used to acknowledge books of budding authors by the formula: "I shall lose no time reading your book."*

TALLEYRAND said that Hamilton had divined Europe, never having seen it. The same aristocratic temperament and insight certainly enabled him to bedevil America. Hamilton wanted to give the propertied classes an unassailable position in the government. He succeeded beyond his dearest dreams. Mr. Voter, who are your heroes? To whom do you feel indebted for founding the Republic? When we seek the influence that determined the character of the Constitution, we must note that Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, and Patrick Henry did not sit in the Constitutional Convention; that only six of the fifty-six men who signed the Declaration of Independence were admitted to the deliberations that resulted in a constitution devised to avoid the excessive democracy of the colonial governments—a constitution which not only tolerated but supported slavery, and which to-day is the chief opiate to make statemanship somnolent.

*As Emerson said of creeds, we may say of constitutions, "they show how high the waters once came."*

HAS not the time come, Mr. Voter, when we may probe the foundations of our government without scandalizing those who have never made such an examination? Has not the time come when patriotism demands that every citizen be prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in him? Has not the time come when the true American must have his own private opinion of the philosophy of Montesquieu and Hamilton, as the true Lutheran has of Luther or the true Methodist of Wesley? Did Montesquieu and Hamilton give the world the greatest system of government ever devised, or did "Aleck" and "Charlie" flim-flam a busy and complacent people?

*"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."*



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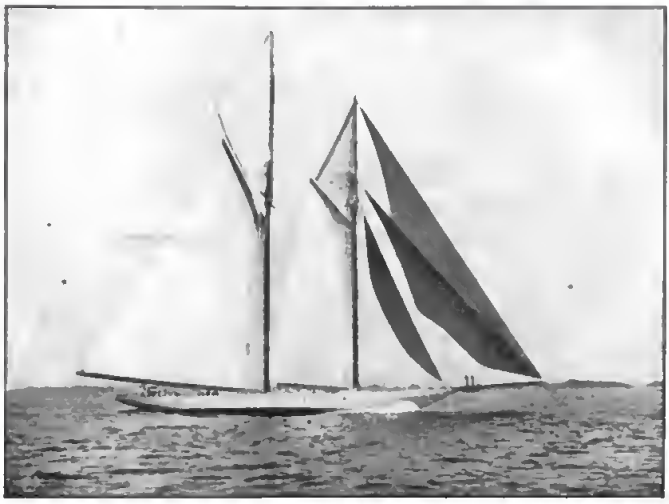
# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED
*("Right Wing")*



*The Corona, built in 1893 by Herreshoff, and winner of the recent Tod Cup Race around Cape Cod to Provincetown*

OLD boats, it seems, are, like old friends, the stanchest. And deep-sea racing in a wind that buries the lee rail is like old wine to the amateur skippers who are veterans of many a New York Yacht Club cruise. Since the latest challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton for the *America's* Cup, there has been a deal of talk about "racing machines," but the recent smashing race around Cape Cod to Proviacetowa for the Tod Cup — and Mr. Tod will be in action next year with a aew Herreshoff boat — proved that the old designers, whose names in the days of the Internatioaal Cup Races were household words, were not always given to "over-sparring chips" and could produce upon occasion boats that could weather half a gale when necessary.

It is many a long year since the cruise has provided a test of design and seamanship such as was furnished hy the race "outside," won hy the old *Corona;* and in these days of the "one-design" — a natural and healthy development of yachting — it is, nevertheless, a pleasure to fiad a new deep-sea test of the work of such designers as Edward Burgess, Herreshoff, C. H. Crane, A. Cary Smith, and the amateur, A. Cass Canfield.

THERE were six entries in the Tod Cup Race — all veterans. The winner, the *Corona*, was huilt in 1893 hy Herreshoff, her owner aspiring to the defense of the *America's* Cup. Sbe was christened *Colonia*, hut with the change of her suit of sails and spars, her name was altered to *Corona*. The *Constellation*, which allowed time to all other contestants in the recent race, was built in 1889 from designs hy Edward Burgess, and is now owned by Francis Skinner of Boston. C. H. Crane designed the *Endymion* for George Lauder, Jr., of Pittsburgh. She was the record-holder across the Atlantic Ocean until 1905, when the schooner *Atlantic* set a new mark in the Emperor's Cup Race.

The *Sea Fox*, the beautiful old schooner with the graceful hlack hull, and the flagship of Commodore Pratt, was built as far back as 1888 for her designer, A. Cass Canfield. In the following year she won the Goelet Cup. A. Cary Smith designed the *Ariel*, whieh was built in 1893. Last of these old friends and seaworthy craft comes the *Katrina*, the smallest boat in the fieet. She is another product of A. Cary Smith, and was first in commission in 1888. She was sailed by the famous Larchmont Corinthian sailor, A. H. W. Johnson.

There have been many races around Cape Cod. The New York Yacht Club has held half a dozen of them, and the Eastern Yacht Club has held four events of the kind in the last seven years. Never has the journey around this particular peninsula been without stirring incideat. In 1897, the New York Yacht Club fleet made a run of 225 miles from Vineyard Haven to Bar Harhor which ineluded a run down the wiad of 173 miles, in whieh every entry carried a spinnaker for twenty consecutive hours.

The record around the Cape is held hy the *Constellation*, both to Provincetown and to Marblehead. There is nearly always a hlow "outside," and the old-timers seem to stand up under it the best.

IN the meantime the old yacht *America*, for which the greatest sporting trophy in the world is named, lies moored alongside the draw of the Summer Street Bridge, over Fort Point Channel, Boston. Here is the famous racer that sixty-two years ago captured the world's yachting supremacy. Her deck has beea roofed from stem to stern, and there is nothing in the present aspect of the original cup-lifter to siagle her out from a fishing schooner. Yet she is still a staneh craft, and there are old-timers who believe that, with all her vicissitudes, sbe still has a race left ia her.

About the oaly achievement of the old *America's* that the yachtsman of to-day remembers is her famous race around the Isle of Wight. Yet, twenty-five years after that achievement, she was good enough to outsail a fieet of fast and far more modern craft in a five-hundred-mile ocean race in connection with the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. In the following year she outsailed the defender of the Cup, the *Madeleine*, in the race with the challenger, the Canadian yacht, *Countess of Dufferin*. She was not a regular coatestaat, nor was she in racing trim, but General Butler, who then owned her, could not resist the opportunity to show that she still ranked with the best of them.

WHAT'S in the name of an athletie field? It all depends upon how you look at it. It depends whether you are an old-timer, an undergraduate, or a recent graduate. The old-timer still is stirred hy the mention of Forbes Field at Harvard, of Percy Field at Ithaca, and of Brokaw Field at Princeton. All have beea the scenes of hard-fought gridiroo battles and all mean somethiog to the man who followed the great games of years ago. Now Marshall Field, at Chicago, is to give way to "The Uaiversity of Chicago Athletic Field." There is ao change of site, merely chaage of title. Doubtless in due time we shall become accustomed to the new mouthful, hut many an old Chicago man will sigh for the days of "good old Marshall Field."

It seems that, contrary to popular opiaion, the site for Marshall Field was not presented by the late Mr. Field, bence the rather tardy decision to change the name. But there was another and a deeper reason. The plan, it seems, was to rename the field for the man who would complete the work on the interior of the stand, and at the same time provide locker rooms, hand-ball courts, and other facilities for the University of Chicago athletes and their guests. The sum required was in the neighborhood of $100,000. However, no Chicago alumnus came forward to perpetuate his name with a gift of such dimensions, and "The Uaiversity of Chicago Athletic Field" will be dedicated with considerable pomp and ceremony early in October. It is expected that the foot-ball team of Purdue will provide the victims for the Chicago holiday.

But while no one voluoteered to supply the immediate needs at the field, Harold McCormick provided funds for the iastallation of racquet courts, and these should prove an unmixed blessing. Here is a game that, for sheer pace, rivals them all, hut that, because of the expense, has been beyond the reach of any save the wealthiest undergraduates, East or West. And yet there have been racquet courts in the great English schools for I dare not say how many years.

BOB DIBBLE, of the Don Rowiag Club, of Toronto, has set a pace that other oarsmen will find it difficult to follow. The Canadian star not only won the two senior singles races at the recent N. A. A. O. regatta at Boston, but also stroked the winning senior pair. His greatest triumph came late in the day, when, despite the fact that he already had sculled in two winning boats, he rowed down E. B. Butler, who has twice won the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Dibble looked to be a beaten man at the turn, hut he finished io front fresh and stroag, with the former title-holder thoroughly rowed out. If there is ever such aa event as a Sculling Marathon, Dibble will certainly go to the post a great favorite.



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# Women

By Berton Braley

There's pretty girls in every port
  That fronts upon the foam,
For I've made love in Labrador,
  In Cairo, and in Rome;
I've kissed the girls of London Town
  And sweet to kiss were they,
But Burmah girls are just as sweet
  And Frisco girls as gay!

There's always eyes to sparkle bright
  And hearts a-beating warm,
There's lips the man who's bold may kiss
  And waists to fill an arm;
The maids are fair in Argentine
  And dainty in Japan,
There's girls to love in all the world,
  If you're a proper man.

And who's the fairest of the fair?
  Well, hang me if I know!
Sometimes I think she lives in France,
  Sometimes in Callao;
But take 'em north and take 'em south,
  And take 'em east and west,
Of all the girls in all the world!
  The last one is the best!

---

A TIN CAN BATTLE ON SAN JUAN HILL

Drawn by George Bellows

*The Bellows cartoon for next week will be*
DAYBREAK ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE



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# Books

## *Strindberg and the Anglo-Saxon Mind*

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

"SOON I shall have the distinction of being the only one in this country who has brought out nothing by Strindberg," I heard a publisher say the other day. He may almost claim such distinction now, for hardly a week passes without an announcement of some new volume by that writer, and the name of the publisher is rarely the same twice in succession.

I wish, indeed, that the introduction of Strindberg to the English-speaking nations—the last ones to discover him—might have come about in a more gradual and more natural fashion. Forced doses of anything are bound, sooner or later, to produce satiety and reaction. Yet—seeing how largely our getting anywhere depends on temporary acceptance of what *is* in place of what *should be*—I prefer this deluge of ill-prepared Strindberg volumes, many of which reach us only at second-hand by way of Germany, to the previous lack of any such volumes at all.

THE average American and Englishman dislikes Strindberg at first sight because he seems so different from themselves. But once their initial resistance has been overcome, it is very likely they will find that, just because of his differences, he possesses something in which they are lacking. There is in particular one feature of Strindberg's work which I have heard one American after another speak of with actual loathing: his appalling frankness in revealing undesirable and disgusting traits both in himself and in his fellow-men.

Of course, in the last instance, all poetry is self-revelatory. And Latin writers have more than once ventured as far as Strindberg in mere statement of detail. But, strange to say, they tend almost invariably to be as restrained in their mode of utterance as they are unrestrained in the facts uttered. And there is about them an objectivity that serves as an opaque screen to the innermost soul. One of them could never give us such a sense of ultimate nakedness as does the ruthlessly self-centered man from the North in so much of his work—as, for instance, in the series of autobiographical novels beginning with "The Bondwoman's Son."* Strindberg was after all a Teuton, and, as such, of the same blood as the Anglo-Saxon. Like all the rest of the race, he was at heart a mystic, full of those sky-shaking passional potentialities that have forced the Anglo-Saxon to develop his armor of reserve, lest he be swept into utter chaos by the flood of feeling from within.

The morbidity with which Strindberg is so frequently charged on the western shores of the North Sea and the Atlantic is an integral part of the Anglo-Saxon as well as of the Scandinavian mind. At its root lies the tendency to introspective brooding which is characteristic of active souls when submitted to prolonged isolation. The heart-searchings on which Strindberg seemed to waste so much precious energy might just as well have

*August Strindberg at 13 years of age. From the Swedish edition of "The Bondwoman's Son"*

sprung from the over-sensitive conscience of some seventeenth-century New England divine. They were the logical manifestations of a puritanism that would have felt at home in a group of Cromwellian Ironsides. And the only point at which he really differed was in his literalness of expression—a quality which I hold to be one of the main foundations of his originality and consequent superiority as a writer. The deeper and clearer our self-knowledge grows, the simpler and homelier will the terms be in which we are capable of expressing it.

STRINDBERG was a premature and strangely precocious child of that new understanding of ourselves which is only just now finding its scientific formulation through such men as Professor Siegmund Freud of Vienna. His works teem with observations that seem as startling to us as they will undoubtedly seem matter-of-course to our descendants two or three generations hence. Philologists tell us that mankind had approached the beginnings of historical times before it had learned to distinguish all of the primary colors from each other. The colors were existent all the time; the machinery for discerning them was ready in man's eye and brain; but that machinery had not yet been practised up to the point where conscious discernment was possible. Blue and green, once identical with the general idea of dark, as red and yellow had been identified with light, had to remain unnamed, and therefore unknown, till some day a man gifted with more vision and more expressive power than the rest, cried in poetic ecstasy some term that forever after became inseparably connected with that aspect of sky and sea which nowadays any child recognizes as their blueness.

In the same way there have been, and are, in the human soul, a host of colors and a larger host of subtle shadings that have had to wait through eons for the man of keener perception and more flexible tongue who would name them so that thenceforth they might be seen and known by the whole world.

BEING a pioneer, Strindberg frequently went too far. Being a child of our own hypersensitive time, he whined and whimpered when the process became very painful. But he didn't stop the operation on that account. In this respect we may well profit by his example, no matter how much the whining may offend us. And in following him, we may also benefit by the mistakes he had the courage or misfortune to risk—escaping them on our own account because he has made them for us.

It will not be a question of writing autobiographical novels like "The Bondwoman's Son." But it will be a question of writing in the general spirit that was Strindberg's, with his realization that the evils of life, as of self, can be conquered only after the searchlight of human reason has been turned on them. In their private lives, as in their politics, Americans (more than Englishmen, I think) have inclined to the delusion that whatever seemed unpleasant could be disposed of by ignoring it, or making fun of it.

The unpleasant has been tabooed in this country, which, on that account, has found it possible to compliment itself on the "wholesomeness" of its life and poetry alike. But the moment of change has come, I think. Strong forces are at work rendering the old self-complacency untenable. Whether or no Strindberg so far has figured among these forces, is hard to tell. That he will come to do so hereafter, I feel sure. The generation of tomorrow will not ask concerning his work, "Do we look pretty in it?" but, "Has it anything to teach us about ourselves?"

Strindberg did not always tell the truth, because he did not always see it. But he strove always to tell the truth, and he told it as he saw it.

*"The Son of a Servant." By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.—The title of this translation is unfortunate. The original title refers to the Bible story of Ishmael and should be rendered as I have given it above.

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## III

### Lemuel Tradeth Horseflesh for Horse-power

*GOOD Mrs. Bogg, searching Lemuel's coat*
*(Mending a sleeve the excuse that she gave),*
*Found on a bill-head the following note:*
*"Buy the light, runabout kind and you'll save*
*Money on tires." Mrs. Bogg, roused pro tem.,*
*Faltered, "Why, Lem!*
*Dew tell! Are you goin' to git ane a' Them?"*
*"Gosh, I detest that there method o' travel—*
*But say! them gas-buggies DO scratch up the gravel!*
*And I just been a-thinkin'"—his manner was sheepish—*
*"If I could find somethin' a little mite cheapish*
*(For Pansy the mare*
*Is a good deal o' care,*
*Stiff in the withers and gittin' some old;*
*In my estimation she ought to be sold);*
*And I been a-thinkin' a deal could be made*
*With some auto-feller that wanted to trade*
*A gasolene rig*
*For my old hoss and gig.*
*I'm a great hand at swappin'." So Lemuel strode*
*Out to the stable behind his abode,*
*Hitched faithful Pansy, and took to the road.*

*DOWN the long turnpike, past Diggles's barn*
*Lemuel plugged as he muttered, "Consarn!*
*Look at that runabout*
*Passin' my waggin!*
*Cracky, I've done about*
*'Nough a' this draggin',*
*Slow-pokin' funeral—giddap, old nag!"*
*Lem looked again and observed Silas Scagg*
*Stopping his natty torpedo machine.*
*Si's look was morking*
*As Lem did the talking.*
*"Say, want to trade?" "For THAT crowbate, y' mean?"*
*Si gave a hoot*
*Like his horn's horrid toot.*

*"I'll swap my machine for that spavined old brute*
*If you'll throw in yer hat and three thousand to boot."*
*"Sol" whistled Lem. "Well, I always DID hear*
*Y' dealt in old pig-ir'n and held it too dear.*
*Well, I better be joggin'."*
*The gig with Lem Bogg in*
*Started to move when Si Scagg shouted, "Hey!*
*Nathan McCurdle, up Centerville way,*
*HE's got an auto he's willin' to change*
*For a horse or a dog or a gasolene range."*
*"Thanks, Mister Scagg!"*
*Lem slapped up his nag,*
*Remarking, "It's like takin' tips from the Divil,*
*But I'll look up that trade, though it wa'ant*
*offered civil."*

*NATHAN McCurdle, up Centerville way,*
*Stood by his car with a handful of hay,*
*Wiping the oil as it dripped from the cup.*
*'Twas such a machine as professors dig up*
*From Pompeian ruins. It creaked in its sockets;*
*From junk-piles assembled,*
*Its cylinders trembled,*
*Its drive-chains hung loose from its broken-toothed sprockets.*
*Its sides were all scratches,*
*Its tires were all patches.*
*It looked like a juggernaut sired by a hack,*
*With an old-fashioned door that hooked up in the back.*

*With eyes pessimistic Nate gazed on its rust,*
*Then spied Uncle Lem as he jogged through the dust.*
*Said Nathan, "How do?"*
*Said Lem, "Same to you!*
*See here! How'll you trade?"*
*Nate paused. "I'm afraid*
*Yer little red mare is a little mite lame."*
*Quoth Lem, "Seems to me,*
*As far's I can see,*
*Yer little red car is afflicted the same."*

*MY Muse, I confess, is a bit*
*at a loss*
*Ta sing when two Yankees swap*
*"hoss-power" for "hoss."*
*Suffice it to say that, ere set of*
*the sun,*
*The weighty transaction was not*
*only done.*
*But Nathan the Wise*
*Had taught Lemuel Bogg*
*The lofty emprise*
*By which fly-wheel and cog,*
*Maddened by gasolene, fired by*
*magneto,*
*Buzzing a song like a monster*
*mosquito,*
*If carefully triggered*
*And prayerfully jiggered,*
*Would start the old cart down*
*the roadway, by heck,*
*At nine miles an hour and the risk of your neck.*

* * * * *

*'TWAS sunset at home, and the good Mrs. B.*
*With daughter Katury, at peace on the porch,*
*Awaited the husband and father for tea.*
*Serenely old Phoebus displayed his last torch*
*When HONK!*
*What was that?*
*With a bronch-*
*-ial, flat*
*Sort of rat-a-tat-tat-ering,*
*Howling and clattering*
*Noise, like a cannon-ball shooting at pans,*
*Or a dog-fight confused in a pile of tin cans,*
*Or a desolate dinosaur dying in pain,*
*Or the up-blowing roar of the battleship Maine,*
*Straight down the road—who could tell whether bug or not?—*
*Lemuel, driving the little red juggernaut!*
*"Oh, Ma,*
*It's Pa!"*
*Cried Katury*
*In fury.*
*The Vision, approaching midst puffings majestical,*
*Turned at the gate with a chug anapaestical,*
*Bore down the hitching post, tore down the fence,*
*Swore down the lawn with a hatred intense,*
*Went for the porch—and stopped suddenly dead,*
*Pitching poor Lemuel over its head.*

*Lemuel, prone at the gate of his house,*
*Rubbing his bald spot, confronted his spouse.*
*"Ma, I'm back home," he declared with*
*a pith you*
*Can not deny.*
*Quoth the lady, "My, my!*
*So I see—but good land! what's that*
*Thing y' brought with you?"*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *Socialism and Serial Repayment*

THE sorry plight in which the express companies find themselves appears to suggest that no investment has permanent value. Land is often spoken of as fundamental, but certainly its investment aspect would shift amazingly if the single tax was generally in force. Indeed any one who follows from week to week the Sunday real estate sections of metropolitan newspapers discovers practically no reading-matter except agonized moanings because of the spread of confiscatory taxation. Toll-roads, canals, and ferry-boats were once regarded as excellent media for investment funds. To New Yorkers at least, the extinction of property in the form of bonds based upon ferry-boat lines is a recent memory.

Assume for the time being that socialism gradually will extend. Is any form of investment safe? Is there any kind of property which will not be confiscated in time? There is one practical answer to these and many other similar questions. It may sound technical. But while the words are formidable their meaning is simple. The safe and logical form of investment is the one which is paid off serially, a certain amount each year. Serial repayment is the most practical safeguard against confiscation of property. A corporation which pays off its bonds in series, out of earnings, say in the course of twenty years, is protecting the bondholders against pretty nearly every conceivable contingency.

### *Decline of the Express Companies*

NOT many years ago express-company stocks enjoyed a wonderful measure of repute. In perhaps five years their standing has utterly changed. Not that values have been totally destroyed. Far from it. These processes of investment evolution are seldom rapid. Property does not disappear overnight. There is still an immense amount of vitality left in the express-carriers. The express has been intimately connected with commercial life in this country for sixty years. Fortunately for its owners, such large surpluses have been created that, if the companies were driven out of business to-day, most of them could pay off their stock at its par or accepted face-value. The Adams Company some years ago distributed to its shareholders, as a form of extra dividend, bonds to the extent of three hundred per cent of the stock outstanding. Not only have these bonds always been salable at eighty per cent of their face-value or more, but they have paid regular interest of four per cent a year. Or take Wells, Fargo & Co. as another illustration. An extra dividend of three hundred per cent was distributed in 1910. The American Company has been less generous, but it has paid large regular cash dividends and only a few weeks ago presented to each owner of four of its shares one share of Wells, Fargo stock.

Express officials assert that they can not be driven out of business. They say there are many transportation activities which lie open to them and which a governmental agency like the Parcels Post


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Sensitive, avoiding the limelight, this is the whimsical answer that

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America's greatest short story writer—made when admirers tried to lionize him. "Oh, pshaw! Leave me alone! I am just a poor boy from the country." He preferred the shadows of the street corners where he could gaze upon the hurrying stream of life, and with a vision rarely given even to genius, he gazed deep into the hearts of men and pictured for you the generosity, ferocity, kindliness, want, devotion, the laughter and the mockery, the feverish activity and the stark despair—all the complex interplay of human emotions which make life.

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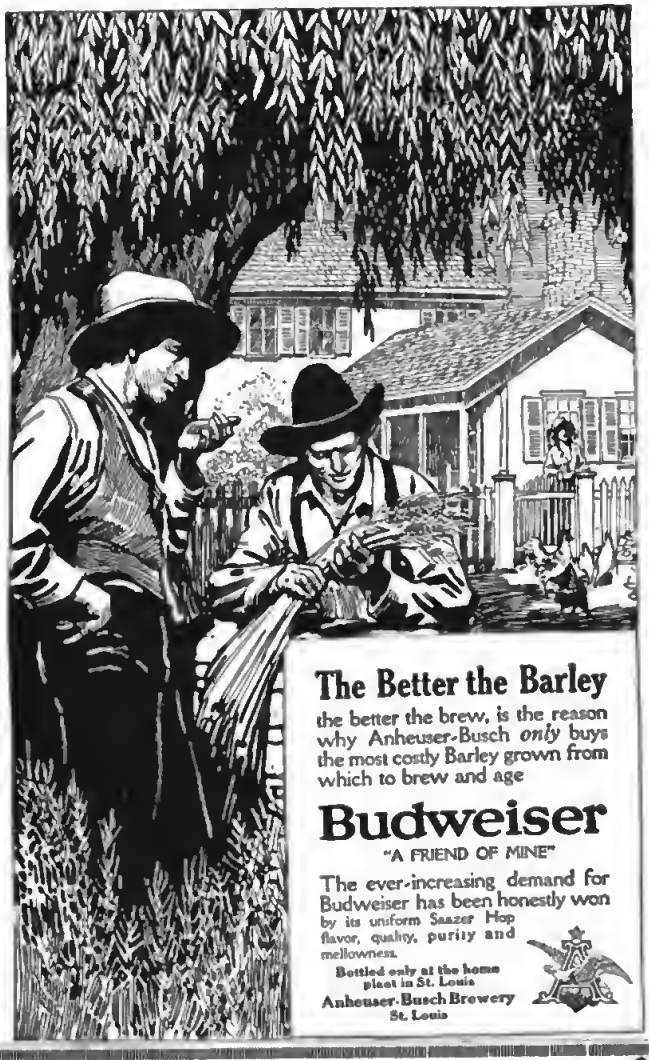


Get Your Canadian Home
From the Canadian Pacific

WE will make you a long-time loan—you will have 20 years to pay for the land and repay the loan—you can move on the land at once—and your Canadian farm will *make you independent.*

20 Years to Pay

Rich Canadian land for from $11 to $30 per acre. You pay only one-twentieth down—balance in 19 equal annual payments. Long before your final payment comes due your farm will have paid for itself over and over. This advertisement is directed only to farmers or to men who will occupy and improve the land.

We Lend You $2000

for erecting your buildings, fencing, sinking well and breaking. You have twenty years in which to repay this loan. You pay only the banking interest of 6 per cent.

Advance of Live Stock on Loan Basis

The Company, in case of approved land purchaser who is in a position and has the knowledge to take care of his stock, will advance cattle, sheep and hogs up to the value of $1 000 on a loan basis, so as to enable the settler to get started from the first on the right basis of mixed farming. If you do not want to wait until you can complete your own buildings and cultivate your farm, select one of our Ready-Made farms—developed by C. P. R. Agricultural Experts—with buildings complete, land cultivated and in crop, and pay for it in 20 years. We give the valuable assistance of great demonstration farms—free.

This Great Offer Based on Good Land

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps. Write today.

G. J. THORNTON, *Colonization Agent*
Canadian Pacific Railway Colonization Department 112 W. Adams St., Chicago

*FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning openings*

would find great difficulty in coping with. Unquestionably there is a considerable element of truth in this statement. Even if it is untrue, the Parcels Post would hardly wholly usurp express functions short of a number of years. Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster-General, has recently stated that in his belief the government will finally handle all parcels shipped in this country.

"There can be no competition with the government in an enterprise of this sort," he said. "But I don't say that this result will be reached soon. It may take ten, perhaps twenty years, perhaps longer, to accomplish it. But that the government will finally take over all of this business, I am confident."

Thus there is no immediate wiping out of property. There is no sudden stripping of "widows and orphans." But until about five years ago no one ever thought of express stocks as other than "gilt-edged" investments. Then it began to occur to people that express companies were making too much money, that the business was a greedy monopoly, that directors of railroads who were also directors of express companies played one against the other for their own profit, that at the best the express was a parasite upon the railroads and at the worst it was a rank usurpation of government functions as carried on by the Post Office. No one had ever bothered about these things before. But a few years of magazine exposure, investigations by state railroad commissions and the Interstate Commerce Commission, and constant speech-making attacks by members of Congress have put these once arrogant companies on the defensive; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, on the grill.

### *How the Mighty Have Fallen*

ALL in the course of two or three weeks it is announced that the Parcels Post will further invade the express field by enlarging the weight limit of parcels to be carried, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has reaffirmed its order of a year ago, cutting express rates the country over by an average variously estimated at from fifteen to thirty per cent. and that the California Railroad Commission has ordered a reduction of rates in that State which will deprive one company alone of $750,000 a year. A vivid idea of how express stocks have declined in market value is seen from the range of prices of these securities for a few years:

| | 1911 | | 1912 | | 1913 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *High* | *Low* | *High* | *Low* | *High* | *Low* |
| Adams | 270 | 235 | 245 | 180 | 217½ | 160 |
| American | 280 | 250 | 255 | 201 | 225 | 160 |
| United States | 145 | 123½ | 105 | 84 | 100½ | 82½ |
| Wells, Fargo* | 199 | 144½ | 177 | 130 | 151 | 113 |

| | 1913 | | 1910 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *High* | *Low* | *High* | *Low* |
| Adams | 150 | 130¾ | 150 | 130¾ |
| American | 160 | 118 | 160 | 118 |
| United States | 82½ | 66 | 80 | 40 |
| Wells, Fargo* | 125 | 91 | | |

*In 1909 Wells, Fargo sold up to 670 and did not fall below 300

### *How to Sink a Debt*

IN lines of business where lack of permanence is apparent on the face of things, such as mining, men long ago learned to protect themselves against loss by means of sinking-funds. A certain amount is set aside each year which with compound interest will pay off the bonds at their maturity. But this is a wasteful method of protecting the bondholder because the sum set aside can not be used in the business itself and earns very little. The only true way to sink a debt is to pay it. This is so simple, rational, and sound that the saying has arisen that when a bond issue is serial it grows safer as it grows older.

Property becomes valueless not only

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because of confiscation, but from obsolescence, new inventions, and change of custom. The man who buys a bond of a shaving-soap company would be foolish unless the bonds were paid off in large instalments, because a new variety of shaving soap with a newly imported perfume might quickly drive all others off the market. A bond issue for half a century ahead simply flies in the face of the unknown and invisible.

It is not a common practice for steam-railroad companies to pay off their mortgage bonds in series, or by sinking-fund. Their property is justly regarded as perhaps the most permanent of any. But what of the well-known railroad-bond issue which comes due in the year 2361? Who cares to predict what changes will have come over railroad-investment values by that time? The case is extreme. But owners of express stock did not feel a tremor less than ten years ago. To-day they are utterly distraught as to the value of these securities. But the Postmaster-General admits that these companies may continue to do business for almost a generation. Thus one might buy express securities even to-day if they were repayable out of earnings, year by year.

### *The Safety of Serial Securities*

IT is perfectly clear that the early maturities in a bond series possess a peculiar element of safety, but how about the later maturities? How can the last of a twenty-year series be any safer than bonds of an issue all of which mature in twenty years? The answer is obvious. The gradual extinguishment of debt makes the remaining securities safer in proportion as the corporation has less debt to meet. One reason the short-term notes, now so widely used for financing purposes, are so safe is because they usually represent an extremely small part of the company's total indebtedness, and being a prior charge, are sure to be met. From the very nature of things a small issue of securities against a large amount of assets insures safety. A corporation will strain every nerve to pay off $500,000 of notes or bonds to maintain its integrity and solvency, but it will give up the ghost when confronted with the payment all at once of an entire ten million dollar issue, not to mention larger amounts.

Public as well as private corporations are benefited by the serial repayment principle. The rapid creation of debt by countries and cities in recent times has been due to a commendable desire to better conditions of life, but at the same time a huge burden is being prepared for the backs of future generations. Public corporations have long recognized the sinking-fund principle, but its proper management offers many chances of error to the official not experienced in ways of finance, as recent experience in New York State indicates. The serial repayment of municipal indebtedness is not only simple but results in a net saving in taxation.

Finance is regarded as a technical subject, but analyzed it is little but money common-sense. Those who employ common-sense as a guide to life never stake everything on the future.

Business common-sense has gradually crystallized a new principle: namely, that few enterprises are "good" for more than a generation, or at least are good enough to be mortgaged ahead for more than that period. Securities issued in accordance with this principle must of necessity become increasingly popular.

"This is one of the six pairs of Holeproof you gave me last Christmas, Julia—and not a hole in them yet."

Comfort, Style and Long Wear

"They often outwear the guarantee. I'll tell you now what I paid for them—$1.50 for the six pairs."

The new Mercerized Holeproof Socks for men at $1.50 for six pairs, guaranteed six months, are produced by our own exclusive process.

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The genuine Holeproof, bearing this signature, Carl Freschl, are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where there's no dealer near you, charges prepaid on receipt of price.

**Holeproof Hosiery** FOR MEN, WOMAN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof in cotton for men, cost from $1.50 to $3.00 a box of six pairs. For women and children, $2.00 to $3.00 a box of six pairs. For infants, $1.00 a box of four pairs. All the above boxes guaranteed six months. Silk Holeproof for men, $2.00 for three pairs. For women, $3.00 for three pairs. Three pairs of silk guaranteed three months.

Write for free book that tells all about them

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co., of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

For long wear, fit and style, these are the finest silk gloves produced. Made in all lengths, sizes and colors.

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Write for the illustrated book that tells all about them and write for the name of the dealer near you who handles them.

(468)


Every book is, in an intimate sense a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it. They alone take his meaning: they find private messages, assurances of love, and expressions of gratitude, dropped for them in every corner.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is to be Norman Hapgood's book, and thru its pages he hopes to strengthen his many friendships, for he will be interested in the discussion of measures and men, and will sound at all times a literary note of human interest to those who believe in progress, based upon evolution rather than revolution.

The Advertising in HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sold entirely on the reader conviction created by the Editorial policy of Mr. Hapgood. It will be a selected list of only the more dependable and representative American manufacturers and business houses whose merchandise will stand the most discriminating test and whose presentment is clean, wholesome, and true.

We believe that the refined and intelligent American understand the economic necessity of good things to eat, to wear, to enjoy, to live in, if he is to get the fullest value out of life, and we shall seek to win his friendship through our advertising columns by giving him friend's recommendation on his every-day purchases.

Walter H. Hammond

*Advertising Director.*

*H. C. Greening* (East Orange, N. J.)

As an humble endeavorer in the field of illostration—comic, alas!—permit me to congratolate you on the pictures in the first edition of HARPER'S WEEKLY under your management. I've felt that we were to break away from the Leyendecker type some day, and I rejoice that we have found an editor with the courage to do it.

"Take one consideration with another,
A reformer's lot is not a happy one."

But don't let's care.

## STOPPED SHORT

**Taking Tonics, and Built up on Right Food.**

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs.

New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells, is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wis. young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts before retiring.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 lbs. in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh, has changed from a thin, pale nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

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Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIPRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar.

# What They Think of Us

*F. P. A. in The Evening Mail* (New York)

Doubtless a better first number could be issoed than the initial Hapgood one of HARPER'S WEEKLY, but doubtless none ever was.

*Richard Harding Davis*

Heartiest congratulations on the first number. May they all be as good.

*Mary C. Wakefield* (Columbus, O.)

We have yoor new HARPER'S WEEKLY, and have examined it with the greatest enthusiasm. People are speaking of it as "epoch-making." It is all we had hoped for, and more.

We want you to believe that in your work for a *finer America* thousands of readers are "holding up your hands" with their sympathy and appreciation.

Especial thanks for the "feminist" championship.

*Calvert Smith* (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

The first issue of the WEEKLY under editorship of Mr. Norman Hapgood came to-day, and I hope you can do better in the future, especially in the art end of your magazine.

*Miner Chipman* (Boston, Mass.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY, of August 16th, is truly a Hapgoodian publication. Not only new in form, but daring in its physical arrangement. To my mind it is the most attractive weekly paper on the market. I prophesy success for HARPER'S.

*Sidney Rogers Cook*, editor and publisher of the Weymouth (Mass.)

I have just finished reading your first issue and I can't resist telling you how much I have enjoyed it. If it is a sample of what is to come, you should have no fear of the circolation manager's statements.

Of coorse I knew what to expect on the editorial side, but the rest of the contents assures me that you have in that office sufficient ability to furnish the paper *I* want.

*Thomas F. O'Connor* (Waltham, Mass.)

It is very gratifying indeed to behold you in a position of such strategic importance as the editorship of what promises to be a national weekly journal for earnest Americans.

The program described is inspiring and richer indeed than we could hope for. In your grasp of what you must call "The Feminist Movement," particularly, you are far in advance of journalism to-day. It is a new note altogether, yet I confidently believe it will not be onappreciated by those you are reaching for.

*Isaac Adler* (Rochester, N. Y.)

Accept my congratulations on the first number of HARPER'S WEEKLY under your editorship. It is admirable—full of interest from cover to cover, which cannot be said of many publications.

*Guy Du Val* (New York City)

The first number of HARPER'S WEEKLY has filled me with great happiness and I enclose my check for $5.00 for a year's subscription.

Please keep the price ten cents. I am not afraid to spend that som for the paper I like.

*J. G. Berrien* (New York)

The first issue looks clever, sophisticated—snappy. You're deft and cocky with the conical-headed anti-vivisectionists, anti-baseballists and all the other old aunties. I like a paper like this. Success attend you!

*New York Tribune*

Mr. Norman Hapgood seems to have "fused" HARPER'S WEEKLY into something very like a livewire.

*Winthrop Ames* (New York)

Congratulations! The first HARPER'S is mighty good reading; and the form and appearance delightful.

*R. G. B.* (Railroad Young Men's Heathen Association, Springfield, Mass.)

I am not a sickly sentimentalist, but a hard-working fireman on the B. & M. R. R., with a wife and two kiddies to support. I have at times a great admiration for Mr. Hapgood, but wish he wasn't so *damn* (pardon the damn) cock-sure about everything.

*Robert Sterling Yard* (New York City)

I congratulate you heartily upon a significant start. Your first nomber disentanglrs itself from the crowd, instantly and easily. It shows purpose and personality of high degree. It suggests and promises.

*W. B. Parker, The Churchman* (New York)

Please accept my congratulations on the first number of the WEEKLY under yoor editorship. I think the change in form is a great improvement, and I think you make a strong start with Brandeis's article.

*The Wisconsin State Journal*

It is here—the new HARPER'S WEEKLY with Norman Hapgood as editor. Its appearance is wholly good. The old *Journal of Civilization* headpiece crowns the editorial page as the insignia of progress and humanitarianism, borrowed from the stirring days and inspiring leadership of George William Curtis. The typographical make-up is everywhere strong, clean, and clear, in keeping with the nobility of its editorial purpose. Greetings to the new weekly. An old paper that endeared itself to Americans for its battles for the good has come into life again, to once more stoutly battle for the common good. Get it. Rejoice in it. It is a paper for every American to own and abide by. It can have no greater recommendation to high minded citizens than that Col. Blethen's Seattle *Times* condemns it.

*John Graham Brooks*

It's good to get it in hand. It looks the part from the word *go*. As one of my farmers says: "It's gut er sort a sish to it, right along."

*Judge Ben. B. Lindsey* (Denver, Colo.)

Just a line to wish you all the success that you so richly deserve in yoor new venture. We need you, and your absence from the editorial sanctum has been felt.

*J. J. Hogan* (Massena, Iowa)

I see you have an editorial marked "Sassing America," and take from this that the *Monitor* has nn right to an opinion on this song, "America." If your man Norman Hapgood narrows down to this kind of stuff, I for one will quit this paper of yours.

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

STATE NORMAL SCHO...
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 6, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

## UNMARRIED MOTHERS

### ONE BIG JOB FOR

### THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

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If the girl you were to marry should find that she were in love with your best man—and he with her

**What Would You Do?**

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## MARGARET ANGLIN AS VIOLA

*Miss Anglin is to play Viola throughout the United States this season. She asked for a costume without any waist, but theatrical costumers are so used to making women look as much like women as possible when they play boys' parts, that her orders were not carried out. They will be, however, before her performance. Apart from that detail, this picture represents Miss Anglin as she will appear as the heroine of Twelfth Night*

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2959] *Week ending Saturday, September 6, 1913* [10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

## Secretary Lane

WHEN we undertook to secure for the public the full program of the Interior Department, we knew it would be interesting, but we did not expect quite so dramatic a combination of philosophy and practical importance as Mr. Lane was able to give to Mrs. Willsie. He is a man whose work on the Interstate Commerce Commission proved his higness. He dominated that Commission and settled large and complex problems in a way that aroused the admiration of the most competent progressives. He is a Californian, and no one knows the West more thoroughly. He sympathizes with the farmer, the investor, the promoter, the taxpayer, and the future. He settles each big question which comes to him with coolness and experience, and these separate questions all stand out against a background of philosophy adequate to the mighty issues that are at stake. His plans are an important part of current history.

## Our Artists

ONE group of men who are doing much of the drawing on this paper, including Bellows, Davis, Sloan, Morgan, and Cesare, represent the point of view that seeks not merely pleasantness or decorativeness or the suggestion of a sympathetic anecdote, but rather the sincere representation of life as seen by men of character, humor, and insight. Being artists, they seek their expression in drawing and composition, rather than in appeals to sympathies lying outside of their art, but they always seek to express something and to express it truthfully. In a famous French play, a half-educated bourgeois has for his favorite picture a dog on the seashore haying across the waves. He liked that picture, not for what it expressed, but for what it suggested outside of its artistic merits; and a more sophisticated person in the same play hurlesqued him by suggesting the picture of an onion on a platter and praising it by saying that, though but a little simple onion, it nevertheless had the power to bring tears to the eye.

The group of men we have been speaking of are men of talent, who stand apart from Philistine conceptions that still dominate a large portion of an inartistic people, a portion, however, which grows every year less as Americans become acquainted with the whole world and free themselves from the traditions and the point of view which have made against real art. Into a phase of this change of civilization we pass in the succeeding editorial.

## Puritan Decay

THE old morality of the Puritan is passing. In its place are beginning new ideals, more related to the permanent facts of our time. One influence working against the Puritan survival is the great influx from continental nations mixing their blood and their ideals with those which were here earlier. But there is a greater influence. The American people is a practical people. Ours is not the kind of nation that has effective ideals born merely of thought. The only ideals which move it to action are connected with business. The big questions of the day are the distribution of material goods, the methods of production, and the relation of capital to labor. This is what is meant by the social movement. And it is the social movement which is changing all of our ideals, including those of morality. Not many years ago, a discussion such as that on Unmarried Mothers in this issue would have been looked upon as not only indecent but as wholly wrong. The Puritan had his strong points, but his view of sex was not one of them.

## Dangerous Interference

IN the white slave case in San Francisco, Judge Van Fleet, in instructing the jury which found Diggs guilty, very likely interpreted the Mann Act correctly. It is the act itself rather than the interpretation of it which seems to us so extreme that it is likely to do a great deal of harm. Judge Van Fleet interpreted the act as providing that "any person who shall knowingly transport in interstate commerce any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose, shall be deemed guilty of a felony." He also said: "It is immaterial what the character of the two girls involved in these charges was at the time of the acts charged."

Of course we may be mistaken, but if we have any right estimate of the attitude of the American people, or even of general human nature, the position that the United States Government shall punish as a felony any loose relations between the sexes is a stand that will certainly have to give way. The serious side of it is that we are now in a great fight all over the country to make an intelligent improvement in sex standards, and that fight will be interfered with by any such grotesque exaggerations of the functions of law as is represented by the Mann Act. Law ought to hit traffic in immorality wherever it can, but traffic is one thing, and the ordinary personal choice of two individuals is another.



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## Thaw

OUR relations to Mexico interest many; the tariff bill interests a number; so does the currency; a few care about whether we shall retrograde in our treatment of foreign art, or about public affairs in Ohio or Alabama, or any State or city; but a wider appeal than in any of these things lies in the fact that a rich degenerate has escaped from prison, and, being rich, will he able to occupy public attention some more.

## An Early Feminist

SINCE our issue of August 16th appeared, there have been a number of discussions of when the feminist movement began. The New York *Tribune* places it earlier than any one else, maintaining that Adam had the essentials of it. Great men and women from time to time have spoken in as intelligent a way against the hampering traditions concerning women as anybody could speak to-day, but the first person we think of who has written extensively and repeatedly what would be called distinctively feminist literature in the contemporary sense is Richardson. Listen to this from "Clarissa Harlowe":

> I think there is not one man in a hundred whom a woman of sense and spirit can either *honour* or *obey*, though you make us promise *both*, in that solemn form of words which unites, or rather *binds* us to you in marriage. . . . Well do your sex contrive to bring us up fools and idiots, in order to make us bear the yoke you lay upon our shoulders, and that we may not despise you from our hearts (as we certainly should, if we were brought up as you are) for your *ignorance* as much as you often make us do (as it is) for your *insolence*.

And here is another quotation from the same book:

> To be given up to a strange man; to be engrafted into a strange family; to give up her very name, as a mark of her becoming his absolute and dependent property; to be obliged to prefer this strange man to father, mother, to everybody, and his humours to all her own; or to contend perhaps in breach of avowed duty for every innocent instance of freedom—surely, sir, a young creature ought not to be obliged to make all these sacrifices, but for such a man as she can love. If she be, how sad must be the case—how miserable the life, if it be called *life!*

Probably the predatory male has been handled with more influence on public opinion in this novel than in any other book ever written. In "Pamela," Richardson drew in his first heroine a girl of much the same class as the heroine of "Marie Claire," so much commented on a while ago. In treating the relations between parents and children, he shows that same determined humanity of point of view, and is amazingly modern in his almost contemptuous attitude toward parental bullying. All through his works you find notes characteristic of the feminist movement to-day merely because you find a great instinct for just ethics.

## Is This Alarming?

IN rural schools in Missouri, girls are organized into Pick and Shovel Clubs, under the direction of the National Congress of Mothers, to aid in the Good Roads Movement. Would Senator Tillman look upon this activity as threatening the foundations of the Republic?

## The Fright of a Senator

THE biography of Senator Tillman of South Carolina does not need to be rehearsed at this time. He is known to be a violent man, who has been through much rough experience. He lacks civilization and certain other attributes that we might wish him to have, but we never happened to come across him in a state of intense alarm until we read his speech on woman suffrage. Most people who become violently frightened over having women take part in public housekeeping, and public economy, and public education, draw some dull analogy to the later Roman Empire. Of course, the position of women in the later Roman Empire was exactly the position that the feminist movement is trying to change. Women then had no serious responsibility and no multiform duties and powers that might give them stability. They were a parasitic race, depending for their success on their personal influence over individual men, and the first effort of the feminist movement is to get away from that. However, anybody who wishes to make a row about the safety of the Republic will bring in the Roman Empire. Senator Tillman says:

> We had better endure the evils of corruption in politics and debauchery in our government rather than bring about a condition which will mar the beauty and dim the luster of the glorious womanhood with which we have been familiar and to which we have become accustomed all our lives.

Perhaps it is permissible to doubt whether this "glorious womanhood" the Senator is so excited about would be dimmed by having a voice in such questions as whether the age of consent in South Carolina is just and wise, and whether the employment of children in industries is on the best possible basis, and whether Mr. Blease is an ideal governor, or even whether Mr. Tillman is an ideal Senator. One of the prettiest touches in this epoch-marking speech is this:

> As Hannibal gazed mournfully on the bloody head of his dead brother Hasdrubal and prophetically exclaimed, "Carthage, I see thy fate," so I, looking at the growing craze of woman suffrage and the rapid increase in the number of divorces granted in this country, sadly think, if I do not say: "America, thy race is almost run, unless something is done to check thy headlong speed."

Does the Senator's reading of history also lead him to conclude that Carthage was led to its fate by the craze for woman suffrage?

Divorce seems to him an unmixed evil, and therefore South Carolina, where all divorce is impossible, the happiest commonwealth in the American Republic. He is worried because the watering-places and hotel resorts in the mountains "afford opportunities for getting acquainted with other men's wives and other women's husbands." He states that among the rich the women are just as bad as the men, which seems to be a terrible admission for a man engaged in pointing out that the Republic is safe so long as women do not vote and absolutely lost as soon as they do. The rich at whom he is pointing the finger of scorn live mostly in New York and Newport, and women vote in neither New York nor Rhode Island. Forget it, Senator, and get a good book on logic—say William Jevons's.

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## Those Who Care Most

THOSE who are most interested in the outcome of the election in New York City nre the men whom District Attorney Whitman has put hehind the bars. They are the gunmen and Becker, in peril of their lives; and, next to them, the police inspectors now in prison. Nothing could suit the criminal classes and the corrupt members of the police better than to hnve as Mayor n man who is an absolute rubber stamp for Murphy. McCall has never been anything hut a Tammany man. Apart from that he does not exist. He was made a judge only because of his subservience to the machine. He was taken off the bench and put in charge of the subway matter because Tammany looks a long distance ahead and he was being groomed for the mayoralty. The city will spend $250,000,000 on subwnys during the term of the man who is elected Mnyor next November, and Charles F. Murphy cares more about huilding contracts than he does about anything else on earth. With McCall Mayor, those contracts will go to the right people, on the right terms, and Mr. Murphy, who is not a poor man now, will not be any poorer at the end of Mr. McCall's administration. If Mr. McCall is Mayor, there will not be one moment during this four years when he will take one single step that is not satisfactory to Fourteenth Street. During his whole career he has been a pawn in the tiger's game.

When Sulzer selected McCall for his present position, he was playing with Tammany and doing what Tammany wanted him to do. Later he became "fresh," and was punished accordingly. McCall will never be "fresh," and any punishment that is coming to him will not come from Tammany Hall. There does not exist n more typical "front" for that organization than he is. Anyhody who has ever seen him must carry awny a vivid impression of the type of mnn. He is one of the higher up in the organization, although not one of those highest up. Coarse, unspiritual, servile, he has no separate existence. He takes orders, and then he acts with a reasonable amount of ahility on the orders he receives. He would be about as fit a Mayor as Van Wyck. Mitchel, McAneny, Prendergast, and Whitman are the high lights on the Fusion ticket, and their services are well tested, as are those of Pounds nnd Cromwell, while the new nominees to the Board of Estimnte are most admirable selections. On one hand, the city has probably the best all-round ticket ever offered to the voters of New York; on the other hand, it has a ticket that represents the united uncompromising program of the Wigwam. It is up to the so-called intelligence of the voters.

## Are We Advancing?

WILL modern times ever equal in intellectual and artistic flights the past age of Greece, the Renaissance of Italy, the England of Elizabeth? It depends on whether money remains the principal standard of success. The acquisition of wealth calls for industry, frugality, exactness, nnd prudence; it does not require the higher wisdom or insight, or the nohlest development of the character and the human soul.

## War and Conscience

ALTHOUGH recent events indicate we are yet a long day's journey from universal peace, they yet emphasize a marked advance. The rising standard of intelligence renders wars for trivial causes less and less probahle. Very ignorant and suspicious men fight aud kill each other over imaginary slights or trivial values. For thousands of years nations fought over the most insignificant differences. In the future wnrs will not be fought unless something hig is nt stake.

Another significant advance is the development of world conscience. Every nation tries to set itself right before the world when entering into conflict. In the old days, just as corporations were supposed not to need souls, so governments were supposed to have no conscience toward other nations. Pride and bitter resentment were supposed to be their only emotions. Any concessions, even when just, were considered a national disgrnce. If n nation took a stand, right or wrong, it must fight. The world conscience is removing that ridiculous standard. It is becoming a matter of national honor to concede what rightfully belongs to another, and even to yield minor points merely to avoid trouhle. And even after wars hnve begun this conscience play n part in bringing it to a close.

## Disease Superstitions

THE belief is common among primitive and unlettered people that there is a specific remedy that will cure every disease of the body, if it can only be found.

Ignorant and superstitious people are peculiarly and pathetically susceptible to the persuasion of quacks who profess to have found the healing herh for their particular disease, and will go on squandering money and health after being defrauded a dozen times, because in their simple and pitiful faith they think ench time, "Now, maybe, this man has found the real herb that will end my suffering."

This credulity is n matter for patient teaching. The health of the people is a national asset beyond the measure of dollars, but even the economic loss from avoidahle sickness and death runs into unbelievahle figures. The people must be carefully taught—not casually told—that disease is not an accident, not a dispensation of Providence or the infliction of an evil spirit, but the result of environment and of the mode of living. They must learn that health does not return by magic or by magic compounds; but it must be restored by a personal battle against disease.

Generous physicians, newspnpers nnd journnls, and social workers who are giving their time and means to fight the powers that prey, and to spread the gospel of health, realize that education is slow. Thousands are saved every year, but it will take a long, strong effort to reach all the people with the truth. If ever there was an unselfish effort, and one of supreme importance to the country, it is the battle for nationnl vitality.

What about the national health department at Washington?

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# Mr. Lane and the Public Domain

*III. Young America in Washington*

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

MR. WILSON says that what a man is, is less important than the direction in which he is going. In analogy one might say that the most important aspect of the handling of our Public Domain is not so much in the value of the domain itself. The greatest import of the handling is that it shows the direction in which the administration is going. And the administration ought to represent the philosophy of government of most of America.

Washington itself is the last place that takes an administration seriously. It is being slow to understand Mr. Lane and his cabinet. It has its eyes focused on details. It is of paramount importance to Washington whether Mr. Lane appoints a Democrat or a Republican to a land-office in the West. It is eager to accuse Mr. Lane of playing politics. It does not seem to attempt to get his big, fundamental policies; that is, the direction in which he is going. To any one outside of Washington, however, it does not take a very delicately attuned ear to catch the new vocabulary and its general significance.

For the past twenty years there has been growing in America a new order. This order has no formal ritual, no secret grip, no yearly conventions. Yet it is a permanent and constantly augmented society. It is recruited mainly from one class; from the graduates of our great American universities and colleges.

Twenty years ago politics had little relation to college life. But lately college training has been more directly for living. It has had the direct ideal of making citizens. And it has begun to make them! Year after year the colleges are turning out young men and women whom they have fitted for citizenship by training them to earn a living and to understand the economic and social condition under which they will have to live and work. Year after year thousands and thousands of such youngsters are being turned into the ruck of our competitive system. And latterly American politics has begun to feel the effects of this Young America.

MEMBERS of the new order are to be found everywhere and everywhere they have the same hallmarks. It doesn't matter whether you talk to them in Los Angeles or New Orleans or Boston, they show the same traits. They want to know "why," and they have trained minds with which to accept or reject the answer. They have a keen interest in economics and they know how to compare a party platform with an economic principle and how to apply both to the existing need. College, catching them young, forced on them ideals that they can't lose. They like light and they like a fair deal, and they believe that it's not sportsmanlike to be dishonest.

Until very recently this vast, rapidly growing order has had no leaders. And Young America is so young that it has needed leaders. It has needed men over forty-five who have kept a capacity for understanding youth and who have the wisdom that only forty-five can bring. The election last fall suited a good many different types of people. No type was better suited than Young America. And Mr. Wilson's choice of certain members of his cabinet showed that he knew pretty well what Young America needed.

No one has caught more keenly than the new Secretary of the Interior the significance of the new order. He realizes that a new order demands new answers.

"The traditionalist," he said, "who believes that the last word in politics or in economics was uttered a century ago, is as far from the truth as he who believes that the temporary emotion of the public is the stone-carved word from Sinai. A railroad-people are not to be controlled by ox-cart theories.

"The foundation of government is man. His institutions, whether social or political, must come out of his wants and his capacities. The problem of government therefore is not always what should be done, but what can be done.

"The only real traditions of a people are those beliefs that have become a part of us like the good manners of a gentleman. They are really our sympathies; sympathies born of experience. Subjectively they give a standpoint; objectively they give a background, a deep rich background like that of some master of light and shade, some Rembrandt whose picture is one great gloomy mystery of darkness, save in a central spot of radiant light, where stands a single group or figure that holds the eye and enchants the imagination. History may give to us the one bright face to look upon, but it is in the deep mystery of the background that the real story is told; for therein to those who can see are the groping multitudes, feeling their way blindly toward the light of self-expression."

THIS capacity for thinking in terms of humanity is characteristic of Young America. It is this characteristic, modified by his wide experience, that marks Mr. Lane's policies. Mr. Lane dominated the Interstate Commerce Commission and he dominated it by his balanced attitude. The owner is a human to the Secretary, as well as the employee. On the Commission, he stood for the shipper and the passenger, but at the same time he proposed that the railroads should have their chance to make every cent that was justified by their investment. It is this sort of balance that is needed by Young America.

In dealing with the problems of the Public Domain, this quality is especially necessary. One ought to consider always the element of risk. The Government can assume the risk of money loss better than the individual in the development of natural resources, but how much this ought to be considered in handling our resource problems with the ever present antagonism of private interests and public welfare is a problem for the balanced mind.

The position of a Secretary of the Interior on the matter of land is peculiarly difficult. The policy must be formulated then the General Land Office gotten into shape for administering the policy or it is futile. The General Land Office is overworked and underpaid. It is constantly accused of having a graft system. The forming of policies is a gigantic task; but, added to this, the Secretary must organize his administrative force into effective service. In the face of every sort of pressure, he must find men who will carry out his ideas, or else the real results of his policies are nothing.

ONE of Mr. Lane's most pressing questions is what system shall be applied to lands and resources that come under the Withdrawal Act. This Act allows public lands to be withdrawn for water-power sites, irrigation, classification, and other purposes. Once withdrawn, however, the problem is how to get them back into such public service as will promote development and prevent mere exploitation. Not only lands for tilling are included in this problem, but also lands containing oil, gas, potash, and nitrate. Shall the government give these to the public under a leasing system, or shall it allow small holdings with their attendant probability of growth into monopoly? If Mr. Lane follows his land-policy with regard to these he probably will favor the small holdings wherever it is possible to safeguard against monopoly. This is what Mr. Lane said about land:

"The land-question in the United States is the question of how best the land that the government owns can be put into public service and what is the highest service to which it can be put. Some people think the government should maintain entire indifference as to the hands

into which these lands fnll; that, although this immediately will lead to land monopoly, it ultimately will lead to small holdings and full use. As far as the government has indicated a policy, it is that land shall become the abode of hnuseholders. We wish to do whatever we can to prevent land monopoly. That is the theory of the Homestead law, always to limit the nmount any one person can take up. In passing the Reclamntion Act, units were decreed. Our land policy is to get families on to the land not as tenants in the European sense hut as owners, identified with the soil.

"This becomes a great social problem. In fifty years we are to have a nation of more than one hundred and fifty millions of people. Uncle Snm wants as many as possihle of these to be tied to him hy land interest and to be contributing to his wealth hy aetual productiveness. The only real land problem is to retain for families the opportunity to get land and to keep these lands from corporations or those who wish to hold them for themselves regardless of their contrihution to the general welfare."

WHEN the Secretary of the Interior has prohlems such as this to solve it seems to the ohserver a stupid waste of time that he should be constantly interrupted hy visitors and their personal needs. This is the conclusion the abashed layman reached the first day in Mr. Lane's office. At the end of the week that opinion was very much modified. These visitors supply the Secretary with continental gossip. It is his constant sorting and cntaloging of this gossip that gives the human side to Mr. Lane's policies. It is this sense of proportion, a quick getting of the hird's-eye view that comes only with the years that Young America needs.

One morning a stout woman came into the Secretary's office. Her face was the face of impassive grief. She did not smile as the Secretary greeted her. She did not take the chair he offered her.

"Why," she said in a tooeless voice, "have you taken the roof from over my head?"

The Secretary's ordinarily inscrutahle face showed surprise. But before he could speak his visitor repeated, "Why are you taking the food from my children's mouths?"

"Madam!" exclaimed the Secretary, "you must not talk in this manner!"

The woman's toneless voice interrupted him. "Why," she said, "have you taken the roof from over my head?"

"Madam! You—" began Mr. Lane again.

"Why are you taking the hread from my children's mouths," said the visitor. "Why are you depriving me of my chance to support my family?"

The Secretary capitulated. "Madam," he said, leading her gently hut firmly toward the door. "You shall keep your joh. As long as I live or have influence, you shall keep your joh. I shall recommend to my successor and to each succeeding successor that you have a life position!"

The woman did not smile. The Secretary closed the door upon her and came hack to his desk wiping his forehead, while his eyes twinkled.

"I can heed the voice of suffering humanity, as well as any one," he said. "But this is the last time that I shall attempt the spoils system where a woman is concerned. This is my unalterable decision."

The Secretnry signed documents and listened to callers for two hours after this ineident and theo in a moment's lull, he said:

"It was ludicrous yet it was tragic. This procession of women to my office, fighting for their jobs, is a terrihle thing. A woman ought not to have to do such a thing. Yet here they nre, untaught, utterly unprepared to take care of themselves, nnd their jobs held oo the caprice of one man. We train our boys. But the way we give our daughters to life utterly untrained is appalling. We have lived two thousand years since Christ and yet we have not learned how to take care of nur women. Two thousand years and we have a city like Washington, containing conditions like these. The thought of that woman haunts me."

THE Secretary's quality of human sympathy should be valuahle to the Indian in the formulation of a policy for the Indian Bureau. Mr. Lane looks on this not only as an important bureau, but as the most interesting in many ways of all his departments. It is also the most difficult one for which to make an adequate policy.

In commenting on Mr. Lane's Indian policy one must take ioto consideration the extreme complexity of the Indian situation. All the questions that confront the Department of the Interior in general with regard to Puhlic Domain appear in the Indian Department hut in a highly complicated form. Indian lands in America are valued at half a hillion dollars. They contain waterpower sites, timber, coal and gas, oil, asphalt, and thousands of acres of rich tilling soil. The Indian lands must support the Indian. They ought to be safeguarded so that his children's children may hold them. They nre his.

Now if there were no other conditions than these and the Indians, with their lnnds, were segregated so that only the white administrators could come in contact with them, that administration would be a tremendous undertaking. The Indian is not to be administered to the Indian's satisfaction hy the white. The white has the commercial type of mind. His theory of life, of government, of society is the theory of the trading mind. The Indian is inherently uncommercial. He has no sense of values as the white understands them. It is impossible, for example, to make an Indian understand that land is permnnently salnhle; that it can stay sold. He thinks that it is as impossihle to sell land as it is to sell air. He believes that land and all that pertains to it beloogs to the tribe, hut to the tribe only in trust for the unborn. His miod will oot assimilate the white's ideas of money measurements.

This quality of the Indian mind would make the white administration of Indian affairs difficult if the Indian were segregated. But he is not segregated. Moreover, he has something that the white man wnnts. And the white will cease to try to get this, hy fair means and foul, only when the Indian ceases to hold property.

THE Indian office must stand as a huffer between the Indian, who can not understand, and the white, who is greedy. It is ohvious that the work of the Indian Office calls for highly specialized training. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs receives a salnry of $5,000 a year. His assistant, $3,500. No one else on the statutory roll of the Indian Office at Washington gets more than $2,250. The men who handle Indian affairs ought to have nn intimate knowledge of the Indian mind. That alone requires years of difficult study. They ought to be skilled in the handling of large sums of money. They ought to have a far seeing humanity. They ought to understand land values and the devcloping of natural resources on the lands. They nught to have a clear knowledge of the ohligation of the nation to the Indian, and suffieient intelligence to apply a hroad and fundamental policy to existing daily conditions. And they ought to be honest.

No man, unless he happens to be a "Son of Martha," is going to give these qualifications to the Indian Office nt the salary offered. There are efficient men in the Indian service. But these are not in the majority. The Indian Office has long been a lahyrinth of inefficiency and graft, whose intricacies it has been impossihle for the competent man to disentangle in the short time allowed him in office. The system of Indian spoliation has extended from congressmen to the man who sells groceries on the reservations. The prohlem of the Indian is the problem of finding the right policy and then of finding men to interpret that policy.

This is Mr. Lane's Indian policy:

"The best hope that I see for the Indian is to allot his property to him as rapidly as possihle. A portion of this property he should not be ahle to alienate so that it will remain to him nnd his children as n permanent insurance against the greed of the whites and his own incompetence. The greatest service that we can do to

the Indian is to set him free, and the Indian Bureau should be a vanishing bureau.

"We should have a permanent Commission of Inquiry into Indian matters. An examination should be made into Indian affairs and it should be most searching. I am satisfied that it will be easy to discover that a large number of wrongs have been done the Indian and that there are serious defects in our methods of handling them.

"I am satisfied that there are tens of thousands of so-called Indians, whose property to a greater or less degree is under the control of this Bureau, who are as competent to attend to their own affairs as any man or woman of the white race. The mature, full-blood Indian who is without education or ability to care for his own affairs must remain a ward on our hands. The children of these Indians, however, should within a generation be a part of the American people, living outside of reservations and taking up the burdens of all other citizens. Their education should be such as to bring this about and end the Bureau."

IN a way all the problems of the Interior Department are human problems. But with the Indian problem more than all others it is essential that the Secretary put himself in the other man's place, to see and feel with the eye and heart of an alien race. We owe a debt to the Indian that it is too late to pay. The best we can do is to show a tardy honesty toward the fragment that survives our commercialism.

It is not easy to pay an old debt. It will not be altogether greed that will urge us toward ignoring the Indian's rights. It will be difficult to urge Young American to look backward long enough to recognize America's obligation to the Indian. New ideals are too prone to make us forget old obligations. Here Mr. Lane's leadership is valuable. New trails, cleared, but modified by old traditions, is his motto:

"Yet, with all our searchings and our probings," he said, "who knows more of the human heart to-day than the old Psalmist? And what is the problem of government but one of human nature?

"We may not follow the supreme tradition of the race to create a newer, sweeter world, unless we give heed to its complementary tradition that man's experience cautions him to make a new trail with care. He must curb courage with common sense.

"Let me illustrate by a description of one of our western railroads. When you or I look upon that stretch of steel we wonder at the daring of its builders. They were great men who boldly built that railroad, great in imagination, greater in deeds; for they were men so great that they did not build a line that was without tradition. The route that they followed was built by the buffalo and the elk, ten thousand years ago. The bear and the deer followed it generation after generation, and after them came the trapper and then the pioneer. It was already a trail when the railroad engineers came with transit and chain. The track was laid up beside the stream and along the ridge. But there was no thought of following the old trail down into the cañon. There the spirit of the new age broke through tradition. The cañon was leaped and the mountain heart was pierced that man might have a swifter and safer way to the Land of Heart's Desire."

WE put a tremendous responsibility on the man who is made Secretary of the Interior. His is the most heavily loaded office in the Cabinet. Beside the great bureaus already mentioned, the Secretary has charge of the National Parks, which comprise over 4,500,000 acres of land which Congress has from time to time set aside as national play-grounds. But Congress has at the same time made no adequate provision for their administration. Congress makes separate appropriations for the care of each of the parks. The rest is up to the Secretary of the Interior.

The Geological Survey with its annual expenditure of a million and a half of dollars, its work of inestimable value to the public domain, also its inadequate rented quarters, belongs to the Department of the Interior.

The Pension Office with its appropriation for 1913 of $164,500,000 and the Patent Office are in Mr. Lane's Department. The Bureau of Education, American Antiquities, Superintendent of Capitol Buildings and Grounds, Government Hospital for the Insane, Freedmen's Hospital, Howard University, and the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb are in Mr. Lane's care. If each department were not of itself so important the grouping of their direction in the hands of one man would be laughable. As a matter of fact such a conglomeration of businesses under one head is stupid and unfair.

No department of government is criticized more than that of the Secretary of the Interior, nor is there any department of which we know less. One can not sit in Mr. Lane's office for any length of time and not realize how hard it is for a man in the Secretary's position to get his ideas across to the public, the people in whom he is honestly interested. The little is too little to say, the much, too much. Every statement and act must pass through many hands before the report of it reaches the man at the cross-roads or the shoe-machine, or Young America.

In the heavy stress of the Department's work mistakes must be made, and it is usually the one foolish appointment or decision that reaches the public and not the ten wise ones.

It gives one a renewed sense of the permanent rightness of human endeavor when one discovers that men with Mr. Lane's ideals of public service are not isolated phenomena, but that he typifies a breed; new to American politics, indeed, but a breed that always has lived and always will, simply because it is human. One suspects that Mr. Lane is himself one of those "Sons of Martha" for whom he searches so diligently!

"The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favor their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper once and because she was rude to the Lord, her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons world without end, reprieve, or rest.

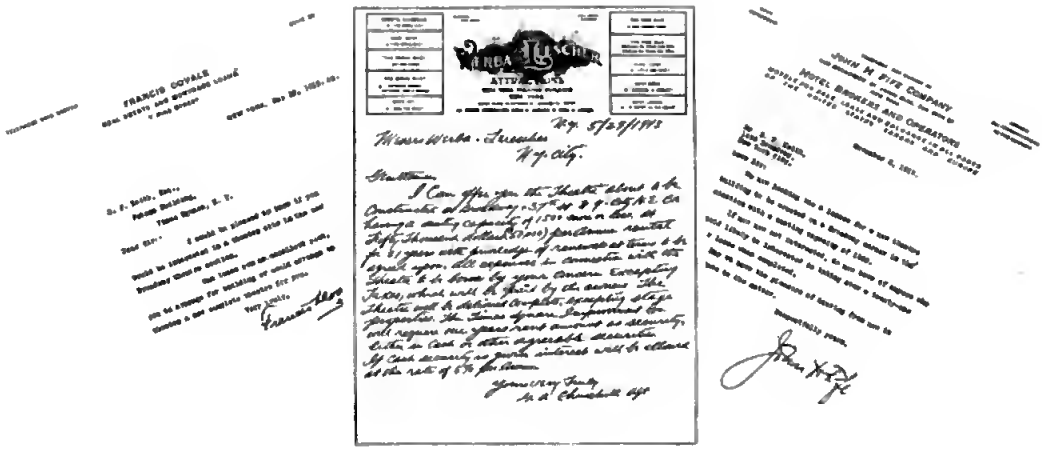
"It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock,
It is their care that the gear engages, it is their care that the switches lock,
It is their care that the wheels run truly, it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

"Lift ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path more fair or flat,
Lo! It is black already with blood some Son of Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given, to their own kind, in their common need."

**CATS**

**By Stuart Davis**

*The Davis cartoon for next week will be*
"Hay-fever"



# Too Many Theaters

By RALPH E. RENAUD

ALONG Broadway they still have their heads together discussing the "Great Mystery." Managers are concerned over it, playwrights are in despair about it, actors are dismayed at it, and even the mere theater-goer pauses in wonder to consider it. They are all draped at half-mast, as it were, because more than seventy-five plays failed last season—the most disastrous for the producer in the history of the American stage.

Broadway is the place where they profess to tell you the "inside" of all affairs theatrical. Consequently, every one who summers on this most advertised of resorts has an explanation for which he exhibits a touching personal fondness. One prattles earnestly of automobiles. Another solemnly declares that the press-agent has combined with the magazines to destroy the illusion of the stage. A third, rubbing a blue and stubby chin, opines that the playwrights and performers of to-day are incompetent second-raters—"Not what they were, my boy, when Augustin Daly . . ." and so on. But most are content with the Broadway catch-phrase, "It's a gamble, anyway." Wall Street and the Chinese Six Companies are no quicker to blame everything that goes wrong on the Joss of Luck.

But, amid all this explanation which doesn't explain, it seems strange that so few should have discerned the real condition influencing the destinies of the drama. Some of the shrewder managers, indeed, assert that there are too many theaters, and that is very true. But even they do not seem to realize, or do not care to admit, just what this signifies.

As a matter of fact, the drama, which has not been in the hands of the dramatist since Shakespeare controlled the doughty old Blackfriars Company, has in the last three or four years passed from the hands of the booking-agent into those of the real-estate man and the speculator in leases.

THEATRICAL enterprise is now as diffuse as it was concentrated in the days of the trust. The pendulum has swung to the other extreme. And just because that iron centralization which the Syndicate enforced no longer exists, few people appreciate what a profound and significant change the theater in New York is undergoing, what important modifications it is causing in the drama itself, or what a pronounced effect it has upon the intellectual life of the entire United States.

The first thing that strikes one in looking over the situation is the amazing number of theaters in New York. As the Fire Department is compelled by law to keep a fireman in every place operating under a theatrical license, their figures may be accepted as accurate. According to their list there are one hundred and twenty-eight theaters in Manhattan and the Bronx. Excluding a few, like Carnegie Hall and Madison Square Garden, which are not properly playhouses, the number drops to one hundred and twenty-one. Of these forty-four are producing-houses and the rest either vaudeville or devoted to a combination of vaudeville and moving pictures.

But in order to understand the problem it is necessary to consider the moving-picture-houses. The Fire Department also keeps track of these, but as many of them are mushroom growths, springing up and wilting within a week, it is impossible to state their exact number. It is estimated, however, that there are about nine hundred places in Greater New York devoted exclusively to the exhibition of films.

When you take paper and pencil to figure the seating capacity, the results are so staggering that you rub your eyes and go over your arithmetic half-a-dozen times—as I did. There are 160,741 seats in those one hundred and twenty-one theaters, and a fair average for each interior picture-house would be two hundred and fifty. To avoid all suspicion of padding our figures let us assume that every theater in New York closes after a season of forty weeks, or three hundred and twenty performances. For the sake of reaching a result apply the same season to the picture-houses, though fifty per cent of them remain open in the summer and many of those that close are replaced by open-air arenas. It is also fair to assume at least two performances a day for the film theater. On that basis, then, the yearly capacity of the New York theaters is 51,436,120 and of the moving-picture houses 108,000,000—a stupendous total of 159,436,000! Note that the figures for the "movies" are strictly conservative. Daniel Frohman, in a recently published statement, estimated the *actual daily attendance* at moving pictures in New York to be 500,000, which would make a year's total of 154,000,000 *attendance* at the picture-houses alone. Obviously, this is an exaggeration. One may be very sure that one tenth of the population is not attending moving pictures every week day in the year, and neither the theaters nor the picture-houses sell anywhere near their capacity except on Saturday nights. But one may be equally sure, on the other hand, that the metropolis could in the course of a year seat the entire population of the United States in its various theaters and then accommodate every man, woman and child in Japan—all without hanging out the "S. R. O." sign! On the face of it, such a capacity is beyond the requirement of any city in the world.

NOW let us examine the rate of increase in producing-houses. Theaters, like any other manufactured commodity, are supposed to respond to the law of supply and demand. So it will be necessary to consider the demand. In this connection it must be understood that the forty-four producing-houses (the so-called first-class theaters) do not merely compete among themselves. Every vaudeville theater is a direct and lively competitor of the best house in town and none of the managers, contemplating his empty galleries, is inclined to sneer at the competition of the picture-houses. Indeed, the automobiles drawn up in front of many of these explain vacancies even on the ground floor of the better playhouses. It will be well to remember, then, that film theaters are opening at the rate of about 100 a year and that vaudeville theaters are rapidly dotting every street corner in certain localities.

A few years ago the opening of a new theater was considered something of an event in New York. People put on their best hibs and tuckers to see it. The rate was one, or at most, two a year. But in the season of 1911–12 four first-class theaters were erected. Last year the list was increased by eight. They are: The Children's, the Forty-eighth Street, the Princess, the Longacre,

the Eltinge, the Cort, the Forty-fourth Street Roof, the Palace.

The Palace, though a vaudeville house, plays to $2, and so belongs among the first-class theaters. It brings the complete list to forty-four.

LONDON, which is as large as New York and Chicago combined, has but thirty producing-theaters. And what is still more significant, London thinks it has enough—at least no one dreams of building any more for a while. However, this may be merely British conservatism!

In New York, on the contrary, there seem to be persons who imagine the city is ill supplied with theaters. At any rate, the building activity continues unabated. From all indications there is an excellent prospect that next year will break the record.

At present, among first-class theaters, the Ames and the Shubert are almost completed. The Thirty-seventh Street, for which the foundation is already excavated, has been abandoned for lack of a tenant, according to the latest report. A production-house will be started at once on the west side of the Candler Building, on Forty-second Street, on a block where there are now eight theaters. Besides these there is Oscar Hammerstein's new opera house on Lexington Avenue.

A theater is building on Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. A theater is building at Forty-seventh and Broadway (the Strand). Plans have been filed for a theater at Crotona Parkway and Elsmere Place. In the Bronx the Royal and the Bronx Opera House are projected. And on upper Broadway, within twenty-seven blocks, the following sites have been offered to producing-managers with the assurance that theaters were to be erected thereon: southwest corner Eightieth Street, northwest corner Eighty-fourth Street, southeast corner Nintieth Street, southwest corner Ninety-fifth Street (Vincent Astor's theater), Broadway near Ninety-seventh Street (next to the Riverside Theater), southeast corner One Hundred and Third Street, southeast corner One Hundred and Seventh Street, west side of Broadway between Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth Streets.

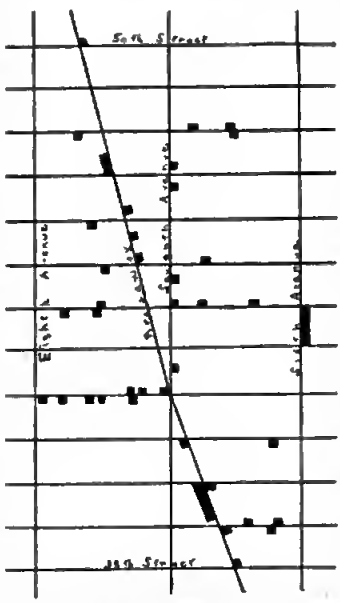
Probably some of these theaters will not be built. On the other hand, as there is no means of determining the plans of individuals before they become a matter of record, I do not pretend to have offered a complete list of projected theaters. However, the nineteen mentioned above would suggest that the market for theaters could hardly be described as torpid.

BUT why, if the demand has already been met—why, if there are already enough theaters, do they keep on building more? Ah, that query prods the quick of the whole matter! As the promoter is undoubtedly the most potent influence in the present building activity, his point of view will throw considerable light on the question.

Building a first-class theater calls for an investment of approximately $450,000—$300,000 for the land and $150,000 for the structure. The gross rent runs about $45,000, which means a profit on the investment of $15,000 a year, increasing as the interest on the mortgages and loans subsides.

In order to get the same rent from a loft building a structure costing $350,000 would be required. It is to be presumed that the land will increase in value in twenty years, necessitating a more remunerative building. Now a theater which originally cost only $150,000 can be torn down, but an owner will hesitate a long time before he orders $350,000 to the junk pile. Moreover, as a capitalist often owns lots adjoining that on which he plans to build, the effect on these of the structure he erects is of considerable interest to him. A theater with its thronging crowds enhances the value of adjoining business properties as nothing else will. A specific instance of this is to be found in a small candy store next to the New Amsterdam Theater on Forty-second Street. Nine years ago, when there were but three theaters in the vicinity, this was leased for $2,500. Today, when there are eight theaters in the same block, the lessee pays $4,500. The owner of a theater in the heart of the play-going district informs me that a church property across the street from his house was in the market ten years ago for $225,000, while last year the price had risen to $480,000.

POPULATION is also a favorite topic with the promoter. Within a radius of fifteen miles of Times Square, says he, there are 7,000,000 who come to Manhattan when they want to see "a good show." In addition there is the city's 300,000 floating population, mostly composed of pleasure-seeking "show shoppers." Besides this there is the normal increase in the population of 140,000 a year. This looks like fairly fertile ground to the man with a Broadway theater of only 1,000 capacity.




*This area, which is a little over half a mile long and a little under a third of a mile wide, contains forty theaters*

Then, of course, there is the argument of the tremendous returns assured by a success. Certainly two and two sometimes seem to make forty in the theatrical game. "The Spring Maid" is a typical case. According to Mark A. Luescher, that dainty operetta coined $160,000 for the theater during its run at the Liberty and half as much for the producers (their expenses being heavier). That totals $240,000—almost enough to buy a theater outright, lock, stock, and box-office! The combined net profits of "Peg o' My Heart" would have been sufficient to pay for the new Cort Theater if John Cort had produced the comedy. "Within the Law," with its phenomenal metropolitan success and its six companies on the road this year, will pay for the new Eltinge Theater and leave a handsome margin. And yet there are managers who remember the time when banks looked on theaters as much the same sort of security as livery stables!

EVERYBODY knows that against these golden dreams of the producer are to be set black nightmares of ruin. Charles Frohman once said that any man who stuck to producing would die broke. But, asserts the promoter, that need not worry the lessee of a theater. In New York the house gets fifty per cent of the gross proceeds of a show and the play is considered a failure unless it brings in $5,000 a week. However, the rent is only $1,000 a week, and operating expenses do not amount to more than another $1,000. Suppose a play is such a calamitous failure that it closes after eight performances. Though the producer may lose an investment in scenery and costumes equal to the annual rental of the theater, the lessee can not lose more than $2,000 and has forty more chances to recoup during the season—one chance a week. Then there is always the overflow from the successes on Saturday night, which often provides capacity attendance for a show that during the rest of the week is in the same condition as the proverbial church mouse. Indeed, hints the promoter, even failures may tide things over to a better day. The Harris Theater, previous to the advent of "The Master Mind," housed twelve consecutive offerings in reduced circumstances, yet remained open and presumably paid the rent.

Naturally, this is the rosy side of theater-operating. But so fully has it been accepted in New York that any one who will put up a year's rent can find somebody to put up a theater for him. The statement seems absurd, but it can be verified in the office of any producing-manager. The promoter, or go-between, kindly attends to everything from the finances to the finishing touches. He gets his commission and gets out. If the lessee "quits broke" at the end of a year the owner takes his chance of interesting some one else. There is always a new producer willing to gamble on the lucky hit.

The theatrical situation in the metropolis is being rapidly reduced to a real-estate scramble of capitalists speculating in theaters and managers speculating in leases. And let it be understood that it is not so much the theatrical men who are seeking to achieve new theaters as it is the real-estate men who are seeking to thrust theaters upon them. This spring a beaming real-estate operator rushed into a manager's office and proudly announced that he had secured the northwest corner of Broadway and a certain cross street for a theater that would "pack 'em in." He was guided gently but firmly to the door. Within an hour another operator popped in with the glad tidings that he was going to put up a theater immediately on the southwest corner of the same intersection. Neither had heard of the other's brilliantly original plan.

THE ideal arrangement, of course, is where a producer of plays, requiring a workshop, conceives the idea of erecting a theater and either puts in his own money

or interests friendly capital. It is perfectly safe to assume that none of the eight theaters opened last year (with possibly one exception) was erected on that basis. It isn't necessary. The real-estate man is right at the manager's elbow, poking theaters under his nose. And though some contrive to resist the lure, it is a very tempting proposition for a producer to have his name carved over the door of his own playhouse with nice pieces in the papers about Mr. So-and-so's growing prominence on Broadway.

To show the extent of this inflation I may state that I saw two hundred letters on file at the United Booking Offices, all containing offers from real-estate men to lease or build theaters. The two letters from operators to B. F. Keith herewith reproduced are typical of the rest and clearly illustrate the speculative aspect of the matter. Every producer I have seen has been offered the Thirty-seventh Street Theater; the proposition as written out by the agent for Messrs. Werba and Luescher is given here. This firm, by the way, received fifty separate offers to build theaters for them after the prosperity of "The Spring Maid" had been established. Sol Bloom, one of the most energetic and efficient of the promoters, frankly stated that he had no tenant for the new theater he is putting up on Forty-second Street, but asserted that his playhouse would be so attractive he would have no difficulty in securing one. Arthur Hopkins says that he has been offered the leases of several theaters even in the short time since he produced "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

Yet, when Werba and Luescher reject all the fifty proposals they receive, and Henry W. Savage, one of the biggest of the producers, steadfastly refuses to have a theater in New York, there must be some argument on the other side. There is. There are now in New York ten legitimate production-houses either closed or turned over to stock or the "movies." They are: The Academy of Music, Daly's, the Berkeley, the New York, the Garden, the Park, the Bijou, the Broadway, the Herald Square, Wallack's.

Some of these, it is true, are old, dilapidated, and off the highroad. But none is as old as the Drury Lane Theater in London, which was considered good enough this year for the farewell season of Forbes-Robertson. And not all of them are ancient relics; several are strictly modern and exceptionally favored by location. It is to be observed, also, that the last five on the list dropped out of the running only this year, though eight new production-houses were opened. All of them struggled along against odds, only to be eventually closed or invaded by the film-operator. Those that have become picture-houses, of course, still furnish a certain amount of competition for their former peers.

These are extreme cases. Usually if a theater encounters stormy weather the public hears nothing about it, for it is a cardinal principle in stageland to advertise only the silver lining. Theaters and apartment-houses do not go into the hands of receivers; they merely pass from one lessee to another. There is an item in the papers, "The Pegasus Playhouse will be run next season under the management of A. Newcomer," and that is all. Theatrical leases of the better sort will not be peddled about at a reduction, for no matter how lean the past has been, with a new season all the production-houses start with a fairly even chance. But it would be an easy matter to name several theaters which passed through parlous times in the last twelvemonth. One of the newest changed hands within a month after it opened.

THUS far all this discussion of the building mania has applied to the theater regarded as a business. Before going on to inquire into the matter in its relation to the art of the theater, it may be as well to admit that even an overproduction of playhouses has certain advantages. Here and there are managers who claim there are not too many theaters. Among them is Arthur Hopkins, interesting as a young producer who made a success of his first big Broadway venture. "What chance," he asks, "would a person named Hopkins have had several years ago to get into the Hudson Theater? One case like 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' is bound to bring others into the field." But his comparison with the past makes his statement merely relative. Certainly nothing worse could exist than coalitions in the day of the Syndicate, when terms excessive enough to amount to extortion were exacted of the outside producer. It is true, however, that an excess of theaters does tend to make new producers (and break them), to curtail the life of poor plays forced in New York with a view to rewards on the road, and in an indirect way to prevent the shipment of inadequate companies into "the provinces," as theatrical folk are beginning to call everything that lies beyond the Five Boroughs.

But it is quite necessary to draw the distinction between enough and too many. Up to a certain point theater-building is a good thing for everybody concerned: for the lessee, the producer (these two being generally one and the same), the owner, the actor, the playwright, and the public. Continue to build and conditions become bad for the producer, the playwright, the public, and possibly the actor. Go beyond that point and the producer, the playwright, and the actor are all at sea; the public is robbed of much of its choicest entertainment; and even the owner and lessee begin to pay the piper. New York is plunging toward this last turn.

IF the public were not affected it would not care how much speculation were going on—whether there were fifty theaters or five hundred in Manhattan. But the public is directly affected. An unhealthy activity in the building of theaters in New York makes a distinct difference in the quality and kind of drama purveyed all over the United States.

An exception should be made of the so-called "big" successes—entertainments of last season's crop like "The Whip," "The Lady and the Slipper," "Within the Law," and "Peg o' My Heart." If there had been a theater on every street corner in the city it would have made no difference in the success of these shows. Indeed, the excessive number of theaters doubtless made business for plays of this type, as the ticket agencies "center" on them for the sake of maintaining the speculator's rake-off. This naturally withdraws patronage from less favored offerings.

It is the play of special appeal, the play of moderate success, and the play which does not happen to square with the distinctive taste of New York which suffer. This is largely due to the splitting up of patronage. No theater has a clientele any more, not even the Little Theater with its tiny auditorium. Stars are losing their loyal supporters. Mrs. Fiske used to say she had about a ten weeks' following in New York. She can not be sure of that under present conditions. Diffuseness is the order of the day—except at the ticket agencies. There used to be a special public for the play of limited appeal, which may mean the play of unlimited stimulus. Now they are circumfused in half-a-dozen directions. Indeed, though the critical faculty is developing among theater-goers and the play of modest charms might under ordinary circumstances win its meed of appreciation, the well-known "intellectual public" is largely lost in the shuffle.

THREE plays of the past season materially affected by the scattering of patronage were "The Yellow Jacket," "Rutherford and Son," and Annie Russell's revivals of classic comedies ("farces by dead authors," as Pinero calls them). "The Yellow Jacket" was wholly unprecedented on our stage and called for an unusual quality of imagination on the part of its audiences. The critics recognized its worth at once and it was given the benefit of extensive and clever advertisement. But it battled vainly against the tide. Other houses attracted just enough patronage of the sort that would have relished its quaintness to make the difference between an artistic and a financial triumph.

ENOUGH has already been said to indicate in a general way what effect all this has on the country at large. New York is, and for a long time will continue to remain, the producing-center of the United States. It has always purveyed dramatic entertainment to the rest of the nation, but formerly the partialities of the rest of the nation used to be considered a little. Now very few productions go out that are not stamped "O. K., N. Y." What New York doesn't happen to care for, remains in the city for a quiet little burial near Forty-second Street.

This is a good thing or not, according to the esteem in which you hold the critical acumen of the metropolis. Some people believe that in spite of the magnificent support it gives many fine plays, New York often exercises a suppressive influence on much that is best in the drama.

HOWEVER, this is largely due to conditions for which New York in the mass isn't in the least responsible. It does seem odd, though, that just at the time when the Shuberts and the Syndicate have found it necessary to come together in agreement to close theaters all over the United States, the speculative theater-building craze should be at its height in Manhattan.

Here is what Lee Shubert, the quick yet quiet "little brown man" of the theater, who knows the business end of it backward, has to say about the situation:

"There was just too much property lying around loose and the owners didn't know what to do with it—that's all. But all this building makes it bad—bad for everybody.

"Everybody knows, or rather, anybody ought to know, there's going to be a big crash if this budding doesn't stop!"

And the Shuberts, with their eighteen theaters in Greater New York, are commonly credited with being the most successful real-estate operators in the business.

## JACK'S

By Wallace Morgan

*The Morgan cartoon for next week will be*
"Sunday in the Park"

# TRAGEDY

## How It Feels to Act It

By MARGARET ANGLIN

IT may appear paradoxical that a work or series of works demanding the greatest concentration and mentally exhausting study should be joyous and enlivening, but many of the Greek plays seem to me to be not academic but on the contrary simple, human, and most of all splendidly flawless drama. I am not a propagandist, and, whatever I may say or think of the plays of Euripides, Æschylus, or Sophocles as offerings for the modern theater, I shall go only so far in my statements regarding them as can be and has been actually demonstrated. I do believe they should be more often *acted*, that they have been too long on the book-shelves, and for too long a time the object of suspicious venom in the sophomore and the freshman.

Too long have they been left in the clutch of some of the venerable, if not venerated, ones who will not have the plays disturbed by modern actors, and will only have them done, if at all, as closely to the original mode of presentation as possible. That would, of course, mean no women, and if consistently followed, lead to the cothurnus and mask and other ancient accessories, which, while they might be of interest as archaeological curiosities, could hardly be relied upon to make a general appeal. I have found that a reverence for the text and a beautiful yet austere mounting and presentation preserved fully the quality and character of at least one Greek play, *Antigone*, and brought it within the appreciation and enjoyment of several thousands of modern Americans. I can not believe that I put too fine a point upon it, when I say that this performance *held* these people for over two hours in the deepest interest, and this is more than can be said of many of our modern successes. It is too early to say what *Electra* will do in the same theater, but I am more than confident as to the effect and result.

REINHARDT, in Berlin, worked wonders with *Œdipus Rex;* light and shade played in constant sympathy with the varying moods of the principal characters; the people of the mob stood, not still and intoning, but, in volume, movement, and in gesture, terribly real, a vast mass of living, starving people. They were not merely actors obeying an inflexible tradition, or formally reciting the reading matter of hardly accessible text-books.

This production should be seen in New York, in English of course, with some great artist, say Otis Skinner, in Madison Square Garden, or some place which offers capacities for reconstruction along the lines of the theater of Dionysius. New York is unfortunate in not possessing a climate which insures us against meteorological disaster, so we must lose the open sky. It is my hope to accomplish, even soon, a festival of Greek plays, with this as one of the important offerings.

THE experience of playing in that wonderful theater in California is, I believe, the greatest mental intoxicant that an actor can feel. For myself—and I have played many parts—I have never known anything to equal the thrill of the performance at Berkeley three years ago. Nature, always kind in the wonderful, golden West, was prodigal that night. The air was so still and so heavy with perfume, and the stars so bright, and so near the earth, with one radiant planet hanging just above the altar, that it was no great task to span the centuries and believe oneself beneath Attic skies; or to feel in the harsh decrees of Creon, the pure protests of Antigone, or the fiery resentment of Hæmon, very present realities, and this same exaltation (I don't know how else to name it) seemed to seize the whole company. Their spirit was remarkable.

So untiringly had the whole performance been rehearsed, the "two-and-two-make-four" part of it entirely disappeared, the usual "first-night" hysterical excitement was utterly absent, and in its place came an extraordinary calm which seemed almost religious. When it was all over, I believe I was happier than I had ever been before in my work.

As I watched the vast audience filing out, I felt that if failure had met us instead of success (and the success was great), I would do it again, for it would always seem better to fail trying for such a goal that to succeed aiming at some lesser one.

AS I have before protested, I am not a propagandist, though to be one in its best intention is no mean thing; but to play Greek plays on an ambitious scale involves much, if not of opposition, yet of lack of ready understanding. For that reason I feel that to do them almost places one in the propaganda ranks, although I know that it has so far proved profitable. Commerce and Art must at times be introduced to each other, though we are given to believe that visiting cards are rarely left willingly in the empyrean halls of Art by Commerce.

Perhaps, one may not yet make of Sophocles a weekly offering, but it will not be so long a time before this is possible and demonstrable. It is all a question of doing these plays in a simple, effective, and beautiful manner. Where the strophe and antistrophe become tedious to the modern ear, have them partly sung, partly spoken. Have the parts acted with fervor and understanding, have the action suit the word—not the word alone, devoid of action, because we are told that the restrictions of the Athenian stage prohibited aught but stately striding. Did they? In short, treat them as great and wonderful poetic dramas, but always *dramas*, despite their poetic dress, and then do the best you can with the drama.



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## MARGARET ANGLIN IN GREEK TRAGEDY

*This represents Miss Anglin in "Antigone." The picture on the opposite page shows Miss Anglin rehearsing, and shows the size of the theater in California that was crowded by "Antigone" and is probably about to be crowded again by "Electra"*



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THE HOT SPEL

By Jo

IN NEW YORK

SLOAN



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THE HOT SPELL

By John

. IN NEW YORK

SLOAN



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# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED ("RIGHT WING")

## *Polo Prospects*

*C. C. Rumsey, one of the star members of the Cooperstown Four, as it played at Narragansett*

BY the time arrangements have been completed for the next international polo match—and England will never abandon the quest of one of the trophies dearest to the English heart—it may be decided definitely that the famous "Big Four" of Meadow Brook will not again take the field. A year ago that contingency excited consternation, and would have done so in any previous year. With other followers of polo I believed last June that only Captain Whitney, Devereux Milburn, and the Waterburys could save the cup. I think the result of the matches proved it. At that time, too, the statement that outside of the Meadow Brook four and the two slashing substitutes, Stevenson and Stoddard, there was not the making of a real cup-defending team in sight was hardly to be challenged.

No man could have foreseen, however, the effect the internationals were to have on the work of the men of what might be called a second string, and who keep up the game after the great matches are over. However, after getting a glimpse of the recent play at Narragansett Pier, I am prepared to make the flat confession of faith that any English team that beats a team made up of this so-called second string will have accomplished the improbable, provided, of course, the men who bore the brunt of the brilliant games at Narragansett make even reasonable improvement on their present form.

THE Cooperstown four alone—as it played at Narragansett, made up of S. von Stade, C. C. Rumsey, C. P. Beadleston, and Malcolm Stevenson—I believe would have given a picked English team all it could handle despite the discrepancy in present rating; and there are other players, notably J. B. Thomas, Morgan Belmont, Rene Lamontagne, and E. D. Morgan, Jr., who are improving so fast that there will soon be a change in the handicaps or trouble for the very first flight of American players.

A great deal of this improvement has, of course, been individual, but after all the keynote of the stirring play at Narragansett was the plainly evident tendency to build up great foors, just as Meadow Brook has been doing for so many years. So, in a short time I believe that not only will the so-called second string work up within striking distance of the best in England, but will produce more than one four capable of defending a cup. This may be accounted far from a conservative view, and based too much on very recent matches, but the team improvement has gone so deep into the roots of American polo, and the individual improvement has been so much along the lines of the wonderful hitting that we saw in the last two international matches, that I can not believe otherwise than that the American game is rapidly finding a rock foundation.

We have already proved to the world that, so far as our methods were concerned, we were right. We have not yet proved that those methods can be carried on, not by a half dozen players, but by a score; and it remains for the next internatiooal match to sink this thing home, uot alone to the invader, but to our own people.

ALL that America needs now, I think, is enough play, and enough play as teams that are working ont their type of game. The rest is safe. It would seem, however, that Point Judith had had its share of the championships, and that at least one of these really national events might well go to the West for a change—to the West, where such events are needed. The astonishingly good play of the Army four, and the way they improved under fire, was the last proof needed of the value of encouraging the game in the service, and looking some day to Uncle Sam for an internationalist or two. Fort Riley and Fort Sam Houston are a long distance from Narragansett, and it would seem as if the soldiers had acquitted themselves well enough to warrant the holding of a championship in a spot more accessible to them.

It has been said that polo is a "rich man's game." In a way this is true enough. But when it possesses the international atmosphere that has surrounded it in recent years it becomes everybody's game, and what is more natural than that Army officers should some day be called upon to defend a cup that is no longer a mere club trophy? Then the man in the street will feel that there are men on the field who in a way represent the mass of good sportsmen who for one reason or another can not build up their own bulwark of defease. However, the game was never in a healthier condition, even in the matter of financing the next defense of the cup, and while there is yet time there should be opportunity to witness all over the country the class of play that has been on tap at Narragansett.

The sporting public owes a debt to Meadow Brook, of course, but it will not be long, I think, before the burden of defense will have been passed on to hands almost equally capable even now, and some day perhaps to be quite as great and quite as bewildering to the invader.

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THE long-expected has happened again. The world's record for throwing a piece of wire attached to a leaden ball of a certain weight has again been broken. The event is called "throwing the hammer," and is familiar to most of us, although occasionally the contestants have to adjourn to a vacant lot to compete. At the intercollegiates this year special pains were taken to prevent injury to the spectators, which, however, has nothing to do with the foolishness of the event. There is no sense in the event, and never has been, to my way of thinking. Perhaps some day the college men, at least, will have the courage to drop it.

*Rene Lamontagne, whose recent dashing play forecasts trouble for the first flight of American contestants*



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# When the Bases Are Full

*How the Great Pitchers of the Big Leagues Cope with an Emergency—Speed is What They Consider the Chief Asset*

By ERIC HAROLD PALMER

THERE was once a baseball "fan" of the thirty-third degree who dreamed that he had become a great pitcher. Most young Americans entertain that notion at one time or another in their lives, but this particular individual just imagined it.

Everything had gone along swimmingly until one day he was ordered in to twirl against the Detroit Tigers. The first man reached first on an error, the next chap singled, and then old "Wahoo Sam" Crawford waited for a base on balls—as if that demon slugger even lingers for a gift, except in dreams. Nobody out and Ty Cobb up!

"Then what did you do in your dream?" asked a friend.

"I resigned on the spot," responded the "fan." "It was a wonder I did not take to drink."

Three men on bases and a safe wallop almost certain to win the game—there is a problem that a hundred big-league pitchers must face at one time or another.

WHAT do they do in an emergency like this? Thoughts of the yellow peril sink into insignificance beside this momentous and most debatable issue. The President of the United States, Senators, Congressmen, and Governors are just as much concerned as the office boy, who no longer speaks of "grandma's funeral" in order to get a chance to watch Johnny Evers tell the umpire what he really ought to be doing for a living.

"Put everything you have on the ball!" comes the message from the eyes, not the mouths, of the volunteer managers as they watch "the breaks" go the wrong way. They need not fear. That is just what is in the slab artist's mind as he fingers the ball gingerly while the third baseman and first sacker rush over for a consultation, mainly for the purpose of its steadying influence, not for the concoction of any markedly brilliant scheme to head off impending disaster. In the distance two team-mates are "warming up."

The crowd is roaring wildly in the event that it is the home team which has the bags clogged; if the visitors are getting on their toes for a mad sprint towards the plate, there is grim silence, even more nerve-racking.

A sign comes from the catcher. The pitcher shakes his head. Another follows and there is no dissent. The wind-up, slow and studied, is the cynosure. The next second the ball is on its way, perhaps never to reach the gloved hand behind the bat, but be driven far to the fence.

What does the pitcher rely upon in a case like this? What does he think is the hardest ball for the anxious batter to hit safely?

OF thirty-five major-league mound-experts who were asked the question, so interesting to fandom in all parts of the world, no less than thirty responded alike. The sum and substance of their declarations, representing the wisdom of hard experience, can be found in a single word. It is all very simple, just "*speed.*"

In the days of Asa Brainerd, whose mutton-chop whiskers were not considered out of place on the field of action when the Cincinnati Reds were beating everybody in sight away back in 1869, the only way to fool the man with the willow was to send the ball in as fast as possible, high or low, and the same thing held true a long time afterwards, when Amos Rusie was in his prime.

Ever since Arthur Cummings startled the supporters of the Stars of Brooklyn with his first roundhouse curve, the legion of red-blooded individuals, who can tell Joe Jackson's batting average from memory at any stage of the season, have been discussing the wonders of the in-shoot, the drop, and the raise. This last was christened "Old Sal" by Joe McGinnity, the iron man, who could throw it better than anybody else. Then there are the "spitter," the slow ball, the knuckle ball, and other famous inventions of the diamond wizards. Where do they come in?

ONE of the favorite haunts of the rabid rooter is right behind the home plate, where he can watch the ball in its freaky course. The artillerist with the sharpest break to his curves is generally credited with the finest pitching skill. But the curve ball is not the "real thing," according to the testimony of men best qualified to speak, although they hastily add that it serves its purpose. It isn't that they do not resort to slants at any stage of the game. The invariable rule is to "mix 'em up," the kind of bender being dependent upon the particular bludgeon-wielder.

The main point is that curves are to an amazing degree (viewed from the standpoint of general belief) relegated to the rear on occasions when, to the ordinary mind, it seems that they should be called into service most of all.

The "steam" age has come upon us again in the baseball world. Veterans are talking of a revival of "the good old days" (that we talk about but dread seeing again). Then the slabmen won their games by sheer force of muscle, rather than by the exercise of cunning; for the pitchers who have the most creditable winning averages for the present season state openly that they have their main reliance in a "pinch" on what is technically known as "a fast ball with a jump." Of course, there must be curves now and then, but eight times out of ten the power-clutch will be put on.

BATTLE-SCARRED artists of the center of the diamond, like Christy Mathewson, upon whom Father Time lays a heavier hand as each successive call to spring practice goes forth, are still depending on steely nerve, cool courage, and careful judgment to keep them in the big show; but the newer stars are shooting the sphere over the plate with apparent abandon, just as the wiry pitchers used to do when the late and lamented Chris von der Ahe was beginning to know what the great excitement was all about. They are confident that the chances of defeat are minimized by their ability to make the ball look like a pebble.

*"With no one on the bases to take advantage of his dazzling wind-up for steals, Rixey looks unhittable"*

The most striking illustration of this renaissance is found in the person of Walter Johnson, the big Swede from the Middle West. Believing with J. Faversham Tinker that no one can hit what can not be seen, except by accident, Johnson goes in, day after day, pouring a fusillade of bullet-like corner cutters at whatever nine has the misfortune to draw him against it. Ball-players in the select set concede that "the Old Master," "Big Six," or "Matty," as you choose to call him, leads the procession when it comes to calm calculation. He has developed the study of batters into a fine science. On the other hand, when they are asked for a statement regarding the most effective system, they hand the honors to Johnson without reserve.

PITCHING in a pinch is the true criterion of excellence. It is no secret in the case of "Matty," who possesses in the "fade-away" a drop which really sinks; a marvellous deceiver; but he saves his arm as much as possible and uses that famous "hook" only in critical moments. He trusts to his unparalleled control and classy support.

The style of delivery resorted to by the others in a ticklish moment is practically unknown to the average "fan," no matter to what degree of expertness in the fine points he lays claim.

Only the pitchers themselves are aware of the way they cope with emergencies. Their declarations, when I asked them, proved surprising. Almost to a man the leading twirlers of the American and National Leagues confess that with the paths crowded with runners, they discard the newer tricks and go back to "smoke."

There are those who are even more frank, Vean Gregg of the Clevelands, for example. The sterling southpaw, who was a sensation in his first year in the élite class, waxed facetious in his rejoinder to the question: "In a pinch, what do you most rely on, a fast ball, drop, cross-fire, etc?"

Gregg paid tribute to the ability of the

batsmen by stating that he principally put his trust in "prayer" when the time of trouble arrived.

Russell Ford of the New York Americans leads the field in acknowledging the superiority of Walter Johnson. Ford has a bewildering assortment of slants, but he holds that the speed counts for most. Ford's confession of faith was very concretely but emphatically expressed.

"What do you consider the most effective style of pitching?" he was asked.

"Walter Johnson's," was the reply.

"Which do you believe is the hardest ball to hit?"

"Walter Johnson's."

Asked to tell what kind of a delivery he resorted to in the hour of stress, Ford said it was the fast ball for his.

It will be remembered that Johnson once shut out the Yankees three games in a row on their home grounds, on Friday, Saturday, and Monday; so Ford has visual evidence of Johnson's gun-fire to back up his statements.

THE star of the Senators is making a greater record than ever in the whitewashing line this year, but his most scintillating performances were the blanking of the hard-hitting Athletics on two occasions, after the other Washington twirlers had got their bumps, good and plenty. Those who are wont to quote figures and facts in arguing that Johnson is entitled to the hurling crown of all time have a most conclusive addition to their briefs in his behalf this season.

Alexander and Seaton, who kept the Philadelphias up in first place in the National League so long, depend on a fast ball on the inside corner of the plate with a drop to vary the delivery. Marquard, the prize left-hander of the Giants, has phenomenal speed when he is right, which, under proper control, is all he says he needs.

Nap Rucker, the brilliant port-sider of the Brooklyns, has also speed to burn at his command, but the Georgian does not use his terrific cross-fire until danger arises. When he is going along smoothly, Rucker's exhibition is really marvelous, for he simply seems to loh the ball up; yet it has a wide, bending curve that almost invariably floats up for a strike. The knuckle ball of Rueker's has been slammed to all corners of the field this year in several games, however, and to an extent more than customary he has been forced to fall back on speed. He has excellent control for a southpaw.

ANOTHER left-hander who has the hitsmiths stepping away from the plate is Harry Sallee of St. Louis, who once boasted that he was the best side-wheeler in the National League. The next time out he was batted out of the box, while Rucker, opposing him, had one of his best days.

Eppa Rixey, Jr., the elongated college offside pitcher from the South, who was a world-beater shortly after he joined the Phillies in 1912, contended that he had not been playing long enough to be well-informed. Some professionals are really modest. Rixey gave as his view that a fast ball with a jump on it, preferably over the corners, worried the batters most. He believes that the eyes of the professionals are too trained. In the college ranks, the hitters "bite" at sweeping curves, but Rixey has found out this year that he might as well discard them. With no one on the bases to take advantage of his dazzling wind-up for steals, Rixey looks unhittable. His length of arm gives him terrific speed.

"Marty" O'Toole, the Pirates' $22,000 acquisition, declares a "spitter," delivered with an overhand motion, is hardest to fathom. When he is right, O'Toole can shoot the ball over the edge of the plate with a marked degree of expertness.

William James, the new giant pitcher of the Bostons, whom National League critics say will soon be one of the foremost, can whip the sphere in with unusual violence. With men on the bases he gets added impetus to his fast one.

Big "Jeff" Tesreau of the Giants, about whose spitball so much is said, relies upon his speed in a pinch. So does "Chief" Johnson, another big fellow, who won the first four games the Reds copped this year.

"Joe" Wood of the Red Sox has earned the nickname of "Smokey" because of the terrific speed he relies upon in a tight corner. Like Johnson, he is always worrying for fear of being responsible for the sudden demise of some one. When either Johnson or Wood "bean" a batter, modern medical skill can do little.

Edward Plank, the old-timer, who was never quite so good as now, in spite of his thirty-nine years, says a speedy corner clipper is most effective. Edward Walsh, the Chicago king of the mound, mixes in a spitter with his fast ball, but constant use of saliva has ruined his stomach and he may never be his old self again.

Connie Mack's great slabman, "Chief" Bender, has blinding speed. He can go in cold in a pinch and unloosen what might be well spoken of as chain lightning. "Cy" Falkenberg, the human stepladder out in Cleveland, is another with the same forte. Suggs of the Reds and Moore of the Quakers are two curve-ball pitchers who have not been at their best this season.

OF the successful strictly curve-ball pitchers, Pat Ragon of the Superbas is a shining example, but then, Don Carlos Patricious, as the local critics call him, is quite different from any one else. He never worries, no matter what the score is. He keeps on chewing a cud of tobacco and sending wide headers over the center of the plate, just as fast as he can work. Delays are unknown to Ragon. The only time he gets his dander up is when he is asked to vacate the box for some one else.

Carl E. Zamloch started the season under Hugh Jennings. Zamloch is one of the minority. Here are his answers to questions:

"What do you consider the most effective style is pitching?"

"A good slow ball, mixed in with fast and curve, is most effective."

"Which do you believe is the hardest ball to hit?"

"A low, fast ball on inside of plate."

"In a pinch, what do you most rely on?"

"A curve ball breaking away from the batter and down."

Zamloch ventured the opinion that "a spitball pitcher with a good curve ball and also a fast ball is almost unbeatable." Zamloch has been sent to the International League by the Tigers for further development.

In a talk on pitching, Mathewson not long ago maintained that no pitcher can be effective without having a fast ball at his command, and he particularly commended the side-arm snap.

"Matty" says that the fast ball is wicked, especially when a twirler has an attack of wildness; but not all pitchers are as conscientious as he, and eagendering fear in the hearts of the enemy is half the battle on the diamond as well as anywhere else.

# The Catcher

By Porter K. Johnston

LOW crouched and tense,
Criterion of the batter's prowess,
He gives the stealthy signal.
A twisting sphere, the air is riven
In vain attempt, mocked by
The echo of that stirring sound,
The kiss of ball and glove.

A wrist of steel,
With aim as deadly as the cobra
Matched with the speed, the daring of the runner.
A flying start, a sweep of sinewed arm
Arching the ball in swift requital—
A headlong plunge—and from the scarf of dust
The umpire's hand goes out against the sky.

Scoruful, taunting,
Fighter from spike to mask-strap,
He bears the brunt of battle.
From the careening foul that wheels aloft
And falling, spurns his effort
To the man with three and two
Who, unnerved by caustic gibe, fails his part

A NEW YORK STREET BEFORE DAWN

By George Bellows

# Unmarried Mothers

By EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

*The underlying meaning of the so-called "Feminist Movement" is that a better world can be made if women generally cooperate in our moral and social problems. This movement will inevitably be victorious. Various aspects of it will be discussed constantly in this paper. The most difficult sex problems must be solved, in the main, by intelligent women. The one treated in this article is extremely important, and it is also one that must appeal strongly to the sympathies of every right-minded person.*

I HAVE been working among girls and women in the Massachusetts General Hospital, and in factories and department stores, where I have investigated somewhat the conditions touching sexual morality—in other words, wherever I can find girls gathered together and may talk to individuals among them.

In a hospital one deals, necessarily, with the sick, with those who have come through the mill of temptation to downfall; but one would not be human if one did not ask, "While we care for the wounded, shall we not endeavor to stop the wheels of circumstance or fate that have caused this catastrophe?" Is there no cure for the Social Evil?

IN 1905 Dr. Richard C. Cabot originated Hospital Social Service in the Out Patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. It was evident to him, as it has since become to every thoughtful physician, that busy doctors in the clinics have no time to deal with the social side of disease; that here were many people suffering quite as much mentally as physically, whose home conditions, requiring careful readjustment, might be the whole background of their difficulties and their ills, and that, until these conditions were altered radically, there could be no cure. This was the job for the trained social worker, and thus it was that she fitted logically in the gap between the patient's visit to the clinic and his life at home.

The work is no longer experimental. It has proved its value all over the country, and the field of its opportunities is ever broadening. Because this is so, it follows naturally that the work should be subdivided. Workers in the children's clinics must be experts with children; social service in the Nerve Department must be based on definite knowledge of mental disorders; and so in each department specialists take charge of the social problems that are presented to them, as, in a greater degree, the physicians in the clinics deal with their own special field of medicine or surgery. Therefore, physicians now send from the clinics to the department dealing with sex problems cases of unmarried pregnant girls, and also girls suffering from venereal diseases.

These are the girls and women whose lives I have come to know. They are typical of humanity as it exists all about us. They are neither better nor worse than thousands of other girls who do not come to the hospital; hence one is at liberty to draw from their experiences of life, as they tell them, certain conclusions.

WHEN a girl comes to me from one of the clinics with a diagnosis of pregnancy, her condition of mind and body would melt a heart of stone. She has come to the hospital, to be sure. Now certainty has taken the place of worry, her worst fears are realized, and terror has succeeded to a vague but persistent hope that all may yet be well.

With the usual unwillingness of conventionality to face the issue, society has always sent these girls to a Maternity Home. We are sorry for the girl's mother; we are somewhat, but less, sorry for the girl; we condemn nature; we are indignant with the man who is responsible, and when the child is born we shall be inclined to pity it and see that it is given half a helping hand, because it has only half a chance.

To maintain this attitude, we have to walk the difficult tight-rope of charity, and we are likely to topple over on one side or the other. Either we err on the side of sentimentality, or we throw stones. We forget the one great fact that as part of society we are responsible for this girl's condition.

I DO not believe in Maternity Homes. Like many consciously good things in the world, they have to be recognized, and like many virtues we use them.

Sentimentally they approach perfection. Practically I would criticize them on three points:

1. The atmosphere of such "homes" is abnormal, and the effect of any departure from the normal is demoralising.

2. A prospective mother needs hospital care at the time of her confinement, or the advice of expert obstetricians, and it is difficult to combine medical efficiency with professional charity.

3. Economically these homes do not yield the best result for the money expended—they are inefficient.

The teaching in these "homes" is concentrated religion of a sort, the teachers having acquired a wholesale institutional pity which deals with "cases" rather than with individuals. There is talk of "fallen women," "erring girls," and "first and second offenses." The Pharisee is quoted in spirit and in truth, rather than the real Christian teaching of which the world disapproves: "Has no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

If a girl has been leading a life anything but religious, and is suddenly plunged into obligatory prayer meetings and psalm-singing, she is either a hypocrite, hating it all but professing to obey the rules because she does not dare to rebel, or she is wrought up to an artificial state of emotional excitement which is as bad for her future as is any abandonment of herself to ungodliness. If a girl is of a religious temperament, her religion will help her to true womanhood; if she is not, no amount of preaching will affect her character. The impress of truth, the sympathy of real understanding, the developing of each individuality, is the only help one can give these girls.

The best influences are not to be obtained by placing unmarried pregnant girls with others of their kind. As in reformatories and prisons the water of evil passions finds its lowest level, so where many girls are gathered together there is danger that innocent minds will acquire knowledge that coarser natures have possessed to their destruction. The meaning of motherhood dawns slowly over the mentally immatured girl. Because she has no protector, she loves the stirring life within her more intensely. It is the one pure thing that is to come forth from her travail, and she is the only person in the world who knows the full meaning of this suffering and experience. Such a girl must not know people worse than she. She must not know that there are moral depths to which she never sank. She must be kept from the knowledge at any cost, if our philanthropy is not to be reduced to the lowest terms of hypocrisy.

Maternity Homes are a sort of cross between a home and a medical institution. They have student nurses and a visiting doctor, sometimes two; but obstretrical cases are best cared for at a Lying-in Hospital where facilities are at hand for any emergency.

"Child-birth is a medical experience, not a religious ceremony," a doctor said to me not long ago. I agree with him.

Economically, Maternity Homes have seemed a necessity; but the same amount of money, if expended in caring for these girls in a different way, would help them better to a life of efficiency and morality.

I speak, of course, of the normal girl. There is also the type of the mental defective who needs institutional care. The state must care for the feeble-minded and the morally deficient, for they are a menace to the community and to the welfare of the race. Segregation throughout the period of child-bearing seems, at present, the only solution of the tremendous problem of the mentally unfit.

I TRY, if possible, to keep a pregnant girl in her own home until she can go to a Lying-in Hospital for her confinement. Her own mother is at least indirectly responsible for her condition, for it is generally the result of reckless indulgence, the danger of which she never knew, the culmination of the strange, fierce hunger and craving of her sexual nature which she was never taught to acknowledge or control.

The girl's mother is afraid of the world and of the neighbors. I try to tell her we must be brave enough to look over the cold shoulder of the world and to defy the neighbors. Our reproach has been in leaving truth untaught. We should never be ashamed of the result of our sins unless we are ashamed of the sins. Stevenson said it was only the sins of omission that mattered greatly. Surely they are the ones that concern us to-day. At any rate, the world can not throw stones—straight.

If such a girl can not stay at home, she should be placed in the home of some good woman, herself a mother, who can awaken in her the qualities and instincts of maternal responsibility inborn in every normal girl.

The financial situation is bound to trouble us—does trouble us, for charity has endowed refuges for the many, and we have to bespeak help for the individual; but progress must not be hampered by



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lack of money or beliefs silenced because of custom. We have an analogy in the problem of the handling of orphan children, now and in the past. Institutional care for these children failed. They had no mother. Obviously, one matron could not be like the wonderful woman of nursery lore; so it was deemed best to board the orphans in families. Near-mothers were found, and the little waifs, with the belief of simple hearts, found the delusion comforting and the homes not so "make-believe," after all.

What has been done with orphans should be done with the unmarried mother and then she too would have a better chance for new life under improved environment. Institutional care for her may be said to be a failure, for the effect of institutionalism is a habit of dependence easily acquired and one not to be considered lightly, as it is destructive to that valuable state of mind—the realization of personal responsibility. In families under state supervision these girls would have the best opportunity for individual development.

A TYPICAL case is Louise—pretty as a picture, impulsive, and outspoken. When she first came to me from the clinic, and realized that I was sympathetic, she took my breath away with her candor.

"Oh, yes, I have been bad," she began, "and I am dead sick of it all." She had been "up against it." It was hard to have a mother who "trusted in the Lord to provide," and Louise was only earning six dollars a week.

This girl looks so ladylike that her tough slang comes as a shock; yet she is never guilty of bad grammar. Here, again, the mother is weak and foolish, and the father had been wild and intemperate, though of a good family. She had been tempted on every side. "Gee! but all men are bad," she told me frankly. In fact, this girl's story of the struggle to make a living in a city held me spellbound. When I told her that all men were not bad, she looked at me pityingly, though with the tolerance of respect. "Perhaps not the men you know, but the men we girls meet in the factories and the shops, they are all the same. Perhaps they are all right the first time they take you anywhere in the evening, but they always end up with the same request. They want one thing, and one thing only."

Louise has both syphilis and gonorrhea, and is pregnant. The father of her child is a college graduate, and she loves him, although he is much the type of man her father was. Another man, James G. (there is always another man with Louise, she is so very appealing), wanted to marry her. He wished to save her from her fate, to protect her and her unborn child. I could not believe such a tale, and I sent for "James." I was fearful that he might be a white slave procurer. He came to see me without delay. He was frank and sincere regarding his love for Louise. "She would be on the street soon," he said to me earnestly. "I must save her from that. I will not live with her until she is cured, if it takes three years; but I will wait for her as her husband." This man is an electrician with a good business record and a clean personal reputation, and shows a complete readiness to enter into any plan for the betterment of his wife's body and soul.

I warned Louise against marrying a man she did not love; even a saint like "James;" but she was afraid of the world. It had not known her weakness until she was pregnant. Now every one would know. For the sake of her child she must marry, and John, the father of the child, would not marry her. So she married honest James, and she comes to me in terror and self-denunciation.

"I married for the child. Oh, what have I done?" she cries. And I can only be silent. "I love John, and I can not help it, no matter what he is."

I try to point out to her that she can not really love him, because she can not respect him. It is the world's convention, even with Louise, that has driven her to hide her shame.

What is morality? Living with a man one does not love, because of a wedding ring upon the finger? Bearing the child of a man she does love who will not shield her from their mutual folly?

Poor Louise! Meanwhile, James waits and adores his little wife. I like this girl. She has fine characteristics. Yet she is impossible. I tried to get her to go to church.

"No; for the stained-glass angels would laugh," she said bitterly; "a piece of the ceiling would fall down on me."

"Not to pray, then, Louise," I urged; "just to be quiet—to rest."

"I would think of John," she said hungrily. "I would have to think of John if there was music. I know it's all a fearful mess—but have you ever been in love with any one?"

I SEE shop girls and waitresses, factory girls and maids, chorus girls, stenographers, and governesses, each with a different story, each with the same terror of the consequences of their folly.

"I never knew," they tell me. "I never knew there were such temptations."

One girl said to me, not long ago: "I have married sisters. Why couldn't they have told me something about the world? Why did they let me go to work, knowing nothing?"

Let us go back to the question of sex education of the public. Silence has been the policy in the past. We have taught our children biology and natural history, we have taught them physiology, carefully ignoring the organs of reproduction; we have warned the young to make use of their senses and their brains, but we have refused to recognize the very force that guides all these instincts, the vital power of sex. Yet, in the face of this stupidity, acknowledging the call of the age, girls are sent out into the industrial world, where they fight shoulder to shoulder with men. Here they find out for the first time the passions and potential worth of their individualities; here they meet with the same—no, greater—temptation than their brothers, but with no knowledge to guide them, no traditions to give them poise, no ameliorating factor of social tenderness or tolerance when inexperience fails to temper their emotions and their femininity.

There are some old-fashioned, stubborn people who refuse to admit that the wheels of time turn round. They would push woman back into the position she used to disgrace. She must either be a wife and mother, happy or unhappy, or dependent upon relatives, agreeable or insulting, who will support her. The ignominy of her position does not astound them; the absurdity of it awakens in them no sense of wonder; the pathos of it does not touch them.

Other people there are who accept the situation as it is with passive indifference. Oh, yes, women are out in the world. How did the world ever get along without them? Only to a comparatively few sober-minded people has the situation been turned around so that the seamy side is noticed as well as its neat, outward appearance of womanly independence.

DO not for think one moment that I believe woman should be dependent upon man at the cost of her dignity, her intelligence, and her individuality; but before she assumes the rôle of a wage-earner she should be a woman, not a child. A girl's protection must come from without, a boy's from within. Every boy who reaches the age of adolescence knows his nature. It asserts itself. His sex instincts are dominant, aggressive. He is man, the father of the race, and the laws of procreation are to him an open book. A girl stays innocent until she is awakened. It is the kiss, the touch, the senses stirred, that make her, in the glory of her womanhood or in her shame, acknowledge her sex.

Our cities are full of mere children who have felt the glow of freedom and the necessity of toil. Our factories and shops are run by them. It is but natural that they should obey the call of the times; but they leave their toys and their spelling books to go into wage-earning competition, where life crowds and entices, enchants, dominates, and sometimes kills. Whose fault is this?

The very frailty of such a girl, her dependence upon her intuitions and emotions, the triumph of feeling over intellect, place her in greater danger than her brothers, even were their responsibility to society the same. But, add to this the fact that in yielding to sexual temptation she has the burden of child-bearing—how much more necessary that she should have some knowledge of what she is to meet in the world, of what she must combat, lest her emotions forestall her intelligence as physical development precedes mental appreciation.

WITHOUT this education the force of natural selection asserts itself. A young girl is no reader of character. She does not understand herself, and she mistakes physical fascination for love. It is pathetic that she should stumble into the net of her own immaturity, but this is too often true, and if she does no worse she probably marries the wrong man. This because she was left alone, a child, untutored, responsible for the fruit of the tree of knowledge which she picks because it is growing in her garden, and she is curious.

So we struggle with the great problem of illegitimacy. How strange are our morals, that we call the effect of ignorance *immorality*, the result of nature's untaught awakening *sin*.

Suddenly we are realizing the situation, and a campaign of education is the result. It is absolutely necessary, if we are to face the facts. If we permit conditions without a suggestion as to remedy, they become our grave responsibility because of our acknowledgment of their existence. Whether we like it or not, women are in the industrial world to stay. Whether we face the issue or dodge it, they must know the laws of sex as they are, and, like their brothers, be instructed as to the use and abuse of their instincts. Then we will approach a standard of morals that will bear the light of day—not a double standard, as in the past, but a basis for right living evolved from a knowledge of the law of sex, which should be regarded as simply as is any other law which nature has ordained for man's development.

# Political Snapshots

*A Discussion of American Beliefs*

By CHARLES ZUEBLIN

Illustration by William H. Walker

## II

### *The Party*

HAS it ever struck you, Mr. Voter, that the capstone of American government is the party, as the cornerstone is the "system of checks"? The party was not nominated in the bond; the Constitution-makers thought they could avoid so popular a device. The organization that represents all that most of your fellow-voters know about government is not only unmentioned in the Constitution; it succeeds only by violating the spirit of the Constitution. That ancient document was intended to confer absolute power upon the minority; the party was a futile afterthought to give expression to majority opinion.

*Mr. Voter, do you know that parties originated in the division of sentiment in 1793 over the recognition of the French Republic?*

SINCE we adopted the British aristocratic system, parties have come to be a powerful means of expressing the public will in the mother-country. They are an integral part of the British Constitution, hampered intentionally by the nobility, but with a freedom of expression unknown here. Party loyalty is not only demanded of the British voter but is expected of his representative. The "government" is the cabinet chosen by the leader of the victorious party, and remaining in power only so long as satisfactory to the electorate.

*The party giveth and the party taketh away. Blessed be the name of the party* (in *Great Britain*).

DID you know, Mr. Voter, that your party is not likely to rule even if you win? The constitutional checks in the United States have prevented complete party-control of all branches of the government at the same time for nearly a hundred years of our history. Twelve times has a party been victorious in the popular branch of government—the House of Representatives—without having any support in the other branches. For nearly forty years no party has had a sufficient majority to control the treaty-making power of the Senate. The Democratic party, now in power in all departments, is not strong enough to make a treaty.

*Mr. Voter, did anybody ever tell you that the masses are responsible for misgovernment?*

PARTY-GOVERNMENT has been so ineffectual that the parties have generally had no reason for existence, except to hold office. Ever since slavery became a conscious issue, both historic parties have straddled or wobbled on all vital questions. Their platform planks on the money question have been illuminating.

| | *Bimetallism* | *"Sound" money* |
|---|---|---|
| 1884 | Republican | Democratic |
| 1888 | Republican | Democratic |
| 1892 | Republican | Democratic |
| 1896 | Democratic | Republican |
| 1900 | Democratic | Republican |

*"The decorative phrase conceals the administrative lie."*

WHILE you, Mr. Voter, have been taught that party loyalty is a better guarantee of salvation than the grace of God, your representatives have effected a bipartisan government. A bipartisan alliance elected Cannon speaker, framed the rules, passed the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, elected Lorimer, white-washed Lorimer and Stephenson, and will probably be needed to pass the next tariff bill through the Senate in spite of the Democratic majority. The only division in Washington is between reactionaries and progressives. Their political labels tell you nothing.

*Mr. Voter, don't you want a pure food law to show the ingredients in your political party?*

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## IV

### Lemuel Motoreth without Trimmings and Getteth Trimmed

LEMUEL BOGG lit a five-cent cigar,
Put on his duster and motoring cap,
Cranked up his little red gadabout car,
Tied on the brake with an old hitching strap,
And thus to his wife and his daughter Katury:
"I'm bound t' show *you*, if ye're from Missouri,
That, though it costs steep,
The Bogg folks can keep
A place
In the race
At the top o' the heap.
Danged if we don't,
Hanged if we won't!
Anythin' modern that travels on wheels,
Wheelbarrows, airyplanes, automobiles,
Gasolene, kerosene, steam, or the rest,
The Bogg folks 'll travel as good as the best.
So hop in, my dearie,
And don't y' git skeery—
We're off in a cloud with our nose to the west."

LEM looked heroic,
Mother looked prayerful;
But daughter, though stoic,
Said, "Pa, *do* be careful!"
As, spitting wild odors and madly vibrating,
Jolting, back-firing, slam-banging, and gratiag,
The rear-door antique began slowly to strike
A tortuous progress down Penayroot Pike.
Ma said, "Good land!
Do stop, for I'm dying!"
But daughter cried, "Grand!
We're most nearly flying!"
While Pa, with his hand
On the wheel, death-defying,
Straight on the road kept his aquiline optic,
Little *he* listened; they might have talked Coptic,
But he thought, "This old cart ain't constructed fer style,
But I bet
That I'll yet
Meet old Si's stylish pet,
Give 'im fair roadway and skin 'im a mile."

HE was some less elated near Chatterhorn's pump,
When the car sagged abeam with a desolate hump.
Too bad at this juncture,
A puncture!
So out of his seat he disconsolate gat
And sought the garage of one Jacob Q. Spratt,
Who, spite of poor Lemuel's bargaining hollers,
Sold him a "shoe"—and charged forty-two dollars!
"Ginger!" sighed Lemuel, counting the dross,
"It's a sight more expensive than shoein' a hoss."

The morn was divine. Such a day, without censure
I say, might cause train-wrecks or love or adventure.
When the tire was adjusted
Lemuel dusted
The grime from his nose, then up-cranking his steed,
Remarked, "All aboard! Here's the place for some speed."
A roar like a ton of coal shootiag a chute,
And off and away with an ear-splittiag toot,
Defying both time-table, speed-law, thermometer—
Twelve miles an hour, said the worried speedometer.

'TWAS all very well till, down Headerson's lane,
Something behind whistled loud as a train.
Eye glancing aft,
Lem hitterly laughed,
For, eatiag the dust ia its might and its main,
Came the natty green speeder
Of Silas J. Scagg.
"I'll show that torpeeder
A bit o' red rag!"
Lem hissed. Honks behiad. Then, his pride growing larger,
He teadered more gas to his quiveriag charger.
The road was too narrow
To let a small barrow
Pass, unless *some one* hunched 'way to the side.
"Which same I won't do," Lem declared in his pride,
"Them upstartish Scaggs,
With their gasolene drags
And boastia's and brags,
Ain't got no more right to this roadway than me."
A voice from behiad:
"Say, Lem, 'f y' don't mind"—
"I can beat yer old 'hus!" shouted Lem. "Just you see!"
He stamped down his toe on the ac-celerator;
The enginery shook with a rage even greater,
While Si's haughty vehicle,
Smoother than treacle,
Purred in the rear, till at Ogelvie's Hill
The roadway, upshooting at twenty degrees,
Somehow grew broader. Lem's car with a will
Tackled the grade. But it cost it a wheeze.
Then suddenly, swift as a greasy greea thuaderbolt,
Straight up the hillside Si's car 'gan to blunder. Bolt
Upright sat Lem
Like a charioteer,
While Si coughed, "Ahem!"
As he passed very near,
A souad so reveageful, sarcastic, sardonic
That Lem's swelling anger grew fairly hubonic.

OUT over the valley and far, far away
His rival was lost in a garment of gray.
Lem was about
To snort, "The old snob!"
When his engine gave out
With a back-brokea sob.
A chain rattled loose, its roariag was still;
And there she stood, stalled on the side of a hill.
Lem leaped to earth. Daughter tried to dissuade him;
But he shook his strong fist at the car that betrayed him.
"You spring-halted, wind-galled old gas-kangaroo,
I'd a-beat that dum fool, if it wasn't fer *you!*
I'll leave you right here till y' take root and grow,
And I'll buy a new auto, hy hick, that'll *go*.
And I'll beat that Si Scagg in a fair, opea race,
If it costs so durn much that I mortgage the place!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Orators Who Have Influenced Me

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

## *JOHN BRIGHT*

THERE are some things you should see when you are eighteen; and one of these is "Romeo and Juliet," and the other is a great orator. I was just eighteen-and-a-half when first I saw John Bright; and I was indeed well attuned to enjoy to the very fullest that extraordinary opportunity. I had been reading about him for years; to the generation of Irishman to which I then belonged, he stood out as the one politician who had the courage to speak for my country. In spite of this, my impressions of him were not altogether pleasant: for curiously enough, the papers which I usually read belonged to an opposite party; and John Bright used to be still assailed at that period of his life with a bitterness that would be scarcely credible to those who only knew him surrounded by the universal veneration of the nation in his later years. *Punch*, at that period, always presented him in the guise of a prize-fighter, with the gloves on; possessing a corpulent body, a pugnacious expression, and a single eye-glass in his eye. As a matter of fact, Bright never used a single eye-glass in his life; but I assume that the paper, having once portrayed him thus, felt itself bound in consistency to present him thus ever after. I had got this idea of a prize-fighter so much into my head that I expected to see a man with a fierce face, with coarse development of limb and chest, and with an aggressive air. Further my newspaper guide had accustomed me to think of him as a man of extreme and unreasonable views; which were set forth with all the brazen and raucous throat of the demagogue. And I have always hated unreason and I have always hated demagogues.

I SET these ridiculous misapprehensions thus frankly forth so that my readers of this generation may be able to project themselves backwards,—if I may be allowed to use that paradox,—and understand the atmosphere amid which John Bright lived for nearly three-quarters of his illustrious life. Judge, then, of my surprise when I caught sight of the real John Bright. He spoke in a small hall at a luncheon, in the historic but rather decayed city of Limerick. I watched him every second that I could; I even observed that he took a glass of claret from a claret jug—he took wine for a few years of his middle life, and then relapsed into the teetotalism of his early years. I studied every line of the face; and my first impression was one of delighted surprise; for the face was not brutal nor aggressive, but classic in its beauty and in its refinement. The complexion was healthy but not overcolored; the nose was small and perhaps even suggested a slight tip-tilting; the mouth was small; the brow was lofty, the hair silken silver-white; and the whole expression was one of profound self-mastery and profound introspection—the face of one of the men who live much in the inner kingdom of the soul; and the figure, though robust, was not coarse but well proportioned.

And yet, it was not altogether a soft face. The thin-lipped and delicately shaped mouth had in it a grim suggestion of bitterness, scorn, and the sacred anger of the prophets; the eye, too, though it could look gentle, could also be imagined as scornfully bitter and indignant; and the brow was severe. In short, though I little knew the meaning of the phrase at the time—for I had scarcely ever seen an Englishman—I was looking at the greatest and most perfect embodiment of the English Puritan, high in purpose, noble in life, but also sternly severe.

WHEN he rose to speak, an even greater surprise came to me. this man used no violent language; the voice was soft, sweet and low; the gesture was rare; the chief impression was one of majestic self-control, and of a moderation of manner that would have fitted my idea of the calm citizen of respectable views rather than the demagogue that had been painted to me. Further, I should add that I was struck with a certain nasal tone in the voice, the tone which I associated with what I had read of the Roundheads, and that some of the words were pronounced after a fashion that seemed to me strange; for instance, he spoke of the emigration from Ireland being "unexampled" in any country or any time. There was a distinct difference in the way an Irishman would have pronounced that word and the pronunciation which Bright gave to it.

How can I convey to my readers the depth of the impression which that speech made upon me! I have listened to many great singers; I have heard many great orators; and, except in the case of my dear old schoolmaster, the late Professor D'Arcy Thompson, never did I hear any voice that seemed to me such exquisite music. And the music was the more beautiful and entrancing because it was so soft and low. Never once did he raise his voice, though now and then it became softer and lower, especially when he reached the beautiful and poetic peroration, a part of his speech which he wrote out and which alone he carefully prepared. And it was all an appeal, not to passion, but to reason. There were doubtless hot Irishmen in the gathering which he addressed; they could not help being grateful for his advocacy of their cause; but there was not a word which seemed to be anything but the calm appeal of a perfectly poised man to the intelligence of the world. I saw him soon after when he passed through the streets in the carriage of George Peabody, the celebrated American philanthropist, to whose house he was on his way to try a little salmon-fishing, his favorite amusement; and again I was struck, almost painfully, with the severity of the expression and especially the severity of the thin-lipped, small, tightly compressed mouth.

I WAS a better psychologist than I knew, for I formed the true conception of John Bright's personality. His biography has now been published—an admirable book—and it is evident that underneath the sweetness of John Bright's character—its intense devotion to wife and child, its sympathy for all humanity and especially for those who suffer—there was at the bottom a tremendous strength and almost a fierce severity. He could be frank, almost to rudeness. Take for, instance, that terrible retort he made to Disraeli, when Disraeli told him he would have surrendered everything he had ever said or written to have uttered that noble passage with regard to the "Angel of Death." "I just said to him, 'Well, you might have made it if you had been honest.'" The statement was not quite accurate; for with all his brilliancy, Disraeli was incapable of such a flight of tender eloquence; but, whether or not, what an awful response to a friendly greeting.

Nor was John Bright a tolerant man. I don't think it ever entered his head that he could be wrong, or that any of his political enemies could ever be right. I am not sure that he was even prepared to admit that they were honest. All this marked a certain intellectual narrowness, but assuredly it was also one of the secrets of his immense influence and of the splendor of his speeches. A prophet and an apostle, especially of unpopular gospels,—and Bright's gospels were unpopular during the greater part of his lifetime—must go to his task with no self-doubtings, with no mercy from the power of understanding the different point of view from his own. The very flexibility of Gladstone, his power of taking a wide all-round view of any situation, sometimes interfered with the effectiveness of his speech; he became diffuse and prolix, and many of his sentences missed their mark. To-day it is difficult to read even some of his greatest speeches in the pages of Hansard. With Bright every word was a bullet that went straight to the bull's-eye; it was clear, vigorous, concentrated; and rarely did he speak for a longer time than even the most impatient audience could bear.

WITHOUT knowing it, Bright was a great man of letters. He never wrote a book—I don't know that he ever wrote an article in a newspaper—and he had never been to a university; but, all the same, he was a great man of letters. "My life," he said once, "is in my speeches." So is his great contribution to the literature of his country. For he was a great master of a perfect English style. The chief qualities of all style are simplicity and lucidity, and what I must call inevitableness, the use of the one and only word that seems to express the idea. His speeches are as easy reading, for the most part, as Robinson Crusoe, the Vicar of Wakefield, Addison's essays, or any of the other mighty books that still influence us, and that influence us mainly because their language is at once so perfect and so simple.

But that is not an exhaustive description of the oratory of Bright. He himself repudiated the idea that only short words of one or two syllables were to be



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found in his speeches. It would be as untrue to say that of him as to say it of "Paradise Lost." In Milton, whom he never ceased to love and to read, he found the glowing imagery, the magnificent and resonant phrases that occur throughout his speeches. Sometimes, indeed, one is reminded of Milton's use of the classic name instead of the English as in a speech, which preceded that with the passage as to the "Angel of Death." "Here, sitting near me, very often sat the member for Frome [Colonel Boyle]. I met him a short time before he went out, at Mr. Westerton's, the bookseller near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out. He answered he was afraid he was; not afraid in the sense of personal fear—he knew not that; but he said with a look and a tone I shall never forget, 'It is no light matter for a man who has a wife and five children.' The stormy Euxine is his grave, his wife is a widow, his children fatherless." It will be seen here that Bright chose the word "Euxine" instead of the Black Sea; that was quite a Miltonic touch.

THE speeches of John Bright, then, were great and produced their tremendous effect mainly because they were great literature. It is for that reason, that amid the shifting changes of political life—and nothing changes so quickly as political life—his speeches can be read to-day with the same delight as when they were uttered, red-hot, amid the fierce controversies of stormy times. He remains and will remain the most frequently read of English orators, as long as the English language endures.

But, of course, mere diction, however wonderful, will not account for his success, or that of any other orator. The orator, like the actor, must always owe much to merely physical qualities, and first of these qualities is the voice. It was usually, as I have said, sweet and low; but every now and then you heard, underneath it all, that tremendous ground swell that unveiled for a moment the depths of passionate emotion, which lay beneath its smooth and tranquil surface. Indeed the voice was so beautiful and so thrilling that, as I have often said, I felt shivers down my back the moment he uttered, at the beginning of his speeches in the House of Commons, the simple words, "Mr. Speaker, Sir." He could put a whole argument and a passionate, irresistible appeal into a single word; as when he asked an awed House of Commons whether the children of the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister could be called "bastards."

Then again, he managed that voice with perfect elocution. In spite of the fact that he had rough-used it for half a century, and had spoken not only in the largest halls but often in the open air, —and an open-air speech takes ten times as much out of most speakers and most voices than a dozen speeches under cover, —in spite of the fact that he had to meet the bellows of popular fury during many of his meetings, in spite of all that, the voice retained its perfect melody till within a few years of his death.

And the momentous part that his voice played in his oratory was painfully revealed when years and ill-health and the loss of so many he loved and some of the disillusions of politics brought about its partial loss. I heard one of his last speeches; the matter was still good; the language simple, direct, and cogent; the air had all its old dignity; but the voice was gone, and the speech sounded just neither better nor worse than a half a dozen other men in the House could have made. There is much that is pathetic in the closing years of Bright. With all his splendid serenity and courage, it gives one an impression of disappointment, of hopes that were never entirely realized, of visions that lost their splendor when they were transformed into the solid shape of accepted policies and prosaic statutes.

## THE OPENING OF SCHOOL

Teacher: I'm glad to see so many bright, happy faces eager for the year's work

By R. M. Brinkerhoff

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## Girlomania

IN these glorious days of Serums and Antitoxins and Pure Food Laws and Investigation Committees, when we have almost discovered a cure for everything under the sun, from tuberculosis to Tammany, will no one catch a Bacillus potent enough to down the epidemic of simpering femininity that is devastating the land through the medium of magazine covers?

Some weeks ago an effort in this direction by our sane contemporary *The Masses* took the form of a deliciously clever cover design, which, although scientifically prepared from a culture of the most deadly girl-bacillus, has so far done nothing to check the plague of pink and white imbecility which continues to smirk and ogle and pout and bridle and kiss and cuddle with a persistence that threatens to become chronic. It is in the hope that a second application may prove more efficacious that we are reprinting *The Masses'* cartoon.

Drawn by Stuart Davis

*"Gee, Mug, Think of Us Bein' on a Magazine Cover!"*

Vary as they may (according to the season) in superficial details of costume and complexion, so pronounced is the family lack of expression in the faces of these cover sirens, it is almost impossible to tell one from another.

Misled by this, many people in the course of a month buy copy after copy of the current issue of a magazine, under the impression that the girl on the cover is either another girl by the same artist, or the same girl by another artist.

One would think that by opening the magazine the purchaser might discover his error. This, however, is not a safe test. I am told by people who actually read these magazines that the stories printed therein, though signed by various names, are in reality written by the girl on the cover.

## Musings of Hafiz

*The original of the "Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten"*

IF it isn't one thing it's another, and now it is the magazine covers that must be reformed.

For the lives of me, I can't see what is the matter with the present style of magazine covers. Unquestionably their first duty is to be decorative, and surely, next to an Angora kitten, a pretty lady is the most decorative thing in the world. I see no reason to apologize for putting the kitten first. Am I not, in so doing, voicing the opinion of the lady herself? Does not every pulchritudinous female of the human species, on meeting another of her sex who surpasses her in beauty, regard her reverently as a creature worthy to belong to the feline race?

Quite apart, however, from the artistic psychology (whatever that means) of the discussion, I can not help feeling that the misogynistic attitude of the writer toward female book-covers is under the circumstances in questionable taste.

By "circumstances" I mean, of course, the charming female cover designs made by Mr. Gibson for a magazine which is by way of being a sort of relative of ours. Whatever may be said in disparagement of others, these human heads of Mr. Gibson's come up to the very highest kitten standard. Can I say more?

Since writing last week I have learned that, so far from being an imitation, the "Child's Garden of Verses" is an original work, of which the "Kitten's Garden" (printed in a book and dedicated very properly to me, since I furnished the—I should say posed for the pictures) is only a translation.

It was stupid of me to make such a mistake. As Mr. Frank Crowninshield says, "It's all very sad, but we are none of us perfect except Hall Caine."

Speaking of Hall Caine reminds me that yesterday I accidentally overturned the trash-basket that stands by the big desk in the study.

Picture my surprise on discovering among the fragments of waste paper and torn letters what seemed like a perfectly new book. As no one was about, I pushed the covers apart and examined the contents.

I should explain here that, though I do not actually understand human print, I possess the faculty of sensing—nosing perhaps is a better word—the inside of a book in less time than it would take some people to read it.

It was a thin red book, and the faint artificial smell of it recalled a stuffed canary I once made the mistake of trying to swallow.

How I ever came to be deceived by that badly stuffed, unlifelike imitation of a bird I can not explain, except that I was at the time a mere kitten and very fluffy. Strange that a thin red book should have exactly the same smell as stuffed canary.

Beyond its high-sounding title, "Tiger," and the pretty name of the author, Witter Bynner, the thin red book had nothing to recommend it. I pushed it quickly back into the trash-basket.

Whoever threw it there was right.

HAFIZ.

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# Finance

*All About Money*

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

What Shall I Invest In?
How Do I Go About It?
Are The Securities I Have Safe?
Where Can I Sell Them?
What Sort of Insurance Do I Want?

These and any other financial questions will be answered free by the Financial Service Bureau of HARPER'S WEEKLY (McClure's Magazine). This is art of the service HARPER'S WEEKLY (McClure's Magazine) offers its readers. Sach information and advice as we give are anbiased, and inflaenced only by the facts.

## *"No Charity at Six Per Cent"*

ARE the tenants of a building which returns six per cent net to its owners to be regarded as the objects of charity? This question, so absurd on its face, had to be answered a short time ago by the Surrogate of New York County in passing upon certain bequests. A woman had left $1,000,000 to be used for constructing model saburban homes, and she wished the money to yield the amount specified. Naturally enough the Surrogate refused to remit the inheritance tax, as the law provides for philanthropic bequests, for he quickly decided that persons who would pay rent sufficient to yield such a net return would have cause to resent an insinuation that they were objects of charity.

If the philanthropically inclined woman had provided for model homes to yield five per cent it is highly probable the Surrogate would have acquiesced. The difference between five and six per cent is only one digit. On an investment of $20,000, a fair average for estates of the more fortunate classes, the difference is only two hundred dollars a year. On the investment of the average beginner, which is say five hundred dollars, the difference amounts to the large sum of five dollars a year. And yet it requires no argument to demonstrate the yawning gulf which exists between five and six per cent. One is a moderate rate of income. The other is generally regarded, whether rightly or wrongly, as a big income.

The farmer who pays six per cent on his mortgage, the corporation which pays a like amount to bankers, never regard six per cent as charity. They consider it good hard-headed business upon the part of the recipient. Of course in considering the testamentary scheme which so aroused the Surrogate's ire certain factors must be considered which the general run of bond and stock investors rarely have to face. Owners of improved real estate who actually manage the property expect more than six per cent to pay for their personal attention as well as provide a return on the actaal capital invested. So common is it for real estate owners to give more or less direct attention to the management of their properties that the two classes of return, one on management and the other on capital, are often carelessly lumped together. Thus before we condemn the woman who left a fund for model homes of being grasping even in death we must be sare that she entertained no vague idea that the six per cent should inclade an element of management.


# Tire Taxes
## Which We Pay

**These are the ruins which tax tire users more then eny others.**

**We pay these taxes for you on No-Rim-Cut tires, as no other meker does.**

**Listen to these facts. Then you will know why Goodyeer tires hold topmost place in Tiredom.**

### Rim-Cut Tax

Rim-Cutting ruins almost one clincher tire in three. This is shown by careful statistics gathered by public accountants.

We end this completely—that we guarantee—in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

We do this by a feature which we control. A costly feature which none can imitate, because we alone know the secret.

### Blow-Out Tax

We add to our cost $1,500 daily to give these tires the "On-Air Cure."

The tires are final-vulcanized on air bags shaped like inner tubes—under actual road conditions. All other tires are vulcanized on iron cores alone.

On an iron core the tremendous compression often wrinkles the fabric, so part of it gets no strain. Countless blow-outs result from this.

Our "On-Air Cure" corrects this. But this process is costly. It is so costly that no other maker employs it.

### Loose Tread Tax

Loose treads have cost motorists, probably millions of dollars.

We paid $50,000 for a patent method which effectually combats this. No other tire maker does what we do to prevent tread separation.

### We Pay the Price

We pay these extra costs. In these three ways—and others—we give to you what no other maker gives.

Yet these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—now cost no extra price. They used to cost one-fifth more than others.

Year by year our multiplied output has brought the cost down, and the saving went to users. Now no standard tire of any type costs less than No-Rim-Cut tires.

---

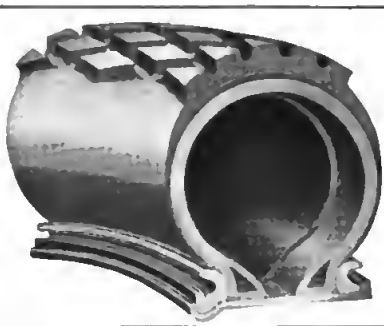
There are hundreds of thousands who have proved these economies by testing Goodyear tires. As a result, these tires far outsell any other tire in the world.

There are other thousands who never made the test. They still buy tires that rim-cut, tires with wrinkled fabric, tires without our treads.

They are paying taxes which we pay for users of No-Rim-Cut tires.

Don't you think these tires, at present prices, deserve a test from you?

Our dealers are everywhere.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

**No-Rim-Cut Tires**
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**
For Sale by All Dealers
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities. More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires. Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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The Handling of the Raw Milk used in the preparation of

Gail Borden
EAGLE
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is entirely by scientific methods. Immediately after being taken from the cows the milk is removed to the Milk House, entirely separated from barns or other buildings, where it is promptly cooled. Every precaution is taken to insure an absolutely pure product.

As a Food for Infants and General Household Purposes Eagle Brand Has No Equal.

*Send for "Borden's Recipes," "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme," "My Biography," a book for babies.*

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

by sumptuous Rotterdam 24,170 tons, 10th annual, Feb 2; 64 days, $469 up, including hotels, guides, drives, shore trips; stop-overs. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N.Y.

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Harper's Weekly
*for*
First-Hand
Information
*about the*
Coming
Football Season

Special Inside Stories
*by*
"Right Wing"

## *What Every Investor Wants*

TWO inquiries always come to investment bankers and financial editors. Especially have they arrived in increasing numbers in recent months. Here they are: 1—What investments are safe and return six per cent? 2—Is this a good time to buy stocks?

It is not my present purpose to go into the second question. But the two are closely related, because when standard railroad and other conservative dividend-paying stocks, especially those with active markets on the Stock Exchange, are selling low enough to return six per cent, the notice of persons wanting six per cent is logically turned their way. But it must not be supposed that the hunger for six per cent is confined to periods when active, listed stocks are cheap. It is the universal feeling on the part of those with money to put out that a return of six per cent will prove their business acumen, will show to all the world that they have not been worsted in a bargain, or content with meager things.

Mankind commonly, almost automatically, thinks of five per cent as the normal, regular, assured rate of income on capital. It has become second nature. But, when we actually come to invest money, we feel cheated and think we lack ingenuity and shrewdness if we remain content with five per cent. So it is that the inquiring investor nearly always asks for six per cent and safety. Every man and woman seems to want it. Perhaps it is only human nature to get all we can, but as in some other directions untrained human nature may lead to disaster.

## *Where Safe Six Per Cent Securities May Be Had*

LET us set out on a hunt for the safe six per cent security. We must direct our steps in one or all of the following directions: 1—Abnormally Low Stock Markets, 2—Small Industries, 3—New Industries and Industries in the Newer Sections, 4—Short Term Securities, 5—Real Estate Mortgages.

To discuss all of these channels of investment would take a great many pages in this magazine. It is the purpose of this article merely to suggest the principles which must be followed.

## *The Lure of Speculation*

THE Stock Exchange, or stock market, is a place where countless forces, local, national, and international, play prices. Every now and then these prices are clearly depressed below the level of intrinsic values. So many outside forces play upon the market that movements of particular securities do not always follow the movement of values behind them. The great danger of investing in this place is the temptation to keep on dabbling at it in a speculative way. The man who buys conservative, dividend-paying railroad shares and those of the more seasoned manufacturing companies, such as General Electric, when black pessimism rules, and puts his stock away to forget it until happy times have come again, is a fortunate person. Stock Exchange investment requires a certain strength of mind.

There are small but highly successful manufacturing industries, whose securities have never been placed on the Stock Exchange, which return on the average about one per cent more to the investor than the larger industries, whose securities are listed on the Exchange. Whether rightly or wrongly one must always pay more for a listed security, except in times of abnormal depression, than for unlisted. If one does not desire to see active dealings day by day in the security he holds, he is often able to get a higher rate of income by purchasing a good unlisted preferred stock. The preferred shares of companies like the Otis Elevator and Remington Typewriter come to mind.

The last few years have seen a stupendous development of electric traction, light and power companies in the moderate-sized and smaller cities and towns of the West and South. Literally hundreds of holding companies, composed of from two or three up to twoscore of companies in as many different places, have been formed and their securities sold to the public. This class of securities is comparatively new and lacks what is known as "seasoning." A number of these public-utility bond and stock issues will turn out badly. More will turn out well. Great discrimination is needed in picking them out. Most of them have met no hard tests as yet, and no business can expect to go on indefinitely without facing problems of its own.

Capital always commands higher rates of interest in sections distant from financial centers. Industries in such sections may be as successful or more so than those in the older parts of the country. Like new types of industries they simply are not widely known. In financial centers, where most of the investment funds gravitate, these newer regions must prove their worthiness. Discrimination will find as safe securities in the Far West or South at five and one half or six per cent as at five per cent in the East.

## *Short Term Notes Are Safe*

SHORT term notes, which are practically bonds running for a few years only, are usually quite safe when issued by sound companies. A higher rate of interest is paid than upon longer term obligations of equal strength merely because a corporation is willing to pay a high rate for a short period, although it will balk at the same rate for twenty or thirty years. Short-term notes are an ideal investment for the person who demands both safety and high income, except for the necessity of early reinvestment.

Possibly first mortgages on both city and country real estate afford the widest variety of safe six per cent investments. There is no difficulty in securing farm mortgages of the highest class to return six per cent. In several cities an equally large return may be had. The farther West or South one goes, as a rule the rate of return is higher. There are many spurious real-estate securities. In no field is there more speculation and venturesome undertaking. But a first mortgage on a productive farm or other income earning property, selected in accordance with well-recognized safeguards by reliable and experienced dealers, affords as much safety in all probability as a railroad bond, and returns decidedly more interest. The railroad bond has certain obvious advantages. But let us not confuse ourselves at this time by enumerating them. The mortgage pays six per cent, which the railroad bond does not, and the mortgage will be paid off in full when it comes due as surely as the bond. For the present that is all we ask, and it is a very great deal too.

# What They Think of Us

*DeWitt C. Wing, Associate Editor the Breeder's Gazette* (Chicago)

I have waited impatiently but with a large confidence for the first HARPER'S WEEKLY under your editorship. Last evening I eagerly and delightedly read your corking editorials, and enjoyed other unique features of the great first Hapgood issue. It is a beautiful journal, full of cultured instinct and inspiration. I like its fine spirit. I like its breadth. I am glad that you intend to recognize agriculture, editorially and otherwise.

*The Lexington Herald*

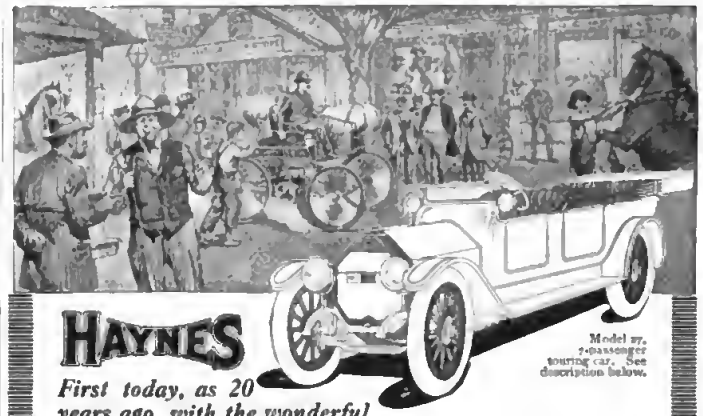
We give glad welcome to HARPER'S WEEKLY under its new ownership, edited by Norman Hapgood, as will every one give welcome whose brains are not so crystallized that to think causes him pain. It matters little whether we agree with Norman Hapgood's views: he has been a distinct stimulus to American thought, and no one who is capable of thinking or whose brain is sufficiently mobile to welcome a new turn to an old idea, or a new exposition of an old thought, or an original view succinctly expressed, will fail to welcome his reëntry into active newspaper work.

We have disagreed with much that he has written; we have opposed much that he has favored; we know that we, as many others, will combat much that he will advocate. But he has clear vision, is honest-minded and able, and what errors he has made have never been either from corrupt mutive or fossilized brain. He is in sympathy with every movement for the betterment of moral, social, and political conditions; and under his editorship HARPER'S WEEKLY will be a real power in provoking, if not always in leading, thought.

In the current issue, the first under the editorship of Mr. Hapgood, the future policy of HARPER'S WEEKLY is outlined. We wish all who are still able to think and young enough to grow would read his article on "What Women Are After." We do not know a sadder spectacle than a man of any age whose mind is old and whose eyes are turned to the past, whose thoughts are bound by the fetters of prejudice and whose sympathies are circumscribed by habit, unless it is the woman of arrested development, who does not realize that breadth of sympathy and mental and spiritual development must take the place of the charm of adolescence. Mr. Hapgood tells something of what the women movement means, indicates something of what has been the result of that movement. When the present generation of ancient men and useless women is gathered to Abraham's bosom, and those who think and feel and strive as does Norman Hapgood, and the men and women of whom he writes come into their own, the world will be a better place in which to live and to work.

*John Howells* (New York City)

Taking up the WEEKLY, I surprised myself by reading it from cover to cover. I admired particularly the Brandeis article, the clear headed suffrage article, and the brilliant figure drawings for the New York summer show. I congratulate you on the first number.

HAYNES

Model 27, 7-passenger touring car. See description below.

*First today, as 20 years ago, with the wonderful*

## Electric Gear Shift

Twenty years ago Elwood Haynes and his new fangled "horseless carriage" was the sensation of the hour.

Today the new Haynes Models with the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift are the sensation of the automobile season. The hand gear lever is replaced by electric push buttons. No longer the bother and worry of throwing in gears. Electricity does that for you.

### Three New Models

The new Haynes cars are more beautiful than ever. More convenient and comfortable, too. Among the features are: Electric lighting, starting, gear shifting, mechanical tire pump, Collins curtains.

Model 26, has 6-cylinders, 65 H. P., 130 in. wheelbase, and sells at $2950 for 2-pass. roadster, 4 or 5-pass. touring car, $3200 for coupe.

Model 27, has 6 cylinders, 65 H. P., 136 in. wheelbase, and sells at $2785 for 6 or 7-passenger car, $3650 for limousine.

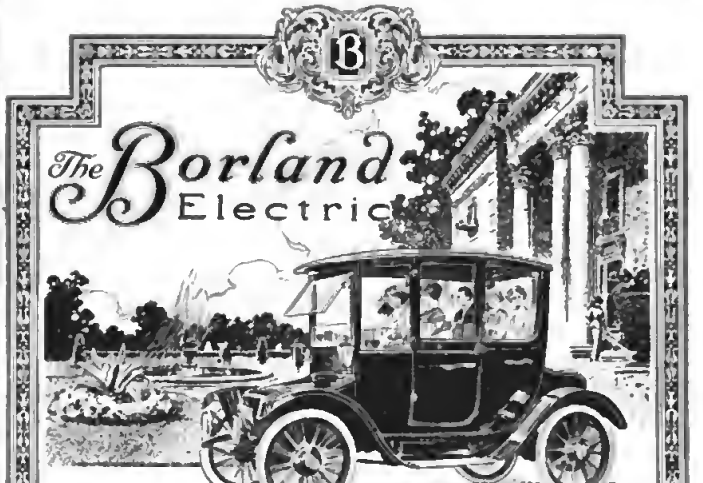
Model 28, has 4 cylinders, 48 H. P., 118 in. wheelbase, and sells at $1985 for 2-passenger roadster, 4 or 5-passenger touring, $2100 for coupe.

*Hand levers optional at $200 reduction.*

**FREE: Great Book—by Elwood Haynes, father of the automobile**

This book—the "Complete Motorist"—is a wonderfully interesting and instructive automobile text book. Tells about the different parts of a car, what they are for, and how to get the best use out of them. Tells all about the wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift and the new Haynes models.

**The Haynes Automobile Co.** 41 Main St. Kokomo, Ind.




## The Car With the Clean-Cut, Thoroughbred Air

In the Borland great thought and effort have been given to the making of a car that is the embodiment of good taste a roomy car having the snappy, speedy lines that are the last word in automobile design.

And yet there is preserved that restraint of design and finish demanded by "those who know."

The Borland Electric is the car with the clean-cut, thoroughbred air combining the essential *dash* with solid dependability of design and construction.

Seating seats for five, all facing forward; horizontal control, either forward or rear drive; six forward and three reverse speeds. Automatic cut-out disconnects power when emergency brake is applied.

"Exide" batteries standard equipment. Price, $2900

**The Borland Roadster, $2550**

*Send for the Borland Poster Book*

**The Borland-Grannis Company**

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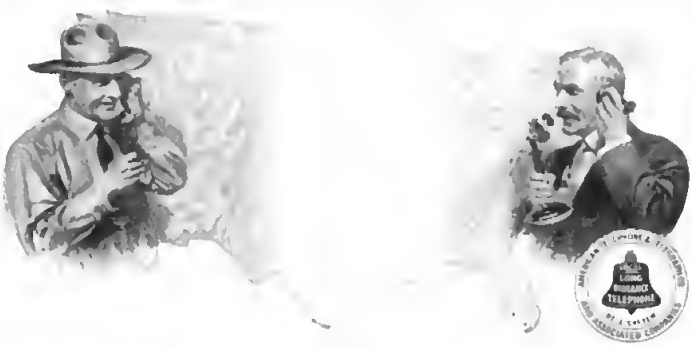


# The Merger of East and West

*"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,*
*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"*
*—KIPLING.*

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

In this country, before the days of the telephone, infrequent and indirect communication tended to keep the people of the various sections separated and apart.

The telephone, by making communication quick and direct, has been a great cementing force. It has broken down the barriers of distance. It has made us a homogeneous people.

The Bell System, with its 7,500,000 telephones connecting the east and the west, the north and the south, makes one great neighborhood of the whole country.

It brings us together 27,000,000 times a day, and thus develops our common interests, facilitates our commercial dealings and promotes the patriotism of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

*One Policy* *One System* *Universal Service*

# A Yankee Girl in the Parisian Secret Service

"The Zibelline Coat," in October McClure's, begins a powerful new series of mystery and adventure, by *Edith Macvane*, one of the most brilliant of young American writers. The artist is Will Foster.

**Order your October McClure's NOW!**

*Mrs. Cora Herrick Miller* (Amsterdam, N. Y.)

I was amazed at the ignoble, bigoted article on anti-vivisection in your HARPER'S WEEKLY for Aug. 16, 1913.

You do not have to state that you will be extremely bigoted. The whole editorial shows that you are, and while I have not taken sides in this question of vivisection, or anti, yet your ridiculous comparisons, referring to sewers in city reservoirs, are so detestably odious and unfair that I for one shall discontinue your paper if this is to be your policy; and I have always enjoyed the HARPER'S WEEKLY in the past. You may have enjoyed success in your whole life, but it seems to me that the good will of a dog is preferable to its ill will.

*Chicago Tribune*

From Harvey to Hapgood is a terrific flipflop for HARPER'S WEEKLY. Harvey made it the official organ of solidity, stolidity, and smugness. Hapgood says he means to make it, among other things, "the official organ of feminism in this country."

Feminism, in its present sense, is a young word for an official organ. This is all the Century Dictionary, edition of 1900, has to say about it: *feminism* (fem-in-ism) N. (obsolete. (Root, Lat. femina, woman.) The qualities of females.

Feminism, obsolete in 1900. Shades of Sylvia Pankhurst's uneaten breakfasts. In the 1909 edition of the Century, feminism is no longer described as obsolete, but as a noun meaning, "the presence of specifically female characteristics in the male."

That certainly gives one considerable pause. Feminism is usually described by its opponents as the presence of specifically male characteristics in the female, and by its proponents as the effort and desire of women for a larger place in the sun. "Votes for women" is its most immediate symptom, but it goes very much deeper than that. It proposes, for instance, a fundamental revolution in the marriage relation as well as that between parents and children. The subject is a live one just now, and Mr. Hapgood seems to have displayed his customary perspicacity in making a feature of it.

We hope the attacks on Mr. Hapgood will begin immediately. The gentlest soul in the world to all appearance, yet he is never quite at the top of his game when out of battle.

*Chicago Evening Post*

A vehicle of expression for the feminist movement had to come in the United States. England and France have them. It is high time that this country had careful and intelligent exposition of what is in many ways the most profoundly important change of our times.

That Mr. Norman Hapgood through HARPER'S WEEKLY can perform this service we have little doubt. As the "Official Organ for the Feminist Movement," he will be breaking almost new ground. In this country "feminism"—the label first used in France—is largely an intellectual thing. It is not even tentatively formulated in the minds of more than a few women—or men. The fight for the vote is as far as we have gone, without giving great thought to the larger issues that lie behind that important symbol.

Mr. Hapgood's detachment, his spiritual fiber and mental quality should make him an ideal expositor of the difficult problems of the new "standards of civil-

ization that are no longer to be the expression of one sex slightly influenced by the other." That HARPER'S WEEKLY, a journal that has done fine things, should be given over to this most modern of causes promises much for its future. In serving the spirit of its times it can but serve itself.

*Springfield Republican* (Mass.)

Mr. Brandeis's criticism of "banker-management" which he has written for the new Norman Hapgood HARPER'S WEEKLY has a streak of sense in it. Bankers are well fitted to bank, but there are limitations to the idea that they should also manage the railroads and the big industries of the country. Banker-management of the New Haven railroad was as responsible for the mess it got into as Mr. Mellen was.

*Kansas City Star*

THE WEEKLY NORMAN HAPGOOD

If Norman Hapgood's plan does not miscarry, the new HARPER'S WEEKLY under his editorship is going to be a very possible publication. At least his prospectus in the current issue, the first under his editorship, pays a distinct compliment to the intelligence of his readers. It proposes a program of discussion of really interesting things with that lightness of touch that is characteristic of Mr. Hapgood. For instance, this first issue takes up the feminist movement, the present dramatic outlook, the relation of the house of Morgan to the decline of the New Haven road, and Professor Santayana's latest book on philosophy. Fiction is promised—if it is really interesting.

The feature that will be looked for with particular zest will be the pictures. Mr. Hapgood sets up the standard of the great German weeklies, which have the best pictures published in the world. What he desires for HARPER'S is not the conventional illustration, but something that an intelligent artist might do for the amusement of intelligent people at a dinner. Certainly there is room for this sort of thing if it can be had.

Of course, it really isn't HARPER'S WEEKLY any more, although it retains the name. But here's hoping the *Weekly Norman Hapgood* will live up to its expectations, and thereby add to the joy of life, even when the mercury is besting the one hundred mark.

*H. L. Watson, President The South Carolina Press Association* (Greenwood, S. C.)

Am so pleased with the new HARPER'S WEEKLY, I feel that I must write you congratulations. Wish it all kinds of success.

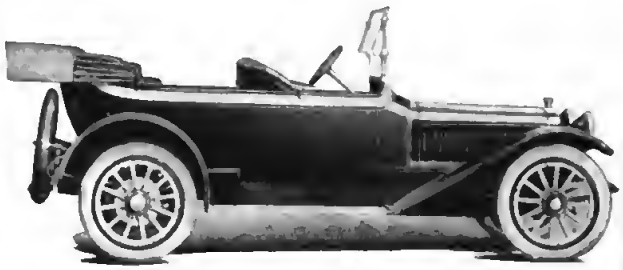
*The Evening Post* (Chicago)

Norman Hapgood, once of *Collier's*, took old HARPER'S WEEKLY to-day and transformed it so that George Brinton McClellan Harvey and the shade of George William Curtis wouldn't know it on the street.

Shake hands, ladies and gentlemen, with "The Official Organ of the Feminist Movement," heretofore known as "The Journal of Civilization."

Yes, Mr. Hapgood proposes to make HARPER'S WEEKLY express the "new position of women in the world." He will try to give interpretation and support to the lines of spiritual and intellectual effort along which women like Ellen Key, Jane Addams, Olive Schreiner, Elsie Clews Parsons, Elizabeth Robins, Mary Austin, and Mary Roberts Coolidge are writing.

**WINTON SIX** Long stroke motor, left drive, center control, electric lights, self-starter, finest mohair top, easily handled curtains, rain-vision glass front, best Warner speedometer, Waltham eight-day clock, Klaxon electric horn, tire carriers, four-cylinder tire pump, demountable rims, full set of tools, German silver radiator, metal parts nickel finished. Fully equipped, **$3250**



# Every Car Needs a Maker

NOT only to design and build it. Not only to give it the right features, the right material, and the right workmanship, and to leave out what should not go in. But, most of all, every car needs a maker *after* it has been sold *after* you have bought it.

After you have put your faith and money into a car, then is when it needs a maker standing behind it with the financial strength and the moral determination to make good on every promise that his advertising or his salesmen held out to you *before you bought.*

## How Owners Suffer

When a car loses its maker, through failure or otherwise, its market value drops 50 to 90 per cent instantly. That car becomes discredited, commanding neither price nor respect. Nobody wants it, least of all the unfortunate buyer.

More than 25 makes of cars have lost their makers within the year. Thousands of owners suffered financial loss and annoyance. Guarantees became worthless. Repair parts could be secured only with difficulty, even for cash in advance. And the maker's much boasted "service" proved to be a hollow promise, with nobody at the maker's plant to express regret, much less to make good.

## What's Most Important

Find out, before you buy a car, whether the maker is solvent and is likely to stay solvent. That's more important than to know the specifications of his car. The maker who is solid, who will be in business next year and the year after, is invariably a maker whose car has the substance that gives satisfaction. But the best car in the world isn't worth having if its maker is in danger of being wiped out. Just keep that in mind.

## You Need This Book

Look up the maker first. Then find out about cars. We have summed up the present situation in the automobile industry in a booklet that you ought to read before you buy any car. Ask for Book No. 15: it includes car description.

**The Winton Motor Car Co.**

**118 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio**

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By

Albert W. Atwood

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## *Why Businesses Win*

By

Edward Mott Woolley

MR. WOOLLEY, an authority on business, has been traveling over the United States studying a great variety of successful businesses.

He has given his attention not to the giant corporations which have won by sheer weight of money, but to the substantial businesses built up from little capital by industrious, clear-headed men.

In an important series, he tells the stories of these enterprises.

*These two vital features begin in the October McClure's. On all Newsstands September 15th.*

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 13, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

"Professor, will you play 'The Rosary,' Please?"

*Drawn by John Sloan*

# THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF S. S. McCLURE

MR. McCLURE WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD; FROM A TINTYPE TAKEN NOT LONG AFTER HE CAME TO AMERICA

**In celebration of the twentieth anniversary of McClure's Magazine, there will begin in the October issue the autobiography of its editor and founder, Mr. S. S. McClure.**

**The story of Mr. McClure's life is one of the most romantic and typically American stories ever told.**

**First, it is an account of a penniless immigrant boy: his struggles for a bare living; his fight for a school education and then a college course; the almost insuperable and heartbreaking difficulties of finding a place in the world, and even a competence, for his wife and family.**

**Then came the founding of the magazine, a thrilling and inspiring chapter in the ever wonderful adventure of American business.**

**The establishing of McClure's was the project of a young man without capital, without influence, boldly launching, with almost open derision around him, what appeared an utterly hopeless, visionary plan in which everything was staked on the untried powers of an equally bold and adventurous group of young writers.**

**It is a narrative which will hold a high place in the history of American business and American life.**

The Opening Chapters of Mr. McClure's Autobiography appear in the

## October McClure's

All Newsstands September 15th

LATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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SUNDAY IN THE PARKS

By Wallace Morgan

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2960 | *Week ending Saturday, September* 13, 1913 | 10 Cents a Copy $3 00 a year

## Wilson's Character

THE story about Secretary Lane's surprise at being visited in his office by President Wilson, told by Mrs. Willsie in her article this week, is one of those anecdotes that enter into history, and equally significant is what he says about the sadness of his life. The country knows Woodrow Wilson, so far, much better as a combination of qualities—intelligence, efficiency, courage—than it does as a human entity. Before he has finished his term, however, his personality, and the distinct outlines of his character, will have sunk into the public imagination as thoroughly as his fitness for the job.

## Morals and Dancing

MADAME PAVLOVA, in her article in this issue, says that she is interested in the new dances, not from the moral but from the esthetic point of view. From the moral point of view, however, there is one point that we think ought to be made about them. Active exercise is steadying and makes for normality of feeling, whereas keeping quiet and taking in sensuous impressions makes in the opposite direction. For that reason, thoroughly recognized by science, the most exaggerated turkey trot, if danced in places where no liquor is served, is much less of a sex stimulant than the ordinary musical comedy.

## The Highest Virtue

WE asked a friend once what he looked upon as the highest of the virtues, and he replied: "Cheerfulness." Doubtless he would have agreed with the point of view hinted by George Sand when she said:

"Who knows whether, in a new moral code, a new religious catechism, satiety and sorrow will not be branded as vices, and love, hope, and admiration rewarded as virtues?"

We believe George Sand is right. The police idea of vice and virtue will tend to go into the background; the conception of all those things which enhance life as being virtues and all those things which depress and limit it as being vices will increase. More and more we will exalt growth, freedom, joy, less and less will we extol sacrifice.

Some old subscribers have scolded us for saying that the Puritan point of view is no longer adequate to meet the demands of our civilization. That statement, however, represents our point of view, and will have to stand. Moreover we shall make a few more remarks upon the subject next week.

## Is There a Limit?

MORE than 100,000 pounds of meat and eggs were condemned in Philadelphia recently by the State Dairy and Food Commission, and warrants were issued for the arrest of the dealers. The reason for this punishment was that the goods had been in cold storage since 1906 and had become unfit. Forty thousand pounds of game were also called unfit, although they have been in storage only two years. Pennsylvania has a statute, which went into effect only last month, providing for a penalty of $500, or imprisonment, or both, for storing beef more than four months; pork, sheep, and lamb, six months; veal, three months; butter and fish, nine months; fowls (drawn), five months; undrawn, ten months. This is all very well, but ought there not to be a statute of limitations? The principle of the statute of limitations, well recognized, especially in saving criminals from probable penal punishment, is that if you did a thing long enough ago you are not punished for it. In real estate, a similar principle is that if you occupy a certain piece of land long enough without any right to it, you thereby acquire a right. Would it not be reasonable, therefore, to provide that if food has been in storage, say, twenty years, the statute of limitations should run and it would be perfectly legal to sell it?

## Goethe on Our Canal

THE Canal opens next month. Perhaps the first interesting remarks about it were made by Goethe. Eckermann's first reference to canal-building is to the union of the Rhine with the Danube—a project of Eugene Napoleon, Duke of Leuchtenberg, that was to be realized in the nineteenth century. "Charlemagne had the same plan," said Goethe, "and even began the work, but it soon came to a standstill. The sand would not hold; the banks were always falling in on both sides."

This was Goethe's table-talk in 1824. Three years later he was discussing Humboldt's project for a canal piercing Panama. It would be even better if use could be made "of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico." Listen to the enthusiastic poet:

> I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such a work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young State, with its decided predilection to the west, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the

furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case, it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant-ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable, and expensive voyage round Cape Horn.

We read Goethe a great deal and always find something new. Perhaps he prophesied, in some conversation that we have overlooked, the establishment of a Chinese republic in the twentieth century.

## Eikonography

*APPLETON'S JOURNAL* for January 7, 1871, states that:

A favorite figure of one of the Chinese gods of gambling is a tiger standing on his hind feet, and grasping a large *cash* in his mouth or his paws. . . . The title of the beast, His Excellency, the Grasping Cash Tiger, is frequently written on a piece of paper and placed in the gambling-rooms.

What do you know about that?

To-day the Tiger, to be sure, has no such resounding name as the Chinese give him, but he at least *deserves* to be called His Excellency, Mr. Murphy's Grasping Tiger. And the beast is still a favorite with the gamblers.

## Penrose

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his conduct of the Mexican crisis, has acted only for his country's welfare and for the welfare of Mexico. So have most members of Congress. There are a few exceptions. It is easy to understand Senator Penrose's solemn declarations of our duty to protect American lives in Chihuahua. If only our interference could be brought about, the Administration's tariff and banking programs would be indefinitely postponed. Republicans of the Penrose kidney have worked for this end, just as certain politicians interested in perpetuating slavery secured our jingo Mexican War in 1846. One would expect a Senator serving what is likely to prove his last term, to be bent on bettering his unpopular record, rather than on playing peanut politics as of old, but Boies Penrose is a Bourbon to the bottom of his heart.

## Americanized

THAT the Filipinos are ready for political freedom might be reasoned in reading this newspaper item about Franklin Dalat, the eleven-year-old son of an Igorrote head-hunter:

"So you know baseball?" one questioner asked. "What do you call the umpire?"

"Tell him," Mr. Sibley prompted, when the youngster hesitated.

"Thief, sometimes, but mostly robber," the boy answered.

## Nature's Extravagances

THERE is something stirring in the wholesome extravagances of nature as seen in the autumn time. The hillsides strewn with nuts, ten times more than all the little woods animals can eat; the ground in the orchard specked with apples so plentifully that all the great arteries of commerce can not carry them uncongested to market; the fields thick with shocks of corn, and yellow pumpkins between; all the face of the earth covered with food, and material for clothes in such rich abundance that much of it goes to waste. And yet Nature knows that because of choking competition of the woods, and the battle with floods and pests, she must scatter a hundred acorns to every one that she gets to grow in the little bare glade that needs covering. And because of the hard choking competition among men, she must lavish food and covering with reckless extravagance, that the little ones and the weak ones may get a few crumbs.

## The Call of Indian Summer

THE call to the country is never so strong as in autumn. Custom and commerce and society have conspired to call men back to the city just when the heat has passed, and the mellowing air and the coloring world is most alluring in the country. When the haze hangs over the hills, and leaves are green and gold and scarlet, and soft sunlight of Indian summer fills the world, then the west wind stirs in man the half extinct memory of his hunting ancestors and he longs to strike the trail for the unknown woods. Then it is his primal instincts prompt him to build wood fires and sleep under the starlit skies. But, alas! stern necessity or feverish nights of winter gaiety call most men back to the nervous grind of the world as it is. But only if we could strike the long trail and answer the call of Indian summer, what wonderful high adventure, what keen delight, and restful health we might find over the rim yonder—from whence the west wind comes.

## Mexico

ONE of the current ideas of the time, taken for granted by most people, is that a man has a right to go into a half civilized country in order to make money by speculative investments, and then, if political conditions in that country interfere with his money-making, he has the right to involve his own nation in war to protect his so-called interests, thus forcing his countrymen to interrupt their useful activities, and spend their money and their blood, and brutalize their civilization, for the sake of looking after his dividends. This is not President Wilson's view. His conduct of the Mexican situation has been remarkable for patience, and for a firm but tactful adherence to those general principles by which his whole life and thought are guided. As he has stated publicly, he wishes to act "not in the interest of any person or body of persons who may have personal or property claims in Mexico." Those foreign newspapers which have been calling his policy in Mexico amateurish may imagine that their own conduct of Balkan affairs and other complications in Europe and Asia is professional; but they will have hard work to convince enlightened Americans that professionalism of that sort is superior to amateurishness of the kind that President Wilson is exhibiting.

## A Second Thought

THEY were attending the closing exercises of a school where they met for the first time.

*She:* Does it not seem queer to be visiting a place where you are known merely as the mother of John or the father of Betty?

*He:* Not queer at all. I like it.

*She:* Well, come to think of it, so do I.

Probably no one thing, outside of health, adds more to happiness than development in the direction of getting rid of the excesses of our own personality. People look back over their youth and talk about it as if it were the happiest period. As a fact, it usually is not. Usually, the young person is thinking about himself a large part of the time and taking an inflamed view of the limitations of life. If, later on, we retain our activities, and at the same time find our interests less centered in our own ego, we have entered a much happier period.

The ideal lies in the ability, as George Santayana puts it, to live

> "Our lives without remorse, as if not ours,
> And others' lives with love, as if our own."

## A Poet of Labor

SINCE the day of Robert Burns there have been few genuine poets of the plow and pick. More than one yokel has essayed to write verse that smacks of the soil—but who reads them? Who reads Robert Bloomfield? To-day, however, we have John Masefield, and now we have made the acquaintance of one Patrick MacGill, who is his own publisher for "Songs of a Navvy." There is a rather surprising talent in these verses, though the best of them suggest nothing more strongly than the influence of Rudyard Kipling:

> Down on creation's muck-pile where the sinful swelter and sweat,
> Where the scum of the earth foregather, rough and untutored yet,
> Where they swear in the six-foot spaces, or toil in the barrow squad,
> The men of unshaven faces, the ranks of the very bad,
> Where the brute is more than the human, the muscle more than the mind,
> Where their gods are the loud-voiced gaffers, rugged, uncouth, unkind,
> Where the rough of the road are roosting, where the failed and the fallen be,
> There have we met in the ditchway, there have I plighted with thee
> The wage-slave troth of our union, and found thee true to my trust.
> . . . . . .
> But you're foul to the haughty woman, bediamon'd slave of lust,
> Who bows to a seignior's sabre, tinged with a coward's rust,
> Foul to the aping dandy with the glittering finger rings,
> You who have helped to fashion the charnel vault of the kings!
> —Ah! the lady fair is disdainful and loathingly looks askew,
> And the collared ass of the circle gazes in scorn at you,
> But some day you'll scatter the clay on grinning lady and lord,
> For yours is the cynical triumph over the sceptre and sword!
>
> *Emperors pass in an hour, empires pass in a day,*
> *But you of the line and muck-pile open the grave alway.*

Such is the "Song of the Shovel," that one of MacGill's admirers praises as superior to Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The comparison is unnecessary, but the ditch-digger is better at writing verse than Hood ever was at opening ditches.

## Dogs, Old and Young

PUPPIES frolic. They enjoy; they wag their tails; they confide. The world loves a lover, and everyhody loves puppies because they trust and welcome everybody. The old dog looks askance. He lies on his mat and growls. So forbidding is he that younger dogs decline to fight with him, notwithstanding his lack of teeth—not out of respect do they decline, but awed by his expression. And how about the animal that stands on his hind legs and rules the world? Ah, friends, it is an art to grow old genially, a difficult art, and most important. You may seem reasonable and even sunny to yourself, hut do the young think you so? That is the test, and the best way to meet it is to have interests not too closely connected with your own welfare. How much wisdom is there in the Bible! how true it is that he who would save his life shall lose it. Old Buster, well intentioned hut sleepy and morose, is lying there on his rug by the fire, as we write these words, and he has set us looking into the future, and thinking how hard life is, how lovely it may be, how fascinating it nearly always can be to the generous and open mind.

## Death

WHAT is the most interesting statement that has ever been made about the great fact of death? Shakespeare has made many of the most splendid ones, as in the description of the horrors of lying in the earth in "Cymheline" and the speech when Macbeth hears that his wife is dead. He was the typical skeptic. Death was the end and life was nothing, and that was all there was to it.

Often in smaller poets there are interesting side-lights of feeling, as in Landor:

> Death stands above me, whispering low
> I know not what into my ear:
> Of his strange language all I know
> Is, there is not a word of fear.

It is seldom that death is praised with cheerfulness. Vaughan, a truly religious poet, says:

> Dear, beauteous Death, a jewel of the dust!
> Shining nowhere but in the dark.

It may be doubted whether anything nohler on the suhject has been written than these words of Sir Walter Raleigh:

> O eloquent, just, and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretched greatnesse, all the pride, cruelties, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Perhaps of such a universal fact as death we should not expect anything to be said that has the interest of unusualness. It is so simple, so familiar, that human genius can do little except express the prevailing mood toward it. Possibly other readers know something to equal Shakespeare's words in adequacy, but we do not.

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# Mr. Lane and the Public Domain

*IV. A Renaissance in Washington*

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

THERE is a renaissance in Washington. It has to do with a number of things, but mostly it touches the rebirth of simplicity.

One spring morning, Mr. Lane's office attendant opened the door softly and bowed profoundly.

"The President, Mr. Secretary!" he said.

"President of what?" inquired Mr. Lane casually.

"The President of the United States of America, sir!" replied the attendant, and he swung the door wide for Mr. Wilson.

It was the first time that a President had been known to visit the Department of the Interior!

Washington does not approve of informality like this. Washington prefers form and functions. It likes bowing and scraping and pulling of the forelock.

ONE evening, a very hot one in July, Mr. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, might have been seen on the Raleigh Roof Garden in Washington. He was dining with some friends, in a quiet, contented sort of a way, quite a human way, in fact.

A man belonging to the species known in Washington as Government Employee—that is, his salary is less than $3,000 a year—eyed Secretary Houston with a mixture of awe and disgust.

"Isn't that awful!" he groaned. "You could tell that he belongs to Bryan's party! How can an official of the Cabinet expect to keep his influence and dignity, when he lets the public see him eat and walk?"

"And yet, the President," said Mr. Lane wearily, as if the comment were old, when told of this incident, "is pleased when he hears just that sort of thing about the members of the Cabinet. How can the New Freedom come, unless it brings with it entire simplicity?"

It is Washington's function to doubt and smile sardonically at informality. Washington mistakes simplicity for lack of dignity. It does not see that this informality springs from the bigness that dares to be itself under all conditions. Life is very short, and there is much work to be done. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, are great time-wasters. And they deprive a man of all his human sympathy and of his individualism, two essentials of bigness.

"I know Lane's kind," said a lank individual, sitting on the steps of the Congressional Library. "He's a trimmer—that's what he is. Look at the appointments he's making. He's playing politics."

"Is it something bad to be a trimmer?" asked the stout woman. "What's it like?"

"It's making appointments that'll make votes for you," replied the man. "It's playing to the common people. I saw him smoking a cigar on the front end of a street car the other night. Man in his position has got no business to do that. It's never done here in Washington. Playing to the common people!"

The woman, who had a Western accent, looked puzzled. "But Washington's in America! What difference does it make what he rides in, as long as he gets where he is going?" she asked.

"When you've lived here as long as I have, Eliza," answered the man, "you'll know that a Cabinet officer is next to the President. He's got to keep his dignity."

THE abashed layman recalled an incident that had occurred in Mr. Lane's office that same morning. Mr. Meyers had piled the Secretary's desk high with a mass of documents. He explained each document to Mr. Lane. Sometimes the Secretary signed silently; sometimes he hesitated.

"I wish I had time to go over these more thoroughly," he said. "But how am I to manage? We are a year behind, and I am working fourteen hours a day. I have to rely on the men below me. You can see what a frightful thing it is if I can not trust them. If the system could only be arranged so that decisions not only of high financial magnitude but relating also to the actual economic life of so many thousands of people did not have to be made so hurriedly! What is this one, Mr. Meyers?"

"It's that Indian Office appointment," replied Mr. Meyers, who has a remarkable memory. "It doesn't carry much salary, but a lot of responsibility."

"I remember," said Mr. Lane. "Lay it one side. I want to go over that again. I shall be criticized, no matter what appointment I make there. What is this one?"

"Jim Smith has slipped up again, and I guess he'll have to go this time. Last year, when he went on a spree, they made him put in his resignation, and told him that when he went on another the resignation would take effect. You sign here."

The Secretary sighed. "He's an efficient man, too. It's too bad."

"He's extremely efficient," said Mr. Meyers tentatively, "and getting to the age where it will be hard to find work; and he has a wife and three children."

Mr. Lane picked up his pen, laid it down, lit a fresh cigar, and said: "Give him six months more."

Mr. Meyers smiled a little and slid another document under the Secretary's hand.

Great puffs of heat and dust came in through the open window, and the abashed layman remarked on the fact.

"Hush!" said the Secretary. "A Cabinet officer is not supposed to feel the heat. Last night I thought I'd like to get cooled off, and I rode up home on a street car. A government man caught me at it, and remonstrated all the way up. It seems that one must subscribe to the caste system here in Washington, or be accused of playing politics. I'm a Westerner, you know. I came into politics a poor man, and I'm just as poor now. I am an anomaly, for I like my job and am satisfied with its interest and breadth. But I don't expect the average person to believe it. Do you recall the attitude that most of the Water Users in the Reclamation hearing took toward Mr. Newell and Mr. Hill? They took it for granted that they were inefficient and dishonest. Only the profoundest sense of public duty can keep an honorable man on the job, under that sort of heckling."

IT takes a deal of courage to be one's self in Washington—to go into an office that has a caste system of which an army need not be ashamed, and do the simple, ordinary thing, just because it happens to be the short cut to quick results. A man with a position of the vast responsibility of Mr. Lane's must have men who understand him and men whom he can trust close to him. The first noon of the abashed layman's visit to Mr. Lane, the Secretary rang the bell, and an attendant appeared.

"My compliments to Dr. Miller, and ask him to take lunch with me." The Secretary lighted a fresh cigar and signed half a dozen documents before the attendant returned and said, with a bow:

"Dr. Miller's compliments, sir, and he will be delighted."

"All right!" replied Mr. Lane, pulling a bill out of his pocket. "Ask Dr. Miller what he wants, and get some fresh cigars."

"Who," asked the abashed layman in the corner, "is Dr. Miller?"

"His official title," answered the Secretary, "is Assistant to the Secretary. He is this kind of man. He held an important chair in the University of California. He has a wide knowledge of business and business men. He



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is an old friend of mine. I wrote him and told him that I needed him, that all he could have was a quarter of the salary that he was getting, but that this department needed him. And he came."

The colored man came into the room and cleared off a side of one of the desks. He put down three pieces of blotting paper, covered them with three towels, and on each set a bowl and a spoon. In the middle of the desk he placed a pitcher of milk and a pile of shredded wheat biscuit. A tall blond man with a clear-cut face appeared in the doorway.

"Luncheon is served, Mr. Secretary," said the attendant; and Mr. Lane, Dr. Miller, and the abashed layman fell to.

"I'm going to try out the automobile idea to take the place of some of the stages in the National Park, this summer," said Dr. Miller. "I must get an efficient man or two."

"Well," said the Secretary, "that's a good idea, but it will have its difficulties."

Dr. Miller nodded. "I believe that my stock is going up in Washington," he said to the abashed layman. "I've been seen going in and out of this building several times with the Secretary of the Interior. You know the story they tell of Baron Rothschild. He refused a man a loan, but added: 'I will help you out. I will be seen walking one block on the street with you!'"

The Secretary laughed heartily. "This is indeed 'New Freedom' to a Westerner!" he said.

"Dr. Miller, do you, too, believe this to be the last stand of individualism in American politics?" the abashed layman asked.

The big professor nodded. "If we fail," he said, "I shall be bankrupt so far as my economic ideals are concerned."

The layman thought this over for some time. They are tragic phrases. Whether or not they become true phrases depends on how nearly, in the next four years, America comes to understand the ideals of the Administration and the interpretation the Administration puts on certain very old and underworked ideas.

THERE is nothing new or revolutionary about the ideas. It is their renaissance in Washington that is remarkable. The principle of individualism is as old as government. It proposes the non-interference of the state in the affairs of the individual. It is the doctrine of "Let 'em go it." It is the doctrine of utterly free competition. Washington calls Mr. Lane an individualist. It is extremely interesting to sit in Mr. Lane's office and try to correlate the things Mr. Lane says with the things that Washington says. If the Secretary is an individualist, he is of a modified variety, with a new vocabulary and a large social conscience.

"So great has been our physical endowment in America," he said, "that until the most recent years we have been indifferent to the share that each received of the wealth produced. We could then accept cheerfully the coldest and most logical of economic series. But now men are wondering as to the future. There may be much of envy and more of malice in current thought; but underneath it all is the feeling that if a nation is to have a full life it must devise methods by which its citizens will be insured against monopoly of opportunity. This is the meaning of many policies, the full philosophy of which is not fully grasped—the regulation of railroads and other public-service corporations, the conservation of natural resources, the leasing of public lands and water-powers, the control of great combinations of wealth. How these movements will express themselves eventually, none can foretell; but in the process there will be some who will dogmatically contend that "Whatever is, is right," and others who will march under the red flag of revenge and exploitation. And in that day we must look for men to meet the false cry of both sides—'gentlemen unafraid,' who will neither be the money-hired butlers of the rich nor power-loving panderers to the poor."

A new sort of individualism, this: the fine growth of an industrial idealism.

"The prime achievement of our time," Mr. Lane went on, "has been the assertion by the whole people of their supreme authority. Underneath all else, whether it be the consideration of conservation policies pure-food laws, ballot reform, or railway regulation, there is evident the determination by the people that this government shall be their government, that its policies shall be their policies, and that there shall be no one group, class, or interest whose will shall be permitted to override the sober judgment of the people, and their own estimate as to what is most beneficial to the community.

"Mr. Sydney Brooks, perhaps the greatest of present writers on economics, thinks that Europe would not have taken to government ownership if the plan of regulating by commission as we have it in America had been earlier discovered. It must be remembered by those who advocate government operation that they do not by this means escape governmental regulations. The control of rates must rest somewhere, and those rates can not be fixed by some merely mechanical rule. Under government ownership, as under private ownership, there must be rate regulation; personal judgment must have its play, as well as economic law.

"American civilization," concluded Mr. Lane, "is new in the sense that it is the blend of many, and yet it is as old as the Egyptians. Surely the real tradition of such a people is not any one way of doing a certain thing; not even any one fixed phrase, expressive of a general philosophy, unless it comes from the universal heart of this strange, new people. . . . Is there any other tradition so sacred as this—so much a part of ourselves as the hatred of injustice?"

Many people have thought Mr. Wilson unwise in bringing men untried in Administrative work into his Cabinet. This does not seem so to one who watches the cumbersome workings of our great bureaus. The great hope of the New Freedom lies in the unsophisticated eyes these men can turn on the machinery of government. They are not blinded by habit, made narrow by routine. If they are able to trust their subordinates, who know the details of the business at hand, the combination of "new head and old hands" is a good one.

Washington has its own reasons for being cynical. For many years it has watched the "captains and the kings depart." And yet, the new régime is there, and, because its tenets are so simple and so human, one may hope that it is there to stay for some time. A man who takes office under the New Freedom does not find his compensation in the thing seen by the eye. Greatness is not always its own reward. One gets a little tightening of the throat from the hint of sacrifice in President Wilson's remark to a friend the other day.

"It's a lonely life," said the President wistfully—"a lonely, lonely life!"

MR. LANE will be difficult for the old-type politician to handle. It will be hard to "put the screws" on him. He has no common avenue of approach, such as the old boss was wont to travel. Mr. Lane belongs to the renaissance which the President represents.

Mr. Lane thinks that there are jobs more interesting in life than the job of getting rich. To be clever enough to get lots of money, one must be stupid enough to want to devote one's life to getting it. Mr. Lane has not that kind of cleverness. He is keenly interested in his job of directing America's inland destiny. The men who approach him with offers of money think they haven't come up to his price. They don't understand. He has a strange idea that a man born with a good type of brain owes a thing called Public Service, that he owes it for no reward beyond a living, for no other reason than that he is a human with a brain.

And we, being Sons of Mary, ought to understand; but we don't.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed; they know the angels are on their side.

They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for them are the Mercies multiplied.

They sit at the feet and they hear the Word; they know how truly the Promise runs.

They have cast their burden on the Lord, and the Lord, He lays it on Martha's sons.

**HAY FEVER**

By Stuart Davis

# Lamar, Mulhall, and Christmas

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN

THE English are gathering at Bermuda and threatening our control of the Panama Canal. Already those whose duty it is to perch upon watch towers, sniff battle in every breeze, and see "grim-visaged war" driving our fleets from the seas and foreigners seizing our choice possessions, have decided that in order to counter-check Great Britain we should acquire the Danish West Indies as an additional base in the Caribbean Sea. That would give us three additional islands in that part of the world as well as Porto Rico, Guantanamo, and the Canal.

The proposed acquisition of the Danish West Indies, together with some of the statements by Martin M. Mulhall and David Lamar before the lobby investigating committee, recalls one of the most remarkable fakirs that ever figured in Congressional literature.

Captain W. Christmas Dircknick Homfeld flashed upon the horizon at the close of the last century, but his alleged exploits did not bring him into the brilliant limelight until the beginning of the present century. His story, in comparison, makes the "Wolf of Wall Street" and Colonel Mulhall mere "pikers" in the realms of Congressional romance and supposed activities.

"CAPTAIN CHRISTMAS," as he called himself, came from Denmark in 1899. Landing in New York, he made acquaintances and connections that gave him an audience with President McKinley and conferences with Secretary Hay when he turned his attention to Washington. He came to this country to sell the Danish West Indies to the United States. He had no credentials from the Danish government and was not introduced, but, on the other hand, was discredited by the Danish minister at Washington. Consequently little attention was paid to him by the United States officials.

Several years afterward the atmosphere of Washington became surcharged with rumors of a "report" made by Captain W. Christmas Dircknick Homfeld to the Danish government which disclosed a startling system of corruption in Congress and among high officials. It was known among the newspaper men that there was such a "report," for it was offered for sale; then attempts were made to give it away; in fact, every effort was made to secure its publication. Finally this "report" was taken by a few members of Congress, printed in the *Congressional Record*, and an investigation of the charges and allegations was ordered.

AFTER an exhaustive inquiry a committee of the House of Representatives utterly discredited Christmas and entirely exonerated every man mentioned in the so-called "report." When the committee presented its report, the brilliant Robert G. Cousins of Iowa made a speech about it, which is one of the few real gems that are embalmed in the *Congressional Record*. It was remarkable on account of its reference to all the fakirs of the ages, together with their operations. Speaking of the "report" that Christmas had made, and the long time it had kicked about the national capital, Mr. Cousins said:

"It had been dead a long while, the press refusing to handle it. By special request of its general agent, an autopsy was held upon it by that eminent and skilful surgeon, Dr. Grosvenor, (General Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio, then a member of Congress), who expressed the opinion that no one could ever bite at it."

It was in a satirical vein that Cousins proceeded in his "roast" of those Democratic leaders who had caused the "report" to be printed in the *Record*, and also in commenting upon W. Christmas Dircknick Homfeld, who had written the marvelous tale of his exploits in the United States, and particularly in Washington. A bit of Mr. Cousins' humor is displayed in the following comparison of various fakes and fakirs:

"The tales of Baron Munchausen are reasonable compared to this. The stories of the crusaders and the necromancers and the alchemists and fortune-tellers and the magnetizers become dull reading. Jack the Giant Killer and the Fairies are outdone. All the magicians from Giber and Alfarabi down to Valentine Greatrakes and Cagliostro are now in the shade.

"WHEN we contemplate what this strange person claims to have done with a dollar and seventy-five or eighty cents in cash, truly we may say that no one need abandon hope because of poverty.

"Think of it! According to the story, this outcast from the Danish navy, landing in a strange country, not even deputized or authorized by his own government, at once commanded bankers, skilled interpreters, lawyers, capitalists, press associations, investors, intimate friends of men in power, representatives, senators, diplomats, premiers, presidents, claims to have received unlimited credit with which, in his own imagination and actual penury, he bribed a great nation, wined and dined associates that were his dupes, traveled to and fro in elegant apartments, stopping at the best hotels, and peddling, meantime, the islands of the sea—dickering in little worlds.

"It reminds one of that famous description of Talleyrand: 'Like a spider in its web he allured and caught in succession heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors—Bonaparte, Sieyès, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVI, Louis Philippe—all the gilded and glittering flies who buzzed through the history of forty years.'"

Mr. Cousins then went on with a history of the world's famous fakirs from the dawn of the dark and distant ages to the present time, but he awarded the palm to Christmas because he operated upon such a small capital and pretended to have done so much. "Considering," said Mr. Cousins, "where he stood, and the difficulties under which he labored, Mr. W. Christmas Dircknick Homfeld appears to be about the most illustrious dealer in real estate of whom we have any record."

IT has been more than ten years since Mr. Cousins made that famous speech, and during that time Mulhall has been operating: selling Congressmen he had never seen; bribing men he did not know; defeating legislation; and performing other feats for which he was liberally paid. Later, Lamar transferred his activities from Wall Street to Washington, and by impersonating leading men of the country arranged ententes between political parties and world-controlling financiers.

It is a real pity that Christmas can not meet Lamar and Mulhall in some sort of a reunion. They certainly could enjoy themselves if they have a sense of humor. Lamar and Mulhall would have it "on" Christmas to some extent, for they have caused consternation far and wide; they have stampeded both houses of Congress and entertained the country with a midsummer vaudeville sketch that has rarely been equaled. Mulhall also had some facts upon which to base his claims, and only by his alleged "influence" does he approach the remarkable Dane. Christmas, however, could lay claim to still being the greatest fakir, pointing to the speech by Mr. Cousins as proof and indorsement.

By Glenn O. Coleman

MUNICIPAL BATHS

# About Bathing Suits

*A WOMAN doctor affiliated with the Rush Medical College of Chicago was recently arrested for wearing what the police considered an immodest bathing suit. We wrote to her, asking her for the facts in the case. The following is her letter:*

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
New York.
*To the Editor:*

When the Jackson Park beach opened I asked the matron if she thought there would be any objection to my going in, in bloomers. She replied that she did not think so. After I went in a few times, the manager of the beach saw me and sent word through the matron that I should wear a skirt. As I did so, I found it difficult to swim and I felt the undertow dragging me into the lake. So I spoke to the matron again and asked her again, if she thought it would be all right for me to wear the skirt from the dressing rooms to the water, then leave it at the water's edge and go in and swim in the bloomers and put on the skirt again on coming out of the water. She thought again that it would be all right. There were no rules of any kind in the dressing rooms or on the beach, and none were given to her. I tried it once or twice and nothing was said.

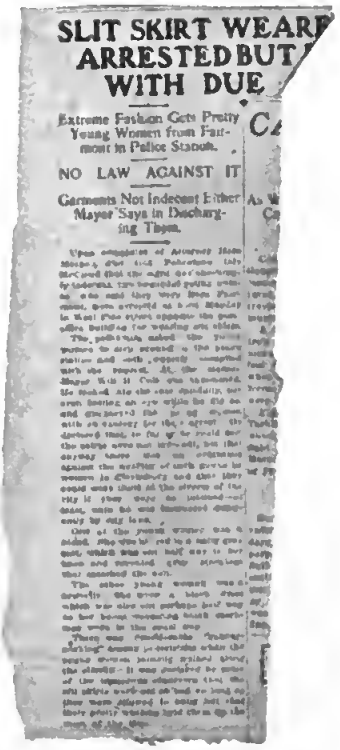
On July 2, as I left my skirt at the water's edge and started to swim, the life guard gruffly commanded me to come out of the water and put on my skirt. I replied that I did not have to do that, but that I would put it on coming out of the water. He then said "If you have not decency enough to wear a skirt, get out of the water." I replied that he had no authority. He then rowed his boat to the shore and returned with a policeman, who commanded me in the same gruff manner to get out of the water and put on my skirt. I replied again that I would do so coming out of the water. He returned to the shore and when I was nearing the dressing rooms he placed me under arrest. I asked him if he would give me a chance to put on my street clothes and he did. He then took me in a patrol automobile to the Hyde Park Police Station and booked me on the charge of disorderly conduct. Friends bailed me out and the case was tried the following day before Judge Gemmel. The Court held: first, that a person could not be held for violating rules which did not exist in writing; second, he agreed with me perfectly that my suit, made of heavy wool material, consisting of bloomers, canvas shoes, and stockings, was far more decent than those worn by men, who are half naked. He said that he saw them put on their trousers in automobiles in full view of numerous passers-by, Jackson Park beach being a very popular promenade in the bathing season.

The Court suggested that I take up with the good women of Chicago the question of men bathers wearing more clothes than they had on at the present. Will add that the suits given out on the beach to the men leave the arms, neck, sides and leg below the groin bare. They are allowed to parade on the beach and visit with young girls. The park police do not interfere with them. My plea was that I was a graduate of two colleges, have practised medicine in Chicago fifteen years, that I have served on the faculty of Rush Medical College, affiliated with the University of Chicago, that I have contributed original articles to the *Medical Literature*, that I was the recipient of scholarly honors, and that I was in good standing both professionally and socially, that my suit was perfectly proper and modest, that my arrest was an injustice and a discrimination. Soon after the trial a placard was placed in the women's dressing rooms reading as follows:

1. Women bathers should be supplied with skirts.
2. The manager of the beach has the right to request people to stay away from the beach.

I intend to circulate a public petition to the City Council requesting them to pass an ordinance requiring both men and women to wear a bathing suit covering them sufficiently to make them presentable, and that would at the same time not interfere with freedom and safety in swimming. I think with you that conventional dress of women is in the way of their advancement and efficiency. Dress reform for women should be a part and parcel of their enfranchisement.

Yours very respectfully,
ROSALIE M. LADOVA.



SLIT SKIRT WEARER ARRESTED BUT DISCHARGED WITH DUE

Extreme Fashion Gets Pretty Young Women from Fairmont in Police Station.

NO LAW AGAINST IT

Garments Not Indecent Either Mayor Says in Discharging Them.

August 18, 1913.

TO THE EDITOR OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.
*My dear Sir:*

As requested in your letter of the 12th inst., it gives me pleasure to enclose you the following local newspaper account of the incident of the appearance of the slit skirt in this city, as called to official attention.

The newspaper expresses my views none too emphatically. To me, there is nothing suggestive about the slit skirt, and I fail to find a discriminatory distinction between the street or the stage; or the bathing resort against the street. If the slit skirt is shocking to the alleged moralist and the prude, the bathing suit, or the costume of the chorus girl, should be more so.

Most respectfully,
W. H. COLE,
*Mayor.*

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# THE FEMINIST FLY

*A Fable*

By AMY MALIHICKS

AN empty bottle lay up bottom in the grass. Attracted by some sugar on its mouth, a Bee and a Fly crawled along inside and became imprisoned.

"As a reasoning and rational Insect," said the Bee, "I know that the way to Freedom is always toward the Light."

And it buzzed consistently about in the end of solid glass.

The Fly fussed around with seeming aimlessness.

"Foolish Creature!" said the Bee. "Why don't you, too, follow the only course of true logic, and go to the Light?"

The Fly did not answer, for just then it found the mouth of the bottle, and flew out into the open.

"Life, it seems, is larger than Logic," it ruminated, as it went along rejoicing.

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# Physical Freedom for Women

By BLISS CARMAN

THE two most conspicuous characteristics of the last century were its unexampled material welfare and its startling revelations in the field of science. In invention and discovery and the useful arts it stands unrivaled as an era of progress. It was an age of practical achievement rather than of speculation, faith, or dreams.

Along with these two main threads of development, however, we may observe a third, less obvious but not less significant—a decided spiritual awakening, a striving of the racial heart and conscience, not only in regard to social conduct, but in respect to the more profound problems of existence and well being.

If there is indeed a "stream of tendency, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," a stream of soul-seeking beyond self-seeking, without doubt that stream is making itself unmistakably felt in our generation.

IN this vast struggle that our race seems to be making toward a fuller and more symmetrical realization of its ideal life, the part played by woman must be incalculable. It is préeminently her concern. She has been from time out of mind the treasurer of all the spiritual wealth of the race, and now that this wealth is in demand, it is to her we must come for our supply, and for our help in adjusting that supply to our needs. In capacity as the great preserver and guardian of the mysterious gift of life, she has gathered untold stores of spiritual experience.

If her life, until recently, has been restricted to the cradle and the hearth, with little opportunity for cultivating that detachment and impersonality of nature which has led men to their victorious ventures in civilization, she has thus been enabled, even forced, to brood upon the secrets of her own heart and to discern the pressing need of the day and hour.

So it happens that woman's genius is not only deeper, more mystical, more impassioned and religious than man's, but it is at the same time more actual, more sentient, and less irrelevant. She has learned to keep close to the life of the senses and to the life of the soul, while she was obliged to let the life of reason go by unfulfilled. If she has little interest in abstract problems and principles, if she acts from impulse and judges from intuition, if she loves aspiration and ignores logic, it is because the long and inexorable economy of evolution has imposed these tendencies upon her being. If her genius is comparatively sterile in the realm of thought and invention, in the realm of feeling, sensibility, and adjustment it is usually fertile and supreme.

Since all these interests in the deeper life of humanity are thus the peculiar care of women, and are only dimly appreciated by men, and since it is certain that the whole life of man must remain unhappy and distraught if these interests are overlooked, there can be nothing of more vital importance in our advance toward racial perfection than the liberation and perfection of woman and woman's helpfulness; and nothing more natural.

THEOLOGY of a certain extreme type used to regard woman as the source, or at least the channel, of all evil. It would have been less absurd and nearer the truth to regard her as the source of all good. For, while she is seemingly less scrupulous than man, she is apt to be more conscientious, more persevering after the best, more intolerant of fundamental wrong, more fully conscious of the life and requirements of the soul, which really cares little for achievement and only asks to be made happy. She may frequently exhibit a startling disregard of codes and apparent reasons and conventions, but against the profounder laws of essential morality and goodness she seldom rebels.

The liberation of woman, therefore, would seem to be an essential factor in the ultimate liberation of humanity from the coil of evil and disaster that so terribly environs life. Without her ideality, her knowledge of immortal things, her instinct for the best, we should be forever involved in the maze of our own dreams, disasters, and reforms. Without her intense practicality and her genius of adaptation, we should find our conquest of the resources of nature of little avail, after all, in perfecting our earthly paradise. Woman is not by nature a rebel or reformer. She knows a better way. She is a born pragmatist, and lives to make the profound desires of the human heart come true.

WHILE the religious and intellectual liberty of woman has long been assured, her social, political, and economic independence is still in debate. In other words, her spirit and mind are free, while in the circumstantial sphere she is still not fully emancipated. Whatever we may think on this subject, whether we hold the economic and political restriction to be part of a wise racial economy or only a survival of arbitrary oppression, there is yet another direction in which the actual liberation of women is gradually taking place, which can be only beneficial, and to which there can be no opposition save the inertia of custom. That is the physical and personal freeing of women's bodies from the slavery of hampering dress and restricted activity.

The superstition of woman's physical helplessness, growing out of her actual incapacity in some respects and at certain times, has been long enough cultivated by women as a means of advantage and encouraged by men as an evidence of superiority. Under this old régime, the more impossible her prescribed dress made physical exertion, the better. Her very dependence won her favors, and her idleness marked the wealth and magnanimity of her lord.

THIS is only the unpleasant side of the question, which reformers like to dwell upon, and we must not forget the great spiritual good woman has been able to bestow on the world even through her enforced exemption and leisure. It is a point that she herself is apt to lose sight of in her race for freedom. But the fact remains that the fashions of women's clothing of the past few centuries are unsuited to modern conditions, unworthy of modern woman, and are being finely superseded.

Women of culture and independence, who care for beauty and efficiency rather than conformity to unquestioned usage, are discarding the extremes of old-time restrictive costume in favor of more rational, more humane, and lovely fashions. Shoes, gowns, coats, and hats for women were never more comfortable than they are or may be now. The day of the small waist and the pinched foot is passing.

The women one sees everywhere are more free and graceful, more natural and gracious, and therefore more magical and enchanting, than ever. Their walk and carriage are mobile, more ideal, natural, and seraphic with the sorcery of fine motion; their eyes are steadier, their voices more happy and level, as they go about the world untortured and undistraught.

Women's participation in outdoor life and in active recreations and occupations tends in the same direction of personal freedom and fulfilment. When once the pleasure and power of free physical effort are experienced, and the supreme beauty of free motion is realized, restrictions of clothing become intolerable.

In the wonderful art of life, whatever is merely arbitrary and artificial must give place to what is more sane, inspired, helpful, and lovely. Corsets are for cripples, and clogs for slaves; but emancipated men and women must have the freedom of unspoiled nature in order fully to evince and radiate the spirit and intelligence that inhabit them; else are we nothing but puppets and mummies, unfair, uncomfortable, and debased. For nothing is so brutal as pain. Nothing—neither hardship, nor sorrow, nor failure, nor ill fortune—can so quickly thwart and deform the soul and poison the mind as bodily torture.

IT only remains for all women to demand and take this freedom, as the wisest are doing. It is a fundamental and influential liberty in which woman has everything to gain and nothing to lose. She must assume her right to a free body in order adequately to express her freedom of thought and feeling. One often wonders that economic and political equality should be so violently contended for by women who would not abandon the fetters of unnatural dress for a queen's sovereignty.

The strangest thing about the impressive parades in the agitation for equal suffrage is not the fact that so many women should have the enthusiasm to walk in them, but that so few of them should walk convincingly. The spectacle of ten thousand advanced women voluntarily walking in the antiquated fetters of a by-gone age is a strange argument for their readiness to serve the cause of human freedom.

The whole question of personal or physical emancipation for women on equal terms with men would seem to be logically prior to their social and political equality; and failure to make use of the one would seem fundamentally to delay the realization of the other. Certainly, so far as the good of the race goes and the immediate happiness of all concerned, freedom to move and breathe and live a normally comfortable, kindly, and beautiful bodily life is of first vital importance.



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# Poems About Christ

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

## I Saw Him, Crucified

I SAW Him pouring molten brass into the mold for the engineer's brake-valve.
Io the superheated air of the foundry I saw tiny flakes of poison floating.
Upon His white face I saw written grim waiting death.

The things of which He thought were far distant; He saw not the grim death;
Nameless and alien, He obeyed all day without understanding;
Faithfully, without philosophy, He poured the molten brass.

. . . The train jolting stopped, obeying the hand of the engineer.
Under the car I heard the air-brakes hissing!
I walked to the great chasm at the end of the track.

I was glad I was saved, with the rest!
And then I remembered Him with the grim waiting death upon His face—
For me pouring the molten brass in the poisoned air of the foundry.

## They Told Me About One Judas

THEY told me about one Judas—
How he betrayed his Friend for a handful of dirty money.
They warned me against the harlot—
That daily she peddles her kisses, without love, for food and shelter.
They accused before me the common thief—
That he takes that to which he has no lawful title.

I looked upon him who warned me of the thief;
His wealth was the house of the widow and the fatherless; yea, and of the harlot also;
His children fattened upon the toil of their brothers and upon the shame of their sisters.
I considered her whose scornful finger pointed out the harlot;
She herself sold her body without love for, lo, a lifetime of food and shelter.
And as for him who condemned my brother Judas,
With his lips he worshiped somewhat he called Christ, but with his daily life he worshiped Money.

I looked upon them all—who condemned the thief, the soiled and trampled sister, the wretched hanged Iscariot—
Every one bartering daily for hire a mockery of loving service;
One day kissing the face of the Master and six days spitting where they kissed!
I looked upon myself;
I peered loathing into the dark places of my own soul.

I, shamed, stood silent before my fellow thief, my sister harlot—
Yea, and before my brother hypocrite also!
For I heard One saying, a great way off:
"Neither do I condemn thee. . .
Let him without sin cast the first stone . . .
Verily, the publican and the harlot shall enter before you!"

# Theory of the Dance

Copyright International News Service

## By Anna Pavlova

I AM not one of those who cry out against the immorality of the new dances. Morality is a matter for the spirit, and therefore, if the thoughts of the dancers be moral, what matters it how they dance together? My indictment of modern ball-room dancing is rather on the grounds of its utter absurdity and inconsistency.

Almost all the dances known to history may be said to fall into one of six general classes which represent in a general way the moods of the dancers themselves. The first class contains the dances expressing joy and unconfined gaiety; to the second belong the languorous dances connoting a luxurious contentment; the third includes all the formal dances demanding a courtly grace, dignity, and minute attention to detail; the dances of the fourth class are those that express amurous passion; the fifth is composed of pantomimic and directly imitative or narrative dances; while the last class contains all the varieties of acrobatic and gymnastic dances. The old waltz, for example, is a type of the languorous dance, and has always been popular in Southern and semi-tropical countries. The minuet, the Virginia reel, and the cotillion, in their best forms, belong to the courtly, formal class of dances. The bacchanal and the Apache dances are of the passionate variety.

But how are we to classify the modern rag-time dances? A moment's thought will convince even the most superficial observer that they are all of the same class—the class which expresses unconfined joy. When a descriptive dancer wishes to indicate the abstract quality of joyousness, she does it by employing some form of the skip or hop. The modern dances are all skipping dances. Rag-time is essentially a skipping, light-hearted, trivial rhythm. It is almost impossible to dance to its music in a languorous or a passionate or even a courtly and dignified fashion. It absolutely demands the skipping dance of pure joy.

I object to the complete concentration of one trivial style to the exclusion of all others, just as I would object if a nation devoted itself exclusively to musical

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*"When a descriptive dancer wishes to indicate the abstract quality of joyousness, she does it by employing some form of the skip or hop"*

Copyright International News Service

*"Let the dance of joy be purely and simply what it pretends to be, and let the other moods of human nature have their place"*

comedy in its theaters, or to humorous dialect stories in its fiction, or to cartoons and caricatures in the field of pictorial art. Such meaningless snobbery and dogmatic specialization can not be other than harmful.

In the second place, I object to the misinterpretation and the misunderstanding of the real significance of the skipping dance. The element of sex should have no part in it. The dance of joy can be performed by a single dancer as well as by a pair, and there is no reason whatever for bodily contact or the suggestion of an embrace. If the dancers wish to skip about in pairs or in larger groups, they can do so hand in hand. Any contact more intimate than this is not only unnecessary but completely at variance with the spirit of the dance. It introduces an appeal to sex which is both irrelevant and inconsistent. If dancers wish to indulge their amorous sensibilities, they should do so through dances of the bacchanal or Apache type, whose significance is at least frank and undisguised. But if we are to limit ourselves to the skipping dances of joy, let them also be consistent and sincere.

In truth, I have no fear for the permanent welfare of the old dances. The furious blaze of rag-time will burn itself out in a few years, and a revival of the graceful, dignified dances of the past will follow. Even now those who dance the rag-time dances sincerely and spontaneously are interested chiefly in learning new steps and new figures and thus satisfying the competitive instinct and the desire to excel in any line of accomplishment. In a modern ballroom it is easy to pick out at a glance those who dance for love of the game and those who are chiefly concerned with the appeal to sex. The former are constantly searching for more complicated and intricate evolutions, while the latter seem to desire no variety if only the embrace be close and constant.

The highest form of any art is that which succeeds in giving concrete expression to the abstract. It is an ideal seldom realized. The Greeks are said to have accomplished the task through the medium of music, and in modern times Beethoven seems to have been equally successful. In sculpture, also, the Greeks approached more nearly to the definite expression of the abstract than any geniuses of later times. Futurists and Post-impressionists are making the attempt in the field of painting, but with little success thus far. In literature Walt Whitman alone has adequately expressed the abstract, and he has done so at a sacrifice of all the traditions of form.

The art of dancing also has for its ideal the definite expression of abstract ideas. And since it is aided by sound, color, form, and motion, all working in unison, its opportunities for realization are almost unlimited. The perfect dancer will be the one who can, without assistance of pantomime, costume, or program, unerringly and infallibly create in the minds of an audience the distinct impression of an abstraction. How can this ideal be realized if we insist upon making an impossible mixture of all the essentials of the art, if we confuse gaiety with sex instinct or formal grace with acrobatic dexterity? Let the dance of joy be purely and simply what it pretends to be, and let the other moods of human nature have their place also, in order that, through variety and comparison, there may be constant development and increasing clearness of understanding, resulting eventually in a general comprehension and expression of the abstract, which is the highest possible form of the dance, as it is of all art.



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## THE GU

*DRAWN BY C*

CROUCHED IN THEIR CELLS, WITH FACES WHITE,
THEY WAIT THE ISSUE OF THE FIGHT.
SHAPEN LIKE MEN, THEIR EYES BETRAY
THEIR KINSHIP TO THAT BEAST OF PREY,
SYMBOL OF MURDER, GREED, AND SHAME,
WHICH WE, THE PEOPLE, FOR THE FAME



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# MEN

*RE*

OF OUR PROUD CITY AND FAIR STATE,
ARE BANDED TO EXTERMINATE.
AND SHOULD WE LEAVE OR HIDE OR HAIR
OF THAT FOUL BEAST, LET US BEWARE;
FOR CROUCHING IN THEIR CELLS, THEY WAIT,
WHOSE LIVES HANG ON THE TIGER'S FATE.

*OLIVER HERFORD.*



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# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED
("*Right Wing*")

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*R. Norris Williams*

Copyright Amer Press Assn

*Maurice E. McLoughlin*

WHEN we encounter genius in sport, criticism is disarmed, and while it would be possible to find faults in the play of Maurice E. McLoughlin, he has done so much for American tenais that we hesitate to speak of him save ia praise. Whether his type of game should be copied by the average player is another question. McLoughlin has proved that he is a supreme tournament player. Equipped with aa uausual physique and a natural grace that make him an idol on the courts, he bas worked his way to the top by driving his opponents off the court. For the average man the better model is perhaps R. Norris Williams, who, in spite of his defeat hy McLoughlin, playa sound tenais and tenais that will improve as he grows older.

Tbere are times, of enurse, whea older and more experienced men, like John C. Parke and Anthony F. Wilding, will take the measure of the American champion; hut I douht if the McLoughlin of the All-Comers—his form better than when he played for the Davis Cup—can be beaten by aay man not playing the same type of game. It is true that Wilding refused to be driven off the court by McLoughlia's "cannon-ball" service, aud that the New Zealander displayed the better generalship, hut I think that had he faced the American whirlwind at Newport he would have found himself in difficulties. It has been said, and with justice, that thechampion is sometimes shaky on ground strokes, and that, temperamentally, almost every stroke is designed to be a "winner"; but the burden of proof is the score, and McLoughlin holds the record of having been the first champioa to play through.

He proved that the thing could be done, and in the course of the demonstration he met some good men, notably Clothier, one of the coolest court generals the game has produced in this country. When a man like Clothier admits bewilderment in the face of the fastest play seen on an American court in recent years, the rare pace of the champiaa becomes apparent. McLoughlin, like some of his predecessors, has dropped away from his supreme pace at times, hut at Newport he proved that it could be sustained throughout an entire tournament, and that—for his purposes at least—his type of game has "made good."

The California game—a type that has all hut revolutionized tenais—may be dangerous for the average man to take up under conditions different from those oa the Pacific Coast, and it begins to look as if in this couatry there would be two schools in future, and both good. Men like Clothier and Wallace Johnson are examples of one school, the Californians of another. The proof of the pudding, after all, is in the taste thereof, and if the type of play indulged in hy the far Westerners smacks well to them they should be encouraged ia sustaiaing its developmeat. If, oa the other hand, men like Williams and Clothier find their type of play suited to their own physique and temperament, it is well for them to keep up its development.

All of which means that the younger men will copy one style or another to a large extent, and the more frequent the clashes are between the two styles, the better for the game. This applies to tournament tennis rather than to tennis just for fun, which most of us who love the outdoors play. Probably, if we are to learn of the big men ia the game, it would be better to make our idol a composite, learning from McLoughlia as much about pace as our physiques will let us utilize, from Wilding court generalship, from H. S. Mahony one of the prettiest and most effective back-hand styles ever seen on aay court, and from youag Williams or his tutors that courageous "sticktoitiveness" that has made his play so absorbingly interesting.

IN a way, Williams is more valuable as an example to the average man than the champion, for he has perhaps played more tenais for sheer fun than aay of the other men of high rank on the courts. A strange combination, Williams—a youag aian who delays the splendid attack of which he is capable uatil ia difficulties. Doubtless continued participation in tournaments will cure that fault, but I like to feel that, after all, it is a fault of good sportsmaaship. The poiat is that every move Williams makes is souad, and that he is a joy for the amateur of average ability to watch. In England he accomplished the task for which he was sent, and his defeat in this couatry is merely a personal disappoiatmeut.

The fact that McLoughlin and Williams came through to the final at Newport is the best possible proof that the Davis Cup team was properly chosen. While Hackett proved of value in the doubles, I think most followers of tennis would like to see McLoughlin and Williams get together as a team. I think the two types of play would fit well, just as would the two temperaments.

FORTUNATE indeed is this couatry ia the possession of such a flight of young experts and so many experieaced men to keep them busy. Fortunate, too, in the inventiveness of every member of the top string. It is better for the futnre of American teanis that every now aad then a player turns up who can tease the top-liners, as Touchard teased Williams in their aatch, than that our players should uaexpectedly strike something new when they meet foreigners. Therein lies the health of the game—the constant building up, the constant search for somethiag new indulged in by Americans, hy Australasians, and by Irish players, who seem to have made far more progress than the Englishmen.

English tennis seems to have dropped iato a rut. There is age, experience, and court generalship back of it, but no development of pace, an all-round progress. And there are not so many youager players of promise ia sight as there are in this country. The Australasians, the French, and the Germans are far more promisiag than the English. They have had the good sense to learn from English tennis all that made it worth while in the past, and have gone ahead on their own account. They will be more formidable another year, and will continue to menace American supremacy as long as they remain in the ranks of progressive sportsmen.

This is the day ia sport of men rather than of systems. It is easy to lay down laws for the playing of any game, and, as in other sports, it is probable that in tennis the average player will have to adopt a system and stick to it, but the men who reach the top will play their own game to suit their own temperameat and physique.

It has been a wonderful year oa the courts, the appearaace of William M. Johnston, of Strachan and Griffin, the keen play at Longwood, at Bay Ridge, aad at Southamptoa, serving to sustain the iaterest of the great mass of players, aad serviag also to prove that skill ia the game is not a matter of sectionalism.

NOW, just at this time, whea the successful American players have proved to be imitators, comes word that possibly the other nations will get together and so alter the rules as to destroy the terrific service that bas had so much to do with the success of American play. I doubt if the French players, who also use tbe severe service, would enjoy haviag that feature of the game crippled; hut, should the plan go through, the inventive American player would find a way to get over a troublesome first ball, even with both feet nn the groaad.

What is needed principally is an agree-

ment on the foot-fault rule, which is often violated in spirit, if aot technically. The men who judge the service in the big tournaments do not seem to be in accord on the subject, which leads to much hard feeling from time to time. If the American players are committing foot faults regularly, they probably will find a way to avoid it, if only they can get a final judgment oa this important point. As the game is handled now it lacks consistency in the work of the officials, aad more than one player has igaored a decision, and out of sheer sportsmanship played a ball out of court or iato the act, as did Williams at Newport, ia order that his opponent might not suffer.

THE salient feature of the game played by the tournament top-liners in this coantry is, of coarse, the rush for the net—command of the court—and McLoughlin has carried it to such a point that he seems well into the court by the time the ball leaves his racket. There is in his stroke what in baseball parlance is called "whip," and when one faces him at his best neither the chop-stroke gaae nor the driving game will stop him. The real test of the game of pace—when the game of pace is at its best—and the game of chop strokes, came ia the match between McLoughlin and Wallace Johnsoa. In the first set McLoughlin scored 26 poiats to 10 for his opponent, aad he made only 8 errors against 18 for the chop-stroke expert. The champion's speed was ia evidence, as it was in the match with Clothier, and the forcing tactics of the Califoroian simply ruined Johnson's game. It was in the seeoad set that Johnson made his best staad, but even here McLoughlin clung steadily to the lead through sheer tremendous pace. Johnsoa was simply forced iato making errors, and these, far outnumberiag his earned poiats, told the story.

Williams proved a harder man to handle than Clothier or Johnson, and his steadiness cost McLoughlin the only set he lost in the eatire tournament. Williams had taken a leaf out of Wilding's book, and played as often as possible the low strokes that the champion not infrequently finds difficulty in handling; hut, while he, too, had plenty of pace and a great deal of finesse, it was the champioa's fighting spirit and speed that forced Williams into making returns iato the net that carried him through. Yet Williams, through reaarkable generalship, at times made the champion over-play his stroagest strokes, so that they went intn the net or out of court. In the end, the sheer hrilliance of the Californiaa carried the day, giving him a well earned triumph, and leaving Williams a loser, with all the honors that go to a loser of his type.

AS the record stands, the Californians have, for the second time, made a cleaa sweep of the championships. The far Westerners now hold the men's singles and doubles, the women's singles and doubles, and the mixed doubles. The East has left only the interscholastic title, held by G. C. Caner of Philadelphia.

There caa be no douht that the play of the members of the Davis Cup team has been improved by their experience abroad, and that the steadiness, too often absent in the work of Americaa internationalists, will be a feature of play is the future in this coaatry.

IT is interesting, in the light of the standard set hy the present-day stars, to consider the work of some of the old-timers like Wrenn, Whitmaa, Larned, aad the Englishmaa Dr. Eaves. It would be worth while to learn how Whitman's game at its best would work out against McLoughlin aad Williams, how long Wrenn's sound game of years ago at its best would meet the modern pace, how the remarkable "gets" of Dr. Eaves would serve as a defense against rare speed. Larned, when he was at the height of his career, had flashes of hliading speed, and, while perhaps not achieving the gait of the present-day apostles of speed, could bewilder aa opponent much as McLoughlin does to-day. Indeed, Larned has probably had more effect on the work of the preseat champion than any other player; the Californian's generalship frequently resembling that of the older master of the courts.

Wrenn's game, on the other hand, had that steadiness and reliahility at importaat momeats that marks the true champion. His defeat of Dr. Eaves in the All-Comers years ago was a fair sample, and was accomplished more as the result of courage than of brilliant tennis.

In England the hulk of the tennis world still swears hy the Dohertys, the men who were always at ease on the court, and to whom the fact that their opponents were leading apparently orcasioned little concern. They were not players given to making remarkable "gets," and there were many occasions when they refused to go after halls that the average player would consider reasonably playable. Theirs was the path of least resistaace, letting their opponents make errors and putting faith in supreme steadiness and stamina. It is a pity that their type of game could not be tested agaia against McLoughlia or against Williams.

ONE of the great encouragers of pace has been the hard court, whether the saad or covered court of France, the asphalt of the Pacific Coast, or the clay with which the every-day player is familiar. The upkeep of the turf court is at oace so difficult and so expensive as practically to har it save for tournament use, and as a result most players learn the game oa the hard courts, finding turf only when in tourasments, and iadeed there are many who prefer the clay court all the time.

Now, ia picking up the game, as most players do, on a hard court, they are practically coaxed into a fast pace, for they find that chop-strokes and, indeed, the whole "soft" game, save as it is used for placement, hardly pays. The result has been that when men who have been hrought up on hard courts finally get upon turf they have the tendency to maintain the pace that they have fouad so useful under what, to them, are normal conditions. This is the reasoa, I think, why even the best of the American players are sometimes at fault in their ground strokes, and why the Englishmen in the past have been strong ia this particular.

Ia the Davis Cup tie against the Australians at the West Side Cluh, it was plaia that all the Americans preferred the overhead game, and did their best work with it, while tha visitors made the most of the grouad strokes aad did a deal of driving from the base line, gettiag the hall at the feet of the Americans as often as possible. In haadling this type of play both McLoughlin and Williams were frequently at fault, and had not the courts been so well drained and otherwise cared for they might have fouad themselves in serious difficulties.

The tendeacy of aay player who has begua with the hard court game is to keep his pace when he strikes turf, and this tendency has cropped out among both the Americans and the French. The latter, playiag on covered courts, overdid it for a time, hut have settled dowa considerably since, but not too much to spoil the iaitiative and iadividuality that marks their game.

The Frenchmen, like the Californians, are fair examples of what sheer enthusiasm caa accomplish in a short period. The former wisely took up professional coaching at an early stage, and made the most of it. In France, as in this country, it was the youag men who put speed into the game and went out for the winning points. On covered courts their play sometimes went to the poiat of recklessness, and they were slow to "get the haag" of turf, as is the case with most men who have begun their game oa hard courts. In the long run, however, I believe that play oa hard courts is the best schooling for the touroameat player, and certainly the best for the man who plays merely for the sport of it.

## The Rose and the Record

*TO the Rose the Record said,*
*"I shall live when you are dead."*
*"Think you, then," the Rose replied,*
*"Fame can laugh at Love denied?"*

*Scarcely had the words been said,*
*Rose and Record both were dead.*
*Scattered dust, forgotten token*
*Of a Heart, a Record broken.*

MEREDITH BLAKE.

# New Big League Regulars

By ERIC HAROLD PALMER

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*Since Groh was turned over to the Reds by McGraw, he has boosted his batting average with a vengeance*

ACCORDING to John J. McGraw, leader of the Giants, the securing of one prize performer a year is all that he ever hopes for, because there is a positive dearth of high-class timber in the minor leagues, while the colleges are producing fast fielders but weak batsmen. Scouts representing the major league teams confess that the outlook is not a pleasant one.

Personally, McGraw relies on the slow development of classy players under his system of training, figuring that this is the method which tells in the long run. That it is best seems indicated by the fact that Connie Mack, the shrewd general of the Athletics, places his main reliance on the school idea, and his aim is to look years ahead. When emergency arises, McGraw and Mack are well equipped.

Necessity has forced other managers to forgo such an excellent scheme, and on their teams diamonds in the rough have had a quicker opening to rise in popularity, without the unpleasantness—not always the ignominy—of warming the bench day after day.

This year more players are coming and going than ever before. Constant changes in the line-up are being made, and the "fans" have plenty to gossip about. Perhaps before the curtain is rung down half a hundred other recruits will have been allowed to bask in the limelight. In the tail-end of every season there is a lot of experimenting with a view to "next year."

FRANK CHANCE, better known as the Peerless Leader, has been working with might and main with a view to giving New York a winner in the American League in 1914. Early this year his batting order was rarely the same two days in succession, but the supporters of the Yankees, in spite of their disappointment at the showing of the team, kept their hammers in the tool-chest, and awaited with interest Chance's latest arquisitions. Even the most rabid Polo Grounds "rooter" felt that the former boss of the Cubs was doing the best he could do, and they accepted the situation more in the light of a novelty than a disgrace. Chance holds that the average "fan" likes to see changes now and then, and he appears perfectly right in his conjecture.

Two excellent teams could be selected from among the new regulars of 1913. The clubs would be mostly composed of players who have had trials before or been carried a year or so to absorb the full store of knowledge necessary for due expertness in thought and action.

These aggregations might be made up something like this, with the odds decidedly on the representatives of the older organization:

| *National League* | *Position* | *American League* |
|---|---|---|
| Myers, Boston | First Base | Johnston, Cleveland |
| Vioz, Pittsburgh | Second Base | Baumann, Detroit |
| MacDonald, Boston | Third Base | Mauel, New York |
| Maranville, Boston | Shortstop | Chapman, Cleveland |
| Burns, New York | Left Field | Chappell, Chicago |
| Stengel, Brooklyn | Center Field | Leibold, Cleveland |
| Cravath, Philadelphia | Right Field | Murphy, Phila. |
| Fischer, Brooklyn | Catcher | Schang, Phila. |
| Whaling, Boston | Catcher | Schalk, Chicago |
| Demaree, New York | Pitcher | Boehling, Wash. |
| McQuillen, Pittsburgh | Pitcher | Falkenberg, Cleve. |
| Pierce, Chicago | Pitcher | Shawkey, Phila. |
| Mayer, Philadelphia | Pitcher | Dauss, Detroit |
| James, Boston | Pitcher | Weilman, St. Louis |
| Johnson, Cincinnati | Pitcher | Keating, New York |
| Dickson, Boston | Pitcher | Russell, Chicago |
| Rudolph, Boston | Pitcher | Leonard, Boston |

LOOK out for the Braves! Manager Stallings, who figures on the much-abused Bostons being pennant contenders in a year or two, certainly has something to back up his prophecy. More likely-looking youngsters have been gathered in than ever before in the history of the club.

Knight is a particularly valuable adjunct, for he can play first to perfection and can also play second. He has been in and out of the big leagues often. Peckinpaugh, who failed to break in as a regular with the Naps, has filled the gap in the Yankees' short field. Fisher of the Superbas is an excellent all-round player, his specialty being timely hits. This shortstop and his team mate, Cutshaw, are among the best of all blundgeon-wielders with men on bases, and as such are rated as most deserving of favor. Whitted, the St. Louis infielder, shows promise and has been rewarded with constant work. Shafer, of the Giants, the star of the younger contingent, was really a regular in 1912, but has done his best work this season.

Connolly, another Boston discovery, had a try-out with the Senators. He is a fair hitting outfielder with a propensity for triples. Against southpaws, however, he is a weakling, and Lord (once of Baltimore) is sent in to cover left. Cathers of the Cardinals pulls in many a budding homer.

Groh, the fast little second baseman now with the Reds, was trained by McGraw. The Giants regarded him as a sensational fielder but a negative quantity with the stick. When he was turned over to the Cincinnati team, however, Manager Tinker installed him as a regular, and Groh proceeded to make good with a vengeance. His excellent batting has completely upset calculations.

Mann, the new Boston middle gardener, who used to play with Groh in Buffalo, is a good batter, but he has not been shining as a base-runner. Fred Smith, the Boston infielder (still the Braves!), is pronounced a coming star by Stallings. Dodge of the Reds is a much improved youngster. He used to draw pay from the Quaker Club. Dodge covers third or short nicely.

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*The "second Wagner" is what the Pirates call Vioz, who bangs away at the ball as if he bore it a grudge*

Phelan of the Cubs is giving Zimmerman a contest for the third bag. He can't hat as well as "Heinie," of course, but he sticks in the game, not having Zimmerman's proclivity for nagging the umpires. Early in the season Midkiff played gingery ball at the far corner for the Yankees, but he fell off in his hitting and went to the minors. He is now with the Orioles.

IN the National League roster, the inexperienced stars are Myers, Whaling, Fischer, James, Johnson, and Mayer, while the débutants on the other side are Chappell, Leibold, Schang, Schalk, Boehling, Weilman, Shawkey, and Dauss.

In the final analysis, it is fair to say that Boehling and Maranville have created the biggest stir in their respective circuits.

Although he may be comparatively ineffective next year, Boehling, the southpaw "find" of the Senators, has the natural ability to keep on with his excellent pitching. If he does keep up in 1914, the Senators look like real contenders for the pennant. Clarke Griffith, the "Old Fox" who is in charge of the Washington brigade, is coaching the youngster in all the tricks of the trade. Nick Altrock, the famous left-hander of other days, has spent much time drilling Boehling. Both teachers believe he will be a consistent performer in 1914.

Maranville came from the New England League (now known as the Eastern Association), and proved a lightning fielder right from the start. He broke in for a few games last fall, but it was this spring that he aroused enthusiasm. He made impossible plays with apparent ease—and is still making them. The future Braves will to a large extent be built around this dazzling guardian of short, who covers acres of territory and throws like a rifle shot. When the Cardinals were beaten four straight games by the Bostons early this season, they said that Maranville's amazing stunts were responsible for every defeat. Maranville heads the batting order because his slight build makes him a hard man to pitch to. His hitting, slightly below the .250 mark, comes in streaks, but he draws frequent bases on balls.

Myers, the latest discovery in the line of first sackers, is of fair ability as fielder

nnd batsman, but he is n wonderful base-runner. In the Northwestern League he stole everything in sight during 1912, nnd even the National League catchers have found it hard to prevent his pilferiag. Proving n leader in the art of thieving, his first season out in the big show is a boost for aay one.

PROBABLY the most valuable catcher brought into the National League this season is Fischer, the hard batting backstop of the Superbas, who handles himself well at all times. Fischer jumped from the metropolitan semi-professional ranks directly to fast company. Like Boehling, he owes his rise to n newspaper man, who gave the tip thnt led to a try-out. Fischer is only twenty years old. He is frequently used as a pinch hitter. Whaling, the other new catcher, is n steady man, and was brought on chiefly to handle the speedy shoots of Jnmes.

Mnyer, Johnson, and James are the only new twirlers of promise as far as the Nntional is concerned. The White Sox let Johnson, better known as "Chief" benuse he is nn Indian, go without giving him n chance other than on the training trip this spriag.

Among tbe premier batsmen developed during tbe season are MacDonald of the Braves and Stengel of the Superbas. MacDonald mny finish the race in first place among the clubbing artists. When he was with the Reds, no one counted on him as a terrific clouter. MacDonald is a poor fielder, so Fred Smith and a sciatillating star of other days, Arthur Devlin, cavort aroiad the third sack for the Bostons now nnd then.

Stengel arrived in swell society townrd the close of last season. He got four clean hits and a base on balls out of five trips to the plate in his first encounter, and did fairly well later on, but it was not until early this year that Steagel jumped to the fore in tbe way of making long smashes. After the middle of June he fell off considerably, but bis great work did more than anything else to make the Superbas the surprise of the league for quite a long time. Their crash came just nbout the period when Stengel was forced out of activity by n sprained ankle. Stengel is n brilliant ground coverer, and runs the bases like n ntreak, sometimes to the degree of recklessness.

BUT the way Cravath has "come back" is furnishing the most excitement. Cravnth has lit like a fiend in the minors in the past, only to fall down in his big league trials. This season he has come iato his own with a vengeance. His batting average for 1912 was .284, when he had no fixed outfield post. This year he is keeping up bis American Associatioa record for fence-busting. His string of homers, not to speak of doubles and triples, marks him as one of the worst puaishers of the sphere in the Nntional, and his team-mate, Sherwood Magee, is not far behind when it comes to long drives.

Cravnth is bound to finish the season with .330 or over. Of his hits, few will be infield taps beaten out by sprinting nbility.

Burns got his diploma from tbe McGraw school in April. It meant tbe passing of speedy "Josh" Devore as a member of the Giants. Burns was a power witb the willow in the New York State League, but McGraw kept bim on the bench two seasons before trusting him as n regular. The New York's guiding genius speaks of Burns as the ideal player in huild and movement. The young outfielder runs the bases with excellent judgment, and can be counted on fur runs when they are needed. It is worth while to watch him take tbe "hook slide" originated by McGrnw. Burns was the first Nntional Leaguer to make one hundred safeties this year.

THE "second Wagner" is what the Pirates call Viox, a stocky, aggressive individual who stands up to the plate just like the famous Hans and bangs nwny at the ball as if he bore it a grudge. He did n little infielding last year when Wagner was not around, but this season his pummeling earned him the second sack job over McCarthy and Butler, two others rated as dangerous hitters.

Two really great catchers joiaed American League teams in the persons of Schnng of tbe Athletics and Schalk of the White Sox. Schang was the best backstop ia the Iaternntional—then the Eastera—last year. Tbe two proved worthy of all the praise critics poured on them right from the start of their big league careers.

Johnston, who has been doing yeoman service at first base for the Nnps, is an excellent base-ruaner. His batting is n desirable asset. Olson, tbe third baseman, also displayed ability as initial corner picket, too. Williams, the Texas stnr whom Chance brought on, may be a winner in 1914.

Baumann has been with the Tigers before. Manager Jennings sent a hurry call for him this year, when the team was going bad. Baumann started this season as a member of the Providence trihe.

PIERCE, tbe only new southpaw of skill in the Lynch organization, had a trial witb the Giants, and then was sent to the Cubs. Johnny Evers, in turn, let him go to Scranton. Pierce was recalled nfter he had set up fine strike-out records in the "bushes."

McQuillen, the ex-Quaker, was relegated to Columhus because of his habits, but he has now reformed, and the Pittsburghs have all sorts of coafidence in him. McQuillen possesses some of the finest curves extnnt.

Rudolph and Dickson were once on the Gisnts' pay-roll. Rudolph is n "spitball" artist whom many hig league teams were after. He was a steady winner in the International.

"Cy" Falkeaberg is the greatest surprise ia the whirling line in Ban Johnson's circuit. It was generally figured that his days were over, but he has accomplished what the esteemed James Jeffries could not do.

CHICAGO "fans" are putting a lot of reliance ia Russell, a portsider with a fine change of pace. He was used very frequeatly in the early part of the year, and the strain is showing on him, hut the prevalent impression is that he will develop into a second Rucker. Engel, n native Washingtonian, is improving, despite n tendency to wildness. His 1912 showing was poor, as he scored only one victory, but then he was not used mucb except as n finisher.

Shawkey and Dnuss nre two newcomers with everything that n slah artist should have. Weilman, the ginnt Brown, is nnother who has the "stuff."

Keatiag aad Leonard are in-and-out pitchers from whom extraordinary performances might he expected occasionally; on the next time out they nre quite as likely to be batted out of the box.

IF no one else has proved it, Chance has inaugurated the policy of giving the young ambitious element a real trial—quite a new proceeding, according to those in a positioa to know. What has occurred this year is bound to be followed out in the future, and eacouragemeat is being given to aspiring hall-tossers who mny have figured that the gates were set against them.

Not long ago Jacob Daubert was discussing the bopes of youag players for recognition in the big leagues. The enptain of the Superbas, wbose title to the world's honors as n first baseman cna be disputed by only one man, Hal Chase, now of tbe White Sox, is as close a studeat of the baseball as Roosevelt is of politics, Bryan of the dove of peace, and Wilson of the tariff.

"Let me tell you," said Daubert, "that many a brilliant lad is sent back to the minors becnuse he does not get even the slightest chance to make good. Scores of them have been deprived of an opportunity that ought in fairaess to be given them. Perhaps there are no Jacksons or Speakers in the lot, but there are a score of born .300 hitters who were not able to display their wares."

"How do you account for this?" he was asked.

"Well, the managers seem to forget they pay large sums of money to get some of the stars from the tank-towns," he responded. "They just keep them stsnding around until they get sick looking nt them, nnd then shunt them off to other diggiags. Big league managers for the most part have got it into their heads that a team of veterans can beat the youngsters every time.

"Plnying baseball," Daubert coatiaued, "is different in speedy compnny. Big crowds make it hard. It requires more than the nbility to swing n hnt, run bases, and stop 'grounders.' It is steadiness and nerve that count in the finai test. You've read stories of youag players in other years who showed up fiae for two weeks or more nad then they fell off. Whea the 'hreaks' went against them, they lost their confidence, and without confidence you can't get anything ia this world—certainly, if you haven't got it, you might as well give up the idea of playing hnll in the National or Americnn League.

"Steadiness comes only after experience, according to most people's way of thinkiag, but that does not alwnys hold true.

"Give the young fellow a chance, that's my advice, although old-timers might not like it. It endangers their jobs, but it has got to be done in fairness to the recruits—nnd not only that, but the folks who buy grand-stand tickets are always glad to see the newcomer get n show.

"They can't understand why a man is brought oa after screaming articles nbout his wonderful work, see him run after a few flies in practice, nnd then learn shortly afterward that he has been released to Last Hope in the Down and Out League."

Daubert speaks from bitter experience. A few years ago he was signed by the Clevelands. He stood around first base in practice for three werks, with hardly a soul pnying attention to him, and then was shunted to the American Association and later to the Southern League. When he came to Brooklya, however, he supplanted the redoubtable "Tim" Jordan rigbt awny, and inside of sis months he was regarded as one of the greatest first basemen of all time.

As chief lieutenant to Mnnager Dahlen of the Superbas, he sees to it thnt the youngsters hnve n chance, and if he ever becomes a boss himself, Chance will have nothing on him.

# Political Snapshots

*A Discussion of American Beliefs*

By CHARLES ZUEBLIN

Illustration by Willism H. Walker

## *III*

### *The House of Representatives*

THE House nf Representatives, as the aame implies, was intended to represent the people. Whisper, Mr. Vnter, even Hamilton thought the people nught to have some representation. With a property qualification for the suffrage, with Congress meeting thirteen months after election, and vetoes in the hands of the Senate, the President, and the Sopreme Court, Aleck thooght you vnters could be allowed to have representatives to represent you. He was more generous thaa his succesaors. They abolished the property qualificatioa for soffrage, but they have arranged the conduct nf business in the Honse so as to neutralize Aleck's indiscretion.

"*You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time*"—*unless they like it.*

WASHINGTON is called "the city of magnificent distances" because the Representatives are so far from home. The country looked so big ia the days nf primitive transportation that the Coagressmen were given thirteea moaths to get to the Capitol. They do not begia to represent yoo, Mr. Voter, until their disinherited predecessors have had aaother session in which to represent Aleck (whose "dead hand" is more powerful than the mailed fist of Kaiser Wilhelm). Thus stability (not to say petrifaction) is insured to our gnvernment.

*Would you trade your yellow dog for a dead lion, Mr. Voter?*

ALTHOUGH the Honse is supposed to represent the people and the Senate the States, the unwillingness of any State to give up one of those representative Representatives was warrant for increasing the number of members of the House on the basis of the last census. There were already too many members for effective legislation, but State jealousy was supplemented by the increasing social prestige of the Capitol, and the 398 members of the House could join the 400 by this iacrease. The representatioa is supposed to be equal, bot in fact the altruism of the Repoblican party gives the Democrats in the South an extra vote for each negro, thus continuing their aoble assumption of the white man's burdea.

*Your "white hope" has been found at last, Mr. Voter.*

IN the "good old days" measures used to be debated in the House; but the architecture has been so cunningly devised that only Bryaa, Hobson, and other Chautaoqoa lecturers can be heard. The Representatives are thos driven to address their constituents throogh the *Congressional Record*. You can get, in this way, aa excellent idea of the literary hobbies uf the members' secretaries, as the caased eloquence of the House of Representatives is embalmed in the fluid of general literature. With the franking privilege, the American public enjoys the free distribution of the contents of expensive subscriptioa library sets and encyclopedias.

*Mr. Voter, ask your Congressman for one of his sixty copies of the Congressional Record. It is cheaper than o five-foot book-shelf.*

WITH so many statesmen eager to save the country, there is an almost unlimited grist of bills to be digested somehow. As they caa aot all be read, much less digested, the system of committees has been invented for their predigestion. Mr. Bryce says: "A system better adapted to the purpose of the lobbyist could not be devised." As loag as you do ant have a referendum, Mr. Voter, this is a good sifting process; but it sifts men as well as measures, and only the elect come through the sieve. You will remember the methods of Mr. Cannon becoming so obnoxious that this autocratic power was intrusted to a committee. The Speaker is shorn of the power of a czar, and that power is transferred to the floor leader. Mr. Underwood now controls the secret Democratic caucus with a power that makes Caanon look like a toy pistol. There is no way by which a majority in Congress can compel a committee tn report.

*Mr. Voter, watch the Democratic caucus. It is as reactionary and unreformed as the Massachusetts Senators.*

# Orators Who Have Influenced Me

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

## MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

THERE could not be two men of more widely different views than Charles Stewart Parnell and Joseph Chamberlain. And yet there were many points of resemblance between them. Even in physique there was a likeness. Both were tall men, both slim, in each case the scabbard seemed too delicate for the flaming sword inside, masterful temper, burning passion, and vehement utterance. And both, above all, had the same almost unnatural pallor of complexion. In Parnell there was a certain muddy dullness in the pallor which led to the application to him frequently in Parliamentary descriptions of Carlyle's famous "Sea-Green Incorruptible" with regard to Robespierre; whereas in the face of Chamberlain the pallor was as white as that of wax. Even in their manner of speech there were also great resemblances. The voice in both cases was icy cold, the delivery frigid and impassive. Each speaker seemed absolutely self-controlled, could look on the storm their words created quite unmoved and untouched by the tempest and tumult around them; they both seemed men of iron self-control.

But here the resemblance came to an end. Parnell, except when he was deeply moved, always spoke with extreme hesitation; it seemed almost a painful effort for him to extract the words that were to express his ideas, and, as I have said, when it came to figures or documents he was hopelessly slatternly. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, though he spoke slowly, never paused for a word. Cold, limpid, the stream moved onward with the regularity of running water. And though, in the end, Parnell did find the exact word that expressed his idea, it always showed effort. In the case of Mr. Chamberlain the right word seemed to come by instinct, without the smallest effort. I have heard that Mr. Chamberlain in his early days used to write out every word of his important speeches—especially those that he delivered in the country and when he was preaching an important new campaign; and the intimate of his who told me this added the characteristic little fact that Mr. Chamberlain wrote with a hard steel pen. Steel using steel was what the friend wished to suggest by this detail.

THERE was also the striking difference between the methods and temperaments of the two men, that the one was such a pattern of orderliness as the other was a flagrant example of the want of order. Never was there a man who gave to politics so much of the stern regularity of business life as Mr. Chamberlain. It was one of the many tragic things in his checkered career that he had first to acquire a large fortune before he felt himself at liberty to devote himself to politics. His name has so long been familiar to the public as a great Parliamentary figure that few people of this generation remember that he was forty years of age when first he took his seat in the House of Commons. He had, of course, a long and distinguished career in the municipal politics of Birmingham—and the Birmingham of to-day has enduring memorials of the large vision and the reckless courage with which he developed its resources, its potentialities, and its beauties. I have heard many Birmingham people say, as they pointed to the splendid educational equipments, the perfect drainage, and the splendid and even grandiose appearance of its chief streets, that it was only a man of Mr. Chamberlain's extraordinary daring that would have been able to propose to a city the vast but fruitful expenditure that all these things involved. But still the fact remains that Mr. Chamberlain was forty years of age before he got his chance of playing his big part on the greatest arena of Parliamentary work and glory that the world has ever known.

But once he had become a member of Parliament Mr. Chamberlain gave to political work a concentration of thought and activity such as few men have ever bestowed upon it. Unlike Mr. Gladstone, he did not disperse and vary his toil by essays in Homeric mythology or theological controversy; unlike Mr. Balfour, he found no attraction in trying to render down to the first-root principles of philosophy, history and religion; unlike Mr. Bright, he had no passion for doing nothing—which Bright once declared to be the chief ambition of his life. Business, in which he has played so big a part, Mr. Chamberlain dismissed forever from his thoughts and activities; he became a politician to the exclusion of every other interest and occupation of life—unless, indeed, one except his devotion to his garden and his flowers.

THERE was no detail too small for Mr. Chamberlain's attention. He was as keen about seeing that the proper man was chosen for a councilorship in a ward of Birmingham, or that the right man should be found for secretaryship of a political committee, as about the larger organization of great imperial offices. He read and noted and pigeonholed every item in the day's papers that could be of use in debate. I am told that even at his dinner-table almost the only questions ever mentioned and discussed were political topics. Add that he had a natural aptitude for orderliness stimulated by many years of the regularity of a great business, and you will see that Mr. Chamberlain brought to political life immense advantages over the small Irish country squire who found himself a politician suddenly, after a youth devoted to farming, to sport, and to cricket.

I lay stress on these orderly qualities of Mr. Chamberlain because they are an explanation of much of his marvelous powers as a debater. The House of Commons demands, more than any other place, the qualities of presence of mind, of promptitude of reply, and of the ready and harmonious arrangement of material. Great orators, of course, can lift it up to the empyrean by the expression of lofty thought in splendid language. That was how Bright produced his greatest effects—as in the celebrated passage, "The Angel of Death is abroad throughout the land; if you but listen, you can hear the beating of his wings." But that is oratory, not debating; and debating is more frequent and more important, in the daily life of the House of Commons, than oratory.

MR. BRIGHT was poor as a debater; Mr. Chamberlain was supreme. Standing bolt upright, except for a slight stoop forward, icy, self-controlled, Mr. Chamberlain always came to a debate with a small bundle of notes. The notes were written out on small pieces of note-paper, and it could be seen that there wasn't a sentence, there wasn't a quotation, there wasn't a figure, that did not take its allotted and proper place with as much symmetry as the different parts that make up a great mosaic. You began to perceive all the great and all the orderly work that had preceded the speech. Did Mr. Chamberlain want to expose the contradictions of his opponents, he read out a sentence from the speech of one, and then followed it by an extract from another which was in flagrant contrast. Did he want to exhibit to the ridicule of the House the absurdities or the extravagances of his opponents, he immediately read out in its proper place, from the notes in his hand, some passage of unconscious humor or roaring farce. And if he were interrupted or contradicted, quick as lightning came out the retort or another quotation confirming those he had already read.

Thus it was that Mr. Chamberlain was one of the most deadly debaters the House has ever known. Nobody could 'rip him up. He seemed as one clothed in steel,



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whose armor no lance could penetrate. And the fine arrangement of the material was backed up by a perfect delivery. The voice was wonderful—without the richness of Bright's, without the infinite variation of tone that made Gladstone's voice like a scale in music, but clear, penetrating, reaching the very marrow of men's bones. And though the voice was icy, even, and subdued, it had its moments also when a deeper note revealed the tempestuous and masterful soul beneath; it had its groundswell, as had the voices of Bright and of Parnell, with the difference that in Bright it suggested the anger of the prophet and in Parnell the fierceness of the revolutionary, while in Chamberlain it gave the idea rather of the born fighter, that was determined neither to give nor to ask for quarter.

ONE of the other great advantages that Mr. Chamberlain brought into oratory was his perfect elocution. There is no quality of the speaker in which even trained members of the House of Commons show greater laxity than in elocution; they often bellow when they would be more effective by quietude. They rush the first half of a sentence with such speed that they are out of breath and inaudible when they get to the end. There never was once, in all my experience of Mr. Chamberlain's speaking, when I could detect any such flaw in his orderly and wonderfully delivered utterance. Mr. Chamberlain reached this perfection of elocution, as he did so many other of his excellencies, by steady, hard, and regular work. I have heard that he took lessons in elocution; that he was very fond of amateur theatricals in the days of his youth. There is, I believe, a playlet to his credit. But, however he reached this perfection of elocution, he did reach it. No actor on the stage ever managed his voice with such impeccable perfection.

His extemporaneous speeches were often even better than those he had prepared with such elaborate care. Then he sometimes let himself loose. Here, again, another of his characteristics added to his effectiveness. He was in politics what the French call archi-personal. Political debate was warfare and a duel, and he hit out with the mercilessness, but also with the deadly skill, of a great fencer. Sometimes he reminded one of one of those historic musketeers that figure in the romances of Dumas, and that had a thrust first for this assailant, then turned to the second and placed him out of action, and then was ready with his blade for the third and the fourth, and all that might come on.

It was extraordinary to see the effect upon the House of one of those fierce bits of extemporaneous attack. Listless, tired, somnolent the House might be before Mr. Chamberlain got up; in a trice the whole atmosphere was transformed. You heard laughter, cheers, violent interruptions—in short, the storm of passion pervaded a scene which a few moments before had all the signs of a castle of indolence where nobody could care or could feel about anything except lazy acquiescence. It was like a beleaguered city surprised in the middle of night and sleep by an ambuscade, and rushing, shouting, shrieking, amid the clash of arms and the curses of the fighter with the sigh of the dying. Whether it was in winter or summer, or at the beginning of a great sitting when all were fresh, or at its close when all were exhausted, it was always the same. Mr. Chamberlain's rise transformed the whole temper into cyclonic disturbance.

Such, then, was the man as a speaker. His political career has been and will be forever the subject of fiercely contrasted estimates. His statesmanship will be given to posterity either as glorious inspiration or as shocking example, according to the political prepossessions of those who discuss him. But no opponent, however bitter, can ever deprive him of the glory of having been the most powerful debater of his time.

"I WONDER WHY THEY ALL COME TO ME WITH THEIR TROUBLES"
By J. R. Shaver

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# Brain Plays in Germany

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

IT was with no small anticipation that I entered the Deutsches Theater, the dramatic core of Germany, and to the outer world the work-shop of Max Rheinhardt, if not the foremost at least the most talked of producer on the Continent.

I went to see Rheinhardt. I came away thinking chiefly of the audience, for the greatest feature of the great Deutsches Theater is in front of the footlights.

Here the Tired Business Man, the crêpe-hanger of the American theater, does not exist. There may be Tired Business Men in Berlin, but they are not to be found at the Deutsches, and without them the Deutsches is pushed to the designs on the wall-paper and the frescoes on the ceiling with an audience that is vibrant and concentrated.

Fifteen hundred people nightly seat themselves to a man, put their teeth into a dramatic idea, and hold it for three hours and a half without letting go once to cough.

TOLSTOY'S "Living Corpse" is a severe test of any audience's assimilative capacity. It lasts three hours and a half, with practically no comedy relief and with but few tense situations. It is just plain brain-building, characterizing, weaving, dissecting, always logical, always analytical, but never sparkling.

Prognostication is rarely scientific, but it is my opinion that at present there is no audience in New York that would not entomb "The Living Corpse" at its first performance. But "The Living Corpse" was devoured by the wide-eyed Germans as if it were a footlight dainty.

And now comes the question as to responsibility. Does the Deutsches Theater succeed with brain plays because it possesses an audience of brains, or does it attract an audience of brains because it gives brain plays? I believe the latter is the cause. I believe there is a Deutsche audience in New York and in every large American city, but it is not to be found in the theater. This audience sits at home in a comfortable chair, regaling itself with books in which there are brains, with music that came from brains, and with conversation that possesses at least a particle of brains.

This is the audience that must be got into the American theater. This is the audience for which the producer of the future must bait his trap. This is the audience for which at present there is no competition, despite the fact that it is financially, artistically, and permanently the most remunerative of all.

THE Tired Business Man has had his day in America. Now comes the Piffle Tired Man, the man who has licked his business into willing submission, who locks it up every evening at five—and is hungering for something that he can drop into his unoccupied brain-layers for the night.

So I came to pay tribute to Rheinhardt, and I left burning incense to the audience.

The acted performance resolved itself into one Alexander Moissi, a young Italian Jew, who gave one of the rarest performances I have ever witnessed. His skill is so great that there is no flavor of the histrionic. He seemed even to spurn make-up. His face is a sensitized plate where every emotion is recorded. His hands are barometers that express every passing change. His body molds and remolds into every attitude of lassitude and tension. His eyes telegraph every message that his mind records. He grips you and holds you, though never seeming to try. Twenty Moissis scattered throughout the world would revolutionize the theater. This one Moissi will do much in that direction. If it were in my power, I would set every young actor in America before Moissi. If, after seeing him a few times, the young actor was not fired with a desire to explore his own brains, then I would petition the Powers that Bar to keep him forever from the theater. Here again the performance was a unit. Every number strove to insert his little block so evenly and so surely that the finished structure would be smooth. As at the Comédie Française, the individual has disappeared. The slogan of the Continental theater seems to be, "in unison there is perfection." That slogan must come to America.

AS to Rheinhardt—the Tolstoy play did not give him his greatest opportunity.

He used his much heralded revolving stage. In killing waits it contributes much. He sets five scenes on a wheel, so that all the scenes are practically two-sided, with the corner of the room center. This similarity in architecture gave the scenes a sameness that was rather monotonous. He strove valiantly to break the monotony by carrying off his off-stage rooms with a detail that was most impressive. Frequently two, and at one time three, rooms were visible to the audience.

The necessity of making the settings small brought out a value that impressed me more than the quick changes.

The smallness of the scenes brought them down into natural proportions that made them very lifelike.

It is always somewhat disconcerting to see a room twice the usual size of the room it seeks to represent, while the furnishings, and necessarily the living occupants, are of the usual size. Further than that, the compression of the scene resulted in an intimacy in the action that contributed greatly to its dramatic force.

If nothing more, the revolving stage has developed possibilities in the setting of scenes that makes it worth while.

Its advantages and temptations were better revealed in his production of "Faust." Here was an opportunity to show many massive settings without stage waits. To that extent it was a complete success. But Rheinhardt went beyond. Like a boy with a new toy, he wanted to see how often he could change settings, with the result that the play was frequently interrupted for the wheeling on of a new set that was not necessary to the action of the play. Though the pause was only momentary, it necessarily broke off the story, and at various points the accumulating dramatic interest was suspended. This is certainly opposed to the best effect of the play, and the revolving stage, originally designed to contribute unbroken action, degenerates into an interruption on its own account.

AT several points in the play scenes were presented wherein practically no progress of the story occurred. The scenes in themselves were very striking, but a producer is scarcely wise in stopping a play just to show an audience pictures. This defeats all that the new foreign school has striven for. Instead of making the scenery a contributing atmospheric background always subservient to the uninterrupted telling of the story, it projects the scenery in front of the story, and to that extent is just as damaging as the old realistic, over-cluttered settings.

Some of the settings were quite remarkable, showing a complete liberation from an old conventional stage picture. Rheinhardt's disregard of the ingrained notions as to the inviolability of the sight-line was indicated in one setting, the horizontal opening of which was not over six feet. The scene went to the height of the gridirons, forming a narrow cañon of enormous height. Marguerite traced her way down the cañon to its base, which was at the front of the scene, and here knelt in prayer before a figure of Christ carved in the rock. Since the setting was so narrow, it was impossible for any action to take place, and it was used only for the prayer scene. While the view from the sides of the theater doubtless afforded very little, the only action that occurred was presented in full view of all.

Psychologically the setting conveyed volumes. There seemed nothing between Marguerite and her God. The sense of her nearness to her Creator, with all the world excluded, was tremendous. With very little structure and almost no painting, it proved a picture never to be forgotten. It was a perfect example of scenic suggestion.

Other very effective scenes were most striking, but so unnecessary that they were lost. In one instance a most unusual scene of the church exterior was shown, and in its midst the curtain was lowered to show another exterior view of the same scene, and the action was then resumed.

THE acted performance of "Faust" was a distinct disappointment after the glorious performance of Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse" on the preceding night.

Dr. Faust was a remnant of the old German school. He ranted and raved and "acted" to a degree that bordered on travesty.

But the night was saved by Elsa Eckeberg, a very young actress, who presented a Marguerite that was an angel come to earth. Her smile, her sigh, her terror at the birth of passion, its fascination darting out through her fears, were tremendous.

Marguerite's hysteria in the prison scene I have never seen equaled. Hysterical scenes are usually an injustice to the audience; but little Eckeberg has proved that they can be played, and for that I consider her something of a discovery. On the previous evening I had been convinced that there could be no such acting as Alexander Moissi's; but this delicate little lady soared to Moissi's heights.

Fortunate Deutsches—God-blessed Berlin! To have a Rheinhardt, a Moissi, and an Eckeberg in the same theater.

*"Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"*

# "Much Ado About Nothing"

By N. H.

*John Drew as Benedick—Laura Hope Crews as Beatrice—*
*A discouraging article, bewailing various things*

DURING the summer just passed, a group of young girls were rehearsing a comedy of Shakespeare's. One of them reciting the famous lines ending "the course of true love never did run smooth," was speaking these lines distinctly, but without passion, when she was stopped by the teacher managing the rehearsal, who stepped energetically toward the stage and exclaimed: "Gosh, gosh! I'm in love, and nothing goes right!" The girl then read the lines admirably, because she understood, and because the manager had understood.

Last year "Much Ado About Nothing" was given by Annie Russell's company in a way that made some of the lovers of that comedy love it even more, because the actors had not only skill and training, but also the opinion that the piece in which they were acting was a good piece. Franz Reicher played Benedick as Wilding plays tennis, or as the infield of the Athletics plays baseball, as if it were an exercise in which he was naturally proficient and in which he had a striking all-round training. That, to be sure, is more than we need ask for Shakespeare. One of the most satisfactory performances of the difficult rôle of Juliet given in this country in many years was by an actress who lacked Shakespearean training, and who could not even speak the meter of her lines correctly, but who felt herself in the character, lived in the scenes, and threw her heart into what she said.

Shakespeare probably does not mean much to a person who is pleased by having the newspapers shriek at him with peculiar emphasis and tell him more about the latest rumor than about the essential performances of his government; a person who fits snugly into the scheme of spending his business life in making as much money as possible, and his hours of relaxation in hunting a sensation which he vainly imagines different from the sensation he had the day before.

"Much Ado About Nothing" contains the most sparkling couple of lovers in literature, the greatest of all Malaprop comedy characters; many passages of dialogue unsurpassable after their kind; and scenes that need only to be understood and let alone by the manager, and seen by unspoiled audiences, to be as popular to-day as they were three centuries ago, when Benedick and Beatrice and Dogberry ranked with Falstaff and Malvolio in the favor of those who saw Shakespeare's plays just after they were written. If "Much Ado About Nothing" was not very popular on the evening of September 1, it can safely be left to our readers whether the fault was in the comedy, or in the managers, the actors, or the audience.

MR. DREW is a man of humor and ease. His histrionic skill is in the direction that might be thought especially to fit Benedick. The trouble seemed to be that he did not approach the part as if he believed enormously in the whole play and was one of a group of living persons having an extremely exciting and buoyant time with one another. It apparently seemed to him a little archaic, written at times in language rather queer, and presenting various characters lacking in novelty.

Nobody ought to play Shakespeare who sympathizes with the rounder's opinion of Hamlet, that it is "full of chestnuts." Nobody can play these unapproachable dramas properly who does not relish the task of speaking the mighty or scintillating lines as if their very fame were an advantage, a temptation to the actor to put into them all the glory that has been seen in them by three centuries of cultivated men and women in many lands. Nobody, in short, can play Shakespeare who does not find in him one of the most enriching and consoling gifts of our existence.

Doubtless the fact that so many stars are to produce Shakespeare this year is a subject for rejoicing, because it betokens a healthy doubt in the public about whether it is getting all that the theater might give; but no one of these stars will win much glory unless he likes his play so much that he feels like boasting among his friends about what a wonderful drama it is, how full of good parts and stirring scenes and wonderful speeches.

Once I went to the theater with a man who had neither read nor seen "Hamlet." When the Prince came to those lines about "this majestical roof fretted with golden fire," my friend turned to me with perfectly serious enthusiasm and exclaimed: "Isn't this play terribly well written?" He chanced to be ill informed on the subject of the foremost dramatist, but he was the right material of which to make an audience.

If Mr. Drew had happened to exist professionally in a different environment, his natural intelligence would have caused him to identify himself more confidently with Benedick. He would have let the part act itself more simply. He would have forbidden the stage-manager, whoever that unfortunate may be, to give him speeches belonging to other actors, in the most absurdly incongruous manner, in order to get him extra curtains. He would not have permitted that superb scene in which Benedick is induced by Beatrice to challenge Claudio to be spoiled by lack of faith in the power of an ending absolutely dramatic, and the substitution for that powerful ending of such exclamations as: "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him dead!" "You may kiss my hand! Oh, my dear friend, you may kiss my hand again!"

SHAKESPEARE occasionally requires greatness in the actor, as in Lear, but usually all he asks is ability to work harmoniously with other actors, to speak the verse without choking, and to throw yourself into a part with intelligent enthusiasm. Laura Hope Crews deserves a good deal for her performance of Beatrice, because she played it as if she liked it, and played it as if she found herself sympathetically a young woman full of joy, with a tendency to say smart things, but very honest, and capable of being very kind, and furnished with admirable lines in which to express these qualities, lines which, far from embarrassing her, seemed quite simply to meet the needs of what she wished to say. Beatrice is not an easy part. A girl who is born under a dancing star can be represented with absolute adequacy only by a very exceptional temperament. The poet Campbell called her an odious woman, which she certainly is not. She does herself scant justice when she apologizes for one of her speeches by saying she was born "to speak all mirth and no matter." Shakespeare was often careless. He took plots where he found them, as he did the plot of this play; but when his heart got into a character, as it did into Beatrice, and Benedick, and Dogberry, all of whom he invented, he always makes it profoundly human and justified from its own point of view.

It was Coleridge who said that in an ordinary play characters are interesting because they are in the plot, whereas in Shakespeare the plot is interesting because of the characters who carry it out. Beatrice lives as a woman known intimately to all readers of the best in literature, disliked by some who do not fully understand her, loved by more. If Miss Crews played the part a little bit "down," perhaps that was the wise course, as she may have been afraid of not quite reaching the almost unapproachable gayety of the girl, and it was certainly the prudent course when playing with a lot of individual actors who had not been welded together.

IF all these actors had known their business as well as Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper, who played Don Pedro, and if there had been a manager who belonged to the same school as Mr. Cooper, this little article would have been written in a different key. Dogberry was unusual but satisfactory, and there were a number of actors who might be praised for various qualities, and who might have worked admirably into the whole effect had they been guided by the right hand, and had they faced an audience that cared for Shakespeare, instead of the typical Frohman first-night audience, which was going through one of the most exquisitely painful experiences ever inflicted upon a group of humans.

Here are a few questions which may have in them a certain testing power:

1. Do you think "Much Ado About Nothing" is funnier than "Seven Days" or "Baby Mine"?

2. Do you think Dogberry is funnier than Joe Weber?

3. Is the speech in which Benedick expresses his contempt for "these paper bullets of the brain" worth more from a literary point of view than the whole of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"?

4. Does the mere stagecraft of many of the scenes affect you to the choking point?

5. Do Benedick, Beatrice, and Dogberry strike you as being as good acting parts as can be found in the range of drama?

If not, whatever your other merits, you might profitably refrain from being an actor, critic, or manager in "Much Ado About Nothing," and have fully as good reason for refraining from being a member of the audience.



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# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## My Shadow

I HAVE a little shadow, that I can not quite make out—
Sometimes I think he is my own, sometimes I am in doubt.
We do not look the least alike, as any one can see;
But underneath the surface we're as like as like can be.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to spout
On how to down the Trusts and how to drive the grafters out.
When he talks about the people's rights he looms up grand and tall,
But when the people talk to *him* he isn't there at all.

The way he tries to pose as a reformer is a shame;
You wouldn't need an X ray to see through his little game.
If he'll only can the statesman stuff, and likewise "come across,"
I'll make him Senator some day, as true as I'm the Boss.

## Looking Forward

WHEN I grow up as big as pop
I'll be a gunman or a cop.
Gee! Won't it be a lot of fun
Shooting at people with my gun!

## The Palmist

BIRDIE tucked a yellow bill
Just outside her window-sill:
Down at headquarters next day
Birdie's place was marked O. K.

## The District Leader

THE District Leader, big and gruff,
I love with all me soul.
He helps me out, when times is tough,
With good advice and coal.

He shakes my mit, and calls me "Sport,"
Just like I was a toff;
And when I'm pinched he tips the court
The wink, and gets me off.

He treats the missis most polite,
And joins the kids at play.
You bet he'll get my votes all right
Upon Election Day.

## Singing

OF storage eggs the grocer sings,
And frozen Chanticleer.
The butcher sings of joints and things,
And steaks of yester-year.

The children sing of fevers hot,
Of colic and ptomaine.
The Food Inspector in his yacht
Is singing on the main.

# BOOKS

## Preventive Medicine

*A book which makes accessible to the general reader the latest conclusions about the scientific control of disease*

By JOHN B. HUBER, M.D.

PASTEUR a generation ago demonstrated microscopic parasites to be the specific causes of the infections; Koch and his co-workers based upon Pasteur's findings the science of preventive medicine, which has since developed into perhaps the most essential and the most pervasively beneficent agency in civilization. Personal, domestic, school, communal hygiene, as we understand the terms to-day, are derived from it. Infants no longer die through dispensations of Providence, but by milk demonstrably laden with pathogenic bacteria. Only by reason of crass obduracy are many infections suffered. Preventive medicine is adequately equipped to cope with housing, sewage, filtration—well-nigh all problems of civic and rural sanitation.

CICERO declared, many centuries ago, *salus populi suprema lex;* to-day preventive medicine can, if permitted, vouchsafe the public health. In ways most necessary to humankind is preventive medicine "making good." Life-insurance companies are preaching it to their clients on the sound business principle that the longer a policy-holder lives the more premiums he will pay. Vast tracts of hitherto pestilent land, impossible of human habitation, may now be made salubrious and capable of most profitable agriculture.

Only Oriental fatalism stands in the way of banishing those age-long infections, cholera, the plague, and the malarias, from India, the world's granary of those diseases; for the sure methods of preventing them are now established. Preventive medicine has made the tropics safely habitable for the Caucasian.

It is true, absolutely beyond peradventure, that the Panama Canal could never have been built had not such men as Gorgas and his associates first rid the Zone of the malarias, typhoid fever, yellow fever, and the infectious dysenteries. To-day Panama vies with Palm Beach as a health resort.

Commercialism has wisely taken advantage of preventive medicine for the elimination from great entrepôts of such diseases; business, because the thing has been found to pay, has succeeded oftentimes where humanity has failed; wherever infections have impeded commerce they have been made to disappear.

PREVENTIVE medicine has clearly demonstrated that such infections as tuberculosis (which now destroys every third or fourth adult life) can be removed from human experience. But, besides being so dreadful a disease, it is perhaps the most potent influence for economic and social degeneration in civilization. It therefore needs only that the political economist and the statesman shall ally themselves with the expert in preventive medicine for the Great White Plague to become but a ghastly and nevermore realized memory. And, indeed, publicists and statesmen—Disraeli, Goldwin Smith, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Wilson—have been and are now coming to discern in preventive medicine the pillar of fire lighting the way.

ALL are realizing preventive medicine to have for its objects to curtail and if possible to obviate disease, to prolong life, and through improved conditions to make existence happier. Lecky observed:

"The great work of sanitary reform has been perhaps the noblest legislative achievement of our age, and, if measured by the suffering it has diminished, has probably done more for the real happiness of mankind than all the many questions that make and unmake ministries."

And Dr. Eliot of Harvard has written:

"Preventive medicine is capable in the future of doing away with poverty and misery, of remedying industrial disputes, and of contributing to the cause of international peace. It is capable of removing those causes of human misery, poverty and sorrow, which lead to internal rebellion and disorder and, among nations, to war and strife. We are going to get, through preventive medicine, relief from frictions which arise out of immigration, among the leading nations of the world."

One welcomes, then, with peculiar satisfaction the authoritative book of Professor Rosenau, of Harvard, who has served in many an epidemic campaign, in many an investigation, at home, on the Continent, and in the tropics. The work is well-nigh encyclopedic, since, besides Rosenau's most valuable findings, matter widely scattered in literature and very difficult of access for many, is epitomized in it. One shall indeed find here scientific fundamentals. And, since preventive medicine has become a vital factor in sociology, Rosenau has duly considered the economic and social aspects of the communicable diseases.

Since one can not suppress an infection without knowing its peculiar mode of transmission, these diseases are admirably grouped on that basis. Rosenau writes of preventive medicine relating to the person as *Hygiene*, that relating to one's environment as *Sanitation*. All the important methods used in public health laboratories are described.

THE question of the propriety of smallpox vaccination is clearly answered for those still in doubt. Precisely how the "social diseases" are to be attacked remains debatable; but this much should be preached eternally—that the single standard for both sexes should prevail, and that male continence is altogether compatible with health. One of the most dreadful things in existence, as tragic as the theme of a Sophoclean drama, is the blinding at birth, ever afterward irretrievable, through venereal infection. Such disaster need never occur, for it is easily preventable in the first day of life. Rational celebrations are now obviating our erstwhile dreadful deaths from Independence Day lockjaw. Rosenau counsels well for vaccination against typhoid fever, the peculiarly American infection.

A VERY vital section is that on infantile paralysis, containing Rosenau's notable discovery that the germ of this infection is transmitted by the common stable fly.

Leprosy is transmitted with difficulty, states the author. It is questionable if, in the ordinary circumstances of life, it is transmissible at all; it certainly is not without close, prolonged, and intimate contact. In Norway, leprosaria are not insisted on; the lepers remain reasonably by themselves in their own homes, cheerfully observing the mild restrictions placed on them by the government. Under such régime no new cases are developing in Norway, while those in existence are fast disappearing; and there is among those sensible people no leprophobia, nor any occasion for the ignoble fear that has been evinced against poor John Early, the alleged leper, who is now reported insane by reason of his persecutions, and whose case parallels those of Calas and of Dreyfus.

ROSENAU well defines eugenics as the science of being well born. Surely there is none more altruistic, since no one among us could, if we would, follow Oliver Wendell Holmes' advice to "be careful in the selection of our ancestors." (There may possibly be reversals of form in some such Gilbertian way as was indicated by Paracelsus, who held "it was not the fault of David, it was not the fault of Bath-sheba, it was the fault of Solomon.") Fortunate indeed is it that of the three modern fates, heredity, environment, and will, the latter two are at least as potent as the first, and oftentimes altogether adequately corrective of heredity's misadventures.

THE book contains important chapters: on Sewage and Garbage, by Professor Whipple of Harvard; on Vital Statistics, by Dr. Wilbur of the Bureau of the Census at Washington; and on the Prevention of Mental Diseases, by Dr. Salmon of the National Committee of Mental Hygiene. There are one hundred and fifty-seven illustrations. Abundant references are given. And there is an index which really indicates what one seeks to know.

MILTON J. ROSENAU, *Preventive Medicine and Hygiene*, D. Appleton and Company, New York and London.



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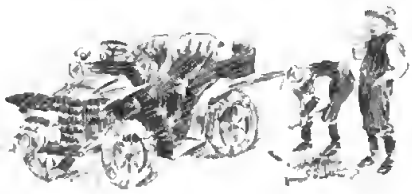
# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## V

### Lemuel Obtaineth Some Class



A DEALER in second-hand automojunk
Bought Lem's ancient buzzer and took it away.
"There's nothin' about it that ain't to the punk,
'Cept the horn—that still goes. All the price I can pay
Is twenty-five dollars"—the man laughed his scorn—
"Ten for the auto, fifteen for the horn."
When they towed the old derelict over the hill,
Mrs. Bogg sighed. "Disappointin'! But still
We've been and we've went and we've tasted some life;
Now we'll git a new hoss."
Lem regarded his wife
With a maniac glare that disturbed her tranquillity,
A gaze fairly flashing with automobility.
"Lookee here, Daisy,
*Have* you gone crazy?
D'ye reelly suppose—has yer brain turned to moss?—
That a man that's smelt gas would return to a hoss?"
Ma's face was sad,
But Katury's was glad.
"Will you get a new car, Pa? I love 'em like mad!"
Pa answered not.
His manner was sot
As he strode to the track of the Boston and Maine
And took a quick trip to the city by train.

CHOOSING a shop with a window display
Of cars built like battleships, frowning and gray,
Monster road-devils with brass bright and clean
And engines as big as a thrashin'-machine,
Lemuel gazed at the treasures
With Pleasure's
Light in his eye.
"Though it puts me a heap into debt, I'll
Just bet I'll
Beat Si!"

HE entered the store and explained, "I'll take *that* one"—
Pointing his thumb at a long, rakish, flat one.
The salesman looked startled and said, "It's some big.
Now, here's a twelve-horse-power, two-cylinder gig—"
"Show that to your grandma," sniffed Lem. "As for me,
I'm a reg'lar speedometer, that's what I be.
I'm lookin', by George (and I'm totally riled),
For sixty-six horse-powers, and all of 'em wild."
The dealer, who needed no more explanation,
Took out the big car for a short demonstration.
Such big, brutal levers!
Such pompous self-starters!
As bright as new beavers
And snappy as garters
The six mighty cylinders noiselessly tore
The speed laws to forty-nine fractions or more.
And Lem, before lunch
Having mastered in full
The buttons to punch
And the handles to pull,
Paid cash for the marvel, and shot like a streak
Along the new turnpike toward Butternut Creek.

NEAR Hipplewhite's store Mr. Constable Dimmit
Arrested him twice for exceeding the limit,
While men, hens, and babies, boys, horses, and dogs
Barked, cackled, whistled, "Look comin'! It's Boggs!
Gosh, how he's beatin' it!
Road? Say, he's eatin' it!
If Death is around, say, he surely is cheatin' it!"
Landscapes and villages seemed to scoot by
Faster than comets devouring the sky,
Lem spurned the road in a manner sublime,
Taking sharp corners one wheel at a time—
When sudden, behold!
What a thrill!
Still and cold
On Ogelvie's Hill
Stood the well-hated auto of Mr. Si Scagg.
The latter as moisty and limp as a rag,
Covered with smudges, disconsolate stood,
Pounding a bolt in the bowels of the hood.
Approaching him, Lem
Sort o' muttered, "Ahem!"
Awful sarcastic,
Semi-bombastic.

SI snapped his teeth like a broken elastic.
"Say, Mister Bogg," and his tone was polite,
"Will y' give me a tow to the shop of Bill Wight?
I've a bust in my feed."
"If it's help that y' need,"
Quoth Lem, "I'm prepared for a Christian-like deed;
But why—if I could
Put the question so far—
Don't y' git somethin' *good*
When ye're buying' a car?"
Si flushed as bright as a pumpkin in fall
As he banged down the hood. He had tasted the gall.
"See here, Mister Hot,
I don't know the make
O' that car that y' got,
But I bet it's a fake.
When I git this here auto tuned up in condition,
I'll trim ye, front, backwards, or any position,
For fun, money, marbles, or nothin," said Si.

LEM stroked his chin. There was blood in his eye,
"Next Toosday week at the County Fair Meet
Ther's racin'—a chance to take down yer conceit.
I'll race ye two miles round the Centerville track,
No favors nor handicaps, right from the crack,
For twenty-five cents to the side. Are y' there?"
"I'm with ye," snapped Si, looking devil-may-care.
"Now I'll give ye a tow,"
Said Lem, with a low
Sort of comical grin. Grunted Silas: "Not so!
I'm sorry to say, though I'm tellin' ye true,
I'd rather be towed by the divvil than *you!*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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# Finance

*Eliminating the Middleman*

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE craze for eliminating middlemen has struck finance as well as other departments of human affairs. Just as, in dealing with food distribution, there is the haziest of ideas as to precisely who the middleman is, so in finance there is no sharply crystallized proposal of reform, only a feeling, more or less backed up by facts, that the distribution of securities to ultimate investors has somehow been an unnecessarily expensive and indirect process.

Possibly there is no room for such spectacular feats in eliminating the finance middleman as similar treatment of his fellow in food distribution has given rise to. Mayor Gaynor selling city bonds from a cart-tail seems highly improbable, even though Mayor Shank of the no mean city of Indianapolis did dispose of hams from the same vantage-point. Yet, the topic is one that finds its way almost daily into newspaper headlines. "Popular sale of city bonds" is becoming a familiar phrase, almost a slogan. A newspaper sold $993,400 of city bonds in Baltimore, department stores have sold large amounts in other great cities, and in St. Paul that master builder, James J. Hill, has undertaken in his usual large manner a popular sale of city securities wholly at his own risk.

All these and many similar incidents are perhaps the more superficial and even passing phase of what is really an important movement. Ordinarily the solid and intelligent investor does not care especially how bonds and stocks reach him, provided only they are safe, return a reasonably large interest, and have not been the source of open and scandalously large profits to the broker, or dealer, or middleman who negotiated the purchase.

NOW the question of whether a large, established corporation or municipality can do better with or without close regular and more or less exclusive banking and underwriting connections is a delicate and technical one. The reader will have to be referred to text-books on corporation finance, business organization, and trust development, which are now coming forth in such a flood for consumption in our scores of new schools of commerce and business administration. Abstractly, this is a question for the economists to debate. Business and financial experience does not afford an easy answer to the bald question.

A careful analysis of all the attempts to sell corporation or public securities on a large scale by popular subscription in this country would probably show a heavy percentage of failure. There are numerous good reasons why the bankers' services are of value. Underwriters take great risks in guaranteeing a sale of securities at agreed rates before their market value is known. They provide cash in larger amounts, more quickly, and at more certainly stated intervals than would be the case if popular sales were resorted to. In fact underwriting bankers often lose, and the question of whether in any given instance they are paid too much depends for an answer upon so many delicate factors that an answer is never simple.


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It is generally known that few, if any, men in the country can show more scars acquired in the war with sin und a thicker breaking out of righteous heat and chronic altruism than the new editor-in-chief of HARPER'S WEEKLY; and naturally pluin, plodding people as far away from "Central" as Texas are curious to find out whether Providence has brought Nurman into action because a great field of opportunity opens before him, or great and wonderful things are now assured because be has arrived, spit on his hands, aad reached for a blundering and balky world's tail. But soon we shall know, soon we shall know; and the killing fever of suspense will pass uway.

## THE DOCTOR'S GIFT

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"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was u frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, being ullowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat.

"He said it was u food called Grape-Nuts and even as its golden color might suggest it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another to no uvail, but consented to try this new food.

"Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every duy since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.

"I noticed improvement ut once and in u month's time my former spells of indigestiou had disappeared. Ia two months I felt like u new man. My mind was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."

"There's u Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Buttle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," io pkgs.

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SO much may be said in defense of our bankers. But tbe fact remains that corporations pay enormous sums to bankers to dispose of securities that are perfectly safe in themselves to ia vestors who are only too anxious to buy just thut class of securities. Why can not the thiag be done more directly?

Let us admit also that corporation and city officials have neither the time nor the training to act as hrokers. There is still an unexpluined remuinder—an obstinate feeling that somehow the work is aot being done efficiently.

Finance and banking firms are too much of a mystery to small investors. Unscrupulous promoters get $100,000,000 of their money each year partly because they know how to make things simple. The legitimate banker's office bas too rarefied an atmosphere for the uverage woman with $100 to invest. Therefore my first suggestion is that the ability to simplify and popularize, which is so essential to the newspaper or department store of the close-to-the-people type, be incorporated into the investment banking machinery of this country.

"Ah, that is all very well," says the banker, "hut we can not make money hy selling securities in $100 or $200 lots."

It is quite true that most reputable bankers see no wuy of profiting by "small business." But it is un admission of inability and lack of hrains that they can not find a way. Possibly the average merchant would bave scoffed at selling goods in five and ten cent amounts a generation ago. But a man named Woolworth had the hrains to fiad u way, make a fortune, and stimulute endless competition.

BUT the education of the small investor will come slowly. No big problem of finance is to be solved overnight hy splitting bonds up into $100 denominations. William A. Prendergast, Controller of New York City, says there is a great educational work yet to be done before our habits become anything like those of the French people toward investment. Small investors of the wiser class will for a long time continue, from habits early acquired, to put their money into savings bank, while those of the more ignorant class will likewise buy worthless stocks. Larger investors will for u long time buy bonds in large amounts after these bonds have come through many banking intermediaries. Underwriting will continue in some form for u good while to come, because corporations must have money and the public will not supply it directly.

But suppose the New Haven directors, instead of waiting for criticism at the special meeting of stockholders, had anticipated it by explaining in detail just why they were paying $1,675,000 to J. P. Morgan & Co. and associates. Or suppose even now they sent out a circular to every stockholder explaining that step, and showing just what risk the banking firm took, just what speciul ubility is necessary to place the bonds, und just how great integrity and prestige is necessary to form a big underwriting syndicate.

The British Companies Act provides for publicity in these matters, and it works well. The marketing of huge quantities of securities is worth paying well for, aad the business would not be injured if the stockholders knew just whut services they were paying for and why. If directors explained because they thought it the right thing to do, and not merely because stockholders forced them into it, their work would be smoother and securities would be more valuable.

# What They Think of Us

*Garet Garett*, the New York *Times* Analist.

You are producing a mighty fine weekly. If you can keep it up you will be irresistible.

*Meredith Nugent*, (Sawtelle, Cal.)

Daringly brilliant, your new HARPER'S WEEKLY has taken its place with the world's very best.

*Sagacious* (New Orleans, La.)

Mr. Honoré Willsie has, in the opening paragraph of his "puff" entitled "Mr. Lane and the Public Domain," demonstrated that Secretary Lane is a violator not only of the divine law, but out of harmony with the leaders in human progress. Mr. Willsie wrote of Mr. Lane's office hours and stated: "He works these hours seven duys out of the week."

Mr. Lane certainly is a Sabbath violator, and in addition working at a rate that leads to degeneracy—not conservation.

It is just possible that Mr. Willsie is mistaken, and judging from his gross stupidity in failing to see, as the Democratic visitor pointed out, that the Secretary of the Interior is making the word "efficiency" serve as u mask for his purpose to retaia his fellow Republicans in offices that the Americaa people pronounced them unfit to administer, I am disposed to acquit Mr. Lane for such a flagrant violatioa.

If you are to retaia the standard of Harvey, you must blue-pencil Honoré Willsie—or is it possible you prefer to follow the Barnum cue?

*James H. Caine* in the Asheville (N. C.), *Citizen*

The marked evidence of new hlood and new life is such as to warrant the prediction that HARPER'S WEEKLY will be *THE* leading weekly puhlication of its character in the United States.

*Care Bernhardt*, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

The New HARPER'S WEEKLY remiads me forcibly of what Muurice Hewlett says of one of the characters in one of the house novels—that he was born fully dressed and ready to go out in society.

Please let me tell you how refreshing and fully charged your summer beverage is!

*B. O. Flower*, (Boston, Mass.)

I wish to heartily congratulate you on the splendid publicution you are making of HARPER'u WEEKLY. You have made it worthy of the old HARPER'S WEEKLY, which performed such aa inestimable service to good governmeat in the powerful campaign aguinst Tweed and his Ring.

Your editorials are very fine and precisely whut the preseat demands. I was particularly impressed by your discriminating suggestion oa White Slaves in the current issue, as it touches upoa something thut is very vital to free institutions and popular rights—something that, I think, constitutes oae of the gravest perils confronting democracy

*E. W. Kemble* (New Rochelle, N. Y.)

Cungratulations on the *new* HARPER'S WEEKLY. It certainly is the best thing on the market. Keep up this pace, as you will, und you huve a winner.

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STATE

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 20, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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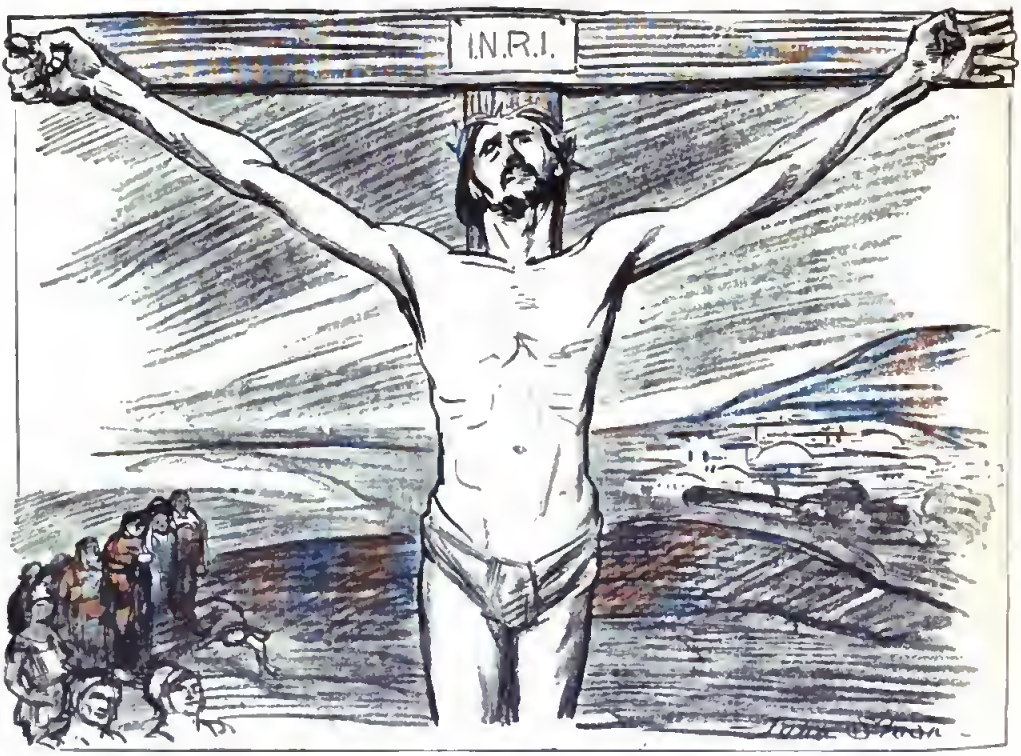
## TWO READINGS

"IGNORANCE OF THE LAW EXCUSES NO MAN"




"FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO"

By John Sloan

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Mexico and Money

THIRTY-SIX years ago Porfirio Diaz overthrew President Lerdo, and Presidcot Hayes refused recognition to the new régimc until a constitutional election had been held coofirming Diaz in the Presidency. He was popular with American investors for other reasons than the fact that he maintained order. It may well be questioned whether order was not secured at too great a price in the exploitation of natural resources and the alienation of the lands to rich favorites. Madero was always unpopular with American investors. When Huerta conspired with Felix Diaz, whose life Madero had spared, aod Madero was overthrown and assassinated, President Wilson refused to recognize a government established hy the treachery of a soldier and the assassination of his commander-in-chief. The appcal of the commercial interests through their oewspaper organs, and perhaps through Ambassador Wilson, for the recognition of Huerta has been tremendous, hut the "steady pressure of moral force" hy the Administration against the condooation of treachery and murder has been greater, and will prove overwhelming.

The effect of this upon the Mexican mind will increase with the years. The sacred right of revolutioo will not degenerate into the liceose to rebel against constitutional government for the gratification of personal ambition or the desire for loot, when the failure of such a course is foredoomed by the attitude of Mexico's powerful oeighbor. Meanwhile, the real grievaoce of the Mexican people is the ownership hy the great landed proprietors of the soil, which the peons till with no prospect of material advantage to themselves. When the French Revolution had ended, there were millions of small farms through division of the coofiscated estatcs of the self-exiled nohility.

## Blease

GOVERNOR COLE BLEASE is an anachronism, yct he has been elected Governor twice, and is now a candidate for the United States Seoate, with more than fair prospects of success. His strength lies with the remnants of the former Populist party in the rural districts, which Tillman held to the Democracy; with the cotton-factory operatives, who form, with their dependents, perhaps a fourth of the white population, the voting populatioo, of the State; and with the baser elements of the two cities of Columbia and Charlestoo. The factory population is four times as illiterate as the white citizeory of the State at large, thanks to the demand for the labor of children of school age, continued for more than a generation, and persisting with almost unabated force. The citizens of the Statc of Calhoun and Hampton, whom Blease has twice proved to be a minority, have the sympathy of the people of the United States in their task of education.

## The Alabama Senatorship

SOME of us remember the Iodian Chief of former days who went by the oame of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse." The Chief Executive of Alahama is a Governor-Afraid-of-His-Legislature. The Legislature of that State mects in regular session hut once io four years. A former Legislature enacted a State-wide prohihition law, and later the Prohihitionists attempted to make thc statute a part of the Constitutioo. Io this they were defeated, and, in the reaction that followed, Goveroor O'Neal and a local option legislature came into office, which repealed, by a small majority, the prohihition act.

Now the complexion of the Legislature has been chaoged to a considerable degree by dcath and resignation, and special elections must be held to fill the vacancies, if the Legislature is called in extra session. There is no telling what the new Legislature will do in the matter of prohihition and several other things. So, when Senator Johnston died, Governor O'Neal appointed his successor, Representative Clayton, Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, who recently added to his reputation in the handling of the Archbald impeachment proceedings. It is a nice legal question whether thc Seventeenth Amendmeot to the Constitution allows the Governor to appoint a senator to fill a vacancy, unless empowered anew by the Legislature. It declares, however, that "this amendment shall not be construed to affect the election or term of any Senator chosen before it becomes a valid part of the Constitutioo."

Senator Johnston was chosen hefore that amendment was passed, and it is his term that is now to be filled out hy another man. If the Alahama Legislature had been called in extra session, it could have authorized the Governor to makc the appointment, and in time for the final vote on the tariff bill. Thus did exigencies of State politics help to makc the margin of safety in thc Senate so uocomfortahly close. Oscar Underwood is expected to become a candidate for the full term next year, and if he does run he will be elected.



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## Necessary?

ATLANTA is one Southern city of considerable size which has declared that prostitution is not a necessary evil. The campaign for the closing of the houses of prostitution was the outcome of the Men and Religion Movement. It began in June, 1912, with a series of powerful and convincing bulletins, published as advertisements in the daily papers, prepared by Marion Jackson, a talented young lawyer of the city, John J. Egan, Chairman of the Executive Committee, financing the work.

The facts were first disclosed by an investigation in which every woman of the under-world was interviewed. The usual objections to the suppression of the houses of prostitution—that women would be scattered elsewhere, the streets would be infested, and the hotels degenerate into houses of assignation—were discounted by the established fact that these supposed results of suppression were already abundantly evident beforehand.

Four months after the publication of these bulletins began, Chief of Police Beavers closed the houses; the women were cared for, many of them gladly leaving their old life, and one of them giving twenty-five hundred dollars toward the establishment of a Martha's Home, where fallen women are taught how to support themselves honestly. State laws and municipal ordinances were found to be sufficient, once public sentiment was aroused, to the support of a courageous official, and it is asserted that the evils supposed to be increased by suppression have actually decreased, with due diligence on the part of the police.

The women voters of the three Pacific States have definitely made up their minds to suppress commercialized prostitution. Such large cities as Seattle, Portland, and Los Angeles have abolished all houses of prostitution, while street-walking has become a perilous profession, and the unsavory hotel a doorway to the police court. San Francisco still has its Barbary Coast, but, under the new California statutes, it remains only because San Francisco is a law unto itself. There have been numerous prosecutions of rich and powerful men for the crime of "contributing to the delinquency of a minor child." The recall of the Seattle Mayor who believed in a "wide-open town" was a lasting lesson.

## The Minimum Wage

THE minimum wage, which is still being discussed as a theory in the East, some States having appointed commissions for the study of the question, has reached the stage of actual experiment in several of the far Western States. In Portland, Oregon, a strike was called in a fruit-packing factory in July, and fifty of the women workers demanded an increased wage. The I. W. W. immediately accepted the opportunity to organize these workers, picketing the plant and appealing to street audiences to support the strikers in their contention. The Oregon Industrial Welfare Commission, consisting of three members, one of them a woman, was granted extraordinary powers in the regulation of industries in which women or minors are employed, and had just been organized, beginning its work of investigation in Portland.

Naturally, it turned its attention first to this packing company, and proceeded to examine into the conditions of wages, hours, and sanitation. It found, according to the report of the chairman, Father O'Hara, that many of the women were paid forty and fifty cents a day, and the Commission decided at once that this was less than a living wage in Portland. The orders of the Commission could not be made effective, under the law, in less than sixty days, by which time the work in the factory would be over. But the owners of the plant agreed to put into effect immediately a minimum wage of six dollars a week.

The strike was broken, though the I. W. W. endeavored to prolong it for a while. The Commission will grant personal permits for the employment of individual workers who are partially incapacitated, and will allow them to receive less than the minimum wage. It issued a general order, applying to all the factories and mercantile establishments in Portland that employ women, that hereafter, unless further investigations shall lead to an increase in the minimum, no such establishment shall pay its employees less than six dollars a week. It may as well be accepted that any business employing women and children must be subject to regulation in the interests of the future citizens of the State and the mothers of the race. As Mrs. Florence Kelly recently remarked, "The pay-roll has become public property."

## The Effect

IN the meantime, no one need fear that a great army of women will be turned out of employment because their jobs, under the higher wage scale, will be taken by men. The census statistics for 1900 show 4,750,000 women engaged in "gainful occupations," and less than 2,500,000 men not so employed. But, of these last, 861,289 were youths from sixteen to twenty-one years of age, most of them doubtless in educational institutions, and 491,502 were over sixty-five years of age, leaving about a million men between twenty-one and sixty-five to take the places of four and three quarter million women at work. Perhaps we shall get more light on the subject some time before the next census is taken with the publication of the occupation statistics from the census of 1910. But the pathetic plea of the employers of women not to force them out of work by paying them a living wage may be disregarded. Undoubtedly, there will be a tendency for a general increase of wages, under which more women, let us hope, will be forced out of the ranks of the workers because they will be asked to marry men who can support a family.

## Single Tax

TO the disciples of Henry George it seems as if that pioneer's views were not being accepted as readily as they ought to be, but to most others it looks as if they were traveling fast. Like many other creative thoughts, the central idea of Mr. George is influencing the world profoundly,

even where it is accepted only as one principle in taxation instead of as the only prineiple. Progress here and there is constantly observable. Sometimes it is in big changes, and sometimes it is in details, sueh as, for instance, in the fact that Mr. Pastoriza, known in Houston, Texas, as a single-taxer, was elected Tax Commissioner as a joke. He went a long way, however, toward putting his ideas into effect, and met with sueh a reception that the praetice is starting in many parts of Texas. Mr. Pastoriza is n person of graphie ideas. He put up a sign on two dismal looking vacant lots, stating thnt the lots cost him, in 1903, $370, and that he means to hold them until the inerease of population has made them worth $5,000. "This profit I will get instead of the eommunity who ereated it, and who would have received it in betterments had we the single tax. Read 'Progress and Poverty,' by Henry George." Houston has halved the tax on buildings, and seems as well pleased with the result as Vancouver is with the estahlishment of similar taxation ideas there. The heavy taxntion of unearned increment is a principle that is undeniably sound, and the slowness of its progress represents that eonservatism of the humau mind whieh makes it take a long time to move, even when motion is to its unmistakahle advantage.

## The Tariff on Art

USUALLY, when the tariff on art has been defended, it has been mainly on the ground that the poor American artists ought to be protected from the pauper labor of Europe. Now, however, those who are defending the reactionary elause on art in the tariff hill are emphasizing partieularly the point that the necessary burden of taxation should be laid, as far as praetieal, on the luxuries of the well-to-do. This argument is not so preposterous as the other. The ahstract prineiple under whieh it endeavors to come is sound; but if we deal with realities, and not with words, this argument is worthless also, although made a little more dangerous hy its plausibility. Champagne is one kind of luxury. It does no good to the publie and it does no good to the individual. It is a luxury in the ordinary and convenient meaning of that word. Possession of a good painting is not a luxury in any other sense than going to college is a luxury. It certainly is not something that ought to be made difficult and expensive, even if we consider only the effect on the individual possessing it; hut in the ease of a painting there is a second argument. If it has high value it does not remain long in the home of an individual, hut is almost certain to pass into some publie museum, where it is seen hy everybody. Probshly not one person in one hundred, who has done any adequate thinking about art, is in favor of raising revenue hy taxing it as seriously as this hill does, any more than he would he in favor of raising revenue hy any form of taxation that would cause the importation of fewer foreign books or the production of fewer foreign plays.

## On a Desert Island

"IF I were to be east upon a desert island with a single book," writes some one to n newspaper, "my ehoice would be the one that Dickens, Kingsley, and Ruskin loved, that Mark Twain dying sought under his pillow—the marvelous Iliad of the Terror, Csrlyle's 'French Revolution.' From its pages the attentive reader can reconstruct much of the very wording of the Bible; Homer, Virgil, and Horace sing their verses again; Ariosto and Dante bring Italy before us. The genius of Germany speaks from the lips of Goethe, Musäus, Riehter, and Schiller. The humor of the world is echoed hy Cervantes, Voltaire, Sterne, Swift, and Irving. The *ipsissima verba* of Milton and Shakespeare appear again and again with magie effect."

It is a game that generally interests people,—this book-on-a-desert-island business,—and naturally, sinee it tests an important ideal. Our earliest ehoices would he Shakespeare, the Bible, the Golden Treasury, some first-rate eneyclopedia, and the Oxford Dictionary.

## Editing for Girls

A VERY delicate question inevitably faces any American publieation that wishes to exercise leadership in thought. Either it has to confine itself to topics and treatment whieh are suitahle to all members of the family at any age, and thereby cut itself off from much that is important, or else it has to take for granted that it is written for intelligent adults, and in this case there will be a certain amount of scolding whenever anything is published that is not especially adapted to the immature mind. For our part, we have ehosen the second course. We should like to he popular among the fourteen-year-olds, even those of conventional parentage, but we are not willing to give up the entire expression of our thought on all serious matters of the day. Nothing, it need scarcely be said, will be puhlished in this paper that is not entirely moral, hut a great deal will be puhlished thnt is extremely frank.

## Is Drama Interesting?

A WELL known author, when the first issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY appeared under its present management, spoke fuvorably of it, hut said that he did not see why a paper intended for the thinking classes should pay much attention to the theater. Our own opinion, however, was not shaken by this view; nor has it been shaken by the view of an intelligent newspaper man in California, who writes that evidently we are going to use too much of the drama, nor yet by the view of an old gentleman who states that he is a grandfather, and declares that the immorality of our art, and of some of our articles, is no doubt due to the fact that we have heen sequainted with too many actresses. No; our prejudice, if it be a prejudice, is one that will scarcely be overcome. The drama contains more great works than any other form of literature, and not without a reason. It is also the most popular of the arts, and not without a reason. If, in the United States, it laeks a strong appeal to the reading and thinking classes, it is merely because the drama has not been in the right hands. Our aim, therefore, will not be to neglect it, but to endeavor to encourage what is promising in it.

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# The Invisible Government at Washington

By A. J. McKELWAY

*Soon after Woodrow Wilson came back from Bermuda to consider the questions that would have to come before him after inauguration he met some social workers at the home of a friend in Hoboken, and listened to their suggestions. The suggestion that seemed to strike him most strongly dealt with the way in which the city of Washington is governed. The President-elect immediately stated that that was the kind of trail he liked to follow, and that he would look into it as soon as he got to Washington. The following article is written by the man who made the suggestion.*

PRESIDENT WILSON'S recent appointment, as Commissioners of the District of Columbia, of Mr. F. L. Siddons and Mr. Oliver P. Newman is another proof that the old order has changed, and that the period of the exploitation of the National Treasury and of the District resources for selfish ends has terminated—the invisible government has been overthrown.

The citizens of Washington have less to say about the welfare of their city than those of the remotest congressional district, or even the citizens of Alaska or the Philippines. For even Alaska and the Philippines have delegates in Congress, who have a voice, though not a vote, on any subject, including the government of the District. It is the most helpless community of English-speaking people on the face of the earth, and it is now a city of a third of a million souls. Only those who have "influence" have had any voice in the government, and this has meant what Carlyle designates the basest of all aristocracies, the Aristocracy of the Money-bags.

THE District of Columbia was established by acts of Congress, approved July 16, 1790, and March 3, 1791, to give effect to a clause in the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution of the United States, giving Congress the power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such District (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the United States."

Congress is therefore the legislature of the District, with a Committee on the District of Columbia in each House. It has delegated in a general way to the Board of Commissioners jurisdiction covering the ordinary features of municipal government, and has by specific laws empowered them to make building and plumbing regulation, and to make and enforce the reasonable and usual police regulations for the protection of lives, limbs, health, comfort, and quiet of all persons, and the protection of property. Yet, it required an Act of Congress, the other day, to provide for the Woman Suffrage Parade, and the failure of the police to preserve order had to be investigated by a committee of the Senate.

The three Commissioners are appointed by the President, two of them to be confirmed by the Senate, the third being an army engineer detailed for this service. The President also appoints the Judiciary of the District, consisting of the Court of Appeals, the Supreme Court, the Police Court, the Municipal Court, and the Juvenile Court.

The Supreme Court of the District appoints the Board of Education, for the ostensible purpose of having the schools divorced from politics. The Board of Education is thus independent of the Board of Commissioners, and the conflict between the two boards in the matter of estimates for the schools has been a demoralizing influence. The President also appoints the Board of Charities, for whose intelligent supervision of the public institutions of the District too much can not be said, though they have protested in vain, in the face of much adverse criticism, against the continued subsidizing of private and sectarian institutions. The Board of Commissioners appoint the various Departments of Health, Fire, Police, etc., and when a vacancy occurs, though few die and none ever resign, they appoint the members of the Assessment Department, consisting of the Assessor and the Board of Assistant Assessors, who virtually have a life tenure of office, being removable only for neglect of duty, malfeasance in office, or inefficiency.

And this brings us to the first count in the indictment that there is the control of taxation for favored interests.

THE House Committee of the District of Columbia for the past two years, of which honest Ben Johnson of Kentucky was chairman, appointed a sub-committee, of which Representative Henry George of New York was chairman, and of which William C. Redfield, now Secretary of Commerce, was a member. That sub-committee was authorized to inquire into the question of assessment and taxation in the District. The Hearings and the Report are public documents (Report No. 1215, 62d Congress, 2d session). The Report gives the conclusions of fallible men. But the Hearings are the sworn testimony of Commissioner Rudolph, who was reappointed to office by President Taft, to serve for three years of President Wilson's term, the appointment being held up by the Senate; of Assessor Richards and one of his assistants; of Charles C. Glover, president of the Riggs National Bank, and Edward J. Stellwagen, president of the Union Trust Company, two of the largest holders of suburban real estate; of Herbert J. Browne, who, under the direction of the George Committee, made an exhaustive investigation of the question of assessment and taxation; and of various citizens representing the "40,000 small homes" of the District. The admissions and statements under oath of some of these witnesses are startling.

With regard to the life tenure of the assessors, the curious fact was brought out, in the testimony of Commissioner Rudolph, that the term of office of the assessors was four years previous to 1902, when an Act of Congress gave them a life tenure "to remove the incumbents from all outside influence," as Commissioner Rudolph suggested, who thought that life tenure was an excellent thing in this case. In the same year the law was passed requiring that real estate should be assessed at not less than two thirds its real value, previous to that time it having been assessed at its "real value"; but the "real value" having been interpreted to mean what it would bring "under the hammer on a rainy day," to use Assessor Richards' naïve expression. Assessor Richards also brought out the fact that in 1894 the twelve assessors—who were none too many, even considering that assessments are made triennially instead of annually, the effect of which is "to favor more particularly those who have the larger areas and the more valuable land in the center of the District," as Commissioner Rudolph frankly testified—were reduced to three. These three assessors, known as the Dawson Board, increased the assessments for the year 1894. This "occasioned new legislation. It caused the people to be dissatisfied, and the new board that came in on account of the dissatisfaction made a decrease in the following assessments, instead of an increase," said Mr. Richards.

*Mr. George.* Would you say Mr. Dawson and his associates were legislated out of office?

*Mr. Richards.* They were. None of them was reappointed.

Then, by 1902, there evidently being no more "dissatisfaction," the assessors, being evidently the "right" men, were given a life tenure. And it would require court proceedings to oust any of them from office, if the Commissioners should so desire. The assessors had also been taught their lesson not to assess too high the property of men who might have influence.



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THE testimony shows that the Assessor in 1910 forecast an increase of $30,000,000 in the assessment of ground values, while the actual increase amounted to only $18,000,000. But there was an increase of $12,000,000 in the assessment of improvements, "falling almost entirely upon the 40,000 small homes of the District." It was also proved that when condemnation of land for public purposes was forecast, assessments were raised, in one instance seventy-four per cent, falling only five per cent below the condemnation awards. One man who had painted his porch had his assessment raised $500 on his "improvements," while Mr. Stellwagen insisted that the New Willard Hotel ought not to be assessed at what it cost to build it ten years ago, on account of the depreciation in its value. Yet the Shoreham Hotel, which since has been remodeled throughout, had the assessment raised on the building, which was twenty-five years old, fifty per cent, on account of an offer by Mr. John R. McLean, of the Washington *Post*, of $800,000 or more for the property, since an increase in the assessment on the land would have logically compelled an increase for all the rest of that square, which is owned by Mr. John R. McLean. Newspaper proprietors also have "influence" in the right quarters. According to the testimony of the expert, Mr. Herbert J. Browne, Mr. McLean's suburban home, "Friendship," on Wisconsin Avenue, consisting of 76.92 acres, is assessed at $3,500 an acre, while the property on the other side of the avenue is assessed $8,700 to $15,000 an acre, and is held and sold at prices ranging from $15,000 to $40,000 an acre. The "improvements" on Mr. McLean's property, including his residence, are assessed at $25,000, when "twenty-five thousand dollars will not pay for the stone wall which runs in front of the property."

Now for the contrast. Square 466, between E and F and Sixth and Seventh streets, Southwest, was assessed at an increase of 25.46 per cent, 29 houses assessed $37,700 in 1908–9, and $47,300 in 1911–12.

*Mr. George.* No new buildings?
*Mr. Richards.* No new buildings.
*Mr. George.* No improvements?
*Mr. McKenzie.* No improvements.
*Mr. George.* Nothing assessed this time that was not assessed before?
*Mr. McKenzie.* No.

According to the testimony of Mr. Harold E. Doyle, some of the land values in the fine residence area are as follows:

The Senator Clark property, true value, $15 a square foot, assessed $4.85; the Kean House, true value, $26 a square foot, assessed $4; the Portland Apartments, true value, $30 a square foot, assessed $4.

EVERYBODY in the country knows Gifford Pinchot, what he stands for in public life. Consider this letter from him:

Grey Towers,
Milford, Pike County, Pa., July 12, 1912.

HON. HENRY GEORGE,
United States House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

*My dear Mr. George:*

Your committee, I learn, has developed the fact that many small owners of property in the District of Columbia are taxed on an assessed valuation far greater than the two thirds of the real value provided for by law, while many of the large owners of property are taxed on very much less than the two thirds provided by law. In this way the poorer men are taxed most heavily, and those who are richest pay least in proportion. I am told this is generally true in the District.

When these facts came to my knowledge they led me to investigate the assessment of my own property, to which I had hitherto given no attention. Accordingly, I asked two well known real estate men to estimate the value of the land and improvements on which I am taxed. Their estimate leads me to believe that I have been taxed on a valuation about $40,000 too low. In other words, at the current rate of taxation, the assessor has not assessed against me about $600 of yearly taxes that I ought to have paid, and has assessed that amount on others less able to pay it. This is unjust. Therefore, I put the facts in your hands for such use as you see fit to make of them.

Yours sincerely,
GIFFORD PINCHOT.

To make up the under-assessment of $43,000 on Mr. Pinchot's house alone, the assessment on 203 small houses, mostly old, was raised from $183,300 in 1911 to $226,500 in 1912.

As to the control of credit, the encouragement of investments within the speculative suburban area, and their discouragement in other districts, take the following illustration:

*Mr. Donohue.* The best evidence of that is in the estate of the late John E. Herrell, who was president of the National Capitol Bank, and the biggest financial man in this section of the city. He understood values on Capitol Hill better than anybody. I could go to Mr. Herrell and get a loan on real estate quicker than I could from any one else in Washington. He has since died, and the American Security and Trust Company, one of the largest financial institutions in Washington, have charge of his estate. In every instance where a trust is coming due on property in this section of the city, they are either demanding a curtailment of the trust or making the borrower take it up. In other words, they have not as good an opinion of East Washington as Mr. Herrell had, and when protecting his interests they either take that loan up or curtail it.

*Mr. George.* That is, they either shrink their credit or withdraw it entirely?

*Mr. Donohoe.* That is the idea, and Mr. Herrell was considered a very conservative man with his loans.

THE usual interlocking of directorates is found among the banks and trust companies of the city. The president of the Riggs National Bank, Mr. Charles C. Glover, was formerly vice-president of the National Savings and Trust Company and is a large stockholder of the American Securities and Trust Company, of which Mr. Charles J. Bell is president. Two of the directors of the Riggs National are also directors of the American Security and Trust Company. The president of the Union Trust Company, Mr. Edward J. Stellwagen, is also the president of the Thomas J. Fisher Real Estate Company, and is president of the company that owns the Raleigh Hotel and leases the New Willard Hotel. Two directors of the American Securities Company are directors of the National Metropolitan Bank of Washington, a director of the National Metropolitan Bank is also a director of the National Savings and Trust Company, and so on. There is the same general evidence of the control of credit in Washington as in New York City.

And as to the control of the direction of improvements by the government, a glance at the maps of real estate holdings in the Northwestern suburban region, toward Chevy Chase, or along the line of the Massachusetts Avenue Extension, is sufficient to demonstrate the point made. Large fortunes have been easily made, through a more or less intelligent surmise as to the direction these governmental improvements would take, while the taxes on the speculative area were kept down to a pleasingly low figure, the helpless poor were overtaxed, and for every dollar raised by taxation on real or personal property in the District another dollar was paid out of the National Treasury, to be appropriated at the will of Congress, under the persuasion of the complacent District committees of past years. The situation is not unlike that by which John D. Rockefeller, in former days, not only received a rebate on his oil shipments from the railroads, but was paid a rebate on the shipments of his business rivals, who, of course, could not remain rivals very long under that system.

In brief, the counts in the indictment are sustained amply by documentary evidence, largely consisting of the sworn admissions of the defendants.

And here is the ultimate result in terms of human life, according to a report on housing conditions of the public-spirited Monday Evening Club:

There are in Washington 258 blocks which have inhabited alleys. These alleys contain 3,148 dwelling houses, and approximately 16,000 inhabitants. . . . The two startling facts which

should years ago have swept these alleys out of existence are, first, that one out of every three children born in these byways dies within the first year of life; and, second, that these houses with their disease and crime fill the center of many blocks rimmed with spleudid houses and hotels.

And here comes to mind a prophecy of the lamented Tom Johnson of Cleveland, when he was a member of Congress in 1892, and deeply ioterested in the welfare of the District. He said:

> Already the effect of the growth and improvement of the Federal District has beeo, by the increase of laod values, to give hundreds of millions to the fortunate few, but to increase the cost of living to such a degree as to make it a serious question with many of the officers and employees of the national government who are called on to live here; and if this tendency contioues, not only will the salaries paid to employees of the United States soon become entirely inadequate to the scale of living for which they are intended, but the capital of the Aoerican Republic must ere long present such a contrast between luxurious idleness and poverty-stricken workers as can be exceeded in no capital of confessedly aristocratic countries.

And a short speech hy Chairman Ben Johnson of the District Committee of the last House is much to the point. On the question of the improvement of certain real estate hy the government he said:

> The argument was made that this farm should be cut up so that the poorer classes could have homes. I say it ought to be, but it ought to be cut up and sold to these people before it is improved at government expense. When it is eut up, and the government has completed the macadamized roads and pavements through it, then the land shark comes in and sells it to these poor people, nut for the reasonable price he should have asked them for it before the government mooey was put into it, hut he adds the government money to the extortionate price he asks for the land, and then sells it to the poor people of this community who seek homes.

Through one means or another, the efficiency of the puhlic service will be maintained when this great army of puhlic servants, numbering 40,000, may have comfortahle homes at reasonable prices, be cheaply served by puhlic utilities, have model schools for their children running up from the kindergarten to a real municipal university, for which there is a greuter need than for n national university, for whom the cost of living shall be reduced as far as government regulation can secure that end, nnd for whose declining years some means of workingmen's pensions should be devised. With the gradual nbolition of the spoils system and the projected reforms of the civil service, these employees of the government should become more and more filled with zeal for the public service, and should be correspondingly held in honor hy the nation whom they serve.

Washington is also the home of those who serve these public servants, professional men, husiness men, and men who labor with their hands. They will share, of course, in all that is done for the city by the nation, hut the provision for their eomfort and happiness is more a municipal than a national function.

And, lastly, Washington is the home of those who have chosen to live in this city because of its educational and social advantages, who have erected many of the beautiful homes of the District and are welcome as residents. The point is simply made that Washington does not exist chiefly for them, as might be supposed when any voice is lifted for equitable taxation, deemed u discouragement to investment on the part of this class of our citizens.

DURING that period of the District's history when there was a considerable measure of self-government granted to it hy Congress, Washington passed through the experience of most American cities, an era of graft, incompetency, and the piling up of public debt. In 1878, what is known as the Organic Act was passed hy Congress, that Holy of Holies which must not be touched by profane hauds, the mere mention of which sends the cold shivers down the backs of the large property-owners of the District and drives certain newspapers into hysterical spasms. It is also known as the half-and-half system. The Act, in hrief, provides that the taxes collected io the District are to be paid into the United States Treasury, all appropriations to be made by Congress, and Congress to appropriate out of the National Treasury, for the ordinary expense of the District, an amount equal to half the approved estimates of expenditure, which has been interpreted to mean as much as is raised in the District. It has already been indicated that this system tends to make graft easy and fashionable. Perhaps a still worse effect is the tendency to make of the eitizens of the District a community of mendicants.

The system works badly from either direction. There is a tendency to keep down the taxable resources of the District. The rate is "$1.50 on the $100, on not less than two thirds the value of real estate," and on the full value of personal property. There is no inheritance tax, and of course no income tax. There is not, as for most city residents, a State and county tax. With nn estimated budget of about $12,000,000, the District taxes must be kept down to $6,000,000. So, according to the report of the George Sub-Committee, $400,000,000 worth of real estate does not pay aoy tax.

On the other hand, Congress often denies to the District what it sorely needs and officially asks for, such as a hospital for the indigent sick, now confined in the Washington Asylum and Jail under one superintendent; makes no adequate provision for the feehle-minded; refuses to authorize the huilding of a reformatory for white girls, or a Detention Home for the Juvenile Court; cripples all the group of institutions for children by inadequate appropriations; and, in general, scrutinizes severely the estimates for the District, on the ground that half the money is to come out of the National Treasury, while inflicting upon the District appropriations that are not needed, half of which must be raised hy local taxation. It has granted subsidies amounting to a million dollars in ten years to private and sectarian institutions. Here is an intolerahle situation for free Americans who have no axes of their own to grind.

WHAT is the remedy? First, there should be equitable taxation. Considering the appropriations from the National Treasury, there might be an exemption of taxes on homes costing not more than $2,000, many of them belonging to the nation's servants. Beyond that, real estate should be taxed at its full value, just as personal property is taxed. The addition of tax resources oo $400,000,000 of real estate, now dodging taxation, will give ample revenues for all legitimate purposes, and will prevent the indefinite holding of suhurban tracts for speculation purposes. Then let the half-and-half system be abolished, and let a generous nation, mindful of the fact that this is the national capital and the home of its puhlic servants, fix a just sum, on a just basis of taxation on the estimated value of the government property of the District, to be paid to the District. Let the rate of taxation on private property be fixed according to the needs of the District, fairly estimated. Then, let there be drawn some line of demarcation between national and municipal functions, and let a free people, more than ordinarily intelligent, elect their own public servants, and hold them responsihle for the government of the District so far as municipal functions are concerned, while the nation keeps up its own huildings and parks and the streets, the national highways. Congress might at least estahlish a territorial government for the District, holding the veto power over legislation hy the municipal authorities.

A long step was taken in the right direction in the closiog hours of the last Congress, when the Commissioners were empowered to act as a Board of Public Utilities, to control for the first time the puhlic service corporations; and when a new excise board was provided, instead of the Board of Assessors acting as the Excise Board. The new ndministration and the new Congress and the new Commissioners, with President Wilson as the Lord High Mayor of Washington and Congress still its Board of Aldermen, have nn unexampled opportunity to give freedom to this American community, and to do generously hy it at the same time.

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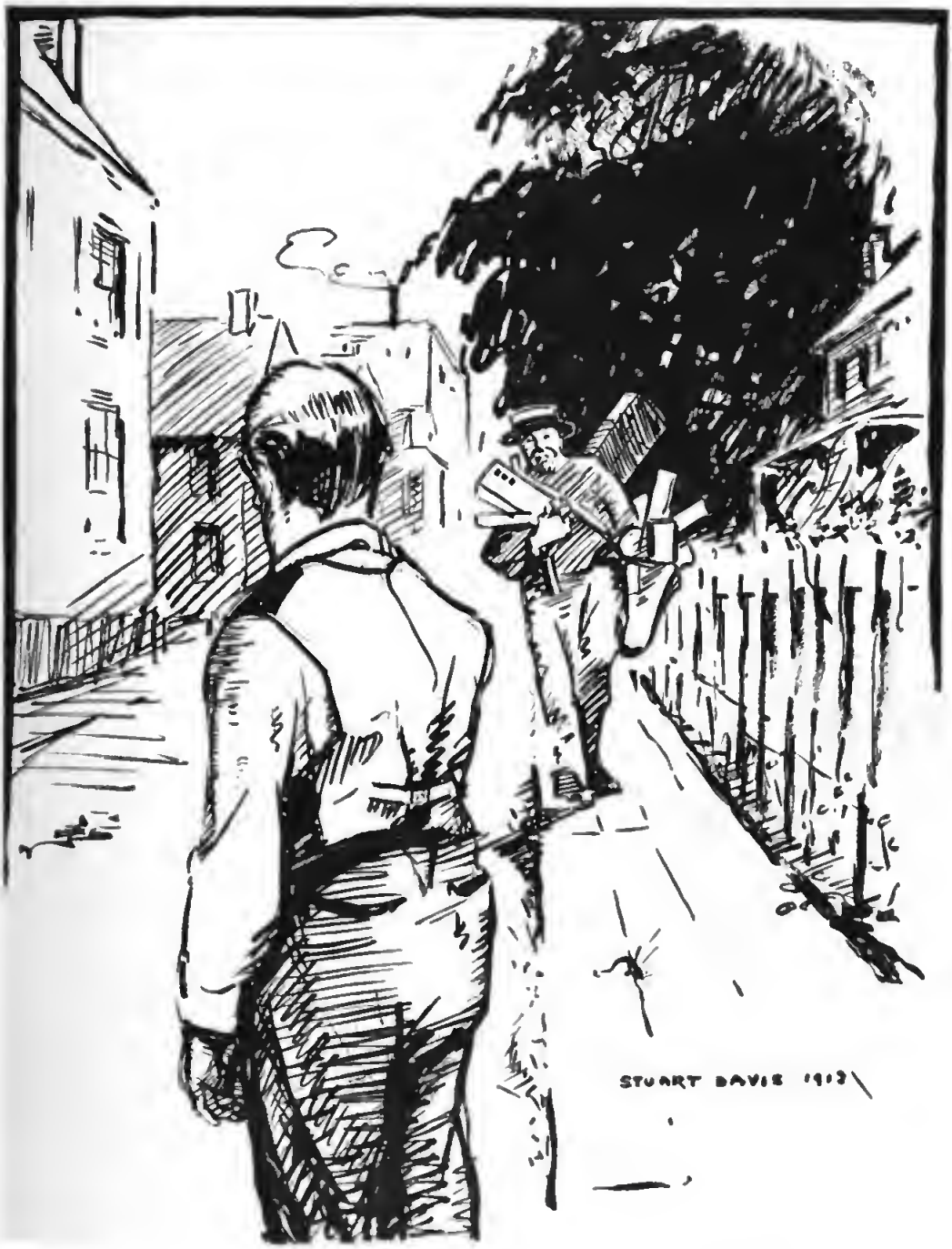


THE PARCEL POSTMAN: "GO AHEAD—SAY SOMETHING. EVERYBODY DOES"

By Stuart Davis



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# Orators Who Have Influenced Me

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

## *HENRY WARD BEECHER*

I SAW him hut a few times; and yet I feel as if I had known him all my life. Never was there a more transparent nature; you could look into his eyes, and find them at once the windows of his soul. They were great hig open eyes, lookiag out at you with beamiag sweetaess, and ready to reflect every emotion, as in a mirror. They had at oace defiance and infinite tenderness, as this little story will demonstrate. As everyhody knows, Henry Ward Beecher was one of the first, one of the boldest, one of the most merciless assailants of slavery.

At Liverpool he confronted his first meetiag; howls and missiles met him; hut he fought on; in the end he gained a heariag and carried the meetiag, as he put it himself, American style. "I whipped them," meaning the pro-slavery mob.

This was the daring side of the man. Here is an example of the tenderness. Thomas Nelson Page is a well known Southern writer, who has gained fame as a paiuter of the life of his people in Virginia before the War—idealized, of course, and yet true in essentials; and the first story that won him universal fame, described the courtiag of two fine youag Southern people; thea the tiff; then the separation through the War; aad the death of the lover; and the iaeffable grief of the desolate girl. It was a favorite story with Beecher—in spite of its idealization. In the story the narrator is a faithful old aegro who loves his masters and met with nothiag hut affectioa from them. In spite of his fierce past as one who, with his sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, did more than any two individuals to drag down slavery, Beecher loved the story, and would insist on its being read to him; and wept copiously as the tragedy unfolded itself ia that old dead-and-gone South which still practised slavery.

*Henry Ward Beecher and his wife*

GOOD WILL to all the world, tenderness, forgiveness, the desire to lead them to simpler faith, and to preach religion, aot as drear and terroriziag aad peopled with dreadful specters, hnt as hopeful, eheerful, and braciag—these were the keynote of his character and of his gospel. Of his tenderness, here is a beautiful example. It will be remembered that he was ia volved, through a hysterical womaa, in aa odious scnadal; that for six loag months the terrible ordeal dragged itself through the courts, with miles of newspaper reports, and Beecher all the time standing on the hrink of the abyss of ruin. Yet, when it was all over and Beecher once more ventured, in some fear and tremhliag, to stand on the lecture platform, he said after the leeture was over to Major Poad, his agent, as he handed him the £100 fee, "You know to whom I wish that to be given." It was to the pitiful woman who had caused him such uatold suffering and so nearly blasted his career.

I heard Beecher altogether but two or three times; hut even that experience was sufficient to give me some idea of the marvelous power of the man. One fact alone will hring out a unique distinetion. For quite fifty years be preached at least onee aad often twice a week; every sermon of his was reported verbatim, and puhlished to all the world; and yet he was ahle always to go on, never repeating himself, always fresh, always vivid; always with some new thought that remaiaed iaperishable in the souls of those who heard or read it. This is an achievement that has never, I helieve, been equaled in the history of any preacher who ever lived.

His oratory, as all oratory, was largely helped hy his physique. He was an extraordinarily iapressive figure; hnt it was the impressiveness of the aew world rather thaa of the old. I saw him and Gladstoae on the same platform at Liverpool oaee; and nothing could be more remarkable than the coatrast between the two mea; you might feel as if they embodied in their splendid persons the finest manhood of England aad of America. Everybody knows how nnble was the presence of Gladstone—with the massive head, the regular and massive features, the piercing black eyes brought into greater relief hy the ivory pallor of the skin, aad the splendid proportions of chest and limbs. This face and figure bore in their every line the stamp of old England; with its generations of education, tranquil civilization, and trainiag in ancient universities. Beecher was even more robust in appearanee than Gladstone. The shoulders were broader, the chest deeper, the height greater; hut there was the ruggedness in it all of the primeval forest; and the clean-shaven bronzed face, with the massive jaw, the hroad hrow, and the long straight hair, suggested the young, new, vigorous world that had not yet completed the hitter struggle between man and nature.

The first time I heard Beecher speak was at the City Temple. Joseph Parker was then the head of that communion; himself a striking figure, with his strong rough-hewn face, his mass of strong upstanding hair, and his hrawny shoulders. There could not have beea a more appropriate setting for Beecher, and the gospel that Beecher preached. There were wide differences of religious points of view between Parker and Beecher; for, with all his daring imagery, Parker remained steadily conservative in his theology—unlike the hrilliant and daring youag revolutionary who had succeeded to his pulpit. But ia this the twn men were alike: their religioa was essentially a religion of eheerfulaess. They absolutely declined to make even their house of God gloomy and formal. And thus this serviee began after a fashion to me strange and at first even a little surprisiag; for Dr. Parker uttered a few words of welcome aad greeting, and interspersed them with a joke or two at which the coagregatiun laughed heartily, universally, with no shamefacedness as of desecrating the temple and the day aad the occasion.

BEECHER, like a great many other men of strong and original and imaginative minds, had no memory for words. He never could get off a verse of poetry hy heart; and even though, of course, he knew his Bible well, he knew none of it hy heart; and even his texts he had tn have before him in the Bible on the desk of his pulpit. And so it was on this day. He read out from the Bible the words, "And the greatest of these is love." It is an old text on which, I dare say, millions of sermons have been preached; and yet this wonderful maa was able to give to it an entirely new settiag. You might have felt that you were hearing it for the first time, so straage aad so new and so impressive was the meaniag that Beecher was able to read iato it.

One passage ia particular I can vividly recall, though I do not profess to give it verbatim; but it was something like this: Beecher wished to bring out the text as

the cornerstone of Christian morality, and as supreme above all other things in that gospel. And this is how he worked it out this day. He gave a picture of a young theological student standing his examination for admission into the Christian ministry. The student, shivering and submissive, is brought before the harsh examiner of each different sect in turn. I should say that Beecher not only spoke the scenes but acted them. When he was putting the question, he assumed the gruff tone and the domineering air of the examiner; when he gave the response of the student, he did it in a quaking and submissive tone that excited shouts of laughter.

"Do you believe in the Thirty-nine Articles?" asks the first examiner. "I do," bleats out the student. "Do you believe in the Westminster Confession," asks the next examiner. "I do," bleats out the poor student again. And when he had gone through several of the formularies of the different creeds, he used a daring Americanism: "By this time the student begins to sweat," which, somehow or other, did not sound coarse from his lips; as a matter of fact, Americans use the old English word more freely than we do. And then he started again. "Do you believe this? Do you believe that?" Finally, with a rush, and in deep, thrilling tones: "But never is he asked, 'Do you believe the greatest of these is love?'" I never can forget the feeling of awe and wonder with which I saw this man thus in a sentence summarize and realize and make intelligible his own consistent gospel, that in Christianity the true Christian looks more for the harmonies than the discords of religious feeling, and puts as the highest lesson the gospel of love.

There were one or two other things in the sermon that I can recall, though not so vividly. One of these strong impressions is of the way he spoke of a public man as "bought." In that single word "bought" he managed to convey such a wealth of meaning that you could see his soul rising and getting his whole nation to rise against that corruption which was then so terrible a feature of the life of so many cities in America.

JUST as to Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain, I ascribe a large part of the marvelous success of Beecher's oratory to his voice and to his elocution. I have heard Gladstone devastate a whole powerful argument and successful speech by his pronunciation of a word or two. For instance, once, after Mr. Goschen had made a speech of effective criticism, in which, however, he several times referred to his "conscience" as disabling him from supporting Gladstone, that doughty debater replied, referring to his "Right honorable friend's ungovernable conscience." And he spoke these words with a deep note of concentrated mockery which made the whole House, including Mr. Goschen, ring with laughter. Similarly, Bright carried a bill for marriage with a deceased wife's sister by asking the House if anybody regarded the children of such marriages as "bastards"; and the word was used with such perfection of tone that it thrilled and convinced the whole House. And so it was with Beecher. His voice was so powerful, his elocution so perfect, that he also could pack a whole argument into a single word.

I heard Beecher in a different atmosphere. He made a large income yearly on the lecture platform in his own country, and when he went to England he was taken up by a lecture agency. I heard one of the lectures at Exeter Hall, if I remember rightly. It had his flashes of eloquence; his wit; as when he described two parents discussing what they should do with their sons, and deriding that, as one of them was rather dull-witted, he should go into the ministry. But it lacked the inspiration of the sermon. In truth, Beecher was an apostle, not a lecturer; it was only when he stood in the pulpit and dealt with the eternal things of the spirit that he was his real and his best self.

# Henry Ward Beecher

*The orator whose centennial is about to be celebrated—*
*Anecdotes by the organist of Plymouth Church*

By H. S. MILLIGAN

"IF it hadn't been for Henry Ward Beecher," said Abraham Lincoln at the close of the Civil War, when he invited the great preacher to deliver the address at the raising of the flag over Fort Sumter, "if it hadn't been for Henry Ward Beecher, there would be no flag to raise."

The centennial of the birth of the greatest pulpit orator of his day, whose influence upon his generation, both spiritually and politically, was almost incalculable, will be celebrated in October of this year. The thousands of visitors annually to the church that he made famous, Plymouth Church, in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York, bear testimony to the still potent influence of his life and work. Oliver Wendell Holmes said of him: "He was as genuine an American as ever walked through a field of Indian corn. He had not the fine fiber of the scholastic thoroughbred, but he had the hearty manhood of Lincoln."

LIKE Lincoln, too, his sense of humor was keen and typically American. Once, on a visit to Buffalo, where he was to lecture, he entered a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, during the course of the operation, not recognizing his distinguished customer, asked him if he intended to hear Mr. Beecher lecture that night. He replied, languidly, that he thought perhaps he would. "*Perhaps* you will!" said the barber. "Why, that's no way to talk about Henry Ward Beecher. Don't you know that at nine o'clock this morning nearly all the tickets were sold, and if you expect to hear him at all you'll have to stand up?" "Now, isn't that just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I *always* have to stand up!"

The story of Plymouth Church during its early years is the history of the times themselves. The war with Mexico was at its height when the church was organized. The following years were those during which the slavery question occupied the center of attention and slowly approached its inevitable conclusion, "the irrepressible conflict," the Civil War. Henry Ward Beecher threw himself into the discussions of the times with all the ardor and force of his nature. Every Sunday morning found Plymouth Church crowded to the doors, and Mr. Beecher's discourses were listened to by audiences that were profoundly moved by his extraordinary power. One Sunday morning, after concluding his sermon, he announced that he wished to present a certain matter for the consideration of the congregation.

There was a moment of surprised silence. No one had the least idea what he was about to do.

Then he said: "Sarah, come up here." Whereupon a little mulatto girl ascended the pulpit steps and stood beside him. Taking her hand, he turned to the people and continued:

"This little girl is a slave, and I have promised her owner twelve hundred dollars, his price for her, or she will be returned to slavery. Pass the basket."

The congregation of nearly three thousand people quickly made up the necessary amount, many contributing their jewelry and watches, and Sarah's freedom was announced amid thunders of applause. Many people at the time condemned this action as an acknowledgment of the right of a slave-owner to receive remuneration for a slave; but Mr. Beecher pursued his own course, regardless of criticism. It was no secret that some of the men of Plymouth Church knew a good deal about the Underground Railway.

After the war Mr. Beecher continually advocated that the North should do nothing to impair the self-respect of the South, that suffrage for the negro should be left to wait upon the processes of education, and that the South should not be treated as a heathen country to which missionaries should be sent, but as a part of our country to which aid should be given by the more prosperous section.

MR. BEECHER was in Connecticut on a lecturing tour when the tidings came North of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The attendance at his lectures was very small because of the fear of riots, and, abandoning the tour, he returned home to Brooklyn. In the meantime, his eldest son had given up his position in business and enlisted in the army that was being recruited. Mrs. Beecher, fearing that her son might enlist, secured his promise not to leave the house until his father's return, a promise which he gave readily, as he had, unknown to her, already enlisted. On Mr. Beecher's reaching his own house, the first words of greeting from his son were: "Father, may I enlist?" "If you don't," was the prompt answer, "I'll disown you!"

The following day was Sunday. Mr.

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Beecher preached from the text, "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward." The sermon was a careful review of the condition of affairs and a sober counting of the cost of both advance and retreat. He said: "Peace can be had by two thirds of the nation yielding to one third; by legalizing the right of any discontented community to rebel; by changing our charter of universal freedom into a charter of deliberate oppression; by becoming partners in slavery and ratifying this gigantic evil; by surrendering all right of discussion, of debate or criticism. On these terms we may have peace. So far as I myself am concerned, I abhor peace on any such grounds. Give me war, redder than blood and fiercer than fire, if this terrible affliction is necessary, that I may maintain my faith in God, in human liberty, my faith of the fathers in the instruments of liberty, my faith in this land as the appointed abode and chosen refuge of liberty for all the earth. War is terrible, but that abyss of ignominy is more terrible!"

In the first months of the war the Beecher house on Columbia Heights became almost a military storehouse; Plymouth Church became a rendezvous for regiments passing to the front, and the church parlors a workshop where the women of the church, under the direction of Mrs. Beecher, met daily to sew and knit and pack for the soldiers. Mr. Beecher, after helping to fit out two regiments, took upon himself the burden of entirely equipping one, called the Long Island Volunteers, afterward the Sixty-seventh of New York. His oldest son joined it and became a lieutenant.

Mr. Beecher never worried about the welfare of his many kindred and friends at the front during those terrible days.

He said: "My oldest son is in the army. Shall I read with trembling anxiety the account of every battle to see if he is slain? I gave him to the Lord, and shall not take him back, and I will not worry and fret myself about him."

MR. BEECHER'S manner in the pulpit or on the lecture platform was absolutely simple, yet it was the simplicity that is profundity. The supreme ease with which he spoke, even to audiences obviously unfriendly, was a source of amazement to other orators. At the beginning of his address his speaking was so quiet, so colloquial, so free from the usual artifice of the orator, that it almost invariably produced a feeling of disappointment. He seemed almost to be speaking to himself, apparently indifferent as to whether his audience thought well or ill of him. Once, during an address in England, a voice called out: "Can't hear!" "I never intended you to hear that," retorted Mr. Beecher, and calmly pursued the course of his argument.

In the midst of the calm flow of his speech, he would sometimes utter a statement so startling or an epigram so piquant that his audience would be shocked into close attention. In a short time he would win them so completely that often the conclusion of his address was the occasion for a scene of frantic excitement. This was a new kind of oratory. The eloquence of the great speakers of that day was artificial in form, built up of highly wrought rhetoric by a process of laborious elaboration. Mr. Beecher was a man who thought clearly, who felt deeply, and who spoke out of his heart in honest vernacular.

He did many unconventional things in the pulpit which brought down upon him much harsh criticism from those who held strict ideas on ministerial dignity. One Sunday morning, on his way to church, he was recognized by a group of small boys playing in the street, who shouted after him: "Henry Ward Beecher—he's a great screecher! Henry Ward Beecher—he's a great screecher!" This amused Mr. Beecher so much that he told the story to his congregation a few minutes later.

THE Sunday-school room of Plymouth Church contained a fountain in the center, with gold and silver fish swimming about among the moss-covered rocks. Around three sides of the room were galleries for primary scholars, Bible classes, and visitors. Under the galleries were hung flower-baskets and bird-cages.

In those days it was not the custom to have flowers in church, as it is now. One morning, before church, Mr. Beecher was presented with a bouquet, which he put in a glass of water and took into the pulpit with him, to the scandalizing of many of his strait-laced parishioners. There was a perfect storm of criticism and discussion. Mr. Beecher's action found many sympathizers and defenders, and he stuck to his guns and instituted the custom of having flowers in the pulpit. This love of flowers and of all growing things was one of his most prominent characteristics. During his college days he took long rambles over the countryside. Many years after leaving college he said: "I owe more to what God has done for Amherst than for anything he ever did for me."

TOWARD the close of Mr. Beecher's life, the theological world, as well as other forms of intellectual life, was thoroughly disturbed by the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species," and the promulgation of what is now known as the Darwinian theory.

He was one of the first preachers to defend the new doctrines. For a man thus to change his whole method of thought and belief at the age of seventy is almost unique. Shortly after this a son of Mr. Darwin was visiting in this country and attended a service at Plymouth Church. His friends were anxious for him to meet Mr. Beecher. At first he demurred, saying that all preachers hated his father; but finally, at the close of the service, he was prevailed upon to go forward to where Mr. Beecher was receiving his friends. When he learned who the young man was, Mr. Beecher seized him by both hands, and asked him to tell his father, on his return home, that Darwin had done more for him than any other one man who had ever lived.

Mr. Beecher once read a book of a philosophical nature by a French writer of considerable prominence. It seemed to him that the natural conclusion of the line of thought of the writer would be complete atheism, although such a conclusion was nowhere stated in the book. Being abroad shortly afterward, Mr. Beecher took occasion to hunt up the author and converse with him. Asked if the inevitable result of his logic was not absolute atheism, the author refused to admit that he was willing to come before the world in such a light. Mr. Beecher was much disappointed, saying that he had always wanted to meet a real, conscientious atheist and hold an argument with him on the subject, but he had never been able to find one.

Once, speaking of death, Mr. Beecher said that he would like to go out of life suddenly, like a cannon-ball shot out of a cannon. He died very peacefully in March, 1887, after an illness lasting only a few days.

*Plymouth Church*

# The Newest Theater

By J. M. HOWELLS

WHILE such words as *Cubists*, *Eauvistes*, and *Post-Impressionists* are just now popular enough with every one, they seem to have been adopted by the American newspapers with a passion of affection, especially since the very remarkable exhibition of latter-day art in New York last winter.

These words are applied to those interpreters of art who think it right to give a picture of the impression made upon them by a given object, rather than a picture of that object itself.

This tendency has been a steady development in painting ever since Monet was considered extreme, and before that. In architecture, and in the arts uf decoration, of furniture design, of textiles, glass, and such matters, this same influence became very widespread a few years ago, and was generally called *art nouveau*, from the Frencb, or *secessionist*, from the German.

UNTIL lately this movement, in painting and the other arts, has reached the public only through the Saloa of the Independants, in Paris, aad through small exhibitions. It has not been taken seriously by the great exbibitions or by established schools of art.

That it has, however, taken a new step toward public tolerance is shown by the fact that the astoaisbing new theater, or opera,—for such it really is,—in Paris has been intrusted from the ground up to a group of architects, sculptors, and painters wholly made up of men of these modern teadencies, without one man of the old scbool among them.

This theater, wbose official name is Théâtre des Champs Elysées, has already been dubbed so many other things, in its few weeks of life, that you will be understood, whether you call it the Théâtre Greco-Ninivite, the Théâtre des Atrides, La Synagogue de l'Art Lyrique, or simply, as the cabmen do, the Théâtre Asdrue.

It is not enough to say that the Théâtre des Champs Elysées is new: we must say, rather, that there is nothing about it that is not new. Tbe whole conception of such a lyric house is new: the situation, far to the west of any other principal theater, is new; the program that Mr. Asdrue (the first but apparently not the only begetter of the tbeater) proposes to the public is very new; while the architecture and decoration of the theater itself is new almost to revolution.

IT is now several years ago that the prime movers, with M. Bouvard as their architect, proposed placing the new theater in the Champs Elysées itself at the end of the park-space harboring the Ambassadeurs; but tbe eity of Paris decided to permit no further building in the Champs Elysées, and with the aew site in tbe Avenue Montaigne the construction became impossible on account of its great cost. It was then that the proposals of the three Perret Brothers, architects and contractors at the same time, to construct the theater, in every part, of the aewly perfected *béton armé* or reinforced concrete, made it possible to proceed financially. It is the revolutionary character of this kind of construction that made appropriate the revolutionary character of the decoration and of the finished work.

Owing to the possibilities of this new construction in clever hands, the finished theater is a vast honeycomb of incredibly thia aad apparently delicate divisions, floors, and supports, a very eggshell of reasoned and ealculated mathematics, wbere walls of formerly impossible tenuity rise to levels of formerly impossible heigbts, where balconies and galleries project necromantically forward without a column to obstruct the view. This is what is best and newest and truest about the whole tbing, because it is a better practical answer to the problem than the old forms of construction. It is a step in advance, which will never again be taken in retrogression. And what is bere most true, aad most Greek in spirit, and most Gothic in spirit, is the reasoned employment of a new construction wbicb the use of metal and chemistry in building has just now given us. From this may grow a new architectural style or expression—if, indeed, it has not already come—which may extend even to the Americaa skyscraper, if our various municipal buildiag codes, with their sometimes regrettable collateral interests, will permit.

IT is the rectilinear and somewhat ungracious if not ungraceful façade on the Aveaue Montaigne that has most stirred up the Parisian public since its unveiling. In a word, it is claimed to he German—the unforgivable sin. "*C'est du Berlin*," said to me one of the best known and most eultivated of the Freneb architects. But when I repeated this to a modernist admirer of the work, he only said, "He has the classic stomacb, and can not digest it." The present architects of it deny any foreign inspiration, and their statement must be accepted.

But no equivocal approval is needed of the great *salle* or theater proper. It is magnificent, and, architecturally at least,



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a clearly reasoned, *new*, and instantly successful solution of a big theater.

It would be difficult to get a first sight of it without catching one's breath with satisfaction. The effect is of a very large space, and of a very circular one; and the fact is, the great shell actually is round. The quality that first strikes the attention is plainness. The balcony-fronts are without ornamentation and gray; the great proscenium surfaces and arch are also gray and nearly without ornament. Excepting the ceiling, all surfaces are plain gray marble or flat gold—both reduced in extent as much as possible; while everything else—boxes, walls, balcony, ceilings, and floors, partitions, chairs, and carpets—are of purple-rose velvets and silks, so that one really stands in a great hall of amaranth.

FROM the warm color come rose reflections, and this fact, together with the plainness, was studied from the beginning, for the intention of the architects has been that the decoration of the great house shall be the women of the audience. The men, with their black and white clothes, may be allowed to count with the background, but the theater shall be finally decorated by the women. This the women are well able to do, if one can judge by the audience that welcomed La Barrientos one night in April. The brilliant evening dresses of this year's fashions, with their aigrettes and great flaming plumes, need no assistance.

It has been said of Garnier's mighty Opera House of the Second Empire that the interior is over brilliant, and that "where all shines nothing shines." But here the women shine, and this same Parisian delight in the *femme parée* has led to the public approval of the entrance-foyer with its three levels, where, from the floors, balconies, and stairs, you can look down and upon these lovely achievements of the art of dress, and sometimes of *maquillage*.

THE great vault-ring is the most prominent thing in the theater, and so attracts the most notice. It is wholly the work of M. Maurice Denis. These paintings are much discussed; the reader can judge something of them from the illustrations here given. When one looks at the circular medallions, as, for instance, that of the "Orchestra" and some others, he wonders timidly if the same beauties could not have been preserved, and yet more tolerance (I will not say deference) given to those shapes of people's heads and arms so long fixed upon, somewhat arbitrarily perhaps, by nature. Maurice Denis is too well known as a master of the modernist school with a great following to doubt the beauties of this considerable work.

The next work in magnitude is the group of frescos by M. Bourdelle on the walls of the entrance-foyer. The marble bas-reliefs on the exterior are also by the same brilliant, if untrammeled, sculptor-painter. It is undeniable that they have the great qualities of richly filling the panels, and of being strongly modeled largely in two planes,—that is, flatly modeled with strong outlines,—making them bold and "exterior" enough to be married to the bold interior architecture. If you say they are queer or unanatomical you will not isolate yourself; but, anyway, no such reproach can be brought against them as the remark of the painter Degas, while gazing at some sculptured nymph stuck sprawling against an equally sprawling façade. "Ah," he said, "I sympathize with her perfectly. She is trying to get away from the architecture."

IN the "Salon des Dames" the frieze of long panels is all by M. Labasque, and is all delightful. They are the loveliest things in the theater, and one is relieved to turn from the solemnity of the other decorations to Labasque's high sense of grace, and to the freshness of his color and his fairy figures among the grass and trees.

This hall has been decorated in panels by a woman, Mme. Marval, with scenes from a day in the life of Daphnis and Chloe. While the taste of these scenes is doubtless of simple purity it is as fancy-free as the drawing and the painting. Their connection with such a room is at first not clear; but a danse foyer is doubtless as good a place as another in which to learn what Daphnis and Chloe did during the day.

The curtain, representing a country fête in honor of Dionysius, is by K. X. Roussell. It is a gay and graceful pastoral, bright and clear in color. The foyer of this theater is decorated by Edouard Vuillard in a series of panels which are perhaps the most interesting paintings in the whole group. Mr. Vuillard has done here on a small scale what is being done at the Gobelins' factories to-day on a large scale—that is, using modern subjects, modernly expressed, for modern work. In Mr. Vuillard's panel of "Contemporary Comedy" we see the two standardized men, in evening dress, quarreling in the front center of the stage; behind are parties dining in a smart restaurant; equivocal ladies at one table waiting the end of the squabble; at another a couple of a stiff forbiddingness. M. Vuillard is an impressionist, and a refreshing one. His brilliancy comes out in the Punch and Judy panel, and in the woman "making up" her face. This last has already been reproduced with avidity in the French art reviews.

AND so we have seen decorating this whole architectural fabric only the works of such artists as Bourdelle, Maurice Denis, Mme. Marval, Vuillard, Labasque, and Roussell. These are all modernists, to use the broadest of the many terms, and it is not surprising to see them together; but it is surprising to see them called together for the purpose of confiding to them officially a great work, to the exclusion of painters of the old schools; for until to-day modernism has been anything but well looked upon officially. One enthusiastic reviewer cries out that all this shows what may be done "when the Republic wearies of stereotyped Renaissance city halls and Greek post-offices"; but perhaps this is over-impatient.

One wise editor of a Parisian review told me that he believed it was all rooted in the English pre-Raphaelites. Indeed, when we look again with this in mind, and see the Byzantine stiffness of some figures and the soulful fluidity of others, we hear some faint echo of the parodies of Oscar Wilde (an echo which I do not for a moment mean ever came to these painters), and as our minds float dreamily backward we perhaps repeat to ourselves the unjust but wonderful Gilbert and Sullivan lines:

*What time the poet hath hymned*
*The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,*
*Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,*
*How can he paint her woes,*
*Knowing, as well he knows,*
*That all can be set right with calomel?*
*—I cannot tell.*

# Two Kinds of Mothers

By N. H.

THE first emotion, in looking at Mr. Becker's drawing on the next page, will be sympathy with one woman and disapproval of the other. Perhaps, on reflection, it is possible to sympathize with both.

The maternal instinct, guided by reason and fitted into an intelligent plan of life, is a profound element in character at its best. On the other hand, I have known a hen who had a more insistent maternal impulse than any woman, a hen who, if ducked in water, would immediately return to her eggs; if the eggs were removed, she would sit on the straw where the eggs had been; if the box containing the straw was removed, she would sit on the ground underneath; if bricks were put there to disturb her, she would sit on the bricks; and if the place was flooded with water, she was wholly wretched, and would finally decide to sit on the ground somewhere in the neighborhood. Hers was a diseased maternity, fitted to carry out the intentions of nature in conditions where most of the progeny die young, but scarcely suited to the highest development of conscious life.

THE woman in the picture who has the child at her breast is very likely superior material to the other one, who is amusing herself in so frivolous a way, but possibly also she is not. The circumstances of her life have brought to the front devotion to those who need it. They have brought out the age-long sacrifice of woman, the fate which made Coleridge say:

*A mother is a mother still,*
*The holiest thing alive.*

She has at least the foundation of the significance thus expressed by Tennyson:

*Happy he*
*With such a mother! Faith in womankind*
*Beats in his blood, and trust of all things high*
*Comes easy to him.*

In ancient art the mother ideal was represented, but to a much less extent than in the first great art which followed Christianity, that of the Italian Renaissance, when the Madonna type was forever created. That type is not interesting through its individuals. It is lovable and typical and moving in the rôle it plays. The Sistine Madonna stirs me year after year, appealing to some conservative instinct in me that will never end; but I realize what is meant by those persons who call it the "divine cow" type. I am in favor of abolishing all skirts, or at least of a great change in them; and yet I dislike to think of the time when a small child no longer rushes to sink its face for comfort and protection in those skirts. Henry Ward Beecher, whose anniversary is about to be celebrated, spoke of the mother's heart as the child's school-room. It was the heart he spoke of, not the mind, and thus says Richter:

"On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, toward which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence our lives."

It is not the mind but the heart that constitutes this ideal, in its sacrifice and constancy:

*Youth fades, love droops, the leaves of friendship fall,*
*A mother's secret hope outlives them all.*

It was not a sentimentalist who wrote these lines. It was a satirist and a doctor. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes.

But I want to get back to Henry Ward Beecher, who has spoken much that is beautiful on the subject.

"A mother has perhaps the hardest earthly lot; and yet no mother worthy of the name ever gave herself thoroughly for her child who did not feel that, after all, she reaped what she had sown."

And, with that informality of his that seems at times almost disrespect, he said: "A mother is as different from anything else that God ever thought of as can possibly be."

THERE are many ideals, and many beautiful ideals, that must be modified to-day. The ideal of motherhood is not to be lessened, but it must be supplemented. It must accommodate itself to the enlarged development of woman's mind and opportunities. That woman of Mr. Becker's in the private dining-room is a ridiculous-looking object, rather discouraging because she is trying only for personal power, and personal power over a man through the use of charm only. She seeks excitement instead of service; and yet is there not a useful striving in the background? Perhaps not in the case of this particular individual, because, judging from the wolfish face of the man she is with, it is a very low aspect of pleasure that we have to deal with. Slight modification would bring out our principle more clearly.

Instead of a brutalized form of pleasure-seeking, imagine a form that is found in leisure society in all great cities, and is very much criticized by the solid citizens everywhere, at the same time that these citizens read the society columns of the newspapers and follow such doings with the keenest interest; or imagine, if you please, that instead of being a scene of either low or high society, the scene presented a young woman and a young man of limited income, of a certain restlessness against the monotony of life, of no particular bad feelings, but with a desire for keener existence than was furnished to them by the factory, the office, and the little flat.

The problem of furnishing a reasonable amount of joy for people in every walk of life is a problem that can not be set aside. Our Puritan ancestors had no sympathy with it. They thought the mere desire for the lighter pleasures was in itself wicked. But the point of view that expansiveness and joy as such are good things or women has come to stay. There is no poetry for it yet. There will be none until the ideal has been longer established, and until much genius has taken that ideal for a starting-point. Irrevocable, however, is the desire for freedom and expansion, and that is what our much criticized society women are after. No doubt they are injured by luxury, and greatly injured by having no economic function in the world, but they are filling a useful purpose all the same.

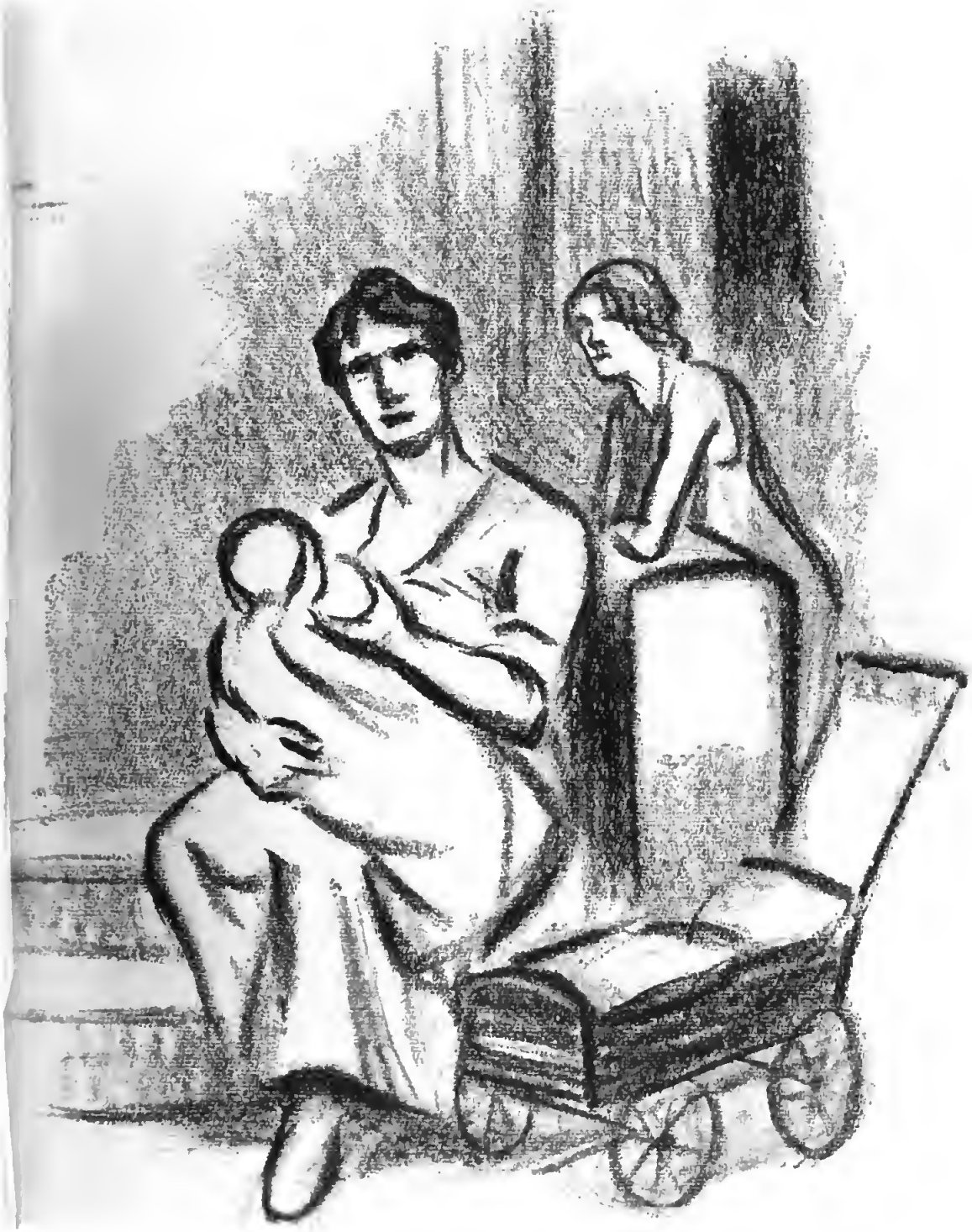
I have spoken of the fact that the woman who seeks fullness of life for herself will not be a widely recognized ideal until the great artists have represented her, but something must come before that. The principle must be established in the deeds of millions before it is represented profoundly in art. A man usually constructs the ideal woman out of the actual woman with whom, for a variety of reasons, some of them accidental, he happens to be in love. The more women establish for themselves the new point of view, the more that point of view will become an ideal for the men who happen to be their husbands. I have been reading an extremely good book on the feminist movement, and I want to quote a little from it in spite of the fact that I have written a review of it on another page. It is called "Women as World Builders," by Floyd Dell. He is speaking of the young woman of the leisure class:

"I confess to having the greatest sympathy for her, and in her endeavor to create a livelier, a more hilarious and human morale. She is doing, I feel, a real service to the cause of women. Our American pseudo-aristocracy is capable to teach us, despite its fantastic excesses, how to play. And emancipation from middle-class standards of taste, morality, and intellect is, so far as it goes, a good thing. 'Too many cocktails,' a lady averred to me the other day, 'is better than smugness; *risqué* conversation far better than none at all.' And that celebrated 'public-be-damned' attitude of the pseudo-aristocracy is a great moral improvement over the cowardly, hysterical fear of the neighbors which prevails in the middle class."

SOME people are very much worried about race suicide, and hypothetical refusal of women to follow their deepest instincts, and various other dangers which seem to these observers to darken the horizon. The way that this situation is viewed, however, depends on our underlying beliefs. Those of us whose faith is in democracy have as our fundamental principle that if all classes and both sexes have free opportunity to express their needs and ideals the results will be far better than if any of these needs and ideals are suppressed, or represented by a limited part of the whole population.

The class of persons who are discouraged and alarmed over all the changes in social ideals are going to have a bad time in the world for many years to come. To our mind, the uncomprehending conservative, in the circumstances of to-day, is a hilariously comic character. That is one reason why, later in the season, Mr. Wallace Irwin will run in this paper a series of his characteristic poems telling the adventures of such a creature among the hazards and horrors that our rapidly developing democracy is planting in his path. To get back to our topic, however, the ideals of democracy tell us that the woman in the picture with the baby at her breast shall have opportunities that will make motherhood less of a sacrifice to her, and that the other woman in the picture, striving even absurdly for freedom and self-expression, shall realize those ideals, but in higher forms than those in which she sees them in the days of her crude beginnings.

TWO KINDS
By Maur



)F MOTHERS

.E BECKER

# J. Betz, Pitcher

By GERALD MORGAN

Illustration by James Preston

THE trouble with J. Betz began the first week he arrived at the Admiral's spring training camp at Tallahassee.

J. Betz had had no experience in organized baseball, not even in the most minor of minor leagues. He was strictly a back-lots ball-player, born and bred in that wild hinterland of Weehawken and Union Hill, where they play ball without the aid of the English language, and combine a curious sort of picnic with their games, and pursue erring umpires with chianti and vodka bottles into the Hackensack Meadows. It was there that J. Betz laid the foundation of his reputation. It was from there that he branched out into "semi-pro" circles, and hired himself out, at ten dollars a game, to teams in the Bronx and Williamsburg, and even as far as the Long Branch coast; and it was from there that an enterprising scout produced him.

So, to the hotel room in Tallahassee, which Tim Mullane, the manager, used as his office, came J. Betz to report. Other recruits were there also, and two or three regulars, chiefly coachers.

"J. Betz," said Mullane.

The back-lots man stepped forward.

"B-e-t-t-s," said Mullane. "Is that right?"

J. Betz gulped. "Bey-ah-tsey," he replied.

Tim Mullane dropped his pencil and glanced up. Gradually, the blank look on his face changed to one of comprehension, and then to one of simple rage.

"May God have mercy on that scout's soul!" he said shortly. "This poor, benighted creature is trying to spell his name to me in Bulgarian or Chinese. Somebody get him out of here quick."

"Say, Mr. Mullane," exclaimed one of the regulars, laughing, "spell the guy's name 'B-e-t-z.' Tommy Betts will be sore if you spell it like his'n. B-e-t-z. How about it, bo?" he asked, turning to the recruit.

J. Betz had not moved, and it suddenly became evident that he had allowed himself the liberty—surprising for a recruit—of losing his temper.

"Spell it any damn way you like," he replied shortly, and left the room.

"Now, what do you know about that!" said Tim Mullane. "The big heathen! He was rattled, I suppose. Well, make it 'B-e-t-z.' But, say! he's big enough, ain't he? I bet he could pitch all afternoon, hey?"

"I expect he's Hackenschmidt in disguise," replied the regular shortly.

THEY put him in against a team from Waycross, Georgia; and the town of Waycross closed up business for the day to see the Admirals play. The local firemen attended in a body, armed with a liberal supply of last y ar's cannon crackers, a band, and a full set of Colt automatics. The result was that the first two Admiral recruits were led from the box, after having given nine bases on balls in three innings, and being scored against six times. There were two men on bases, and none out, when J. Betz was called on, and the firemen and their cannon crackers were going strong.

J. Betz walked in and fanned the side. In the last six innings, just two Waycross men reached first base, and none scored. The more noise the firemen made, the better J. Betz pitched. He simply stood the Waycross batters on their heads.

After the game,—which the Admirals won,—Tom Betts, the catcher,—the real Betts,—interviewed Tim Mullane in the managerial Pullman state-room.

*"There was a crash, but no report, and Kelly sank beneath the table"*

"J. Beta is all right," he said. "I'm thinking of having him spell his name in a regular American way after this."

Much as he had to learn, he was learning it quickly; and, whatever Tim Mullane thought of him personally, he had made up his mind not to let him go. Therefore, to preserve the morale, the unity of the team, some sort of status must be established for him.

"Say, Tom," be said to Betts, the catcher, "I know you're an easy-going man, and I hate to take advantage of you, but we've been together some years, and I want you to do me a favor. I want you to team up with this here Weehawken Hun. I know he's a heathen, hut yon've got to catch him, anyway. You've got to be his keeper."

"Betz and Betts," replied the catcher gloomily. "I'll herd him as long as I can stand it, Tim."

Herding J. Beta as long as the team remained upon the road proved to he a comparatively easy problem. In the friendly society of the catcher, be showed a willingness to talk, hut only on the one subject of baseball, for which his knowledge of the English language was quite sufficient.

But when they reached New York the herding ceased automatically; for as soon as the day's work was over, J. Beta took a car to the Forty-second Street ferry and disappeared into the fastnesses of his native Weehawken hills.

"There's nothing to it, Tim," he said to the manager. "I'm not going to camp out io Unioo Hill for any Polack."

The manager laughed. "How's he doing?" he asked.

"He's a perfectly well-meaning cuss," replied the catcher. "There'a no reason why the hoys should be so set ag'ia' him."

"I meao, how's his wing?" explained the manager.

"Fine!" esclaimed Tom Betts enthusiastically. "He's got the stuff, sure. There's only oae thing about his pitchiag I don't like. He has a way of grooving his fast one, in the pinches. Puts it right over. He thiaks he can get away with it just because his fast one is so fast; and he can—with hushers."

"He's got to stop it," replied the manager. "Big league batters lunch off that kind."

Three times in the following fortnight the manager called upon J. Betz to finish games already settled, one way or the other, beyond dispute. Each time, J. Betz pitched well, the only score against him being due to two long hits.

"I told you not to put a fast one over the middle of the plate for Bill Maher," Tom Betts remonstrated. "You went and grooved it for him, after all I said."

"I won't do it again," replied J. Betz.

IT was on the home grounds that Tim Mullane, the manager, decided to give J. Beta his first real chance to make good. Mullane sent for Tom Betts.

"Tom," he said, "the Owls are going strong just now. They're making their bid for the lead against us early. They're a bunch of youngsters. The series we have with them next week is important. If we heat them now, we've beaten them for good and all. They'll lose confidence."

"Yes," replied Tom Betts.

"Dugan's got a laroe arm."

"Yes," said Tom Betts.

"And I want to know can I start J. Beta," concluded the manager.

Tom Betts paused. "He'll do it!" he replied.

"Now listen here, Tom," the manager went on. "There's something more, and it's under your hat. I asked Tom O'Brien, the grounds detective, to keep an eye on J. Betz some night. O'Brien says J. Beta had supper in Weehawken, all right, but he came back to Manhattan in the evening, and went to a dive in West Forty-sixth Street near Tenth Avenue. He sat round there talking to a guy called Louie Kelly, who runs the hobo gang—whoever they are. O'Brien says Kelly's a kind of Polack, too. They're all Polacks."

"Was be drinking?" asied Betts.

"Hold on," went on the manager. "He wasn't drinking, hut O'Brien says this bere Kelly bets on the games, right back of third base, in the grand-stand. He says there's a bunch who do. They stick together, and don't keep books, hut they bet good and strong. As long as they keep quiet O'Brien lets them be."

"Well?" asked Betts.

"O'Brien says," continued the manager, "the dope round there is that Kelly's got him fixed the first full gamehe pitches. Now, what do you know about that?"

"Put him in, Tim," replied the catcher shortly. "He'll throw no games."

"How do you know?" retorted Mullane. "You say yourself you can't talk to the guy!"

"It ain't talking," said Betts obstinately. "I can tell; and I bet I could tell a Filipino or a Chinese. J. Beta is straight!"

"Well, I'll take your word for it," said the manager.

J. Beta was not told that he was to go in against the Owls uotil a short time before the game. He accepted the information with the sullen calm that seemed to he his normal condition.

His preliminary work-out was good, and he stepped into the box with confidence. But the first batter hit the first ball high between left and center fields. It was an easy fly; either fielder could have had it,—both were under it,—hut between them they let it drop, and before it was returned to the diamond the runner was on third. A scratch infield single scored him, and, although J. Betz tightened up, the damage was done.

But the Owls were nervous, too, and a base on balls to the first Admiral set the whole infield on edge. They kicked the dirt about, and all gave advice to their pitcher at the same time. The second batter, with three halls and two strikes on him, hit a grounder to short. If the double play that was then attempted had come off, it certainly would have broken all records for speed. But it did aot come off, and hy the time the Owl infielders had finished throwing the ball about, the run on first had scored, and the batter was on third. At the end of that inning the score was two to one, in the Admirals' favor.

"We've got 'em aow, old hoy," said Tom Betts to J. Beta. "Keep it up! Say," he added, "did you groove that first ball they scored on?"

J. Betz shook his head; then he turned toward third base, toward the seats behind it, from his place in the box, and deliberately nodded.

A shiver went down Tom Betts' spine, and the umpire said:

"Batter up!"

NOT an Owl reached first that inning, and when it was over Tom Betts asked:

"Who did you nod to before the inning started, J.?"

"Friend of mine over there," replied J. Beta quietly.

Tom Betts was first up in the second inning, and first out. The manager stopped him as he passed the first-base coaching line.

"Say, Tom," he said, "O'Brien says this here Louie Kelly is just betting his little head off against the Admirals. How about it?"

"J. Beta nodded over there," Betts said. "I saw him. I was leaving it to you."

"Give him one more chance," Betts said. "He'a done nothing crooked yet. He wasn't responsible for that first run, unless be grooved the very first ball, and it didn't seem to me he did."

"I'll just go on leaving it to you, Tom," said the manager.

There was ao scoring in the second inning, none in the third. The spectators—not including Louie Kelly—yawned. The game had developed into one of those early-season affairs where the batters go out on pop flies or little grounders—games unexciting in spite of the closeness of the score.

Up to the ainth inaing the Owls died painlessly, getting just four scattered hits, and they came up for their last chance still a run hehind. It was then that J. Beta gave the spectators the only thrill they had had siace the first inning.

He nodded toward third base, then he fanned the side on nine pitched balls. The crowd poured out on the field. J. Beta had won his game.

IN the dressing-room, his fellow players surrounded him, and slapped him on the hack, and called him "J." Tom Betts shouted: "You got to spell your name like me after this, J!"

J. Betz seemed to take it pretty calmly. Only, as he was going out, he said to Tom Betts:

"You are my friead. Come with me."

Together they weot down on the elevated to Forty-second Street, and there J. Betz engaged a taxi. They turned west at Forty-sixth Street, and presently stopped in froat of a rickety saloon.

J. Betz told the taxi to wait, and they walked in, past a greasy har, toward the door of the usual hack room. J. Betz opened the door. Inside, a slight, dark youth was sitting alone at a table.

"Hallo, Louie," said J. Betz.

Louie Kelly's only answer was to push his ehair a little out from the table.

"Louie," said J. Betz, "you took me for a crook. I'm not a crook." He stopped, and tapped his chest with the tip of his forefinger—a gesture oddly foreign.

"Louie, you pig!" he cried in a voice Tom Betts had never heard before. "I am American, American, American!"

Quite still sat the gang-leader. Very quiet was his reply:

"Double-cross me, would you?"

Then, like a flash, he slipped his hand into his side pocket. Tom Betts saw the gaslight glimmer on the half-drawn gua.

THERE was a crash, hut no report, and Kelly sank under the table. The unshot pistol rattled on the floor beside him. For a second there was silence, except for the sound of something round rolling on the planks and rattling the tin spittoon. Then it rolled clear out into the middle of the room. Tom Betts picked it up.

It was a brand-new National League baseball. He turned to J. Betz.

"Do you mean to say you hit him with that?" he exclaimed.

"He's only stunoed," said J. Betz. Then he looked up, and added quietly:

"Yes, Tom, I grooved that last one."

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# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

## *Football Coaches for the Coming Season*

*Walter Camp, who has been the football man of mystery, the man with the inscrutable smile*

OPPORTUNITY knocks with unusual vehemence this season at the doors of those football coaches who already have achieved eminence as strategists and tacticians. After the lapse of some years employed in experimentation both on the field and in the rules committee room, they have a game upon which it seems safe to build logically and at the same time brilliantly, without the constantly recurring feeling that the unknown chance will be almost certain to upset their calculations. They have had one season that seemed in many ways satisfactory, one season in which the superior team had better than an even chance of winning. Here at last is firm footing.

It has always seemed to me that the ideal game was that in which the rules permitted an eleven twice as good as its foe to make twice as many openings for victory, not as the result of "brain-storm" or "shoestring" plays, but as the fruit of a well conceived and systematic form of attack—a game in which the successful use of these openings depended, in the end, on the personnel. Toward that ideal, football, I feel sure, is steadily approaching, and although this year there will be "upsets" in all probability, and isolated cases in which supreme individual effort will play havoc with form, I believe the play will be sounder all over the country than it has been in many years.

THERE will be teams, I hope and firmly believe, that will display a better balance of all arms of attack than has been the case in recent years, and whose defense will cope with the foe's attack more along the lines of team concentration. There has been too much burden on individual stars recently, and last season provided stars in plenty, both on attack and defense. Sometimes these stars fitted nicely into the scheme of the team-play, while in other cases there was nothing to the team but the star.

I have said that those coaches who are already at the top will have the great chance this year. The reason is that, while they have been through all sorts of "freak" play, their mastery of the game was too thorough ever to let them lose sight of the great basic principles of the greatest of college games. They are close to the heart of things, and have been so at all times.

So few were the changes in the rules at the close of last season, and so slight was the demand for any change, that it became apparent that the bulk of the players and coaches were satisfied. The players at last had a game they could enjoy playing, while the coaches had a game they could enjoy teaching. The fun of the teaching will be even greater this year, for there is plenty of room for advanced work without the penalty of destructiveness that has gone hand in hand with so many of the recent radical innovations.

THE unknown coach of the smaller institution still will be forced to some degree of unhealthy radicalism from time to time, largely because of the lack of balance in his squad, and also because when facing a big team his eleven has everything to gain and nothing to lose. But if this same coach keeps in mind the rest of the schedule—the teams he met that are in the same class as his own eleven—he will be doing in the long run more for football and more for his team and the teams that are to follow it. There is always the temptation to take the scalps of the big team, but it is too often practically suicide for the little team. The rest of the schedule generally goes to smash.

Seasons there have been, of course, in which a smaller team has been equipped with unusual material, material that would be the envy of any of the larger institutions. But in these cases the record against the larger rival has been made rather by sheer all-round good football than by special device. It is said that Rutgers, which recently has had excellent material, has received some preparation at the hands of one of the greatest experts the game has seen—preparation against the day of the opening match with Princeton, now only a few days away. It will be highly interesting to see what form this preparation has taken—whether so wise a coach has built up all-round play in the way that he is capable of doing, or whether he has had recourse to the "shoestring" or the "brain-storm" with which he is also familiar.

NOW, there are men in the field who can be depended upon, I think, to make long strides this year, building soundly, yet brilliantly, on basic principles, or perhaps even showing some new variation of an old principle. They are

*"Hurry Up" Yost, of Michigan, temperamentally a "chance-taker," whose "brain-storms" have met with frequent reward*

men like Walter Camp at Yale, who, while not in any sense a field coach, will be once more in touch with Yale football—the clever and capable Howard Jones acting as the head of the active system; like Percy D. Haughton, who has brought Harvard back to the top of the heap; like George Brooke, at last in charge at Pennsylvania, where he has belonged for some time; like Dr. A. H. Sharpe, the old Yale star who is doing so much for the achievement of football prestige at Cornell; and a host of others.

Others from whom I think progressive but sound football instruction may be expected are Ed Robinson at Brown—to my mind, one of the very best coaches in the country; Cavanaugh at Dartmouth; and, in the West, Stagg at Chicago, Williams at Minnesota, and certainly Juneau at Wisconsin, who last year turned out a team of real champions.

The attitude of Fielding H. Yost at Michigan should be one of the interesting features of the season, for Yost is temperamentally a "chance-taker." Unlike most extremists, his "brain-storms" have met with more frequent reward. It must not be inferred from this, however, that Yost does not know the game from the ground up—merely that any move he makes is absorbingly interesting for the reason that something fancy is apt to develop from it without notice to or benefit of clergy for his opponent. The more startling type of play usually comes out of the West, anyway; for the Westerners like short cuts to victory.

The general public is perhaps more familiar with the name of Walter Camp

than with that of any other of the big coaches. He has been the man of mystery, the man with the inscrutable smile. Men have often said of him: "You can talk with Camp for an hour, and you will have spent a most enjoyable hour. But you will come away knowing no more than when you went." This I do not think is entirely true. If a man does not come away richer for a five-minute chat with him, it is that man's own fault. He will not have plumbed the depths, but he will have learned something if he is awake at the time.

Further, Mr. Camp is one of the best spectators the game has known. Too many football men are ready to talk about what the game gets from Mr. Camp, without stopping to think what Mr. Camp gets out of the game. And these latter things count tremendously.

WHILE on this subject of getting things out of the game, there is another spectator who is not so well known, for the reason that he hides away in the mass of his fellow spectators. That man is the quiet Mr. Reginald Brown, of Harvard, another of the "inscrutables," who has omitted to mention more football than most coaches have talked in a period covering several weeks. Mr. Brown is one of the really deep students of the game, and they think the world of him at Harvard.

From the same institution comes Percy D. Haughton, from whom also, in his double capacity of active field coach and tactician, further progress in the game's development may be expected. He is already a highly successful theorist, and an independent one. Harvard, indeed, is fortunate in retaining his services for another term of years.

It has taken George Brooke several years to swing over to Pennsylvania as head coach. In the meantime he has turned out workmanlike teams at Swarthmore, where he has had better than fair material, despite the small squad. Most of Brooke's teams that I have seen in action were built up along perfectly sound lines, and he should be able to put into effect at Pennsylvania a system that will readily replace the disorganized and haphazard if daring methods used by the Quakers in the last few years. Here is another man from whom much may be expected, for he has the teacher's art as well as a deep knowledge of the game.

Dr. Sharpe, if his material turns out reasonably well, ought to put a team on the field that will play the thinking game; and while his system is as yet far from thoroughly rooted at Ithaca, his eleven should show progress. Both Mr. Brooke's and Dr. Sharpe's teams meet Pennsylvania and it will be absorbingly interesting to see the battle of wits with the daring Yost.

Dartmouth, where the material last year was exceptional, will be seen in action in New York this season. These husky collegians have many friends here; but as they are to meet the Carlisle Indians, always popular with the general public, there will be plenty of support for both sides. If Dartmouth this time plays with better generalship than was the case last season,—and I think there has been a change at Hanover,—the game ought to produce some football lessons worth filing away for future use.

THE Redskins, coached by Glenn S. Warner, are always an attacking team,—brilliant to the last degree,—and Warner is quite as much of a chance-taker as Yost, albeit in an all-round way. I have never believed the Carlisle coach to be a master of defense, but he has probably provided more puzzles for his opponent in the way of attack than any other Eastern coach; and, with the rules in their settled condition, probably will continue to do so. New Yorkers are fortunate in their opportunity to witness this game, for the community has been pretty well starved for football.

By the time these lines appear Princeton will have settled down to a coaching policy the nature of which at this time I am not aware. One thing is certain—the Tigers will base any system they work out on speed. Speed has always served them well. There was a brief period when the Princetonians overloaded the backfield with sluggish men, so that the play did not get under way with the terrific jump that was in evidence last season and has been in the past. It was something of a feather in the Orange and Black cap to steal the Minnesota shift from Yale openly and then all but beat the Blue simply by gearing it up to high speed.

I have always felt that in the matter of innovation the Tigers stood still for a time; but I believe that period has passed, and that, while they will not "shoot the ball all over the lot" this year, they will provide something of a treat with their all-round open play.

Before passing from the immediate subject of coaching to the probable lines along which progress will be made, a word about G. Foster Sanford, the man of ideas and epigrams in football. Indeed, Sanford maintains that he "invented coaching by epigram." Here is as interesting a theorist, diagnostician, and practical man as one could find with whom to discuss football. His illustrations are always happy, and he drives his point home as does no other man with whom I have ever threshed out the game. He is an all-round coach, who, however, is sheer genius when it comes to line play, as many a famous guard and tackle can tell you. Talk to him before a game, talk to him after it, and there will be nothing in it but profit.

*G. Foster Sanford, of Yale, the man of ideas and epigrams in football*

I HAVE said that, in my opinion, the chief progress in the game this year will be along the lines of a better balanced attack. There was sharp improvement last season, in spite of the helter-skelter now and then, but this season there should be that smoothness that delights the heart of the coach. Learning a lesson from Harvard, I think cleverly placed punting until the team gets within striking distance will also be much in evidence, and I expect to see what I call "kicking attack" carried to a higher level of efficiency—I mean fast, low kicking even when past the center of the field. Although the old onside kick has been abolished by rule, all forms of kicking remain the great demoralizer of the game, and, in view of the proof of this last year, I do not anticipate so much waste in the running attack.

Generally speaking, there would seem to be at present two sound types of attack—kicking until the team is well across the center of the field, and then opening up the running attack, or rushing past the center of the field to bring up an unusual long-distance drop or place kicker. In the running game I include, of course, the forward pass, and this move ought to be carried to a high point of excellence; for the eleven equipped with a few good ones that are made safe by careful covering, has twice as good a chance for an opening as the team that has allowed the play to fall into comparative disuse save as a last chance. Individual interference should also show improvement, and the defense by signal may also be carried further.

It is certain that more will be done with the shifts. There are any number of defense coaches who laugh at them only to find them working well against their own eleven later in the season. There is so sound a principle in these plays that the coach who abandons all consideration of them will find himself in difficulties. This applies to the shift made on line-up as well as to the manœuver known as the "jump" shift. So strong is the defense these days, even with the weapons that the rule-makers have added to the attack, that guile must supplement strength.

THESE are only a few of the probabilities which furnish fascination to coaches and followers of the game. There are coaches who prefer actual field work to the checker-board side of the game, while others find pencil and paper and the blackboard more appealing. The story is told of how Yost, traveling one day on the train with his team, found his men indulging in a little light conversation. "Come, come," he said; "stop that, and get to work and see if you can not invent a new play or two."

This is not the practice of most coaches, but it is true that just before the season opens and thereafter they will see possibilities in almost anything. The great weeding out process goes on in their minds against what they consider a first-class defense, yet a few of them remain to be tried out on the field. I have known a chance phrase to suggest a play to one of these strategists, and even the numbers on a passing electric car. Most of these so-called inspirations come to nothing in the end, and the coach drifts back once more toward working up his game along sound fundamental lines. And it is along these lines that the game should move this season.

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*"Faint heart——"*

# Lovers Idle

By ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

Picture by John Sloan

HAD Whistler painted a nocturne of Washington Square, he must have put into it the slumped, listless figure of Nick, huddled backboneless on a bench near the arch, his feet swathed in grimy cloths thrust into shapeless brogans, a thick pad of newspaper buttoned over his chest under his frowzy coat against the evening chill. Nick was always there when he wasn't working, and an hour's daily toil sufficed to keep him in beer, which must be bought by money begged.

His occupation, supported by tradition, paid in spite of clumsy execution. His custom was surreptitiously to stuff his pockets with bread each morning at the barrel-house where he breakfasted on two foaming bumpers of lager, and an assortment of bits of pickled fish, pickled onions, unwashed radishes, liverwurst, and other delicacies displayed on the free-lunch counter.

Then he would saunter out to the boulevards, select a busy thoroughfare, and secretly drop a chunk or two of bread in the gutter. When a sufficient number of shoppers, pleasure-pursuers, and hurrying pedestrians were passing the bread point, Nick would leap from his near-by stand on the curb with a cry of discovery, snatch the bread from the gutter, and tear at it ravenously, like a starving wolf. It was seldom that the act did not bring expressions of pity from the eyes of chance passers-by, and nickels, sometimes dimes, even quarters, from their purses.

Nick would mumble his thanks through mouthfuls of bread, and dash off, apparently in search of a restaurant, while his misty-eyed patrons would stare after his emaciated form and wish they had doubled their donations. Nick's dash always ceased abruptly as soon as he had disappeared around the corner. He would then shuffle to a new hunting-ground, where the police and passers-by were not familiar with his trick, and again plant his bread in the gutter.

The park was always pleasant. He sat and pitied business people who bustled through on their way to and from work; he sighed at the burdens of well dressed mothers wheeling fretful babies, and moved to another bench whenever a go-cart stopped near him, for fear the infant would cry and set his sensitive nerves a-jangling.

Nick disliked mothers and babies. He had been driven from his home in a small Western village by an inconsistent wife who refused to support him when the baby came, and by the cries of the ill nourished child itself, its food impoverished by Mrs. Nick's straining at the tub.

BUT one day in middle October came a woman who was Nick's sort. She dropped on the bench beside him, adjusted her spotted watered-silk sacque, modestly shoved her lonely-looking straw hat down over her eyes, blew her nose, yawned, and spat.

She glanced at him twice, looking sharply away each time, as she caught his eye, and then grinned, not foolishly, simperingly, like the women that passed. It was a proper grin, showing a gleaming gold tooth and the good-fellow spirit of a true lady, which Nick had never seen in the women with the baby carriages, who passed him with averted eyes, as if conscious of their charms and determined to coquette with him, he thought.

Nick grinned back eagerly, for it was sometimes a bit lonely on the bench, now that two cronies had turned sandwich-men and another had gone to his winter home on Blackwell's Island.

"If it ain't askin' too much, sir, could you give a lady the time?" She leaned her haggish head toward his and her eyes lolled.

It was a civil tongue she had, thought Nick; and she had treated him proper, like a gent.

"No, I ain't got the time; my ticker's went up the flue since me fall in fortune," he said casually, in his most elegant social manner.

"How unfortunate, too! But I can sympathize wit' you. I've had to econermize myself sometimes since 'Arry died, but, my Gawd, before then there weren't nothin' too good for me."

"Life ain't all eatin' an' drinkin'," said Nick philosophically.

"My Gawd—no—it ain't. I wonder if you could oblige a lady with the price of a scuttle of suds?"

Nick was charmed by her abrupt manner. It bespoke confidence. She had found him her sort and favored him with frankness. He liked women to come to the point like that, and romance rose within him, strangling miserliness. He offered grandly, "I'd be pleased ter obleege, ma'am. Where shall we go? Kelly's?"

"No. They deals with a liberaler hand at Cafferty's."

"Cafferty's for yours truly, then," answered Nick, with an air.

HE shuffled along by her side, but a little behind, the lady being the more eager for the things that are sold at Cafferty's.

With the air of a woman of the world who could take care of herself, she gave the grimy swing door beneath Cafferty's enticing gilt sign a practised push, and shouldered her way in, sat down at a battered table, and banged her chapped red fist upon it.

Nick sidled in and slumped into a seat beside her, a bit sheepish in the unaccustomed company of femininity.

A heavy-jawed waiter gazed upon the pair aloofly, and, learning their pleasure, presently brought two orders of beer in glasses the shape and size of flower-pots.

"Here's a go, then," said the woman, tossing hers off after the hearty fashion inaugurated by Henry the Eighth.

Nick solemnly swallowed his, with none of the gaiety of his companion's manner.

Business having been good that day, he bought another, in silence. With the flesh refreshed, the woman blossomed, confiding that her name was Jennie and calling upon Gawd to witness that before 'Arry died her every whim had been humored.

They shuffled out shortly, and returned to Nick's favorite bench. There they sat together with hands clasped over contented stomachs and drowsy eyes closed. Though neither spoke, their souls communed in close companionship.

Finally, the woman awoke and nudged Nick. "I'm goin' to blow along," she said.

"All right," answered Nick. "See you ter-morrow?"

"Sure."

She shambled off, and Nick returned to his dreams, well content with the day's developments.

The following morning he exerted himself to greater endeavor, and realized sixty cents. In the afternoon Jennie appeared, and they sat among the flies at Cafferty's for a delightfully desultory half hour.

Nick bared his soul to her, telling how he hated babies, and what satisfaction he found in association with a woman who was beyond the petty weaknesses of the sex.

Jennie was plainly pleased and flattered. At the end of an hour on the bench afterward, she left him again.

During the days that followed the courtship grew. Over beer and bench they learned to depend on each other.

Life took on a new beauty to Nick. Though it was fall, the radishes seemed to have a deeper blush and the very pretzels of Nick's existence lost their acrid taste. He had found his mate—Jennie, who drank of his beer and shared his bench.

THE chill of winter suddenly descended on Washington Square, and Nick thriftily thought of the future, including Jennie in his every plan.

"How would you like a nice warm room this winter, right over Cafferty's, so we wouldn't have to go far to chase the growler when there's snow on the walks?" he whispered to her, one sharp, biting day in late October. "How'd you like that?"

"My Gawd, it'd be swell." All the pent-up emotion of Jennie's shrunken breast surged toward the suggestion of a heated room. "Since 'Arry died the only 'arbor an' retreat I've 'ad 'as been a room with another young gal who's always gettin' into trouble. I think we'll be quittin' fer good this time."

"My graft's good winters," said Nick. "People fall harder for it when there's snow on the ground. I can make enough in three days to keep us a week. Are you on?"

"I'm on," said Jennie, not even attempting a blush, but winking a blackened eye to express the pent-up emotional longing of her soul. "I'm quittin' Mag, anyway," she added. "She's always gettin' into trouble."

"Women's a nuisance," agreed Nick. "All the time thinkin' of nothin' but style an' bringin' up of children."

"That's Mag," agreed Jennie heartily. Then, with maidenly modesty: "But, my Gawd, she can't even think of bringin' 'em up in her fernancial sitemation."

"I'll work hard ter-morrow, and rent the room. You meet me here and we'll move in then," said Nick, with finality. "Don't bring no women's gee-gaws, now."

"No," said Jennie, her hand fluttering on his for a tender moment and leaving a black smudge. "I'll come to you just as I am, my good man; no dot, no dowry, but a awful thirst. Don't work too hard ter-morrow, Nick." She winked her unblackened eye with concern.

"HERE! Move on, there!" cried a policeman, coming upon the pair, who started guiltily. "Move on there, you hums. And after this you two sit on diff'rent benches. Un'erstan' what I mean?"

"'Bout time we was gettin' a tidy place of our own, Jennie," sighed Nick, as they scurried off like frightened rats.

"Them bulls ain't got no sentiment, no sympathy with young love er nothin' like that. Well, till ter-morrow, then."

Nick went to look at a dollar-a-week room above Cafferty's. In his eagerness, he paid a deposit on one that would be vacated the following day. Having no bed money, and being too tired to panhandle, Nick sat down on a dark bench in Washington Square and fell asleep. Then, after midnight, when he had sunk into his second sleep, he felt some one shake his arm. Thinking it was a cop, he mumbled something and tried to force open his gummy eyes.

"It's me! Jennie!" came an excited voice in his ear. "Here! Take this. The cops are after me!"

NICK vaguely sensed that a bundle was being thrust into his slack arms. He caught at the bundle as it slipped to his knees.

Then his dazed eyes made out the form of the bundle. With a shudder, he recognized the cry. The bundle was a baby.

Glancing sharply about to locate the policeman at the far end of the park, Nick jumped to his feet and paced back and forth with the babe, moving it up and down with the jerky motion of a churn, in a senseless effort to quiet its cry.

Though it was a cold night, perspiration burst out on his forehead. He walked up and down with the baby from necessity, as he had never walked with his own child.

Desperate, at his wit's end, he shoved a coat button into the baby's mouth for a pacifier, and fled up the walk to the policeman.

"Here!" he cried, thrusting the squalling infant into the officer's arms. "Some woman went off an' forgot her kid."

HE turned and ran before the astonished officer could catch his breath and start in pursuit.

Safe around the corner, Nick stretched his weary arms to get the cramp out of them, and smiled grimly with relief.

A woman rushed toward him out of the street shadows. It was Jennie. Nick, with his head held high, walked past her, cutting her dead.

She clutched at his tattered coat sleeve, crying: "My Gawd, ain't you goin' to speak to me, Nick? It was another of Maggie's brats. I was takin' it to the Foundlin' Home when the cop chased me. I had to pass it to you to make my get-away."

Nick shook himself free and glared at her.

"You're like all the rest, Jennie," he cried, in a towering rage. "I never yet seen a woman that didn't have something to do with a baby. I don't want nothin' more to do with you. It's all off."

"My Gawd!" screamed Jennie. "All off! And I was only doin' a kindness for a friend. I was comin' back for the kid now."

"It's too late," said Nick in hollow tones.

He left her, and turned his steps sadly toward the Bowery.

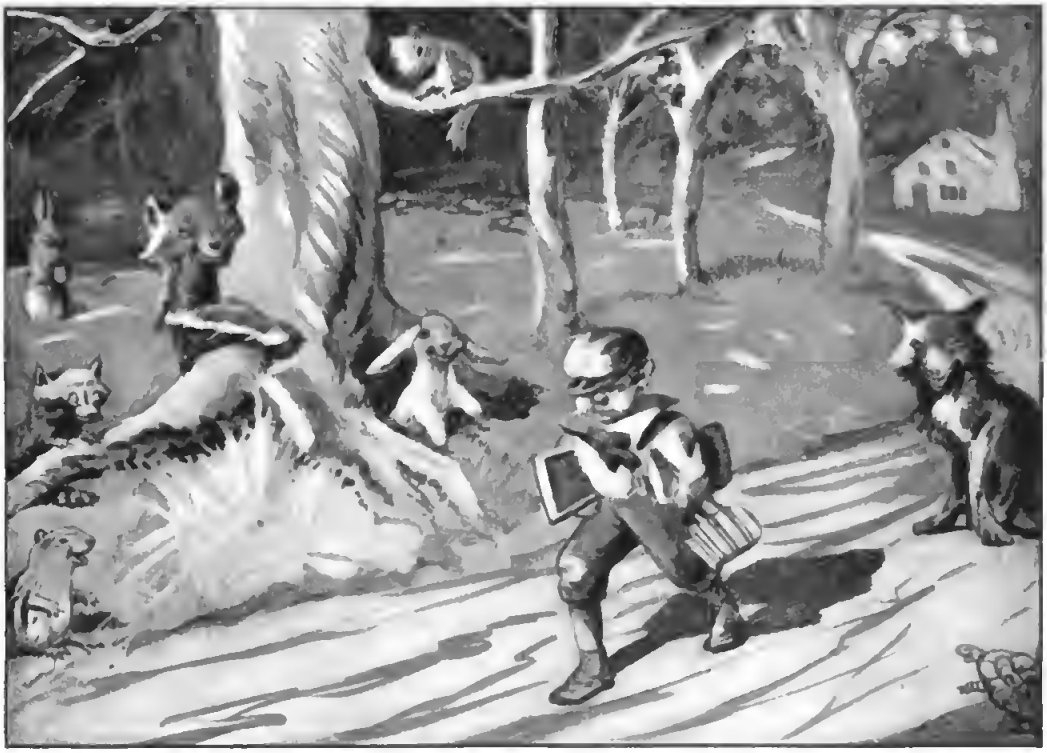
Broken, disillusioned, the light of love snuffed out of his life, Nick sought seclusion in the only monastery he knew. It was situated on the Bowery, a ten-cent lodging-house.

Since that night so fatal to his one great romance, Nick has never stirred from the walls of his monastery, except to plant pieces of bread in the gutter and collect sympathetic nickels and dimes when in actual want.

He has forsworn Washington Square, and taken irrevocable vows of single blessedness.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD



CHORUS OF ANIMALS: "WE SHOULD WORRY"

## Musings of Hafiz

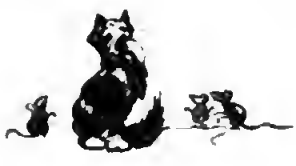
*The original of the "Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten"*

PERHAPS you have noticed there are none of those obnoxious Tammany verses in this issue. To me these parodies have been such a painful source of embarrassment that for the last two weeks I have been ashamed to look the Tiger rug in the face, much less repose on his back as I used to do. The suppression of the Tammany verses seems like an act of Providence. It befell in this way. This morning, when I was preparing for my usual nap on the big desk in the study, I came across a sheet of paper marked with the peculiar half-portions of writing that I recognised. Now, the big desk is close to a window, overlooking a deep court, and just as I had satisfied myself as to the objectionable nature of the poetry a sudden

gust of wind caught the paper, which I had inadvertently pushed to the edge of the desk, and tossed it out of the window.

THANK heaven, vacation is over, and that arch-enemy of peace and meditation, the Boy, is once more under restraint. Were I not constitutionally opposed to agitation, I should start a movement for the abolition of the Boy's vacation. Why the Boy is not kept under permanent restraint, I have never been able to understand. Why, indeed, he is kept, in the first place, is a puzzle to me. If, as with kittens, only the most fitting specimens were allowed to survive, how much better it would be for the human race!

APROPOS of my remarks on the food question, a correspondent writes to ask me why I worry about the high price of liver, when mice are so cheap. There is no denying the cheapness of mice, but, for my part, since the invention of liver (by Edison, I am told) I have completely lost my taste for mice. Even as a sport, I much prefer the catnip-ball. To tell the truth, mice bore me. You may call me a miceanthrope—a mouseogynist if you will. To be misunderstood is the highest compliment Advanced Thoughts can receive from Mediocrity.



# "Women as World Builders"

By N. H.

THE sub-title of Mr. Dell's book is "Studies in Modern Feminism," and he is one of the few men who seem really to understand what the feminist movement is. He is the sort of man who would be able to sympathize with both types of mother discussed in pen and pencil in another part of this issue, and realize what each type needs. He points out that some women find their destiny in the bearing and rearing of children, that others demand independent work like men, and that still others make a career of charming, stimulating, and comforting men. The first of these types he calls the "mother" type; the second, the "worker" type, and the third he calls, without prejudice, the "courtezan" type. "Without prejudice," not because it exists within legal marriage as well as without, but because it is not certain transgressions, but the human qualities of companionship, that are the essential thing. When a girl of this type marries, her life may turn out to be happy, provided the man is a person capable of giving her the right amount of rope, and at the same time furnishing a satisfactory career for the family.

MR. DELL is a thoroughly moral man, but he is not conventional, and therefore he is not alarmed by any such word as courtezan, but thinks out everything for himself. He is extremely fair. For instance, he says that the reverence for woman as virgin or wife or mother, irrespective of her abilities as friend or leader or servant, is Romance, an attitude that was discovered in the Middle Ages and has added a new glamour to existence. Through it woman as an abstract idea becomes the sustenance of hungry souls. Believe in her and you shall be saved, is the gospel of Petrarch, Dante, Browning, and George Meredith; but it is not the gospel of Mr. Dell, and it is remarkable that he is able to express the gospel of those who disagree with him as sufficiently as he expresses his own.

With this fair-mindedness goes, naturally and harmoniously, a certain lightness. Most books on the feminist movement are dull. Mr. Dell's is very readable. The author finds in the woman's movement of to-day another example of the readiness of women to adapt themselves to a masculine demand. Men are tired of subservient women, or of the seemingly subservient women who effect their will by stealth,—pretty slaves with the slaves' subtlety and cleverness,—and Mr. Dell sums up the reasons why men are ready for a feminist movement by saying: "In reality, they desired it because it promised to be more fun." This lightness goes not only with candor but with simple profundity. Here is the author's forecast of the purely political results of woman's suffrage:

"In women as voters we shall have an element impatient of restraint, straining at the rules of procedure, cynical of excuses for inaction; not always by any means on the side of progress; making every mistake possible to ignorance and self-conceit; but transforming our policies from a vicious end to an efficient means—from a cancer into an organ.

"This, with but little doubt, is the historic mission of women. They will not escape a certain taming by politics, but that they should be permanently tamed I find it impossible to believe. Rather, they will subdue it to their purposes, remold it nearer to their hearts' desire, change it as men would never dream of changing it, wreck it savagely in the face of our masculine protest, and merrily rebuild it anew in the face of our despair. With their aid we may at last achieve what we seem to be unable to achieve unaided—a democracy."

THIS writer finds the most potent cause of the woman movement in the birth of modern science. He thinks Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman more effective leaders of the movement than Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin. Walt Whitman comes into it largely through the renovation of the modern soul—the removal of Puritan spectacles and the feeling of the goodness of the whole body. Whitman has helped prepare us for such an opinion as Emma Goldman expresses here:

"Her development, her freedom, her independence, must come from and through herself. First, by asserting herself as a personality, and not as a sex commodity. Second, by refusing the right to any one over her body; by refusing to bear children unless she wants them; by refusing to be a servant to God, the State, society, the husband, the family, etc.; by making her life simpler, but deeper and richer. That is, by trying to learn the meaning and substance of life in all its complexities, by freeing herself from the fear of public opinion and public condemnation."

Here is Walt Whitman's own expression:

"They are not one jot less than I am.
They are tann'd in the face by shining suns and blowing winds,
Their flesh has the old divine suppleness and strength,
They know how to swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, advance, resist, defend themselves,
They are ultimate in their own right—they are calm, clear, well-possessed of themselves."

When Whitman made this prophecy, the Civil War had not been fought and its economic consequences were unguessed. The English factory system, with its exploitation of women and children, had hardly gained a foothold in this country. "In 1840, of the seven employments open to women (teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working in cotton mills, in bookbinderies, typesetting, and household service), only one was representative of the new industrial condition which to-day affects so profoundly the feminine physique." That was the time when Whitman dreamed of a race of "fierce, athletic girls." But the factory has come and raised problems that Whitman did not know. It has not only given to woman occupation which is bad for her physique, but also occupation of which the monotony is entirely out of harmony with her nervous organization. Factory problems fully as much as simpler moral problems must be solved not by men alone, but largely by women. As John Galsworthy, in an address to workingwomen, said:

"There is beginning to be a little light in the sky; whether the sun is ever to break through depends on your constancy, and courage, and wisdom. The future is in your hands more than in the hands of men; it rests on your virtues and well being, rather than on the virtues and the welfare of men, for it is you who produce and mold the future."

Mr. Dell's book treats the feminist movement through various personalities—Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Emmeline Pankhurst, Jane Addams, Olive Schreiner, Isadora Duncan, Beatrice Webb, Emma Goldman, Margaret Dreier Robins, Ellen Key, and Dora Marsden; but his discussion of these various women is mainly not of what they have accomplished as exceptional individuals, but of what they show of the essential nature of women, and of what may be expected from a future in which women have a larger freedom and a larger influence. He thinks that the idealism of women is one that works itself out through the materials of workaday life and which seeks to break or remake those materials to fulfil the idealism. He pictures woman as reconstructor of domestic economics; as a destructive political agent of great power; as worker; dancer; statistician; organizer.

In Ellen Key's work he finds the Talmud of sexual morality. The many elements that it contains all bear upon the creation of that new sexual morality for which, in a thousand ways, we are a mixture of readiness and unreadiness. He finds in Madam Key a real conservative who is careful about what she conserves. She would save the right to love rather than the right to hold another person; the beauty of singleness of devotion rather than the cruel habit of trying to force people to carry out rash promises made in moments of exaltation; motherhood as against the exclusive right of married women to bear children: personal passion that is at once physical and spiritual, as against too rigidly standardized marriages. She thinks that in trial marriage, which practically exists among peasants all over the world, is a bulwark against prostitution and a part of the new morality.

That Mr. Dell agrees with Madam Key is evident, for he says that the Puritans among us have lost all moral sense in the true meaning of the word and are unable to tell really good from really bad, merely registering the things that were socially respectable or not in the year 1860; and he shares Madam Key's belief that only the profoundly moral are capable of discovering the dividing line between new morality and old immorality. The position that the celibacy of unmarried women is well purchased at the price of having in existence a whole class of prostitutes seems to him a masculine view, a cruel idealism of the male mind, divorced from realities; and he concludes this part of his argument with the rather characteristic jauntiness of expression: "I think that with the advent of women into a larger life our jerry-built virtues will have to go, to make room for mansions and gardens fit to be inhabited by the human soul."

With this characteristic remark we may leave him, repeating that he has written much in a small space, and written with pleasantness and depth.

Women as World Builders (Studies in Modern Feminism), by Floyd Dell, Forbes and Company, Chicago.



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# Two Intelligent Comedies

*A comparison of what is popular with what makes the stage worth while*

By N. H.

AFTER the editorial in this issue called "Is Drama Interesting?" went to press, a distinguished and able friend observed, "You are printing too much about the theater. Persons who care for the important political and economic leadership that HARPER'S WEEKLY is evidently going to give do not wish to see the publication full of articles about actors, managers, and plays."

In spite of a high respect for the speaker, I can not believe that the most popular of the arts, which is at the same time the highest form of literature, should occupy a small place in a magazine which undertakes to reflect the life of the time in its most significant and interesting aspects. What President Wilson, Secretary Lane, Mr. Brandeis, Senator La Follette, Jane Addams, and Ellen Key are doing and saying is not the only interest to the mind.

The other day, after spending three hard-working hours with political leaders, I went with them around to the Hippodrome. We went behind the scenes and watched the dexterous devices by which the illusion is produced of a flying-machine sailing among the clouds. We stood among the horses and their riders, and heard about the training and salaries of the young men and young women, and where they came from. We learned the method by which the bathing girls are able to stay so long under water, and discussed the emotions of Chief White Feather (if that is his name) as he acted as assistant property-man to a German gymnast. Then we went in front and shared some of the emotions of the audience that filled the gigantic house. It is an average audience, and it represents enormous numbers, even as they are represented by the films which every day present thoughts and emotions and manners and moral standards to many millions of our countrymen. It represents the greatest common denominator.

Personally, I have much sympathy with "Dark Eyes," "The Girl in the Gingham," "Everybody Loves a Soldier," and the immense stage fixtures of the Landing of Columbus, New England Farms, the Levee at New Orleans, San Antonio, Panama, the Ponce de Leon Hotel in Florida, a Pueblo Village, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. Such a spectacle probably stirs the imagination and the ambition of thousands of persons every day. Therefore the theater, on the side of mere numbers influenced, is extremely important.

But there is another side. Why is it that a considerable body of thinking Americans take the attitude of belittling the theater as an institution, whereas in Europe discussion of the drama occupies a large place in most of those publications which appeal to the leading members of the community? The reason is that a number of the big capitals of Europe, and a number of the smaller towns, possess theaters which are capable of being as important a part of the life of thought and taste as a college or a library or a museum. They have troupes of actors who are fitted to represent masterpieces, and they have every week competent expression of the greatest dramatists set out before the minds of the old and the young. We have nothing corresponding to that; but I, for one, should be very sorry to give up the hope that we may yet have theaters that shall be as satisfactory to the highly educated as the Hippodrome and the moving pictures are to those who have not had the most complete special advantages. There are signs that this time is approaching, although it must be confessed that often plays which represent the most progressive and talented young writers of this country frequently fail when they entirely deserve success.

DURING the same week that I saw the Hippodrome I saw two comedies, one an importation, the other the work of an American, and both of them deserve a much more enthusiastic reception than they received in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, for a great many years, have kept up a standard well above others maintained during the same period in this country. The latest play produced by Mr. Fiske is the work of one of those Hungarians who are now putting their country well to the front in drama. It is translated by Philip Littell, who has so much humor and so much subtlety that he fits this kind of work exactly, and the brilliant dialogue sounds not like a translation, but as if it were the flexible expression in his own language of the man who conceived the comedy.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss" (the title is the least happy part of the translation) depicts two characters; it offers two uncommonly effective acting parts; it handles with much skill a simple but holding plot, and it sparkles throughout. The histrionic nature offers an inviting starting-point for a study of vanity combined with goodness of heart. The actor in this play is a lovable man devoted to his art, devoted to his work, pure in heart, honest in spirit, and his ingenuous exploitation of his own greatness is as unobjectionable as the peacock's spreading tail. Mr. William Courtleigh showed how charmingly he could burlesque the actor nature as far back as "Trelawney of the Wells," and he did it with equal felicity in the Molnar play. He took a part that is longer than Hamlet, at two weeks' notice; and perhaps after I saw it he got a better grip on some of the delicate opportunities for emotional power, where the touches of genuine feeling come gently but visibly in the midst of satire and might, if given exactly right, thoroughly shake the spectators' emotions.

THE attractiveness of this comedy is double, and both elements are characteristic of comedy when it is good. The plot is not very complex, but it is very neat, and it holds up to the very latest moment, the final curtain being about to fall before we actually know how the powers of self-deception and of deceiving others in two good-natured but surface characters will actually work out. It must bore a great many persons to hear speeches as long as this actor delivers, but they all throw such subtle light on the general absurdities of humanity that they are extremely diverting to a class of persons who do not find much of what they want on the American stage.

Mark E. Swan is a man of radical sympathies. He is forty-two years old. Born in Rockport, Indiana, he went to the public schools until he was twelve years of age, when he ran away and took care of himself. He was always fond of literature, especially the drama, and he read much. He wrote his first play at thirteen, and at seventeen he made an adaptation that was produced in Louisville, Kentucky. Like many playwrights, he has been on the stage a number of years.

In spite of this minor work, "Her Own Money" may be treated as his first significant effort. Being produced by Mr. Winthrop Ames, it naturally falls into the class of which the merit lies in thoughts and execution rather than in their standardized adaptability to the average mind. In the few years he has been at work, Mr. Ames has done much to give a start to this kind of drama. "Her Own Money" takes up a question that is agitating thousands of women, however quiet they may keep about it, and it is significant that that uneasiness of women under an oppressive condition should find such sympathetic expression in a man. I am not going into the details of the plot of this play, but they are sufficiently well chosen to hold the attention and to bring out with effect the point that women to-day can not be happy when their work at home is not recognized in definite money payments, so that they may have themselves the freedom that goes with the ability to spend money without accounting for every nickel to some one else.

A play of this kind is much more dependent upon refined acting than the average cruder drama, and Mr. Ames always knows how to furnish casts which work together and which show at least understanding and taste. Miss Julia Dean has an extraordinary finish and variety, for an American actress, in realistic and simple details. The other parts were also well done, not only individually, but in the way that the players acted for the general effect. The development of the drama of thought in this country can not be separated from the development of this kind of acting. Fortunately, we have in the Fiskes and Mr. Ames managers who appreciate the relationship, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins and other young managers in considerable number will follow in their footsteps.

Possibly, in the course of this little article, it has been made clear why it is part of the function of HARPER'S WEEKLY to point out what is being done by the managers and playwrights who are beginning to build up in this country a standard that may make the drama what it is in Berlin, in Paris, and in Vienna. It is the function of such a paper not only to give much attention to any opportunity to see the great Greeks, such as was marked by the opening of "Electra" in San Francisco on September 6, or to see the highest genius in our own language as it will be seen a number of times this season in Shakespeare, but also to remain awake for the young playwrights of the country, and to welcome them heartily whenever they bring contributions of their best.



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**WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS**

*"Imagine how I should have felt if my wife's lover had been any one else but me"*



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# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## VI

### Lemuel Speedeth Not Wisely But Too Close

CENTERVILLE FAIR with its horses and cows!
Centerville Fair with its humans and pigs!
Bumpkins and pumpkins and hoss-trades and rows
And Midway Plaisancers who dance wriggly-jigs!
Muse, linger not 'ouidst each rival attraction,
But follow me, please, to the center of action—
Gaudy with bunting, with populace black,
The motor-car races on Centerville Track.

FOR to-day was the day
They gave prizes away.
Professional racers with wind-battered faces
Turned up their chuggers to enter the races;
The Royal Brass Band, led by Harry Van Wykles,
Brayed. Many speed-fiends on fast motor-cycles
Put-putted round—a sensation profound
When an aëroplane (almost) arose from the ground.

WHAT boots it that one or twn records were hroken
And a man or two killed, by the same noble token?
The moment of glory
Concerning our story
Was when, 'midst a hush such as fell over Rome
When Nero appeared in his favorite 'drome,
Regulus Perkins, the clerk of the course,
Bawled through his megaphone, terribly hoarse:
"Laid-ees and gents,
To close the ee-vents,
We'll next have an ama-choor motor-car race
'Twixt Lem-u-el Bogg, who has chal-lanced for place,
And Si-las J. Scagg.
At the drop nf the flag
Once round the course these here gentry will ride
For a wager of tweu-ty-five cents to the side!"

SENSATION intense. Silence first, then applause.
And, after a proper dramatical pause,
Silas J. Scagg was the first to appear,
Pushing his motor. He looked rather queer
In a fierce leather racer's cap, carefully geared
Under his snowy and hillowing beard.
More silence. More cheers
As, equipped to the ears,
Lem entered next. For economy's sake
He stuck to a cap of old hickory make;
Butternut overalls, tucked in his boots,
Aided the picture. A storm of salutes.

UP in the grand-stand Katury's young man,
Percival Brown,
A worldling from town,
Tossed up his panama, whooped like a fan:
"Rah-rah for Bogg! He's the pink of condition—
But honest, by Jove,
Who'd suspect the old cove
Of taking the track with a racer's ambition?"

LOVELY Katury, as pink as the posies,
Tossed to her father an armful of roses
As the cars toed the mark. At the pistol's sharp crack
They were off—that's to say, *Si* was off; fnr, alack!
Lemuel's car
Stood still as an anchor.
Goodness to gar,
He'd forgotten to crank 'er!
Kindly assistants turned over the engine.
Off shot the greyhound with growlings aveogin'.
By then Silas' car was a half mile ahead.
Lem, tense like steel,
Bent over the wheel
As nearer and nearer and nearer he sped.
At the mile turn he felt Silas' dust in his eyes;
A mile and a half, and he could not disguise
The joy that he felt
As distinctly he smelt
The gas-smudge escaping from Silas's prize.
A mile and three quarters, he crowded so near
He could mock at his foe with a venomous jeer.
"Ahem!"
Chortled Lem,
"Git a horse, git a cow!
Who's driving a crazy old rattletrap *now*?"

BUT the race isn't all for the swiftest—I thiuk
Some one's said that before.
As they raced down the stretch neck
and neck, by the brink
Of the pit Silas swore,
For Lem, in his strenuous effort to pass,
Had crowded Si's auto clean on to the grass.
"Quit yer shovin', ye road hog!" Si
turned his machine
Slam-bang into Lemuel's car. With
a green
Flash of flame and a roar, half of pain,
half delight,
Like a pair of steel bulldogs engaged
in a fight,
Those autos, tight locked in a mighty
embrace,
Head-over-heeled over
Flippety-keeled over
Into a field, and thus ended the race.
But Silas and Lemuel, keeping right on,
Shot through the air
Io a comet-like way,
And landed full fair
In a winrow of hay.
The stand roared, "They're killed!" with a trne Roman fury;
But when Mrs. Boggs and her daughter Katury,
With her beau, Percy Brown, arrived on the scene,
Their grief
Found relief,
For there on the hay,
Wrangling and jangling their usual way,
Sat Silas and Lemuel, face turned to face.
"I won!" shouted Si. "What y' say's a disgrace!"
"Ye didn't," snarled Lem. "I was two spokes ahead.
I can prove by the dent in the fence—strike me dead!"
"Ye're a cheat!"
"Ye're a beat!"
"Ye're a flam!"
"Ye're a sham!"
"It's a lie!"
"It's a which?"
With a ery,
In the ditch
The enemies grappled to settle the grudge,
When Timothy Riddle, the qualified judge,
Thus settled it:
"Gents, in decidin' the race,
I was up in the Judge's stand, watchin' yer pace.
Since y' both crossed the line, well, I guess 'twas a finish.
Though you sure did come in on a space rather thinnish.
But I vow in this case
That Lem won the race,
Since he was the first to come down when ye fell."

"SI, hand me that quarter!" was Lem's hungry yell.
"I won the race fair, though I didn't suspect it."
Spluttered Si: "This here match
Sure won't be a scratch
On the run I'll give *you*, Lem, before you collect it!"



(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Finance

## *Breaking Up the Harriman Empire*

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ONE of the largest and most confusing problems with which the financial markets have had to deal is the last six months has been the "dissolution" of the so-called Harriman railroad system. The quotation-marks are used advisedly. The rending asunder of monopoly by process of legal decree may, and probably does, possess wholesome elements, but its complete effectiveness yet remains to be proved. Corporate entities may be brokea up, but it takes something more than a mere court order to dissever such an intangible but real thing as n financial community of iaterest.

In June the security markets reached n discouragingly low point. From that time on there has been, up to the period of this writing, a fairly consistent rerovery. To enumerate all the influences that make for the movement of stocks either up or down, without lengthy and painstaking analysis, can satisfy only the most ingenuous. But no intelligent person will challenge the statement that a final settlement of the Harriman tangle, a sort of eleventh-hour solution of a vexing and intricate question, was at least one of the clearly discernible forces in stopping the slow but grave decline in security prices.

In many respects the undoing as well as the upbuilding of the Harriman railroad structure has been an instructive and startling chapter in American financial history. But it is a long story, and a complete recital would be alike impossible, uninteresting, and valueless is this place. The bearing and application of this highly instructive specimen of financial biology is, however, of immediate and in many of its aspects of as yet unrealized importance.

### *The Man and the Law*

SOME ten years ago E. H. Harriman, at that timeand for several years later the dominant force in the Union Pacific Railroad, bought for that company forty-six per cent of the stock of the Southern Pacific Company, which controls n railway system from New Orleans to San Francisco and Oregoa, and through the Central Pacific, from San Francisco to Ogden, Utah, where conncetioa is made with the maia line of the Union Pacific ta Omaha. Subsequently Harrimaa bought for his company great quantities of stock ia such railroads as the New York Central, Chicago & Northwestern, Illinois Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and others, nlthough no attempt was made to place these systems uader oae central control, as had been done with the Southern and Union Pacific. Absurd as it aow seems, Harriman clearly intended to continue to huy up and dominate the great railroad systems of the country. Death stopped his plans; and public opinion might shortly have done the same. Yet those of whom the writer is one, who saw the mighty little wizard only a few days before his death, still believe that his genius had no limits.

But the passing of Harriman, coupled with growing public antagonism to monopolies, was likewise the death-knell of the vast combination he huilt up; and oa December 2, 1912, the United States Supreme Court decided that the Union Pacific must give up its $126,650,000 of Southern Pacific stock. Four distinct nnd separate efforts were made to put this decree iato effect. All four plans failed to meet with approval of all parties concerned. One "plaa" went so far that the Union Pacific Company actually paid over $1,250,000 to a syndicate to carry out operations which it acver had to undertake because the plan on which they were predicated fell through. Not until June 30 did the United States District Court finally agree to a method of dissolution. At no time from December 2 to June 30 was there a shadow of doubt but that $126,650,000 of Southern Pacific stock had to be sold. In other words, this huge mass of stock hung over the market in n very real if not immediately literal sense. Financial people even feared a receivership for one of the most powerful nad solvent corporations in America. The depressing effect of this unprecedented necessity can not be exaggerated.

### *Magical Finance*

NOW, the result of the fifth and finally adopted plan appears nt this writing to have succeeded far beyond the most sanguine hopes. To say that a weight has been lifted from the markets is the mildest of expressions. But first it is necessary to state briefly wherein the dissolution consisted. It appears that the Union Pacific already owned a large quantity of stock in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which operates from New York to Chicago, and that the Pennsylvania Railroad, n directly parallel and competing line with the Baltimore & Ohio, likewise owned a great quantity of Baltimore & Ohio stock. The brilliant idea occurs that if the Pennsylvania shifts its Baltimore & Ohio stock fur shares in the Southern Pacific, which of course does not come east of New Orleans, the Pennsylvania will be in no illegal relation to the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Union Pacific will do nothing illegal by merely taking on more Baltimore & Ohio stock; because the Baltimore & Ohio and Union Pacific are not in the same territory at all. And of course the Union Pacific would be relieved of illegal ownership of Southern Pacific hy just the amount it gives up.

The Attorney-General and the United States District Court agreed to this fine scheme, and thus the Uaion Pacific got rid of $38,292,400 of its illegal Southern Pacific stock. But it still had $88,357,000 left, and an equally clever method was devised of riddiag itself of thnt. The stock was deprived of voting power to preveat the Union Pacific from contiaued iafluence, and was placed with the Central Trust Company of New York City, whose certificates were issued against it. Union Pacific stockholders were permitted to subscribe for these certificates at $88 n share, but could not vote nt meetings or receive any divideads unless they made an affidavit that they had rid themselves of their Uniea Pacific stock. They have uatil January 1, 1916, to make that affidavit. A trustee, Louis C. Krauthoff, n New York corporation lawyer, was nppointed to see that all the details were properly attended to. A huge internatioaal underwriting syndicate, said to have nt least five hundred members, agreed, for n consideration, to take any of the certificntes that the Union Pacific shareholders did not take. But the stockholders nppear to have taken fnur fifths of what they were allowed, and the members of the syadicnte have shown n genuiae eagerness to absorb any that were left.

### *Southern Pacific as an Investment*

THERE are two highly important results directly traceable to this remarkable piece of finance. One is the strict investment aspect. The other concerns itself with public policy. I have already said that the general effect of makiag this arrangement has been to remove n dead weight, or, to change metaphors, what in Wall Street parlance is called a "sore spot." But of more iadividual moment and significance is the opportunity offered to buy a good railroad stock at a low price.

At this writing Southern Pacific is selling nt 89, and, as it pays six per cent dividends (since 1906), the net income return is 6.74 per cent. This compares with 4.65 per cent for St. Pnul, 5.11 for New York Central, 5.30 for Pennsylvania, 5.48 for Great Northern, 5.71 for Norfolk & Western, 6.19 for Northern Pacific and Baltimore & Ohio, and 6.22 for Atchison.

There are many reasons why good railroad stocks as well as others should sell high or low. But, if there is one fact clearly indicated in the present market position, it is that a leading reason for the present price of Southern Pacific is the necessity of selling $88,000,000 of stock. No one has suggested that the Southern Pacific is not earning a handsome return upon its stock. For the year coded Juoe 30 the compnny earned $7,700,000 more thaa it had ever done before, and had nearly $10,000,000 surplus after paying six per cent oa $273,000,000 of stock. Its earnings may decline, it may have other troubles like other railroads; but it is a well managed, prosperous company, conservativcly capitalized, serving n vast and growing territory, and built into its present form by the unremitting services of the greatest railroad genius the world has ever known.

The merest tyro in finnnce knows that the forced sale of $126,000,000 of stock is n most depressing influence upon that stock. Hardly less depressing is the forced sale of $88,000,000 of stock. Once it became known that the life insurance companies in New York State would be forced by law to sell their big share holdiags in various companies, nuaerous offers were made for these stocks at prices so far below their real value that the insurance officials, in desperation, asked the legislature for more time; and n none too friendly legislature had to admit the argument. It is aot in high finance alone that forced sales



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depress prices. Any house and lot, any piece of furniture, any case of books, usually sells far below its true value when the owner must part with them. The necessity of the seller is perhaps the most fundamental factor in the whole range of price-fixing.

The gradual liquidation between now and January 1, 1916, of $88,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock has been cleverly arranged. The process of finding ultimate owners for all these shares has been provided for with uousual foresight. Yet the very magnitude of the problem, its uousualness, and the long period that elapsed before it was settled, was enough to depress the stork well below its true worth. But, with a plan carefully worked out to meet the situation, there must ultimately, in the ordinary course of affairs, be a recovery in value.

### *Is the Law a Farce?*

BUT how about the public bearing of this dissolution? George J. Kindel, an irrepressible Congressmao from Denver, Colorado, who has fought valiantly if somewhat sensationally for the public's interests as against those of the express companies, asks Congress to investigate this alleged "dissolution." Such an inquiry seems improbable, but Kindel raises several interesting questions. He points out that the great hanking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., are closely identified with the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads, which were brougbt into the dissolution, as well as with both the Union and Southern Pacific. He geotly intimates that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, on the one hand, and the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio on the other need not compete very dangerously, with tho bankers so friendly to all of them. It at least is true that $88,000,000 of the Southern Pacific stock, which the Union Pacific was supposed to rid itself of, bas not gone outside the group of four with which the bankers are closely related. To quote Mr. Kindel is not necessarily to agree with bim, but merely to raise the question

"The Union Pacific has since 1906 owned $42,000,000 of Baltimore & Ohio stock, and througb the intervention of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. this stock has been consistently voted to perpetuate control of Baltimore & Ohio in the interest of Pennsylvania. Consistent with the past practices of the parties, it is in the power of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. to cause the Union Pacific, oow owning $80,000,000 of Baltimore & Ohio stock, to deliver to persons acting in the interest of the Pennsylvania a voting proxy thereon, thus enabling the Pennsylvania to control the annual stockholders' meeting of the Baltimore & Ohio.

"It would be in the power of this same banking firm to cause the Pennsylvania to deliver to persons acting in the interest of the Union Pacific a voting proxy on the $38,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock owned by the Pennsylvania, which, added to the $52,000,000 owned by individual Union Pacific directors and their associates, would in turn enable the Union Pacific to control tho annual stockbolders' meeting of the Southern Pacific with the same efficiency as in the past."

Kiodel likewise poiots out that Krauthoff, the lawyer wbo oversees the details and reports to tbe court, has acted on previous occasions as a lawyer for the Harriman and Kubn, Loeb interests. He might have added that Jacob H. Schiff, senior partner of the hanking firm, is a member of the executive committee of the Central Trust Company, which the court has appointed to hold the disfranchised stock.

It is strongly insisted, by those who speak witb no little authority, that our great bankers have oo desire whatever to perpetuate monopoly of any sort. It is said that the Union Pacific would be glad to sell its great blocks of Baltimore & Ohio stock if it could find a purchaser. It is firmly denied that the Pennsylvania has any desire to become a transcontinental line through acquiring more Southern Pacific. The difficulties in wbicb the New Haven fiods itself, from trying to be ton big and monopolistic, and the separation of the Rock Island and San Francisco companies, indeed the whole trend of railroad policies, is said to make our great financial groups eautious about even a further suspicion of monopoly. If members of the banking firm were asked why sucb a curiously interrelated plan for separating the Union and Southern Pacific properties had been adopted, they would probably say:

"We are merely protecting our clients. We are not trying to monopolize anything. We and our lawyers and allied financial institutions know the most about all this problem, and therefore its solutioo should lie with us."

One thing is certain: wbatever ultimate changes may take place in the stock ownership of the Harriman railroads, there appears to be no immediate lessening of the intangible but actual "money power." Court decrees, even those of the Supreme Court, appear, in some cases, to strengthen rather than weaken the noiseless influence of a small "inside" banking group.

# What They Think of Us

*Columbia* (S. C.) *State*

Norman Hapgood is worth the comment due a national figure by reason of having earned what is almost a unique distinctioo among those who, in the wider field, bave made a bid for country-wide influence.

That is to say, that as editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY he combined with the editorial audacity that is a part of the trade of the professional reformer a sense of values and an honesty of opinion that are rare qualities among the disciples of that vogue.

In our opinion, the bighest compliment attaching to Hapgood as COLLIER'S editor is the fact that be was denounced from botb sides: be was pilloried both as pie-eyed and reactionary.

D. R. Barbee, in the *Mobile* (Ala.) *Register*

Let an old admirer of yours express his appreciation of the first number of HARPER'S WEEKLY that is issued under your name. I spent a large part of Sunday going through it, carefully studying the editorial features and comparing them and the physical make-up of the paper with the matter and make-up of other great weeklies. You have given us something new and a little bit better than any weekly puhlisbed in this country. The typography of HARPER'S WEEKLY in its new dress is most pleasing, and the illustrations have this rather unique quality—they draw me back to them time and again, eacb time with an increased pleasure.

I have always liked your editorials. They are most stimulating, and they force one to think. I look to see you make your editorial pages the clearing-house for all that is good and true and noble in modern thougbt, with always a clinging fast to the best that there is in the old. Even if you do sometimes journey "into the clouds," as Colonel Harvey said of you, it is wortb while to follow you up there, though differing with you as to what is to be found so high up.

You have a big job to make succeeding numbers of your paper as fine as the first one is, but I know you will make them even finer.

Cast your eye to the South, and give some thought to this section of the Repuhlic. It will see a new birth in the next ten years, and our old civilization, the pride of two buodred years, will pass. Already we moderns see tbe line-up, and we bope for a great upbuilding down bere. Tbe Steel Trust has just bought a large tract of land three miles above Mohde, and will undoubtedly budd immense works there. The General Electric Company is preparing to build a port at Alahama Port, twenty mdes south of Mobde, at which it will ereate big works and an industrial city. The whole Gulf coast country is alive with new enterprises. All the South is forging ahead.

Can't we depend on HARPER'S WEEKLY to be our steadfast friend in this reawakening?

*Homer A. Guck*, Vice-President the Mining Gazette Company, Houghton, Micb.

Permit me to express my appreciation of tbe new HARPER'S WEEKLY, whicb arrived Saturday. I read every line of it without delay and found interest and instruction in each article. The editorials were, of course, to me the best of the magazine, but I want to say that I think you have started right and it is a pleasure to have HARPER'S WEEKLY to look forward to each week.

Leola Leonard in the *New York Morning Telegraph*

It must be set down rigbt here that the size and general form of the perodical under discussion can not be improved upon. In these matters, it has neither superior nor equal among publications of its kind.

Moreover, the first issue has a variety of interest in its contents that bids for a wide circle of readers. Jolian Street has a good take-off on dramatic critics, and the accompaoying illustrations hy James Montgomery Flagg hring great joy to readers who recognize the "prototypes." The comedy end is also held up by Wallace Irwin and Edmund Vaoce Cooke. Herbert Reed discusses current athletics, Secretary Garrison talks of the army and Louis D. Brandeis of banking, while Mr. Hapgood bimself looks after the drama and woman suffrage. George Bellows, John Sloan, and Wallace Morgan have contributed editorial cartoons.

To find the editorial section the weakest part of the magazine was a decided shock.

*Columbus* (Ohio) *Journal*

We had been led to believe that nothing untoward, like Mr. Thaw's escape, for instance, could possibly happen after Mr. Norman Hapgood had taken direct personal charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

*Buffalo* (N. Y.) *News*

HARPER'S WEEKLY reports several teams of baseball girls who throw ball with a skill unknown to thirty women in the United States fifty years ago. The girls of to-day are becoming athletic at so fast a rate as to insure great interest in the sport page hereafter.

*Troy* (N. Y.) *Morning Record*

A careful perusal of the publication shows that Mr. Hapgood has original and interesting ideas about the needs of a journal of honorable reputation. Editorial comment, special articles by men eminent in public life and in financial affairs, a little up-to-date fiction, an intelligent consideration of the drama, athletics in general, and verse which contributes to gaiety are noted. . . .

It must be acknowledged that the WEEKLY, under its new editor, is wide-awake to the influences which are swaying those members of the gentler sex who believe that the subjection of their sex is about to end.

*E. Furman*, New York

Good-bye! We have had you in our family ever since I was a little boy—and I'm fifty-five now—but you'll come no more. It's a shame to have the grand old name of Harper associated with the absurd Normie Hapgood and the socialistie Jewman Brandeis. You can probably get along without my weekly arrangement with the newsdealer, and I must get along without you to retain my self-respect. Normie and Louis are a great team going nowhere and quite uncertain as to the route. But you ought to be decent enough to abandon the name Harper, which has never stood for the ridiculous things it is evident you are to stand sponsor for hereafter.

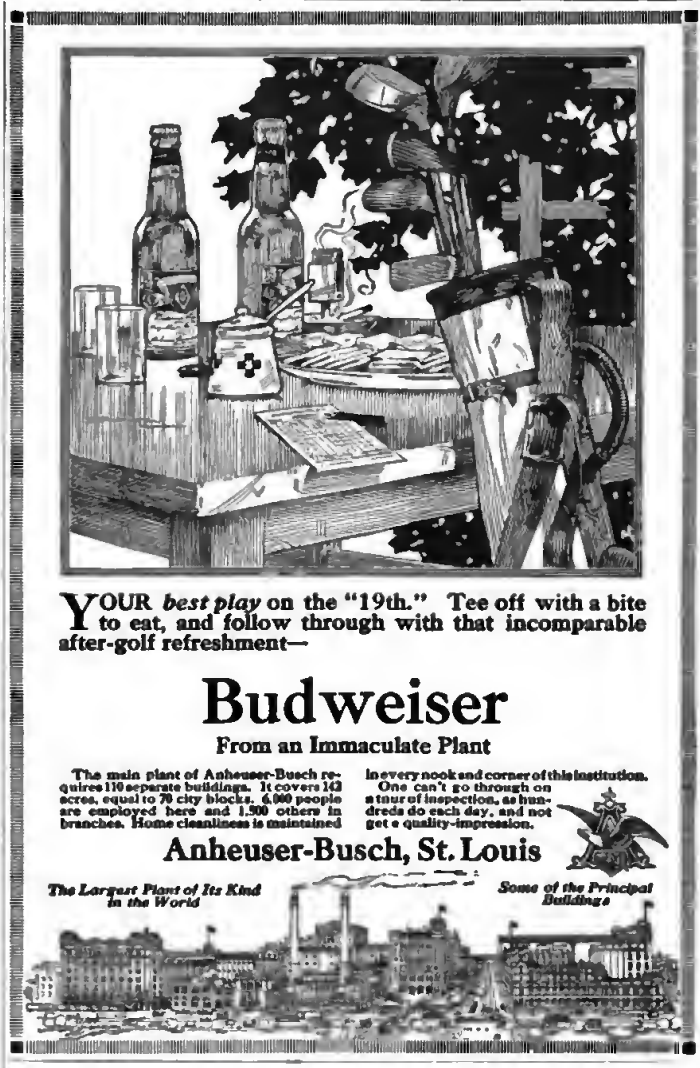
Good-bye, dear old HARPER'S WEEKLY.

*Archie Bell in Cleveland* (Ohio) *Plain Dealer*

With typical New York ignorance and egotism, after remarking that things theatrical in America begin in New York, and that what succeeds there in 1912 is seen elsewhere in the country in 1913 and 1914, Norman Hapgood, the new editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, prints a large half-page picture of Margaret Anglin, bearing a caption to the effect that the opening of her tour will be one of the really big things of the season, because she will play Sophocles' "Elektra"—and the opening will be in San Francisco. The editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY should observe that Sophocles is what might be termed a well-seasoned and experienced playwright, and he didn't make any stipulation as to a New York opening. And it might be hinted even that Sophocles has succeeded fairly well without the bugaboo of New York approval.

*H. B. Matthews*, S. W. Straus & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Permit me to congratulate you on the first two numbers of the revivified HARPER'S WEEKLY. For me to wish you



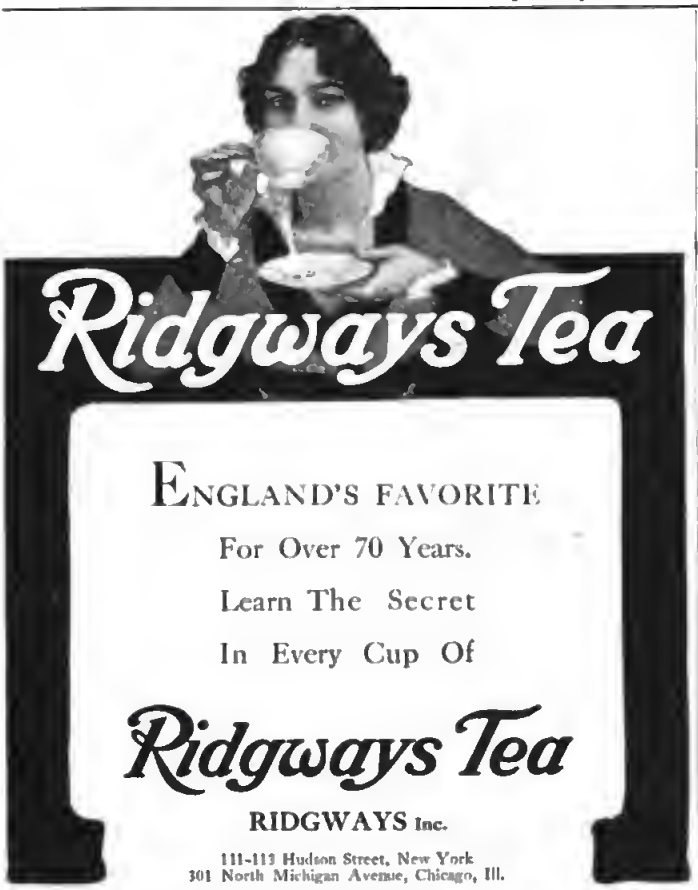

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*



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success would be unnecessary. The magazine shows you have already gained it. I must say, however, that I view with some alarm an "official organ for the feminist movement." A good many people in this disturbed State, in view of the new extension of the ballot wished upon us by our impeccable legislature, think that "the war between the sexes" does not need further incitement. Yet this is the only flaw in the ointment I have found on reading HARPER'S WEEKLY. Your financial department is most interesting.

*Providence* (R. I.) *Journal*

Mr. Norman Hapgood announces that HARPER'S WEEKLY under his editorship will neither be "a highbrow publication in the limited sense," nor yet "collect a lot of lowbrows." This idea of a golden mean was expressed more elegantly, if not more forcibly, by a number of Latin poets, including Horace. An editor, however, can not always choose his readers at will.

*G. A. Rives*, First National Bank, El Campo, Texas

I am just in receipt of the first number of HARPER'S WEEKLY since you have become editor, and I beg to offer congratulations.

The plan to point out to your readers the best kind of books to be read will be of great value, and this alone should be worth the price of the publication.

*Hartford* (Conn.) *Courant*

The promised rejuvenating of the old Journal of Civilization will be worth watching. We wish Editor Hapgood good luck as he starts in on his job.

*Detroit* (Mich.) *News*

HARPER'S WEEKLY makes a bid for the waste-basket collection of the conventional magazine thus: "We want, largely, the by-product of our best illustrators. We want what they do because it expresses them as intelligent and gifted men." And, true to this test, the first number of Hapgood's HARPER'S WEEKLY contains some sketches by the popular James Montgomery Flagg that are entirely different from and superior to that artist's ordinarily accepted work.

So far the newspapers have a monopoly on masculinity, crude though much of it is. Maybe HARPER'S WEEKLY can help us out with leisurely developed standards of magazine art virility.

*Frederic C. Howe*, Director People's Institute, New York City

Heartiest congratulations for HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 16! I am happy to think that the traditions and best work of George William Curtis are being carried on under the old imprint and with his refined, courageous spirit. I am glad that the new problems of the new century, as well as old wrongs under new guises, are to have this old forum for their correction.

*Aurora* (Ill.) *Beacon News*

If HARPER'S WEEKLY were published in the sign language, a blind man would know that Norman Hapgood is now the editor.

If this splendid journal is allowed free rein, the American people are assured that they will learn something of the conduct of their own government which it is well for them to know.

It is good to hear Mr. Hapgood's voice again after an absence of several months.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 26, 1903

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AN INSIDE STORY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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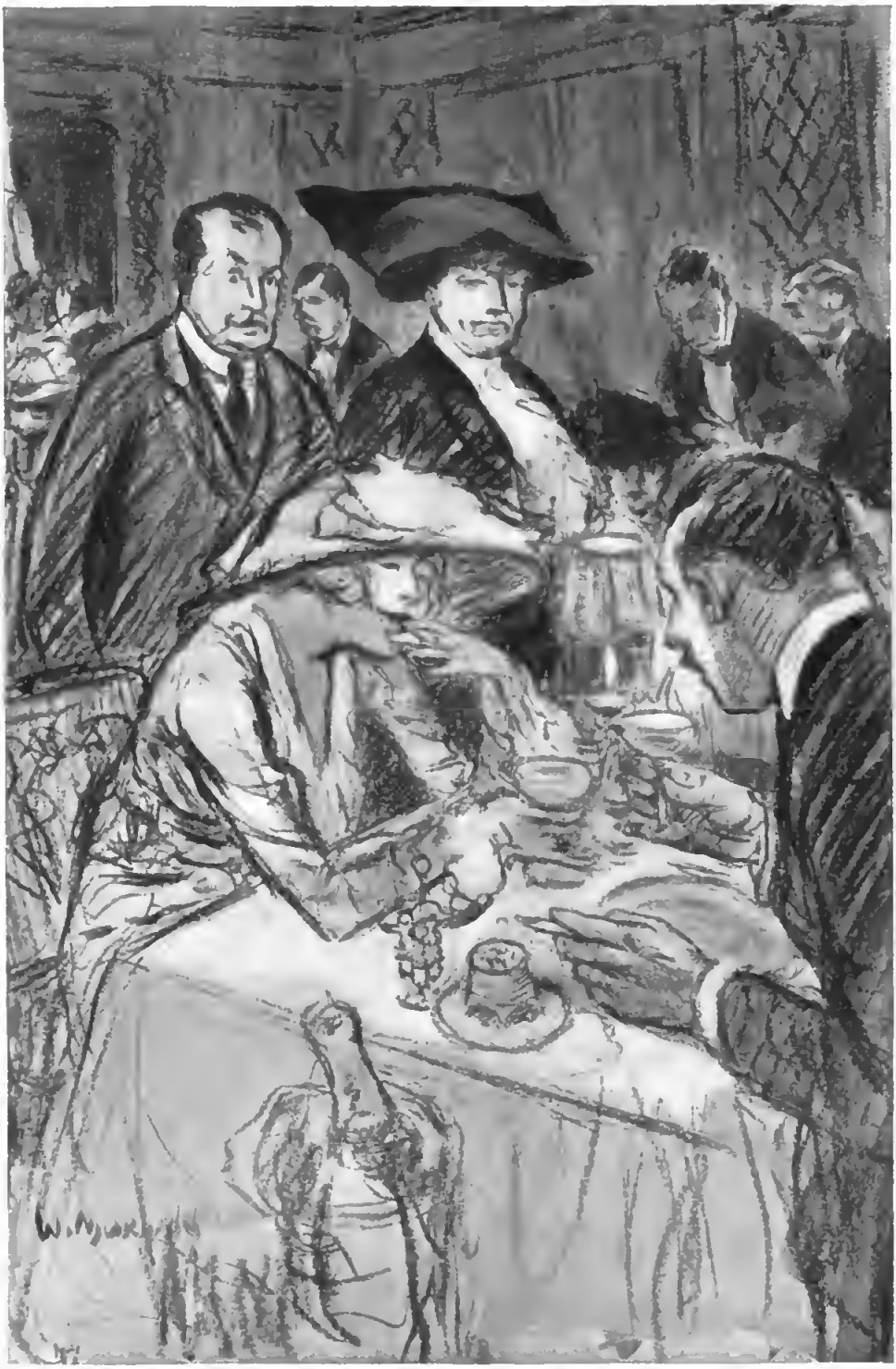

WHEN HIS BUSINESS PARTNER ENTERED

By Wallace Morgan

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2962] *Week ending Saturday, September 27, 1913* [10 Cents a Copy $5 00 a year

## Murphy's Revenges

THE end so came to Mayor Gaynor that the universal tragedy of death received a most dramatic setting. He was the ablest man who had occupied his position in New York for long, perhaps at any time, and undoubtedly he was the most interesting. His administrative abilities, his strength of understanding, and his raciness of temperament and expression were such that hundreds of thousands in the City looked in the newspapers for every word he said, knowing he would take them off the beaten track. He had set his heart upon being mayor again, and if Tammany Hall were a less exacting master, it would have given him a renomination. He had done as much for Tammany as any reasonable partisan would think he ought to do; more, we believe, than he should have done, but he was too big a man to be subservient, as Murphy demands his subordinates shall be. His moral nature had peculiar twists, as his temperament and his intellect had, but he had size, and he had courage, and when he happened to feel like it he told Mr. Murphy to "chase himself." When Murphy and seven other men got together at Delmonico's and decided that the Mayor had not fed out of the organization's hand with sufficient docility, and therefore must be punished, it was a heavy blow to the strong constitution already sapped by a bullet wound and by age. Fate came into the complex political situation in a most terrific manner, but in this fate a large ingredient was that predatory organization which at present is headed by Mr. Charles Francis Murphy.

Tammany was already in the midst of demonstrating to William Sulzer, (as depicted by Cesare in our "double" this week), what happens when a member of the Tammany organization undertakes to do any thinking for himself, or any service to the public. It probably killed Gaynor, and it certainly brought about the political end of Sulzer. It will have no such trouble if it succeeds in electing Mr. McCall. Tammany learned so much in a short space of time from the rebelliousness of Gaynor and Sulzer that it made up its mind not to put anybody in office again whose docile obedience was not altogether beyond question.

## Thaw

THE Canadian government assuredly has advantages. The presence in that country of a degenerate young man of wealth, who happened to have shot a famous architect and been associated with a famous beauty, created some excitement for a few days in a very small town which had theretofore led a peaceful life. But the Canadian government rapidly tired of this species of lime-light, and calmly threw Thaw across the border back into the country that produced him. Canada will now go along doing its work as usual, and the business of filling its newspapers and possibly its courts with Thaw's affairs will be left to the United States.

## Independence

THERE are at least two men in the Senate who breathe free air. Each belongs to a party, but neither is a slave. Each keeps the liberty, when important crises arrive, of acting for himself. In voting for the Tariff bill, the Republican, Robert La Follette, and the Progressive, Miles Poindexter, set an example of independence and courage that will not be forgotten. It was an emergency. The air was electric with excitement. Vast influences were at work, and yet these men voted with another party, because that other party happened to be right, and the crisis results to the country were too serious to be subordinated to party loyalty.

## Pass the Currency Bill

NOTHING is so bad for business as uncertainty. The administration has shown superb competence and courage ever since the Fourth of March. Its next big task is to pass the Currency bill, and there are two profound reasons for haste. One is that if it is not passed now the subject will remain to trouble us, for there is no doubt whatever of the necessity of change, nor has there been doubt for years. The other is that the administration is in a better position to force a vote through, and thus quiet the situation, than it ever will be again.

## Promotion

IN deciding to use the system of promotion in regard to consuls, the administration has taken a step which was not only wise but also particularly needed. The amazing success of the administration is admitted even by most of its opponents. The only criticism that has been at all prominent among liberal thinkers is that it was probably carrying too far the idea of party solidarity. It was excused by many on the ground that the Republicans have for so long packed the offices with their partisans. Nevertheless it was not inspiring, and the identification of the present democratic government with the principle of selecting and promoting subordinates for merit will give renewed satisfaction and confidence to the more independent voters of all parties.



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## The Democracy and the Civil Service

THE Democratic majority in the Senate struck a blow at Civil Service reform, the other day, by adopting the provision that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shall appoint the agents, inspectors, deputy collectors, etc., for collecting the income tax. This was done after a wide discussion of the work of the Civil Service Commission and the presidential practice of covering into the classified service a vast army of employes who had been employed under the spoils system, President Taft having broken the record in this respect by protecting 41,559 government employes from removal by the Democratic Administration. Naturally, there is a human desire to even up things a little, and the Tariff bill furnished this opportunity. Senator Cummins neatly turned the tables, however, by proposing that the officials appointed by this provision of the bill, should not in turn be put by executive order under the protection of the Civil Service rules. There has been wide complaint against the inefficiency of a Commission which, in spite of its own rules, succeeded in having the service pretty thoroughly Republicanized. The provision, however, for a revival, even on a small scale, of the spoils system, will make the remedying of conditions only the harder to accomplish.

## Bailey

SENATOR BAILEY took the stump in Texas, for Underwood, Harmon, or anybody to beat Wilson, with the result that the Texas delegation of forty votes came in quite handy for Wilson at Baltimore. Bailey then chose as his successor a notorious representative of the whiskey and corporation interests. Result, again, young Morris Sheppard walked away with the Senatorship. Then Bailey resigned, with the understanding that his Governor Colquitt would appoint Bailey's long-time supporter, Editor Johnson, to fill the unexpired term. But in the two Texas contests which Bailey had helped to precipitate, the line of division between Progressive and Reactionary was drawn so clearly that the most progressive Legislature Texas had ever seen was elected. It refused to confirm Bailey's choice for Senator, even for the unexpired term. Just before his resignation from the Senate, Bailey delivered his long advertised speech against the initiative and the "riff-raff-rendum," as they call it in Texas. And then, young Senator Ashurst, of Arizona, tried the trick by which Bailey earned his reputation as a debater, by delivering a prepared speech, on popular government, in immediate reply to that of Bailey. Now the ex-Senator is employed by a "taxpayer" in Washington, to embarrass the new District of Columbia Government, by contesting Commissioner Newman's right to appoint, on the ground that he has not been a resident of the District for the prescribed three years. This, as they would say in the South, is "small potatoes and few in the hill."

## Glass—Owen

THESE two men, one in the House and the other in the Senate, bear the same relation to the Currency bill that Underwood and Simmons do to the Tariff bill. Glass has long been known by his few intimates as a man of great ability. But he never made a speech in the House—when in the minority it would do no good and when in the majority there were a plenty to make speeches. He made a campaign in Virginia two years ago for the senatorship, but the machine was too strong for him to break. Then, through the dropping out of Pujo, Glass became Chairman of the Currency Committee. He bided his time, while the critics of the Currency bill did their worst, and a Democratic split was freely predicted. Then, at one bound, he leaped into fame, so far as his reputation with his Democratic colleagues is concerned, with his speech in the caucus in support of the measure, the opposition dwindling to a lean minority. His work is over with the adoption of the measure in the House and that of Senator Owen begins, as the manager on the floor of an important piece of legislation.

Owen won his spurs in the Senate in a debate with Senator Aldrich over the currency measure of that day in which he showed thorough knowledge of sound financial principles and of the unsoundness of our banking system. When in the re-organization of the Democratic Senate, the Finance Committee was divided into two parts, one to consider the Tariff and the other the Currency, there was no one on the Democratic side to whom could have been entrusted more safely the work of currency reform, as Chairman of the new Currency Committee, than Owen of Oklahoma.

## Charles A. Canfield

THERE passed at Los Angeles the other day a pioneer; one of those men who see beyond their associates; who have vision; who build. He was shrewd, with humor that was unquenched. He saw through schemes and men. He was generous, and after his prosperity came, he helped friendless boys and girls. His natural wits and rugged strength caused him to finish his career with a fortune and the respect of his fellow citizens. He was the man who, with his partner, sank the first oil well on the Pacific coast, and thus began the unlocking of the great deposits of California and Mexico. He also set up the first cyanide plant, which made profitable lemon growing a possibility through reducing the loss from insects. He supported a school for three hundred orphan boys, and left in his will money to establish a similar school for girls. He was one of the builders; one of those who have made the American pioneer a type of which the country is proud.

## The Working Class

WITH the British House of Lords rushing madly towards self-destruction, and the Liberal government planning that House's abolition, a passage in George Meredith's novel, "Beauchamp's Career," strikes the contemporary reader:

> First, the King who conquers and can govern. In his egoism he dubs him holy; his family is of a selected blood; he makes the crown hereditary—Ego. Son by son the shame of egoism increases; valor abates; hereditary Crown, no

hereditary qualities. The Barons rise. They in turn hold sway, and for their order—Ego. The traders overturn them; each class rides the classes under it while it can. It is ego—ego, the fountain cry, origin, sole source of war! Then death to ego! I say! If those traders had ruled for other than ego, power might have rested with them on broad basis enough to car y us forward for centuries. The workmen have ever been too anxious *to be ruled*. Now comes the workman's era. Numbers win in the end: proof of small wisdom in the world. Anyhow, with numbers there is rough nature's wisdom and justice. With numbers ego is interdependent and dispersed; it is universalized.

This is typical Meredith, therefore not wanting in involutions and parentheses; eager as a child's speech, turgid and teeming all at once, but it is perfectly true, and it illustrates the fact that often the genuine artist reflects the time before the statesman does.

Meredith was a democrat, and he was not afraid of the consequences of his thoughts. In the dominance of the working class, he saw not a perfect society, but one much better than we have had.

## Reasoning Power

A GOOD many newspapers in various parts of the country have harked at us for our opposition to the Mann White Slave Act. Their reasoning usually is that immorality is immoral, and, therefore, any punishment inflicted on the culprit by the Government is desirable. It would take a good deal more noise, however, than we have yet heard to change our opinion about having an act so sweeping in its terms that it orders the United States Government to take a hand in punishing private individuals for what may not be looked upon as entirely desirable manners and customs, and it is, of course, made especially ridiculous by being called a "White Slave Act." Under this act, if George Eliot and George Henry Lewes were alive and happened to cross from St. Louis to East St. Louis on the ferry, and Mr. Lewes paid the fare, for both, he would be liable to imprisonment as a "white slaver." A fair sample of the logic inflicted on the community in this connection is that of the *Journal* of Lawrence, Mass., who says that the editor of this paper "disappoints many friends who have admired him for a long time by writing an editorial upholding people going from one state to another for immoral purposes when both are willing. It is unworthy any man who undertakes to lead the people. The white slave traffic is just as wrong when plied for sensuality alone as for money."

It would be pretty difficult to crowd more first class reasoning into so short a space. In the first place, because we object to the United States government undertaking to regulate all matters of individual morals and customs, we are accused of approving of "immoral purposes." In the second place, a voluntary trip of two individuals is treated by the *Journal* seriously as the white slave traffic. There are certain subjects which get people so excited that their minds seem to leave them altogether. No publication is going to work harder or more persistently for improvement in sexual morals and for the decrease of prostitution than will this publication, but we do not expect to carry on the work by making idiots of ourselves.

## Clothes

PERSONS of obvious types have disagreed violently with this paper's recent article concerning the relations between women's clothes and morality. The belief that there is something essentially immodest about the human body is typically Anglo-Saxon. To such as hold this faith we recommend these words of Du Maurier:

> If our climate were such that we could go about without any clothes on, we probably should; in which case, although we should still murder and lie and steal and bear false witness against our neighbor, and break the Sabbath day and take the Lord's name in vain, much deplorable wickedness of another kind would cease to exist for sheer lack of mystery; and Christianity would be relieved of its hardest task in this sinful world. . . . There would be no cunning, cruel deceptions, no artful taking in of artless inexperience, no unduly hurried waking up from Love's young dream, no handing down to posterity of hidden uglinesses and weaknesses, and worse!

What do you know about that? Wasn't Du Maurier wicked?

Aren't all the people wicked who believe that women could dress for convenience, activity and beauty without shaking the moral foundations of society?

## What Is Immoral?

MR. BECKER'S cartoon which will confront you when you turn this page over deals with a topic that we have very much at heart. Many years ago "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was stopped by the same magistrate who has been pondering on the ethical effect of other plays which deal with the subject of prostitution. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is an extremely moral play. Indeed, the police seldom stop a play which is really immoral. Every summer, the theaters are crowded with musical comedies, "revues" and "follies" and gardens, in which exhibitions are given built up mainly for the purpose of playing upon the sex instincts, and these exhibitions doubtless do a good deal to recruit the ranks. Nobody, however, undertakes to stop any of these frivolous stimulants, and the policeman who should undertake to do so would find himself extremely unpopular. The very men who howl bitterly against showing the dismal truth in "Damaged Goods" and in "Any Night" go night after night to the musical comedies.

It is a very excellent thing that the American people are coming to recognize this evil, talk about it, and think about it, and study it in all ways. It is one of the saddest, most destructive, most unjust diseases of civilization, and it will never be lessened by the Puritanic device of silence. Of course, there are a large number of men in the world who would like to have the whole subject let alone, so that their own pleasures can be catered to while the women and young people in their families are told not to concern themselves with such unpleasant and improper topics. This effort to shut off free observation and discussion of this particular horror will be a losing effort, no matter how many policemen and newspapers and virtuous Philistines join in it. All classes of the community and both sexes are going to be made familiar with the facts and what they mean.

PURE FOOD

By Maurice Becker

# The Younger Suffragists

By WINNIFRED HARPER COOLEY

MIDDLE-AGED reformers are tremendously excited over the radical utterances of some of the younger generation. Woman suffragists of a past decade, seeing the cherished goal of emancipation in sight, tremble lest the work of the pioneers be undone by revolutionary utterances of a few "bot-beaded young women."

To these I would commend the following truth: *The radicalism of to-day becomes the conservatism of to-morrow.* Even in the memory of the youngest of us, the public once considered a woman suffragist a female outlaw, and the press pictured her invariably with short hair and trousers. Within a decade the entire attitude of the public has changed, until it is allowed that suffragists may be beautiful and fashionable, and only in rare instances is a little good-natured fun poked at them. I myself have witnessed the evolution of woman suffrage from a revolutionary measure to a conservative one!

The article signed by Mrs. Belmont in a contemporary magazine, which so passionately denies that the women leaders of the suffrage movement demand anything other than the vote, has a grain of truth, in that many of these women are of a past generation, and, while once radical, are now conservative. They have not kept ahead of the times. To them the vote is a fetish—a magician's wand to conjure with. Having once obtained it, all human problems are to be solved easily and expeditiously. Many of them, in fact, scarcely think ahead toward the solving of problems at all, but merely want the vote to prove their equality with man, and to demonstrate democracy.

The younger generation has no quarrel with this attitude, for it is absolutely necessary for any democracy to enfranchise all of its adult population; but there are within the fold of modern franchise-seekers a number of women who consider the vote the merest tool, a means to an end—that end being a complete social revolution.

ANY reformer is apt to be frightened for the success of his cause when others seek to couple with it still more unpopular measures. We have a deep sympathy with those older women who have borne the brunt and ignominy of the jeers and social ostracism of past public opinion. They are in terror lest the old unjust terms of opprobrium—"free love," "destruction of the family," and such—will drag the vigorous present cause back a few paces.

The younger feminists, however, do not look with any alarm upon temporary setbacks that might conceivably be given to woman's enfranchisement. So certain are they that evolution is necessitating changes in social and economic conditions, which may on the surface appear revolutionary, that they smile contentedly, knowing that no human agency can stem the tide.

What, then, are the demands of the younger radicals who are so agitating the elders within the fold?

1. *The abolition of all arbitrary handicaps calculated to prevent woman's economic independence.* This applies to spiritual as well as to material stumbling-blocks, for public opinion forms quite as impassable a barrier as rules and regulations. The woman of the future—married or single—must be absolutely free to earn her livelihood, and must receive equal pay for equal service. The younger feminists consider that the day is rapidly approaching when to be supported by a man in return for sexual privileges, or mere general housekeeping, or to be paid for motherhood, will be morally revolting to every self-respecting wife. They claim that as soon as men and women elevate their standards to the conception of a free womanhood, choosing its mate from deliberate affection, rather than in a wild scramble to be "taken care of" in idleness, they will look with horror on the old days when women "married to get a home."

2. *The opportunity for women to serve in all civic capacities*—on municipal, educational, institutional, and reform boards, on juries, and in every function by which they can be of service to their own sex and to children. This is coming about gradually, through women probation officers, attendants at Juvenile Courts, police matrons, "policewomen," physicians in insane asylums, in children's institutions, etc. It is only surprising that there yet is a violent struggle every time a woman runs for membership on a local school board.

3. *A demand for a single standard of morality.* This is not to be interpreted arbitrarily as meaning either a strictly puritanical standard or an objectionably loose standard. It merely means that there shall be no unjust and persecuting *discrimination* against the woman offender, when both man and woman offend.

THERE is a violent altercation going on continually, within the ranks of feminists in all countries, regarding this question. Every woman in her right senses bitterly resents the injustices of the man-made world, which has for centuries branded the scarlet letter on the woman's breast, and let the man go scot-free. But the conservative women reformers think the solution is in hauling men up to the standard of virginal purity that has always been set for women. The other branch, claiming to have a broader knowledge of human nature, asserts that it is impossible and perhaps undesirable to expect asceticism from all men and women. Naturally, the former group of women are horrified that the latter are willing to face facts as they are, and constantly say to them: "In advocating a single standard of morality, instead of elevating men to the plane of women, you are dragging women down to the plane of man!"

Now, this is not a moral treatise. I am quite willing to let the future citizens work out their own salvation, with a fair certainty that they will attain considerably more fairness, and a generally higher standard, than ever before in any century. The all-important contention is that men and women as human beings, frail or strong as the case may be, must be judged from the broad human standpoint, and, legally and socially, receive fair play. The old-line suffragist who seeks the vote in order to gain laws by which the mother has an equal guardianship with the father of her children, an equal ownership of property, etc., and yet who condones the ostracism of a woman and the adulation of a man, when both have broken a law of conventionality, is absurdly inconsistent.

4. *The abolition of white slavery and prostitution.* This is only one form of the age-long insistence of man's ownership of woman. Its manifestations are quite as real in the harem, and in some phases of marriage, as in the poor creature who is sequestered, an absolute prisoner, in "houses" in our cities. The radical feminists consider it the highest moral duty of educated woman to instruct the young so that they may accomplish their own protection; and we resent the insinuation of the writer of the aforesaid article that women who wish to investigate and abolish the social evil are "morbid and discontented" and "discuss the subject from the housetops, dragging young women and children into it." White slavery is due very largely to the ignorance of young girls—in many cases regarded as highly desirable on the part of their parents. The trend of many modern dramas has been to awaken woman's responsibility for her sisters, and to impress upon her the actual criminality of ignorance.

The play "Hindle Wakes" certainly never was witnessed by the author of the article, who misstates the problem thus: "The play approves of a young man and a young woman slipping away for a week-end together to please the fancy of a moment." The entire point of the drama is missed. Any one who has seen the play knows that, sordid as it is, the effort is not to glorify a temporary liaison, but to claim that the girl was no more to be ostracized than the boy; nor could she be



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"made an honest woman" hy marrying a youth whom she held in contempt. Her clearness of vision was hrought out in her assertion of independence. Although an ignorant factory girl, she rose above the suggestion of jumping into matrimony with the rich mill-owner's son merely to shield her reputation. "As long as there are eight mills in Hindle, I shall not lack for work," she said coolly. "So why marry a man I do not love or respect?" Any suffragist who fails to see the high moral ground of the girl who will not marry to protect herself simply stamps herself as one of the old-time conservatives.

*5. The right to activity of expression and of creating social ideals, quite unhampered by old superstitions.* For centuries women, like cows, have been over-sexed. No wonder that they are often self-conscious and hysterical. They are regarded as "*the* sex," and are seldom allowed self-expression as individuals. Thus it is that, in discussing all questions of divorce, of marriage, of the home, of children, people eternally drivel and become effusive regarding women. They are never referred to except in their relation to men. It is always "the wife and mother," "the sweetheart and sister," not simply "the woman." As a matter of fact, public opinion in the future will regard men as quite as essential to the home as are women; and women as quite as essential to the world as are men.

IF the above claims of certain advanced feminine thinkers in all countries seem revolutionary and shocking, let me hasten to assert that they are not the claims of suffragists, *in toto*. All feminists are suffragists, hut all suffragists are not feminists. As I suggested in the beginning, the suffragists who only a decade ago were regarded as wild radicals are now considered quite conservative. They claim the vote as "wives and mothers," as "home-makers," as "helpmeets." They urge the rights of the child—the fact that pure food and milk and gas and water are municipal problems as well as housekeeping ones as reasons for women entering municipal housekeeping. The public and press, now educated up to this point, applaud this attitude which seems to them agreeably housewifely.

It is a well established fact that woman suffrage in itself does not bring about a revolution. Wyoming, which has had women citizens for forty-three years, has a remarkable record for few divorces. Colorado and the other States where women are enfranchised show a praiseworthy list of laws relating to women and children, factory inspection, protection and reform, introduced as bills by women legislators. The feminists applaud all these things, hut go much further in their demands. They are glad that suffrage has not disrupted homes; hut they are quite willing to inquire frankly into monogamy, studying it with open mind, not churchly terror, and to see homes disrupted which rest on an immoral foundation, believing that divorce is far preferable to "legal prostitution."

They regard as somewhat absurd the statement of the writer previously alluded to, that the record of women's political rights "shows beyond all controversy that the effect of equal suffrage has been to raise the standards of domestic life, to make wives happier, to increase the number of marriages; and it is a literal fact that there is far less of the abnormal discussion of the sex question where women have the suffrage!" Just why wives should be happier, *as wives*, because they vote, is difficult to see. I am a born suffragist, dyed in the wool; hut I certainly base my happiness as a wife on the excellent traits of my husband, not on the fact that I have gone to the polls several times in my lifetime.

Again, one can scarcely see how the most ardent suffragist can claim that the ballot increases the number of marriages! Does the dropping of the coveted little paper in the ballot-box really increase a girl's romance and desire for matrimony? If so, men should be very eager to enfranchise all the eligible young women. Again, how did the writer obtain statistics as to the amount of "abnormal discussion of the sex question" in States where women vote and in States where they do not? Just what is "abnormal discussion," anyway?

WOMAN suffrage to-day rests on a "safe," conservative basis. It does not abolish monogamy. Now, the younger generation are quite curious to see the experiment of monogamy tried in some country! The majority of women have always been constrained to a monogamous existence; but no sane person would assert that monogamy actually exists anywhere, except in rare cases. If it does, how can we account for the curious fact—claimed by investigating sociologists—that the great majority of the patrons of houses of prostitution are married men?

These may be "indiscreet utterances of young women who deny the necessity of a proper regard for the conventionalities, and claim for themselves a liberty of speech and an independence of action that are wholly indifferent to the effect on a critical public." And it may be true that "it is most unfortunate for any reform to be championed hy this class of enthusiasts." However, it is not my belief that any reform ever really prospered through moral cowardice. However persecuted the pioneers who express what they believe to be the truth, the world has a way of justifying them in the end. A terror of public opinion is not a part of the mental equipment of the world's great leaders.

If the kind public will but exercise a little thinking power, and try to realize the mental concepts of those who present a new viewpoint, they frequently will find it to be *intensely moral*. Invariably, the feminists of the world, in seeking woman's social freedom, her economic independence, and her responsibility toward all activities, are actuated hy the highest moral purpose; and their newly constructed world will be one of greater civic and personal morality, far greater kindness, charity, and justice, and considerably greater happiness per person.

The personnel of these feminist leaders is invariably beyond reproach. It is very amusing to note that the public always insists that women reformers are unhappily married, and therefore are discontented and bitter, arguing that women think only in terms of personalities. I have in mind, at the moment, three beautiful young radicals in the thirties. Each has a handsome, intelligent husband whom she adores.

There is something rather noble and lofty in women who might be lazy and live by their sex, as their ancestors for centuries have done, deliberately putting themselves to work. There is a growing feeling among sensible women that alimony is absurd and unfair to men. Most people are fairly greedy, and it would seem natural that a disgruntled woman who obtained a divorce because her husband was at fault might be glad to secure all the "financial reparation" the court would allow her. Many women believe, however, that it is sufficiently absurd for an able-bodied woman to be supported by a man while living with him, hut doubly so during long years after they have ceased to be on speaking terms!

The support of children is another matter. Of course, there is a grain of justice in the alimony idea, founded on the fact that if a woman has lived with a man for twenty years she probably has fallen behind in the race for a livelihood, and can not make a place for herself in the economic struggle, and so, as marriage has deprived her of her earning capacity, some restitution should be made. In the future, when women continue to make money after marriage, they will not be a drag (should they become divorced) on an ex-husband!

SUCH are a few of the claims and beliefs and hopes of a surprising number of women all over the world. They are not always brave enough to speak them openly. Many a man would be amazed if he could turn an X-ray on the brain of his demure little helpmeet! I hasten to say that suffrage is not responsible for these radical opinions. It might, and probably would, repudiate many of them. But I will tell you a little secret: Although woman suffrage does not know it, it is a part of the social revolution that is surely sweeping every civilized country, and is the prophecy of the dawn of a to-morrow far brighter and better than yesterday or to-day.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

THE NEW YORK, NO HEAVEN, AND HEARTFAILURE RAILROAD

Boston is famous for its historic associations and treasures which well repay a visit. Even the quaint and curious Pullmans that convey the traveler thither are relics of a bygone day and a joy to the heart of the antiquarian.

From *The Simple Geography*, published 1908.

## A TAMMANY GARDEN OF VERSES

### THE GARDENER

THE gardener does not care to talk,
But in the garden loves to walk,
And gather all the plums he can
From fruit trees metropolitan.

The gardener has no time to play;
While the sun shines he makes hay.
Silent and big, sedate and grim,
I see him graft and rake and trim.

Oh Gardener, you had best beware!
A storm is brewing—have a care.
Soon there will be no hay to rake,
And no more plums for you to shake.

If you are wise, before too late
The rising gale anticipate,
And (like Dick Croker) take your pile
In safety to the Emerald Isle.

### THE REPEATER

I USED to stay in bed till noon,
Then loaf around to a saloon;
But, now since last election night,
They rout me out before it's light.

I have to wear a suit of stripes,
With nary a drink to wet my pipes,
And in the workshop toil all day
At making brooms, without no pay.

And wouldn't any guy feel sore,
Now it's election time once more,
And all the boys are out for loot,
To have to wear a striped suit!

### SWEET THOUGHT

IT'S very comforting to know
The town's so full of graft and dough,
And simple people made to rob,
Voting to keep us on the job.

### THE WHOLE DUTY OF CANDIDATES

A CANDIDATE should say what's true,
When 'tis convenient so to do,
And play his cards above the table—
At least as far as he is able.

### THE BOSS'S KEY

WHEN Uncle Charley moves around,
His pockets make a jingling sound.
It is his bunch of "private" keys
That fit the Public Treasuries.



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# The Coming Musical Season

By SIGMUND SPAETH

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LUCREZIA BORI

*Metropolitan Opera Company*

ELIZABETH AMSDEN

*Century Opera Company*

FOR some years, an American public, partly intelligent, partly thick-headed, and largely imitative, has been paying enormous sums of money in order to hear the best music that the world can produce. Impresarios, managers, and in some cases even the musicians themselves, have reaped a golden harvest as a result of this dogged enthusiasm of the Americans; but as the demand for good music has increased the supply has also increased out of all proportion, so that now there is grave danger of choking the financial stream forever by the mere accumulation of rubbish. America has come to be considered the Mecca of all musicians, and so sure are they of the vast wealth to be gained through a *tournée* of the States that they frequently come over with very little preparation and with an artistic equipment that is obviously inadequate. Yet even such mediocre work often gets a hearing through the enterprising efforts of the press-agent, and as a result the Americans are forced to depend upon their common sense to distinguish between good and bad.

It seems a pity that the really great artists are forced to make use of the same methods of publicity as are employed by the common herd; yet it is doubtful whether they would receive recognition by their sheer worth, so congested has the musical field become. Last season we were invaded by an army of singers and instrumentalists, many of them worth only a passing notice, and this year all signs point to the coming of a greater multitude of militant musicians than ever before.

TO begin with, think of four first-class opera companies competing in New York alone. This will be the case if Mr. Hammerstein carries out his project, and the Chicago company pays its regular series of visits, with the Metropolitan and the Century already on the ground. Think also of half a dozen full-sized symphony orchestras in the same city, half a dozen organizations for chamber music, half a dozen choral societies, and then all the army of soloists and virtuosi. Yet the stage is set. Everything is in readiness. The great European music-box, well oiled with American dollars, is preparing to grind out its annual supply of singers, pianists, violinists, operatic stars, orchestral conductors, composers, and "artists" in general.

In looking forward to the coming season, the plans of the Metropolitan Opera Company are naturally first in importance. Mr. Gatti-Casazza seems as well supplied as in the past with singers of the first rank, having retained most of the old favorites and added several new names of distinction to his list. The feature of the season promises to be the presentation of Charpentier's new opera, "Julico." Preliminary reports of it from Paris are none too encouraging. Yet the devoted followers of "Louise" will probably hail with joy this succession, which is in a sense a sequel. Julien, in the earlier opera, is the lover of Louise, and, while the two stories are not otherwise connected, this one circumstance binds them closely together. "Julien," however, has much more of symbolism than "Louise," and is correspondingly less coherent. It is said that the composer contemplates the writing of a third opera which shall tell the story of the child of Julien and Louise. But the long interval between the birth of "Louise" and that of "Julien" would seem to indicate that the coming of the child is still far in the dim future. Charpentier is anything but a prolific composer.

ANOTHER feature of the Metropolitan season will be the presentation of a new American opera. This time it is a modest work in one act by Victor Herbert and bears the title "Madeleine." In spite of its insignificant size, however, it promises to score a success that has been denied to all its predecessors. This question of an American opera has become rather a sore subject of late. We do not like to admit that we are nationally incapable of producing a first-class operatic work, yet such has been the case thus far. "Mona" and "The Pipe of Desire" have been distinct failures, while "Cyrano" and "Natoma" have had only a moderate success.

I believe two causes to have been primarily responsible for this: first, the direct imitation of the foreign schools, which has robbed the operas of all individuality, and, second, the tragic solemnity of the subjects selected by the librettists. The Americans, as a rule, do not care for tragedy, and will accept it only with a liberal coating of foreign atmosphere. But when this atmosphere is supplied artificially the dish is too nauseating to swallow.

Mr. Herbert has very wisely chosen a sentimental comedy as the subject for his new work. The story is slight and the setting is French. Briefly, the plot deals with the whims and caprices of a great French opera-singer, Madeleine, who, having the world at her feet, is exceedingly provoked at being unable to find any one who will take New Year's dinner with her. The situation is productive of much sparkling comedy, and at the close develops into real sentiment when Madeleine, chastened in spirit and resigned to her fate, dines alone with only the picture of her mother to keep her company. The subject-matter as well as the treatment are strongly reminiscent of Wolf-Ferrari at his best, as, for instance, in "The Secret of Suzanne." Yet, in its directness, its tunefulness, and its same straightforwardness Mr. Herbert's music is distinctly and unmistakably American. It is not too early to predict a very real success for "Madeleine."

After all, Victor Herbert is to-day our most representative American composer. His efforts have been chiefly expended on light operas, yet most of these light operas are far above the general run of Broadway musical comedy. Gilbert and Sullivan are unquestionably the representative English operatic composers. If America is guilty of a similar preference for light opera, why be ashamed of the fact or attempt to disguise it? Our chief concern should be whether we shall ever produce any one who can write light opera as Gilbert and Sullivan did.

NEXT in importance to the Metropolitan Company stands the Chicago Opera Company, which has made an enviable record in the past, especially in the production of novelties, and is equipped with an unusually fine array of singers. Mr. Campanini announces as his chief novelties for the coming season Février's "Monna Vanna" and Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo." He will also produce "Madama Butterfly" in English. Giuseppe Sturani, formerly one of the conductors of the Metropolitan Company, has been added to the Chicago forces, and the engagement of such singers as Titta Ruffo, Bonci, and Mary Gardeo insures a continuation of the high standards of the past.



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It is to be decided once for all whether opera can be sung in English, and whether it can be produced at popular prices. With all the discussion that we have had concerning the English language as a medium for song, it is strange that the real point at issue should have received so little attention. For the question is not whether English is *per se* a singable language.

The real question is whether an *English translation* can be sung with the same effect as the original. And here the burden of proof lies strongly with the Century Opera Company. The Messrs. Aborn have had experience in the production of opera in English, and know what they are about. Yet it would seem folly to argue that an English translation can be sung with exactly the same effect as a French, German, or Italian original. The point was clearly proved in the Metropolitan production of "Boris Godounoff," which, according to those who had heard it in the original Russian, was immeasurably weakened by its transformation into Italian. A translation can not possibly give an exact imitation of the correspondence between the vowels and the musical tones in the original.

Take such a famous and hackneyed aria as "Celeste Aïda," for example. It is probably the most "grateful" piece of music ever written for the tenor voice. Every vowel sound in it is exactly adapted to the tone that carries it. Every consonant seems to aid instead of hindering the singer. It is a masterpiece of singable diction. But, translate it never so well, and the effect *must* be lost in part. The point is simply that Verdi wrote his music to Italian words. Had they been French, German, or English, the melody would probably have been quite different.

There are plenty of English songs whose words are just as closely knitted to the music. Think of the old "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or of "Mavourneen," or of "Annie Laurie." These songs are just as untranslatable as "Celeste Aïda."

IT must be remembered, however, that in all languages much has been written that is not well adapted to being set to music. We can hardly imagine any one singing in clear, limpid tones:

> "*The thatch which stretched its thick protecting strips*
> *Betwixt the kitchen steps and starry skies.*"

Similar monstrosities are quite possible in French and Italian, more than probable in German and Dutch, and an every-day occurrence in Russian, Finnish, Swedish, Danish, or Bohemian. And this brings up another interesting fact. The librettists of the earlier Italian operas kept the possible musical effect always in mind. They wrote not for literary excellence but for musical effectiveness. As a result, their lines are often pure drivel, and when translated into English sound utterly ridiculous. Wagner, on the other hand, wrote his music-dramas with keen literary appreciation, and his librettos are in themselves great poems. But have you ever noticed how few singers are willing to sing Wagner, and, more than that, how few of the willing ones are *able* to do it? It is not merely the strain of singing against a great orchestral chaos, as is so often represented. Rather is it because Wagner never *manufactures* a combination of words and music for the sake of *bel canto*, as the old Italians did.

BUT, to come back to the experimental Centurians, what crying need is there for opera in English? There are two ways of listening to grand opera, and practically every member of an American audience adopts one or the other. The first and easier way is to concern oneself as little as possible with the meaning of the whole thing, and to pay attention only to the music, which is pleasing to the ear, and to the stage-effects, which are gratifying to the eye. It is this attitude that leads to the demand for irrelevant encores, the senseless interruption of the dramatic continuity of action by applause, and the unreasoning craze for individual voices of the heroic type, quite apart from the medium used for their display.

The other way of listening to grand opera is to study the libretto and possibly the score beforehand, and thus to familiarize oneself with every significant detail of the action. Without such preliminary study, I defy any one to get a clear and consistent impression of a grand opera at a first hearing.

That being the case, what matters it in what language the opera is sung? If the hearer is of the first class, he will get little additional satisfaction by understanding the words, even supposing this to be possible. If he is of the second class, he is already familiar with all the necessary details, and can follow the opera closely in any language, particularly if he has the libretto or score with him. All of which argument would seem to prove that an opera had best be sung in the language in which it was originally written.

The one real reason that the Century Opera Company may have for using the English language is that it will draw the patronage of a portion of the public which has hitherto scorned grand opera as being too intellectual for any but the veriest hypocrites. As it happens, this same portion of the public will be attracted also by the reasonable prices asked for seats, which brings up the second great problem that the Centurians will have to face. *Can* good opera be given cheaply? It all depends on what you mean by "good opera."

LOIS EWELL
*Aborn English Grand Opera Company*

We can find an interesting parallel in the drama in America. When a play has made a big success, it is put in the hands of second- and third-rate companies to play "on the road," usually without the star who helped to make it successful, and finally it is turned over to the stock companies and allowed to run on to the limit of its natural life.

It becomes merely a question of whether we want good *opera* or marvelous *singers*. The latter can not be had at a reasonable price. Adequate singers there will always be a-plenty, competent orchestras and conductors, artistic and dignified staging. In fact, the Century Opera Company promises to do more than this—to compete on even terms with the heroic type of opera itself.

At the very least, we may be sure that the Century performances will be distinctly above the European average. If this standard is too low for us, we can only put the blame on our artificial intellectual snobbery and our abject worship of money as an end in itself. The Centurians can expect little support from our wealthy opera-goers, who will probably turn up their noses at anything inferior to the magnificence of the Metropolitan productions. They must depend upon the middle and lower classes who profess a real interest in art for art's sake, and who now have the chance of their lives to prove their sincerity. If the twenty-five and fifty-cent people do not turn out consistently, the Century project will fail. And its failure will be a lasting indictment of American culture, a permanent proof that our interest can be held only by a display of magnificence, and that the vast majority of our population has no ideals of art whatever, except as they are dictated by the wealthy classes.

AT the time of writing, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein is rather an unknown quantity in the operatic field. When these lines appear in print, he may be in jail, or trying to make up a heavy bill of damages, or possibly completing his new opera-house on Lexington Avenue and laughing in his sleeve at his competitors. His preliminary announcement is both impressive and amusing. He presents a long list of names new to the American public, reminds us of his artistic triumphs in the past, and asserts that his new singers and conductors will surpass all that he had before. It is impossible to forecast anything definite at this date.

There is one encouraging feature of America's musical development in the rise of countless local organizations in our small towns, particularly throughout the Middle West. In these places music is practised for its own sake, with little dependence on foreign schools or performers. When so many musical festivals take place each year in widely separated spots, when so many amateur societies are thriving on all sides, when not only New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, but Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, and Los Angeles as well can support symphony orchestras of the first rank, then perhaps it may be hoped that other considerations besides wealth and notoriety are responsible for the musical development of America, and that our enormous interest and enthusiasm are, after all, founded upon a sincere love and appreciation of the art of music.

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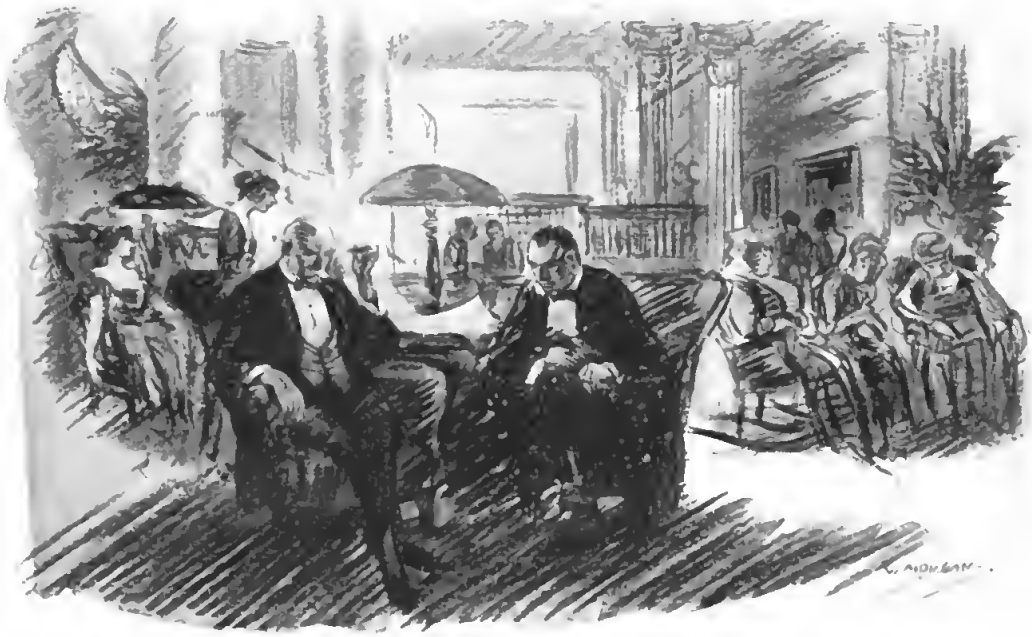

*"Being men, neither of them felt the antagonism of sex, because they had more than sex as the basis of consciousness"*

# The Ideal

**By CORRA HARRIS**

**Illustrated by Wallace Morgan**

IT was the after-dinner hour, one evening early in December—that season at Atlantic City when the world recedes, when fashion gives up her ghost in that place, and the Boardwalk looks like a long, naked bargain-counter in a country store, with here and there an ugly, stiff-kneed remnant of a man or a woman left limping over it. Half of the shops were closed. Only the sea went on breaking up on the shore in widths of nettled foam, like gorgeous patterns of Florentine lace, as if the world and the fashions of it had nothing to do with this eternal business.

The hotel was nearly empty. Occasionally a guest came through the door of the adjoining dining-room and sat down in the lobby. Three very old women were grouped around the open fire. One of them had palsy. Her head wagged incessantly, and she turned it from side to side like an ancient, wrinkled-faced witch looking for mischief. Two others, young, wearing smart gowns, were seated in high-backed chairs beneath the winding staircase. And two men sat cross-legged in the farthest corner, with clouds of cigar smoke rising from behind the newspapers they were reading.

The women under the staircase exchanged offensive glances. Being women, they did not like each other. They carried on a dialogue of silent antipathy.

Presently one of them arose and went out, as much as to say:

"Well, if you will not go, I must. Some one will think we are friends if we sit here side by side!"

The other looked after her indignantly for having got the last word so effectively and so impudently.

THE two men discarded their papers. The elder was tall, very thin. His hair was white, his expression forbidding. It consisted of a certain frigidity, the congealed look of rectitude. You might have parsed it thus: positive, disappointment; comparative, disgust; superlative, silence. No woman could have made him see her. Every woman must instantly resent him as flowers fear a frost.

The other man was prematurely aged, not so tall, with heavy, stooping shoulders, and a large head. His hair was sprinkled with gray. He had a quick, brave eye, black, full, wide open, ready for visions, which accounted for the excitement of color in his face—altogether, a volcanic expression; but subdued now, as if there had been a recent eruption, as if his nerves still tingled from the effects of a great trangression. You could have parsed it also: positive, ardent; comparative, lover; superlative, repentant husband. The kind of man who sees every woman, who is born to explore them; whose ardor is also heroic; who could lead a forlorn hope, take a city if need be; but who is destined by nature never to conquer himself. One of those intoxicated souls to whom we can not impart an ascetic salvation, because it is not equal to his greater emergencies.

THE moment he laid aside his paper, he became a presence in the room, a kind of warmth which was enveloping. The old lady with the palsy felt it, and tried to fix her eyes upon him.

Being men, neither of them felt the antagonism of sex, because they had more than sex as the basis of consciousness.

"I see," began the younger one, "that some one is writing to all the distinguished women in the country, asking them to give their opinion of the ideal husband, the kind of husband they think would make a woman happy. Wants to publish a symposium on the subject. Suppose they'll answer?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "if he promises to give their names. But they will not tell the truth."

"Why?"

"Distinguished women never tell the truth. Their minds are in the public eye. That is their fashion, like the gowns of society women. They play to the gallery. Ought to have asked the undistinguished women."

"Think they would have told it?"

"No; but they'd have written what they felt was the truth, and they would not have signed their names. Undistinguished women are generally inclined to modesty."

"Still, I'd like to see the thing when it comes out. Always had a hankering to know what a woman would consider an ideal husband."

"Well, you'll never find out. In the first place, there's no such thing, not a permanent being of that kind—although there are moments, hours, even a day or two, when almost any kind of husband takes a fit of ideality, and so poses before his wife; especially if all the rest of the time he's the very devil of a fellow, breaking her heart and the crockery, and driving her to prayers and distraction."

THE younger man looked uncomfortably self-conscious. The flush upon his cheek deepened. The other went on in his dry metallic voice:

"But he can't keep it up, being an



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ideal husband, aot and go on being a man at the same time. Can't serve two masters. Aad, if he could, she'd get tired of him aad his performance. She would not admit it; she wouldn't even know it; but after a time she'd wish, without believing she wished it, that he'd go out and get drunk, or do something else to wriag her heart."

"I thiak you must be wrong," protested the other gravely. "I've always thought a good, sober, faithful maa, that she could trust anywhere all the time, would he an ideal husband for a woman."

"You are mistaken," said the old man, looking straight at his companion for the first time aad freezing down to the subject.

"Nothing ideal is bearable for long at a time," he continued. "Least of all to women. That is why they change the fashioa of their clothes so often. Can't stand the same shapes two seasons in succession. Can't sleep in their own bed, unless they move it to the other side of the room now aad then. Can't even stand the same husband two years hand running, unless he does something they didn't expect him to do when they married—cavort a little, or fail in business, or fall in love with somebody else! Must have something to stir 'em up, to distress 'em!"

"You are the one who is mistaken!" the younger man retorted, with a warmth that approached indignation. "Women are remarkable for their constancy."

"Oh, yes! They are faithful enough, of course. That is not the point. You see, spiritually speaking, not morally, they are a kind of sediment. By nature they are inclined to settle dowa to the bottom. Can't rise much of their own accord. That is why they are more religious than we are. They pray more because they really have little capacity to rise to the suhlimity of faith is themselves. They require a stimulsnt, something to lift their spirits. God can do it; but a good husband, who is never anything else hut a good husband, can't do it. They drop dowo; they lose the aaimation of anxiety; they cease to make the effort to he dear and beautiful and entrancing by way of holding him. They lose the resonant quality of——Pshaw! I don't know what it is they lose, hut it's something as essential to them as it is to us. Life—that tremendous quality of acquisitive femiainity. They have oothing to acquire—got you—see? Nothing else to accomplish—they've reformed, or made you to suit what they thought they wanted. Then, naturally, they've dooe with you, fioished you. They lose interest—in you. And they get aoother interest: children, housekeeping, society, church work—something to occupy them—because you don't! That's the fate of an ideal husband—loses his *wife* every time!"

The woman seated in the tall-backed chair arose and started upstairs. As she asceoded, she looked back at the fierce, lean old expositor of matrimonial femioinity with angry eyes, as if he had accused her.

THE younger man went on lamely with his side of the argument. He became personal, as if he had discovered a limp in his antagonist, not in his logie.

"Say," he exclaimed, "you don't know what you are talking about! You must he a bachelor."

"Been an ideal husband for thirty years. And I do know. Used to he a sort of blade—jolly fellow. Married a fiae girl; wanted to settle dowo, and I did. But I didn't reform myself. She did it. Never get over it, if a woman reforms you. She does it hy taking the stuffing out of you. You are not all there when she gets through. Look at me! Haven't been drunk in thirty years; haven't risked a dollar in a game of chance; haven't flirted with any of my wife's friends. Been faithful to her, been a good provider, attended to my business, made a fortune, been elected to an honorable office in my State, done everything I ought to have done, and have doae oothing I ought not to have done. And my wife's one of the leaders of the suffrage for woman movement io our section—gives all of her time to it! It's awful!"

"What is?" asked the other, leaning forward in his astonishment.

"The fix I'm in. Doing right all the time has a bad effect upoa the spirit. Not natural. What I need is something to spring me. Not my energies, not my ambition, hut *me*, you understand. I came down here thinking I'd have a little fling—oothing wrong, hut do something to break the ice. Can't! Lost my taste for living."

"That's queer," said the other. "Now I've been doing that very thing—breaking too much ice. Comes on periodically. Have to get druok. It's a fact, I have to! Done everything to stop. Can't. Married a fiae girl, too. Thought she'd help me. Aad she does. Never loses faith in me. Anchors me up, when I'm down."

He was sileat a moment, head lowered, chin on his hreast, eyes fixed mournfully upon the floor.

"I'd give anything to make her happy," he cootioued in a lower tone; "and—well, we are happy between-times, very happy, as if we'd escaped something dreadful, you know. Then it comes on again. I do oot know what it is that comes. It's like a terrible spirit armed to the teeth against the monotoay, the very peace aad content we want. If I could do something tremendous, I feel that it would pass out of me ia the deed. As it is, I go dowo, clean to the ditch, every time. She knows how much I love her, and I know how much she loves me. But it doesn't work. I take a header every time. I can give her, do give her, everything hut that—security from anxiety about me. She has that kind of calling love a man hears all the time ringing in his ears. Had a wire from her to-day. Nothing in it; just wanted me to know she was thinkiog about me. She——"

"I congratulate you!" his companion interrupted.

"Upon what?"

"You and your wife are still in love with each other. You have aot destroyed that greatest of all ideals—love!"

BOTH men arose, separated, and passed out of the lobby.

The old woman with the palsy nudged her companion, who was asleep. She started, her eyes flying open like the eyes on a pivot in the woodea head of a doll.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Did you see those two men?"

"Where?"

"Over there in the corner," said the old woman, her head wagging, and her fiager shaking as she directed the gaze of the other. "I've been watchiag them all the evening. I am sure there's somethiag wrong about them. Both of them had bad faces. I'm deaf. I could not hear what they said, but they looked as if they were plotting a crime."

They hoth turoed to the third old woman, who was also asleep in her chair. They shook her, whispered to her, and presently the three of them tottered forward and climbed the stairs, like little old girls with withered faces who are frightened of the dark.

What women do not know about meo they suspect. One does oot know why, unless it is because they are men. Although it may he because they are themselves only women.

# The Old "Iroquois"

(*Now a Vaudeville House in Chicago*)

By AGNES LEE

BY a new name they call the house to-day.
The balconies of blood are gilded o'er.
Tardy Precaution writes upon the curtain,
And lights a beacon-lamp at every door.

And bright the revel now, and loud the laughter.
But what is yonder swayiag, faltering host?
Shall this gay vault give mirth alone hereafter?
No! Hark,—the sobbing of a little ghost!

Where are we? Who hath told us all these things
Dreaming within us, till we know and see?
This is the Iroquois, the house of death.
Here echoed ooe united agony,
Muted how suddenly io char and emher,
Here, in this very place. The walls remember.

House evermore to darken thought of man,
Let some stern Azrael above thy portal
Attest the sacrifiee! Through all thine aisles
Let stanzas ring, born sounding and immortal!—
Ah, not the strident slang, the castanets!
Ah, not the long cheap laughter that forgets!

# Orators Who Have Influenced Me

By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

## W. E. GLADSTONE

AMONG the thousands of crowding images that come back to me from the many years I saw and studied Gladstone, the one most vivid and characteristic is his appearance when he came into the House of Commons while he was Prime Minister. It was a strange, a thrilling, an inspiring sight. As everybody knows, one of the rules of his life—and every rule he carried out with iron rigidity—was to take a couple of hours' walking exercise every day. He carried out this rule so rigidly that when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer for the first time, and was working some fourteen to sixteen hours a day, he took his walk after the House had risen. And, when the weather was wet, he would, rather than be cheated of his walk, take a hansom to his house, then array himself in waterproofs, and go out for his walk. This fact he told me himself during a (to me) memorable walk with him in Hawarden Park. You could see him any day during the sessions, striding along through the streets at a rapid pace, with his head erect and with his thin, long gray hair blown by the wind, if wind there were. And this walk he timed, like everything else, so that it should occupy just the allotted length of time, down even to a minute. And thus it was that he had finished it and reached the House at the exact moment which he had arranged.

IT is a well known practice of the House of Commons to put the questions addressed to the Leader of the House rather low down on the list, so as to give him more time and allow him to enter the House a little later than the average member or the subordinate Minister. So it was with Gladstone; and just three or four seconds before the first question to him was reached, you saw this strange entrance of Mr. Gladstone. He would be panting almost painfully; his hair would look wild and disheveled; but the most remarkable thing was the look in the eyes. They seemed to be positively wild. He would glance at the House as if he were trying to take it all in with a second's glance. Never was there such a picture of fierce energy, of strength pushed to its extremest possibilities, of a nature fiery, eager, and commanding.

Nobody ever had finer eyes than Gladstone. They were large, black, well shaped; but their most remarkable quality was their extraordinary flash and penetration. I have occasionally seen him as he was about to speak and was trying to make sure of catching the Speaker's eye. And they seemed to glow and pierce and almost jump out of his head. And there was no necessity for it at all. As soon as he rose, whatever the circumstances, he was sure to be called. But it was the fiery eagerness of the nature that thus imparted to even his commonest act this extraordinary intentness of look and ferocity—so to speak—of desire.

YOU must keep this background of Gladstone's extraordinary temperament when you begin to analyze the marvelous influence of his speeches. They were not, in any sense of the word, fine literary performances. Rarely, if ever, were they brightened up by an epigram. Nearly every sentence was long and cumbrous; there were qualifications and parentheses; and sometimes they resembled the crabbed and mysterious language in which Acts of Parliament are offered to a long-suffering and perplexed public. I think Gladstone's speeches will be less read in the future than those of almost any of the great orators of our House of Parliament. Once, when I was writing a biography of Disraeli, I had to read all the big debates in Hansard for something like forty years; and the last speech I looked at, always, was Gladstone's. I had to begin with other and much less notable men, who put the issue before the House with much greater clearness and in much briefer space. You could not see the trees for the wood; often, when reading a speech of Gladstone, you could not grasp the ideas for the words.

YOU may well ask, how it was that oratory so faulty should yet have had such tremendous effect? For the effect was tremendous. I never heard Bright deliver in the House of Commons any of the big speeches, such as those during the Crimean War, which set that assembly crazy for the moment; and therefore I can not recall any of his greatest moments. But scores, I had almost said hundreds of times I have seen the House rock under Gladstone's oratory. I never, indeed, ever heard him make a poor speech or a commonplace, or one that did not produce great and immediate effect. What was the secret?

I put in the first place that strange and potent personality that was behind the speech. A Gladstone speech was like lava issuing from a volcano in fierce eruption. And this tremendous impression of strength came largely from his physical gifts, which, in their way, were quite as exceptional as his intellectual. Now and then he had a slight cold, and his voice was a little husky, but as a rule it resounded through the House like some big peal from a mighty belfry. Even in private, there was something almost affrighting in the sound of his voice. Once or twice I found myself close beside him at one of the little tables in the division lobbies while he was speaking to some friend; and even there I felt startled as I heard him say something, quite trivial perhaps, to his companion. It sounded as thrilling as if he were on his legs; it almost seemed too loud, almost too deafening, for the narrow space through which it flowed.

THIS perfection and strength of voice came not merely from its splendid quality, but also from the perfection of physical health and vigor that he always enjoyed, up to a few months before his death. And this same extraordinary vitality gave to all his speeches an immense force. I have heard Mr. Asquith deliver many speeches, in the last few years, which immeasurably surpassed Mr. Gladstone's in terseness, in grace of language, in the perfect chiseling of their diction; and yet, I have made comparison between their effect, spoken as they were in quiet voice, by a man who often appeared tired out by the labor of his office, with the boom of Mr. Gladstone's shortest utterance; and it seemed to me like the soft music of a lute with the clang of bells in a steeple.

To all this you must add that Mr. Gladstone's face and figure were the most imposing almost ever seen since Chatham's eagle eye and thunderous voice and haughty mien could command a whole House with a look or a word. The extraordinary beauty of the eyes, the impressive ivory pallor of the complexion, the strong, well shaped nose; the mouth, large, wide, as mobile as that of a great actor; and the frame, robust, always in motion, and yet so refined and well knit. All these things added immensely to the effectiveness of the speaking. The splendid and massive head, the white hairs, the rapt look also were factors in his extraordinary appearance. I once heard an Irishman compare Mr. Gladstone's appearance on such occasions to a benediction.

I MAY have given the suggestion by this description that Gladstone was always tearing a passion to tatters; if so, that impression would be quite false. Never was there a human voice under more perfect control. In elocution Gladstone was greater than any man I ever heard; greater even than Chamberlain, or than another and very splendid speaker—Sir Edward Clarke; greater even than Bright. He ran along the whole gamut in a single speech of any duration, from soft and cooing tones to the lighter tones of banter and the deeper note of mockery and mimicry up to the thunder of a passionate appeal. When he was dealing with an argument, he would come to the end of a rushing sentence with some final phrase that sounded—I quote a figure I have used before, of another man—like the last thud of a great pile-driver sinking the gigantic blocks of wood for the foundation of a mighty bridge over a wild river. But again I must qualify this by saying that Gladstone's voice never reached a roar. Throughout all its infinite light and shade there was always the profound inner composure to which the man had trained, with such infinite trouble, his volcanic nature and uncertain temper.

It is an essential of success in House of Commons oratory—Disraeli laid that rule down long ago in one of his novels—that even the most excited speech must keep close to the tones of polite conversation in a drawing-room. It may be because the House is so small, or it may be the national and racial love of reserve; whatever the cause, no man who bellows succeeds in the House of Commons. The music of the House of Commons must be in the tones of the drawing-room. When it gets beyond that pitch, it is like loud cymbals in a small room; the noise destroys the music and the effect.

NO man was more conscious of this fundamental fact of House of Commons oratory than Mr. Gladstone. Sometimes he forgot it for a little while. Under the influence of hurry or strong emotion,



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or a fierce eagerness to produce a crashing effect at once, sometimes perhaps because he was slightly indisposed and there was fever in his blood and nerves, Mr. Gladstone would begin a speech on a high and staccato note. So long as he did this, he did not produce the immense effects he usually gained.

HE was, indeed, deadliest, not in his prepared speeches, but when he rose suddenly and unexpectedly and spoke without preparation. Then he would start in the light, easy tones of ordinary conversation; he seemed to be thinking aloud and to be chatting to a few familiar friends. Then he would begin to gather strength and inspiration, and suddenly the whole House would be dazzled and thrilled by an unexpected outburst of a lofty passage of eloquence that really sounded more like heavenly music than the tones of the ordinary mortal. Then that would pass away, and Gladstone would relapse into the easy, familiar tone of conversation. But the enemy had then to be more cautious and more afraid than ever; for by that time Gladstone would have become master of all his infinite resources. And then he would rush into a passage of bitter mockery and of positively comic acting that might have made one think of Garrick as he stood uncertain between the rival nymphs of tragedy and comedy.

The greatest comedian that ever strutted on the stage might have burst with envy as he saw Gladstone in that mood. The whole man would act. Thousands of wrinkles of merriment would be formed in the great and mobile face; the eyes would laugh like a boy's; the voice would descend to a deep bass that made everybody roar; the whole person would seem to laugh. Once I heard him destroy the effect of a brilliant and damaging speech of Mr. Goschen by referring to his "right honorable friend's ungovernable conscience"—the last two words being pronounced with such comic force of mimicry of wrinkled face and laughing eyes that even the victim had to join in the universal laughter, and even when he surveyed his mighty edifice thus tumbling around him in the mere pronunciation by this wondrous old magician of two words.

Even then, you were not at the end of the various effects which Gladstone could put into a single speech. You had scarcely done laughing with him and sometimes even a little at him—for when he was in the full comic vein there was something grotesque about his performance—even then you were not done with him. Easily flying from point to point, he would get on to some pathetic note; and the pathos would grow and grow until you saw him soaring aloft into the empyrean. The House would sink into an awed and spellbound silence; you heard nothing but the tremendous music of this wondrous voice, uttering words with a melody that recalled the song of the lark in the high heavens; and you actually gave a heavy sigh of relief as the speech ended in some mighty burst of melody; and you had to pause, with your breast panting, until you joined in the thunder of cheers which recognized this wonderful experience. You realized then that you had seen and heard something that never again would come into your life.

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# When the Fuzz Comes Back

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

DID you lose your treasured top-knot ere you hardly lost your youth?
Did you watch it fail and wither, gnawed by some mysterious tooth?
Did you offer it libations, as you poured your prayers on high,
From crude-oil to cantharides, from ale to Extra Dry?
Did you surgerize and masseurate and cauterize and singe,
Till none was left to celebrate except a back-yard fringe?
Then, when your head was barren as a polished ostrich egg,
When no fly would light upon it, fearful lest he break a leg,
When your fate had sealed its edict and your doom rehearsed its crack,
Then—one morning—you discovered that the fuzz was coming back!

Oh, it might have been the mange-cure that you used a year ago,
The gasoline, the vaseline, the salt pork, or the snow,
The capillary vacuum which had its little run,
Or your carefully contracted hatless habit in the sun.
But, oh, a truce to might-have-beens, when joy has crowned despair
And your happy head has sprouted with a crop of virgin hair!
Your daughter's dainty giggle makes itself a prudent cough;
Your son is rudely cynical, your wife's inclined to scoff.
But in the glaring sunlight and against a field of black,
Even She—eternal doubter—says the fuzz *is* coming back.

In that hour of pride and pleasure, banish every traitor doubt
Which whispers of the score of years your hair was coming *out*.
For why peruse the dead, dead past? The future is aglow;
Faith has removed her mountain; heaven's started here below.
Aye, where was dearth and emptiness like unto that in Uz
Is now a recrudescence which is symboled by a fuzz!
The fount of youth is flowing; mortal man becomes divine;
And a stiff-necked generation is not wanting in its sign.
Thanks be for all our mercies, those we have and those we lack;
Heaven's hope is still eternal, and the fuzz is coming back.

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By O. D

ZER

CESARE

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

*Football Captains of the Season*

*H. H. Ketcham, of Yale, playing "loose center," is one of the greatest diagnosticians who ever stepped on the gridiron*

AMERICAN college football has yet to produce a coach who was not in the long run heavily dependent, when the big game swung around, upon the captain on the field. Unlike a great many games, football has been a wonderful developer of leadership, and, all other things being equal, it is the quality of leadership that wins. Both East and West this year, the big elevens are peculiarly fortunate in their choice of captains. Yale, under a new system of coaching—new in that it returns to the first principles of Yale football—is especially happy in the leadership of a man like H. H. Ketcham, one of the greatest diagnosticians who ever stepped on the gridiron, and, playing what has come to be known as "loose center," strategically well placed.

At Harvard there is R. T. P. Storer, opportunist if ever there was one, and first class all-around line man. At Princeton "Hobey" Baker, one of the best runners in a broken field the game has seen, and a born leader, presides over the destinies of the Orange and Black. Louis Young, a typically good Pennsylvania end, leads the Quaker eleven, and J. J. Munns, one of the coming men in the guard position, is at the head of the Cornell team. Michigan is led by G. C. Patterson, a center, the splendid Wisconsin team by Tandberg, a fullback, and the University of Chicago by Norgren, one of the best halfbacks the West has produced in many years.

To these men, quite as much as to the coach, we must look for success afield. There have been attempts innumerable to run a team from the side lines, and these attempts invariably have failed, for the simple reason that they took no account of that leadership which is one of the keystones of the game. It should be obvious that a man stationed on the side lines and looking across the field of play, cannot get the same idea of the arrangement and possibilities of the defence that appears like an open book to the man actually on the field of play, who faces the defence.

Ordinarily it might be said, and with considerable justice, that the ideal post for a captain was behind the line—especially in the position of quarterback—but some of the best leaders in the game, notably, Hinkey, Campbell, Hildebrand, Torrey, Hare, Schultz, and Brown, were line men, and the kind of line men that really set a pace for the entire team. Probably Gordon Brown was one of the best captains who ever led a team, and undoubtedly James O. Rodgers was not far behind him. It would not be difficult, indeed, to make up a list of line men who had been successful captains, the institutions they represented being of less importance than their own personalities.

Strategically, however, the position behind the line is the ideal one, save in such instances as that of Ketcham, whose defensive position, at least, is practically that of a back. The Yale captain of this season has been at all times a quiet, effective player with a wonderful range and the capacity for inspiring the men who played with him. In temperament he is not unlike Howard Jones, the new head coach, another quiet man who obtains results by simple processes. Ketcham is one of the finest centers the game has seen in recent years, and his only trouble has been an occasional spasm of bad passing. However, even with another man occupying the position of captain, he has been the life of the Yale team, and this year, in the titular position, should add to an already sound reputation. I doubt, indeed, if there is any forward playing today who is a better all-around football man.

STORER, of Harvard, a natural forward, has profited by good coaching and worked his way to the front through aptitude to do a little more in a pinch than is asked of him. Here is a man who has played center and tackle and undoubtedly could play guard. It is possible, even, that he would be of value in the backfield should the necessity arise. In other words he is a sample of the adaptable player who is a keen student of the game and makes the most of the excellent instruction he gets. In the Yale game last year Storer was epitome of the Harvard type of play, which depends upon wonderful kicking and clever covering of these kicks by fast forwards. It was Storer who snatched up a loose ball for the first touchdown against Yale, and though well supported on the other side of the line by such a sterling tackle as Hitchcock, it was Storer who made the most of the opportunities "fed" to the Harvard forwards. Beyond a doubt Storer will make one of the best of leaders, and as he has the great gift of consistency, he should be able to keep the Harvard eleven up to his own pace.

Princeton is unusually fortunate in its choice of a leader, for "Hobey" Baker has the personal skill to raise havoc in a broken field and so lift his team by his own unaided effort out of any rut into which it might fall. The keynote of Princeton football, of course, is speed, and viewed from that standpoint the Tigers could hardly have chosen a better man than the youngster who was one of the sensations of last season. In Baker Princeton has a fine broken field runner, a good kicker, a safe man in handling kicks, and a leader who should leave a distinct impress on the team.

In choosing Young to lead the eleven, Pennsylvania seems to have done wisely, for good ends have often made good captains, and under the tuition of George Brooke a Pennsylvania end is a big factor in the game. From time to time the Quakers have turned out remarkable ends, such, for instance, as Metzger, Boyle and Scarlett, and even though the team led by Metzger came to grief, there was never a finer example of leadership. Probably every Pennsylvania man will remember the leadership of Dr. Schoff which resulted in the defeat of Princeton in New York, and it would seem that the choice of an end to lead the Red-and-Blue must prove a happy augury.

CORNELL, in the throes of football reconstruction, is led this year by J. J. Munns, a guard much underestimated last season, and a man who has had a year's work under the Sharpe regime. Some of Cornell's best elevens have been led by guards, and the new captain squares up personally with the types of years ago. Oddly enough both Army and Navy have chosen ends to lead their elevens, Hoge being West Point's captain, while Gilchrist is the leader at Annapolis. Both these men are unusually fine football players, and although last year Gilchrist seemed to have a shade the better of it in his immediate position, Hoge will probably prove quite as valuable a leader. At both government institutions there has been some excellent end coaching, and it is not at all out of the ordinary to find either an Army or a Navy end at the top of the heap at the conclusion of the big service game. Either Gilchrist or Hoge could easily make a place on a college eleven, and both are well suited to a captaincy that means more, even, in the Army and Navy than it does in the colleges.

MUCH as we make of the captain in the East, he is probably even a more important individual in the West and Middle West. In the latter section the principal leaders are players well known to the best coaches and the undergraduate bodies of Michigan, Wisconsin, Chicago and Minnesota. Patterson, the Michigan captain, is one of the best football players in the West, while Norgren should prove better than the average leader. Throughout the Middle West it has been the custom to make much of the coach, whereas, as a matter of fact, the team captain frequently has been responsible for the victory. One remembers Herbert of Michigan, and Eckersall, of Chicago, not to mention "Germany" Schultz, of Michigan.



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# A Frenchman in the United States

*Another attempt to help Americans to see themselves as others see them*

M. D' ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT is no frivolous tourist. He is a pilgrim to Damascus. He has a serious purpose. Nothing could be further from his intention than being witty or amusing. In so far as a Frenchman can be ponderous, he is so. He has made four voyages to our shores ("always in winter") and enormous journeys from ocean to ocean and from Seattle to New Orleans, in the face of our national terrors, the sleeping-car, the draught of air, and the dinner *à l'eau glacée*. The result is a voluminous and painstaking survey which is intended to justify our ways to Europe and to dissipate the "inquietudes" with which we are regarded by the Old World.

WITH this laudable purpose, our portrait is slightly flattered, ignoring some defects, minimizing others. For example, our literature is not mentioned at all, while our art is dismissed in three lines, with a reference to Whistler. Most amiably colored are our co-educational and and all other institutions, the freedom of our women, our philanthropic millionaires and political college-presidents, our large manner of harvesting wheat and moving houses with all the furniture inside, our noble sport of baseball, our pure family life. Not a word about corruption in politics, mooopolies, child-labor or spittoons. And yet, in spite of this evident disposition to make the best of us, we douht whether the Old World will be placated. We rather suspect that Europe will receive the impression that we are a somewhat crude and very energetic industrial people who will quite possibly insist on fortifying the Panama Canal. The Canal, it may be said at once, represents the dark shadow in the picture. But we do not get around to it till quite the end of the book, and meantime M. de Constant's impressions of us —and ours of him—are, as we have said, of the happiest.

WE behold him crossing the continent and arriving in the Far West, where he revels in "veritable baths of simplicity," sheds his old-world prejudices—some of them—and returns to nature. In Califurnia he is converted—by main force—to Woman Suffrage. He resists, hut is literally taken hy assault. What could be do against "the sudden and simultaneous attack of all the women of California?" He says, with plaintive astonishment: "Who would have thought that I, a diplomat, would make a campaign, still more, inaugurate an electoral campaign in favor of votes for women at San Francisco? However, that is what happened. I did not yield without resistance. I coocealed nothing of the struggle going on between my native good feelings and those due to my European education. The combat lasted during the whole week that I spent in California, without an instant's respite; long-distance telephone, night and day telegrams, messages, letters, visits. . . ." Our polite and flurried Frenchman surrendered. He admitted that wumen ought to vote—in America. But he drew a toucliog contrast between American women and Frenchwomen. *La femme française*, according to him, rests placidly in the foyer, content with her conjugal power (always subject to the authority of the husband—*là est le chef d'œuvre*). She does not complain and does not claim the right to vote, asks nothing of the law. . . . And M. de Constant has never heard that there is a flourishing and militant woman-suffrage organizatiou in France!

BUT our visitor really has an open mind, after it has been forcibly opened. He perceives, after escaping from California, that women will be valuable political allies in the fight for international peace, of which he is a passionate propagandist. Women naturally hata war. They have, he discovers, waged a successful war on alcoholism in various parts of the country. They will now proceed to fight other forms of violence. In his new enthusiasm for this idea M. de Constant is actually unfaithful to his cherished ideal of the European woman: "Sbe is courageous only to suffer," he says with a perfidious touch ol pity. . . .

AT Denver our traveler accomplished what was hailed as a miracle hy the Colorado newspapers—he made peace between the Daughters and the Sons of the American Revolutioo, and the two rival organizations united to give a banquet to him in bonor of "la France inspiratrice." At this hanquet a blonde young girl played a solo on the *cornet-à-piston*, and M. de Constant shook both her hands in a frenzy of delight at her cool daring. "She must," he said, "be the happiest woman in America!"

Throughout our land M. de Constant found recognition of our debt to France. He met everywhere the old lady who as a child was kissed hy La Fayette. He records the impression among our children that Washington and La Fayette were twins. He is moved to tears, almost, hy the sigbt of the monuments of La Fayette and Rochambeau io the place of hooor facing the White House, "the most touching bomage that a people can render to its liberators." Its liberators —well—!

There is another beautiful banquet at Cincinnati, with a menu symbolizing at once Franco-American unity, aviation and arbitration—M. de Constant's three passions. Noble ones, too, hut we wonder how they were arranged on tha menu. M. de Constant says that just as aviation has triumphed over derision and incredulity, so will the dream of justice among nations. . . . His peace propaganda found a wide welcome over our whole country. Everywhere we were disposed to peace, to arbitration, condemning militarism—

*But*——

RETURNING to Washington, finding the Federal capital "so beautiful hut so far in spirit from the country, so near to Europe," M. de Constant measures the distance that separates us from our government, marks the sharply cut division between the governmeotal weaknesses and the desire and aspiration of the people. A people of pure, patriotic, peaceful idealists, ruled hy a materialistic, imperialistic government—that is what M. de Constant sees and mourns over. From East to West, North to South, he says, the country has but one ambition—to consolidate the work of the past, to develop, in peace with the world, its rich domain, to preserve the traditious of Mount Vernon. But the government has departed from this policy—it has fallen into imperialism, dawning, flowering under Roosevelt, bearing its fruits under his succesaor. Its blackest aud most poisonous fruit, of course, is the fortification of the Panama Canal.

M. DE CONSTANT can hardly find words harsh enough for this betrayal of the hopes of Europe. Europe, he assures us, looks to us to complete her declaration of the Rights of Man by our declaration of tha Rights of Nations. She counts upon us not to compete for world-power, hut to lead the nations of the Old World away from their errors into the paths of peace. He sees a gleam of hope in the election of Wilson. And he ends with a fervent appeal to us to abandon the Eagle—that carnivorous and barbarous hird—and to follow the Star.

"Les États Unis d'Amerique". By d'Estournelles de Constant. Librairie Armand Colin, Paris.

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## VII

### Lemuel Objecteth to Autoflirtation and Rebuketh His Daughter

LEMUEL'S racer was towed to its barn,
Lemuel viewed it,
Lemuel rued it,
Stroked his chin whiskers and grumbled, "Consarn
This automobiliousness, sp'ilin' my liver!
Ther ain't nothin' in it, as I can diskiver,
'Cept time-bustin' dashes
And bank-bustin' smashes.
Here's a car that's cost more than the house we reside in,
Thirty days old, and yet useless to ride in.
Hang it all,
Dang it all,
Sideswipe and bang it all!"
Daughter Katury,
Tiptoeing in,
Noted his fury
And spoke with a grin:
"Why don't you send for a car doctor, Dad?
Maybe your car isn't busted so bad."

"MORE darned expense!" was her father's dark mumble;
Nevertheless, in a spirit more humble,
He rang up the autopath, Zachary Bumble.
"Hm!" quoth the expert, "she's had a bad tumble.
Bum radiator and faulty ignition.
Steering-gear twisted—tank out o' position—
Cylinder missin'—two plugs—guess they're lost.
How much the cost?
Three hundred dollars and thirty-two cents."
Lem dropped his teeth (artificial) and swore,
Spectacles flashing and finger-nails tense:
"This autofoolin' don't cost me no more.
Let 'er rot,
Let 'er rust!
I will *not*
Go ge-bust
Keepin' a pace with the Goulds and the Astors,
Gimme a wheelbarrow, somethin' on castors!"
Then upspake Katury,
Calm as a jury:
"Pa, *I've* got some cash in the bank, and I guess
I can do without shoes and a new autumn dress.
*I'll* pay the bill,
If you only just will
Let me take charge of your auto and run it."
Pa answered, "Yep!"
Then, retreating a step,
Scratched his old bald spot and sighed, "Now I've done it!"

PERCIVAL BROWN, summer boarder from town,
Ran a small roadster and often came down
To call on Katury—a program which Pa
Didn't approve quite so warmly as Ma.
"Handsome, perhaps,
But them smart city chaps
Is us'ally poorer than old leather straps."

WHEN the racer was mended, imagine Lem's wrath
On hearing "Honk! Honk!" down the old cedar path
And look! there was daughter in front of the wheel,
While snug
As a bug
In a rug,
Half a-hug,
Sat Percy beside her, the picture of zeal,
Giving first lessons in gear, brake, and clutch,
Lem's temper was such
That it pricked like a thistle.
"That *do* beat the Dutch!"
He gave a loud whistle.
"Katury, come here!"
She was slow;
But at last she drew near
With her beau.
Lem aimed his frown
At Reginald Brown
"Would y' please answer me
What yer reasons may be
Fer givin' my daughter choo-*fer* lessons
free?"

YOUNG Percival smiled with an impudent air,
Removing his hat from his smooth flaxen hair
And catching Lem's bolts like a lightning conductor.
"I've watched, sir, so far,
How *you've* managed your car,
And I think that your family needs an instructor."

"GIT out!" thundered Pa.
"Oh, Pa!" faltered Ma.
But Percival, jauntily saying, "Ta-ta!"
Smiled on Katury divinely and strode
To his little white runabout out in the road.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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# Awakening

By NEITH BOYCE

A GIRL, not much more than a child, was sitting curled up in the low fork of a pepper-tree near the house. A book was crushed under her elbow. She was watching some chickens that pecked about on the bare ground: stupid hens, a proud rooster with glancing green feathers, and a few pigeons, treading daintily like coquettish strangers. A breeze swept the long fronds of the pepper-tree; the hot afternoon sun drew out the spicy smell of peppers, blue-gum, and climbing roses.

A young man came out of the house and stood swinging a gold-handled whip. He was tall and very slender, with gallant blue eyes, a red spot on either cheek, and a little mustache twisted into points; his felt hat sat rakishly on one side of his handsome head. The girl watched him through the pepper-branches till he came toward her. Then she snatched up her book and turned her shoulder to him. He pushed his way through the branches and stood looking at her with a slight, rather appealing smile.

"What are you reading, Milly?" he asked.

The girl did not answer. Her face, bent over the book, showed a brown oval between two thick hanging braids of black hair. She turned a page with an expression of absorbed interest.

"Can't you speak to a fellow?" demanded the young man impatiently.

She gave no sign of hearing him; and after a moment he turned on his heel and walked away. The girl's narrow dark eyes watched him over her book. She saw him stop a moment and speak to her mother, who had come out on the steps; then he went on toward the stable.

MILLY'S mother was a fair woman, with smooth bands of blonde hair. She had some white sewing on her arm.

"Milly!" she called in a soft, colorless voice.

"What?" said Milly, without moving.

"Come here; I want you to try on your dress."

Milly uncurled herself and dropped out of the tree. She wore a faded blue dress that stopped short above her shoe-tops. Her slim young body was childish; her arms and legs were long and thin. She walked up on the steps, and her mother slipped the white skirt over her head.

"I just want to see about the length," she said. And then, continuing in the same tone: "I wish you wouldn't act as you do to Walter. I can't see why you behave so to him. Milly, I think it's dreadful of you."

"Make it long," said Milly, looking at the hem of her skirt. "Make it down to my ankles—and make the waist tighter."

"Nonsense! I shan't do anything of the sort—you aren't old enough for long dresses. Did you hear what I said about Walter?"

"Yes, I heard. I want you to make this dress below my shoe-tops, mother, or else I won't wear it. I'm plenty old enough. I won't wear it as short as this; I look silly."

"You'd look silly if you tried to be grown up when you're only a little girl. Well, I'll let down the hem a little. Now, Milly, I want you to treat Walter differently. I should think you'd be ashamed, when you know he's ill and is here to try and get strong, and we all try to make him comfortable—poor boy!"

MILLY'S mouth closed firmly and her narrow eyes looked out over her mother's bent head with an obstinate expression.

"Do you hear?" asked the mother, in a tone as near impatience as she could arrive at.

"Yes," answered Milly.

"Well, will you do as I say and be a little more pleasant to Walter?"

"No, I won't be pleasant. I hate him," said Milly, coolly.

"Milly! A poor sick boy like that! How dare you say such a thing!"

"I do hate him."

"Don't let me hear you use such language again! I don't know what you mean by it. What has he ever done, that you should speak so?"

"He hasn't done anything. I just hate him, that's all."

"Milly! I must make this dress a good deal broader across the shoulders—how you are growing!" said Milly's mother, sighing deeply.

"Well, I can't help growing," said Milly, with an injured look. "Don't you want me to grow up? You know you don't know what to do with me now."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, mother, you often say it."

"You *are* a hard child to manage, Milly. You know, you don't pay the slightest attention to what I say. I feel dreadfully that you should treat a visitor in our house as you do, and without any excuse. Walter thinks he must have hurt your feelings in some way, and he——"

"He hasn't hurt my feelings," said Milly, with irritation. She stepped out of the white skirt, and her mother picked it up.

"Then why can't you speak nicely to him? He may not be here much longer——"

Milly turned round suddenly.

"Is he going away?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know. You know his lungs are weak, and they think the mountain air will be better for him this summer. I don't know. I wish his folks were here." Milly's mother again sighed deeply.

"Why do you? Do you want him to go away?" demanded Milly.

"Oh, I feel the responsibility—I don't know what might happen."

THE gentle blonde woman stood looking off into the orchard, and her forehead wrinkled with a worried expression. Suddenly she said:

"I do wish he wouldn't ride that horse!"

A cloud of dust had risen beyond the stable, and it now approached in zigzags. Within the cloud was a piebald horse, and Walter, mounted on a high-peaked Mexican saddle with dangling stirrups. As the horse rushed by, the young man waved his whip and smiled gayly.

"Blücher will throw him one of these days!" said Milly. "He doesn't know how to ride a bronco. Doesn't he look silly with that whip!"

Milly's mother sighed and went into the house. Milly wandered off toward the stable. After a few minutes, she went in, untied the halter of a black horse that was fretting in its stall, put a folded blanket over the animal and cinched it tight, threw the halter up to serve as a bridle, and scrambled upon the horse's back as it trotted out of the stable. She took the road opposite the one Walter had taken, and, perched sideways on the blanket, struck the horse's flank with the loose end of the halter. After a time she pulled the horse in to a walk and laid herself flat along its back, looking up into the deep sky, blue-black and mysterious when stared at between narrowed eyelids.

IT was supper-time when she returned to the house. At supper she sat between her mother and an old uncle, crippled with rheumatism, who lived with them. The uncle had scanty hair and a long reddish beard, and Milly hated the way he ate because of his few teeth. Opposite her sat Walter; and, though she never once looked directly at him, she observed him constantly—the dainty way in which he used his fork and spoon, his manner of crumbling bread with the delicate fingers of his left hand, the little cough that interrupted his cheerful talk. Often he glanced at Milly's face, impassive and contemptuous, but he did not speak to her. It was five weeks now since she had spoken a word to him. He had almost ceased his efforts to be friendly with her. Sometimes Milly saw that he looked pained and puzzled, and this pleased her; and sometimes he laughed at her, and this filled her with rage.

AS soon as supper was over, Milly fled from the house. That night, at midnight, the water was to be turned in from the big wayside ditch to irrigate the orange grove. She ran down through the grove, where all day men had been at work digging little trenches from one tree to another and cuplike depressions round each tree. At the farther end of the grove was another ditch, bordered with dry bushes, and here Milly hid. She had taken a book with her—it was "Moll Flanders"—and for some time it was light enough to read behind the screen of bushes.

Milly lay flat, and pored over her book till she could no longer see the print. Then she sat up and looked about her. The golden glow had faded out of the sky, except a faint smear behind the trees. Stars were coming out by dozens; soon all the sky was thickly spangled. There was a line of tall eucalyptus trees along the edge of the grove, and in one of these a mocking-bird began to sing. His song was bold and liquid, with notes of poignant sweetness; sometimes he piped shrilly, and sometimes his song welled out with the softness of flowing water falling on thirsty land.

MILLY listened to the bird and to the stirring of some small furtive animal in the bushes and the chirping of insects above her head. Then she sprang up to follow and watch the Mexicans at

work about the trees. The air grew colder. It was late when she went down to see the lifting of the big gate and the inrush of the water. The men had torches that flared red on the brown flood. The girl's uncle was there, and Walter too, in a white sweater. She heard the old man say in his mumbling voice:

"You'd better go in now, Walter. You know what Abby said about your catchin' cold."

"Oh, let me alone! I want to see it. I may not have another chance," Walter answered impatiently.

The water poured into the main ditch and the side ditches, and spread out into levels about the trees, and the dry earth began to suck it in audibly. The light of the torches was reflected in gleaming reaches among the trees; the figures of the men moved gnomelike about in it.

Milly danced about wildly, partly because she was cold, partly because the scene excited her. It was strange, the lights and shadows, different from every day. She could hear Walter laughing. Suddenly he caught sight of her, and was beside her before she could elude him. He caught her by the shoulder.

"What are you doing out here? Your mother was looking for you! Where have you been?" he cried brusquely.

Milly pulled away from him, writhing in his grasp.

"Let me go!" she panted.

He caught her uplifted arm, laughing.

"What a little spitfire! You look as if you'd like to bite me. Gracious! what fierce eyes! I'm not hurting you."

Milly was strong. She wrenched her arm free and struck at him.

"How dare you touch me! Let me go or I'll kill you!"

She struck again, and the blow fell on his cheek, stingingly. He gave her an angry shake and dropped his hands. With a cry Milly sprang back and stood staring at him. He turned to the old uncle, who was making clucking noises of protest, and spelled out emphatically, "V-i-x-e-n!"

MILLY turned and rushed away. She did not care to watch any more; she ran to the house, crept noiselessly to her own room, and bolted the door. She tore off her dress and scrubbed her shoulder where Walter had dared to lay hold of her. There was a faint red mark on the thin little shoulder, and when she lay curled up in her bed she could still feel it burn where he had touched her. She vowed that she would never look at him again, never sit at table with him—they could not compel her. It was dawn when she fell asleep.

But during next day and for several days after that Walter stayed in bed. He had caught a chill. Milly could hear him coughing as her mother, looking pale and worried, went in and out of his room, waiting upon him. Sometimes she heard his voice, gay as ever, though rather hoarse and weak, and heard him laugh. No one else about the house even smiled. The doctor came twice from town, and talked to Milly's mother, looking grave. Milly had been asked once to carry in a tray with Walter's broth, and had sharply refused.

"I will do anything else you want me to, but I won't go in there," she said.

And her mother looked at her with cold, condemning eyes, the lids reddened by tears, and said:

"Very well. You are a heartless girl, Milly."

Milly had made no reply. No one told her the result of the doctor's visits, and she would not ask. Some telegrams were sent and received, but she remained ignorant of what they meant. Then one night her mother told her that it had been decided that Walter should go back home—not to the mountains, after all. This information was curtly given, and Milly made no comment.

A DAY or so later Walter dressed and came outdoors to lie upon a couch under the pepper-tree. This was Milly's favorite haunt, but now she deserted it. She kept away just far enough so that she could see him, and observe what he was doing. But he no longer seemed to notice her. One afternoon he had been lying there motionless for a long time, and she thought he was asleep. Cautiously she crept nearer and put aside the sweeping leaves and looked at him. How white he was! The long brown lashes lay on his cheeks, his pale lips were slightly parted. One thin hand with its carefully polished nails hung by his side, almost touching the ground. Milly looked at him, hardly breathing, but all at once he opened his eyes upon hers. What weariness and melancholy in his eyes—and what strange trouble in Milly's wide gaze! He moved—and she dropped the curtain of pepper-branches and fled, her bare brown feet noiseless in the dust.

"Milly! Milly!" sounded from the house. But she could not bear to be spoken to just then, and she ignored her mother's call, and ran through the grove to where the tall eucalyptus trees grew. In the spring she was used to climb these trees after birds' eggs. She climbed up into one now, not seeking anything. High up among the thin branches she climbed, and clung there, swaying with the tree, the leaves rustling about her. She stayed there till she was too cramped to hold on any longer.

After that she kept away from the pepper-tree when Walter was outdoors. She always knew when he was coming out. She would watch him from the windows, keeping out of sight behind the curtains. He seemed to sleep a great deal. He had almost stopped smoking, but now and then she would see him roll a cigarette with his thin white fingers and light it, and then throw it away. He did not laugh much now, but when he did, the laugh sounded strange, so boyish and so gay.

THE day that he was to go away, Milly fled from the house in the morning and stayed away till dusk. When she came back the place seemed oddly quiet. The old uncle was smoking his pipe on the door-step; and he looked at Milly timidly as she passed him. Her mother was in the kitchen; her eyes were red, as usual. Milly began to help her silently; and in silence they sat down at the table and ate their supper. Even the old uncle, commonly garrulous, had nothing to say.

Milly's eyes sometimes rested on his faded old face and trembling hands; sometimes she looked at her mother, pale, worn with patient endurance. Then Milly's black eyes, intense, full of life, brooding, questioning, would veil themselves again under inscrutable lids. The house seemed strangely empty. It seemed forlorn and shabby and dull and more than ever a place to escape from. And, more strangely, even outside it seemed dull and tiresome. Milly moped and was irritable and more moody than ever. There was no one to talk to. There never had been any one to talk to.

IT was three days after Walter had gone, and in the afternoon a telegram came. Milly was sitting under the tree, sewing—which she hated. Her mother came to the door, and opened the telegram. Milly heard her cry out and saw her sink down suddenly on the step. Milly got up and ran to her. She was staring at the sheet of paper; while the messenger was holding his book for her to sign, and she was groping helplessly for the pencil. Milly took the book and signed it. Her mother looked up at her and whispered:

"He is dead. He died on the way home—all alone—they had to take him off the train—oh, poor boy, poor Walter!"

She burst out crying.

Milly turned pale; her heart was pounding horribly.

AFTER a moment her mother rose, holding her apron against her convulsed face. She went into her own room and shut the door. And Milly stared at the closed door. The telegram had fallen on the floor. She picked it up and looked at it; then she flung it away and rushed from the house. Down by the stable the pinto horse that Walter used to ride was hitched; one of the men was going into town. Milly unfastened the horse and swung herself up into the saddle as the animal broke into a run. A shout followed her, but she did not turn her head. She loosed the lariat and struck the horse viciously.

THE pinto snorted, shook his head, shied, and galloped on. Miles away in the country, when Milly had dropped the bridle loose, the horse shied violently again and stopped short. Milly was thrown. She landed on her side in the road. The fall hurt her. After a few moments she got up, looked at the horse, which stood a short distance away, cocking a black eye at her. She did not try to catch it, but sat down in the weeds by the roadside. She felt pain from her bruises—but it was not this pain that brought the tears into her eyes. She sat staring before her across the plain into the western sky, where a flood of golden light was welling up. The plain was a broad dazzle of light, and the larks were singing in a sweet chorus. Sobs shook Milly's breast.

"Why am I crying?" she said aloud.

And there was no answer. She could not tell why she was crying as if her heart would break.

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# Songs from Panama

By BERTON BRALEY

## The Spiggoty

(*The Spiggoty is the native Panamaian*)

THE Spiggoty's a liar,
The Spiggoty is slow;
He rouses us to ire,
He plunges us in woe;
He's languid and he's lazy,
He don't know how to "drill;"
His morals they are hazy,
His sanitation's *nil*.

His government's a bungle,
His towns are something vile;
But—in the trackless jungle
He's on the job in style.
In spite of flies and fever,
Of swamps and snakes and sweat,
He wields his trusty cleaver,
His razor-edged machete.

His pack would make *you* stagger,
And drag along behind.
*He* bears it with a swagger,
And never seems to mind.
Mosquitoes?—Never fret him!
The heat?—He laughs at that.
No tropic ills can get him,
The little jungle rat!

He gets the anvil chorus
Wherever we may meet,
But—when he goes before us
In jungle damp and heat,
Where trails are not, he breaks 'em,
So we can see 'em plain;
He finds the ways, or makes 'em,
For transit, rod, and chain!

We've chained the Chagres River,
We've cut the Isthmus through;
We'll presently deliver
Our finished work to you;
But when we first began it,
Before the way was clear,
We thanked our lucky planet
The Spiggoty was here!

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## The Spiggoty Cop

THE clerks in hotels form a very proud clan,
And they act in the lordliest way;
And a nigger gang-boss is a dominant man—
With pride he is prone to display;
But *their* pride and *their* arrogance dwindle and pale
And into obscurity drop;
Their highest conceit wouldn't show on the scale
With the pride of a Spiggoty Cop!

Nobody could ever determine his use—
He never was known to be there;
When actual danger or trouble breaks loose
He's out of the precinct somewhere.
But let an American go on a skate
(We're all of us likely to flop),
He's promptly assaulted by seven or eight
Of the tribe of the Spiggoty Cop!

To hammer a white man is pleasure indeed,
And pleasure he frequently takes;
For the Spiggoty Cop is a cowardly breed,
With a heart and a soul like a snake's.
But he struts on the street like a circus parade,
Or a floor-walker guy in a shop,
And he sure makes a hit with the Spiggoty Maid,
As she ogles the Spiggoty Cop!

Now, when I have finished my work on this job,
And pack my trunk ready to hlow,
There'll be just one thought at the back of my knob—
One thing I would do e'er I go.
I'll wait till the ship's casting off from the quay,
Then down from the gangway I'll hop,
And just before making my way out to sea,
I'll trim Mr. Spiggoty Cop!



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# Frank P. Walsh

*The Man Chosen by President Wilson to Lead the Commission on Industrial Relations*

By DANTE BARTON

LORD ELDON said that a successful lawyer must live like a hermit and work like a horse. Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City, a successful lawyer, has worked like a horse; but he has not lived like a hermit. He has been active and out in the open, helping to put the *law* itself to work for the public service.

That is why President Wilson reached over from Washington and selected Mr. Walsh to be chairman of the new Commission on Industrial Relations. Also, it was why Mr. Wilson and his adviser, Mr. McAdoo, asked Mr. Walsh to come to New York and direct the Bureau of Social Service in the Democratic Presidential campaign. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, who is to serve with Mr. Walsh on the Industrial Relations Commission, had something to do with that first selection. Mrs. Harriman had heard of this Western Democrat who had come to Eastern headquarters to learn from personal contact whether Mr. Wilson was as fine as his speeches and the press notices indicated. Mrs. Harriman said that was the kind of man the Democratic managers should gather in. And Mr. McAdoo gathered him.

UNTIL the past year Mr. Walsh had never been officially in the public service. But for many years he has been a public servant. As a lawyer, he severed all connection with corporation clients in 1900. It was about this time, too, that Walsh got actively into social service. Before then he had been, as he is yet, a strong supporter of union labor; and his private charities were many. But in that earlier time politics seemed to him about the only worth-while field for a man to work in, and he was a strong party man. "Why, actually," he says, with a smile, to-day, "I thought it was immodest for a man to set up his own opinion against that of his party."

The Board of Public Welfare of Kansas City is a development of a board of pardons and paroles which Frank P. Walsh established. It is a development that he has fostered as legal adviser and political manager. This Welfare Board expends annually about $130,000 of public money toward making private charities unnecessary. It supervises recreation. Employers are made to walk the chalk by it. Free legal aid is one of its services.

This board of public welfare is, by the old canons of constitutional interpretation probably unconstitutional. The New York court of fifteen years ago would consider it as "flat burglary as was ever committed." But Mr. Walsh and his co-workers and the *Kansas City Star* have so fortified it in public opinion that it is quite certain the courts will sustain it. Frank Walsh two years ago, when he declined to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri, spoke of the unsympathetic attitude of courts toward the efforts to smooth out industrial relations. "Well," he said, "we can't amend the Constitution, but we can put men in the courts who will be for the rights of man rather than for the wrongs of property. We can put a progressive sentiment behind the laws so strong that the judges, from the lowest to the highest courts, will be afraid to overthrow the people's will."

THIS readjustment of the courts to life is an important part of the Walsh philosophy. It implies more than "packing the courts," to use the 1896 phrase. It is in harmony with an admirable expression of Professor Samuel McCune Lindsay. Writing in the *Survey* of August 2 concerning this industrial commission, Professor Lindsay said: "I am sure it is already clear to every thorough student of labor conflicts that we have entered upon a well defined era of industrial constitutionalism, just as political constitutionalism took shape in the Western world in the eighteenth century."

To build up a body of laws affecting industrial relationships, to develop an administrative capacity along the same lines, and to do this with the sanction of courts that shall still be the arbiters of constitutionalism, has seemed to Mr. Walsh to be the big task before the American people.

He is fitted for that technical part of the work. He is fitted better for the fight that lies ahead—for the human side of it.

Professor John R. Commons was in Mr. Walsh's office when the telegram came from Mr. Wilson offering the appointment. Professor Commons was considering an offer to a place on the Commission. After talking with Mr. Walsh he wired the President that, with Walsh as chairman, he would accept.

"My strength is executive," Mr. Walsh had told Commons. "I'll be an excellent chairman. I shall lean heavily on such experts as you, and I promise you that I will work." Men like Walsh very much—unless they dislike him. They trust him implicitly—unless they distrust him. He is "radical and searching and uncompromising" in the sense that Dr. Edward T. Devine has said that the work of the commission must exemplify those qualities.

MR. WALSH was born in St. Louis forty-one years ago. He has known what life is at its hard angles. He fought poverty as a boy—really fought it; never liked it or accepted it. The iron entered his soul. The iron is still in his soul against poverty and suffering—other persons' poverty and suffering. He hates poverty as an unnecessary evil.

Of thirty boys he remembered of his neighborhood, only three had come through to normal, useful manhood. Twenty-seven lives was too great a price to pay for three that were "fit to survive."

One political service of Mr. Walsh is profitable to recall in getting his measure for the industrial service. It was in the time, ten years and more ago, when the job before the country was to clean up the political machinery—as now the job is to determine what work the clean machinery shall do, and do it. Walsh was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee of Missouri. In 1902 he was already a feared fighter of the "Old Guard."

IN that year a State convention was held in St. Joseph. Mr. Walsh forced through the convention a denunciation of corporation contributions to campaign funds. A few months earlier he had proved in court the corruption of his own party machine by corporation contributions. He went to the convention with his resolution of protest. "Aim it at the Republicans, and we will put it in," begged the Old Guard. "No," said Walsh; "I am more interested in purifying my party than the other fellow's party." The machine leaders offered to make him chairman of the convention if he would hold back his resolution. He wouldn't, and they said they would run over him. Walsh rented a hall, and made a red-hot speech against the machine.

The leaders did "run over him" in the convention; but they put his resolution into the platform. In effect, they denounced their own record. That was the definite beginning of the political reform in Missouri.

# Finance

• By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *The Bond That Straddles*

IN a recent week only ten bond issues were bought and sold to the number of one hundred separate bonds on the New York Stock Exchange. Finance is always local, in the sense that traders know, or think they know, more about local concerns than distant ones. This is true in London and New York no less than in the smallest towns, and so there is nothing surprising in the fact that three of the ten bonds were securities of the great local traction companies. Of the remaining seven, six were "convertibles," that is, the kind that were invented for the man who promised his wife not to speculate in stocks.

Convertible bonds prove that oil and water for once mix. They are both strictly an investment and a speculative security. There is no better way of beating the devil around the bush of inherent desire for taking risks and yet not taking them. A bond that has such qualities is sure to be popular. Just at the present time there are special reasons for drawing attention to this active and important class of securities.

Let it not be supposed that convertibles combine all qualities of perfection. They do not. But they are at times indisputably attractive.

Rail as we will against speculation, no means has yet been found to eradicate the instinct. Few bankers or other authorities on finance are willing to admit how large a proportion of those who are called investors are half-way speculators. Of course, there is always a market for absolutely sound securities, devoid of any possibility of going up; but there is a broader market, a more eager reception, for the security that may advance.

### *What It Means to Convert*

FIRST, let it be clearly understood what a convertible bond is. Essentially it is a bond with a prospective bonus, first employed by railroads in the hard times of the sixties and seventies. In the last ten years or so it has been revived with great and apparently ever-increasing popularity. There are several varieties of convertibles, but quite the most important is that which is exchangeable at a fixed price, at the option of the owner, into common stock of the same company. Take for example, a large new issue of New York, New Haven & Hartford convertibles. These bonds are exchangeable into stock par for par, that is, at the price of 100 for the stock, any time between 1918 and 1928. The owner, if he so desires, may receive ten shares of stock for one $1000 bond any time within that ten-year period. In other words, this privilege of exchange is a call on the stock at par. Of course, if the conversion price as fixed by the directors were above par, then the bondholder would receive less than ten shares. At the present time this particular conversion privilege is worthless, for New Haven stock is selling around 90. But suppose New Haven stock, which has sold above 250 in its day, should within six or seven years again creep up to only 125. It is clear that the boadholder has a fine profit in sight, for he can exchange his bond for ten shares of stock at 1000, which he can turn around and sell at 1250. If he does not choose to make the exchange he is not compelled to. Conversion is always optional.

### *When to Convert and When Not To*

THE most important issues of convertible bonds, and the only ones to be mentioned in this article, are those of such great railroad systems as the Atchison, Atlantic Coast Line, Chesapeake & Ohio, St. Paul, New Haven, Norfolk & Western, Baltimore & Ohio, Pennsylvania, Southern and Union Pacific and two other companies, the American Telephone and the General Electric. All these companies, with possibly one or two exceptions, have extensive stock issues, paying large dividends and representing huge assets. Excepting the Chesapeake & Ohio, a reduction in any of the stock dividends would be a real event and disaster. It would create endless debate and point many a moral. In other words, most of these concerns make such great profits that reasonably large dividends seem almost institutional.

In every instance the convertible bonds are a direct obligation of the corporation. They come ahead of the stock. The American Telephone Company, for instance, would have to reduce its dividends by no less than $27,500,000 before its convertibles would be endangered. That is, the convertible of a strong, dividend-paying corporation is an excellent investment without giving any consideration to its conversion privilege. The convertible of a company like the Pennsylvania without any mortgage security is better than the first-mortgage bond of a railroad whose earnings are relatively small.

But no bond is a good investment if the price paid for it is too high. The great danger with convertibles is of buying them too high. Owing to a speculative value given them by a possible rise in the stock, they naturally follow the stock up. Last year Norfolk & Western convertible 4's went as high as 117, an absurd price, on a purely investment basis, for a mere promise to pay. But if this same bond should fall to a price where it returned 5 per cent., even without considering the convertible feature, it would be worth looking at.

### *When to Buy Convertibles*

EXPERIENCE shows that convertibles go up with a rising market, and go too far at that. But experience also proves another interesting fact regarding this class of bond. In a declining market they do not drop as low relatively as the stock. In 1907 Union Pacific stock dropped to 100, and the bonds would have fallen to 57 on a purely convertible parity, but they only fell to 78¼. Of course, the reason for this is that the bond comes ahead of the stock, and interest upon it is always a prior charge. That is, the bond has an investment safety which the stock lacks. It will not fall below its true investment value.

When stock market feeling is one of depression, convertible bonds often sell on a strictly investment basis, with the convertible privilege thrown in, as it were. Although there has been a recovery in convertible bond prices, as in stock prices, since the low point of last June, there are still at the present writing attractive purchases among the convertibles.

At 92½, Baltimore & Ohio 4½'s, which have twenty years to run, return 5.1 per cent. on the straight investment. After them comes $152,000,000 of stock upon which 6 per cent. is being paid. The profits must shrink at least $9,120,000 a year before this bond reaches the danger-line. The conversion price is 110 and the stock is now at 97. It must go up thirteen points before the conversion privilege avails. In two of the last four years Baltimore & Ohio has sold above 110 There is at least a good speculative chance.

Another bond, with a greater margin of safety, is the Southern Pacific convertible 4, running for sixteen years. The rate of return in this case also is just above 5 per cent. In the opinion of the best judges, this bond is wholly safe, but the speculative feature is a long-distance one. The stock is now selling around 89. It must go to 130 before bonds can be exchanged. The highest the stock ever sold was 139⅛. But it must be borne in mind that even a moderate advance would carry the convertibles up to some extent, even if not enough to make the actual exchange worth while.

Union Pacific 4's are convertible in stock at 175, which is now 20 points below that figure. As an investment solely the bonds are quite safe, and return 4.8 at current prices. A substantial rise in the stock would, of course, carry up the bonds. On several other issues the rate of return is low, but the possibility of profit is thought by many to be so much the greater.

### *Objections and Their Answer*

THERE are numerous mathematical annoyances and complications in making the actual conversion of bonds into stocks. All companies do not have the same method of figuring interest and dividends, and allowing for fractional parts.

The convertible bond is not for those whose peace of mind suffers from any fluctuation in the price of what they own. Charles W. Morse was recently quoted as saying:

"Stock Exchange speculation serves very largely to make investors uneasy. They are influenced by quotations. If a man invests money in a mortgage, he looks it up, gets his interest, and never worries about the principal. If he puts money into a stock or bond and the price declines ten points, he thinks less about the intrinsic value of the investment than about the price. He imagines something is wrong."

Morse is an expert observer, and if his remarks apply to you, don't buy convertible bonds. But if you desire to combine securities that possess an unusually high degree of intrinsic worth with a speculative feature, then a broad, active market is most to be desired. And that is just what the convertibles of our great, strong corporations possess to a high degree.

# How the Cabinet

## *AN INSIDE STORY*

SOMEBODY said to President Wilson, "I suppose that in making your Cabinet appointments there was tremendous pressure brought to bear on you."

The President answered very clearly, "I was not aware of any pressure being brought to bear."

When Mr. Wilson's reply was repeated to an old time politician who is also an ardent admirer of the President, the Old Timer groaned:

"There you go again, trying to make Wilson out a baby at the game when he's the cleverest politician who has been in the White House since Lincoln! Do you suppose the voters want to think they have a man at the head of the government who doesn't understand every side of politics? They are willing that he should be cultured and a philosopher but at the same time they want him to know how to play politics so well that he can block the opposition at their own game. He got good men but he played politics in getting them. And we are proud of him for knowing how!"

THE abashed layman repeated Mr. Wilson's reply to a man of science.

"You must remember," he said, "that American politics are bad from top to bottom. If Mr. Wilson wasn't aware of pressure then he is more unsophisticated than I thought he was, that's all. It was the big interests that Brandeis had prodded in New England that kept Brandeis out of the cabinet whether Mr. Wilson knew it or not. Don't let them deceive you. They all play politics."

The layman next repeated Mr. Wilson's reply to a gentleman who nodded vaguely. "A college professor can't be expected to know much about the under side of life. But I think Wilson will outwit them all. He is so thoroughly in earnest and takes the ordinary man's welfare so seriously that he will find that he will have to learn to play politics. His word is good and if he said he didn't feel pressure, he didn't. It's a shame that as big a man as he is should have to stoop to play politics."

ONCE more the reply that the President made was repeated this time to a delicatessen man at the corner.

"How do you suppose the big men do things?" he asked. "I have been trying to understand what Mr. Wilson has been writing in the magazines, but an ignorant man like me can't understand it. Why don't they get down to facts and tell us how they really do things. Then we can judge for ourselves whether they are straight or crooked. Now how did Mr. Wilson go about getting that cabinet of his? What kind of politics did he play?"

Even a delicatessen man in America knows the meaning of "playing politics!"

THE old idea has been that it was not only unnecessary but unwise to let the average man know the details of Administration making. The average man was supposed to be fully satisfied that he had done his share when he cast his vote and to have received full compensation when the secret conclaves which gave him government were organized at Washington. But with the coming of Mr. Wilson's régime has come a new idea of light; the idea that so long as government is for the average man, those at the head of the government miss the whole aim of of their work when the average man fails to understand them and to believe in them.

WHAT is "playing politics" and why should Mr. Wilson have to play them? From the ethical standpoint, a good policy ought to win on its own merits. If a President wants such a policy made into a law by Congress, it looks to the lay mind as if he should have no trouble in getting it done. Yet if a simple, straight-forward gentleman, like Mr. Wilson, says that he will not stoop to using patronage to induce Congress to pass the measures he wants, what happens? Congress blocks his measures. Again, to the lay mind, this looks as if Congress were despicable. But this does not follow at all.

THE average Senator or Representative dislikes patronage as much as Mr. Wilson does. For every appointment that a member of Congress has to make there are perhaps twenty applicants. Only one appointment can be made, so while the member makes one friend by his appointment, he makes nineteen enemies! The member who belongs to the party not in power has a far pleasanter time in this matter than his opponents. He has no patronage to give. There is little use in his trying to get a measure through. All that he can do is to vote consistently against every measure of the opposition and for the rest, watch the struggles of his political enemies toward the political feeding trough.

THERE is something about thrusting a measure through Congress by the means of patronage that smacks of bribery to the unsophisticated onlooker. And yet, under existing conditions, what else is to be done? This elaborate system of patronage has become a seemingly inseparable part of administering the government. Ask almost any Congressman his opinion of it and he will agree with you that it is bad. But almost always he will close his remarks by suggesting that after all it is the voter who demands the patronage and that it is the voter only who can change the system.

"Playing politics" consists of winning your end by any means within the law. If you play politics for your personal gain more than for public good, the public when it knows will not forgive you. If you play politics for the public good it would be an unsolvable problem in ethics for the average man to decide as to the morals of the case.

THE average voter takes it for granted that Mr. Wilson responded to pressure when he made up his cabinet. And yet the story of the forming of the Cabinet as told by different friends of the President and by members of the Cabinet themselves entirely upholds Mr. Wilson's statement that he was not conscious of pressure. In spite of the often repeated statement that the Cabinet could not be formed without politics being played, there are only two or three politicians in the Cabinet!

MR. WILSON went about choosing his official family exactly as you or I would have gone about it had we been actuated by the President's skill and great hope for the future. He did the simple, sensible thing in this as in everything else that he undertakes. He had a number of friends whom he trusted close to him during his campaign and afterward. The President forms his friendships absolutely on his own opinion. He is very keen about reading people, and when he makes up his mind to trust a man, all the pressure in the world will not change him.

One of his friends had been a friend of Bryan for many years. People warned the President that the friend would work always for Bryan when forced to a choice. But Mr. Wilson did not seem to hear the warnings and the friend is still one of his stanchest supporters. The President can tell a friend when he sees one!

AFTER the Baltimore convention, Mr. Wilson began to think and talk over every man in public or private life whom he knew or of whom he had heard who might be possible for his Cabinet in the event of his election. This was not counting his chickens before they were hatched. This was merely being sensible. If he were elected the time between election and inauguration would be too short for Cabinet making.

THE problem before Mr. Wilson was greater than had confronted any President for years. If he went into the White House, he would go loaded with promises



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# Was Selected

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

to the people of a fundamental change of government. The changes that he proposed were so completely opposed to the drift of government for nearly a generation that he knew that every administrative move would be fought with unbelievable bitterness by the old régime. He knew that he would be fought by men who were consummate politicians and financiers who were used to handling administrations. Mr. Wilson would be the head of his administration. But unless his Cabinet were one with him he would be in the same case with the man who had the mind of the sculptor but whose fingers refused to understand the bidding of his brain. His efforts would be fruitless.

ONE of the most remarkable things about Mr. Wilson is that with all his idealism his common sense never deserts him. He said to the men who were with him at this time that he must have in the Cabinet men who had passed the acid test of honesty. Men who were brave. Men who were efficient. Men who had imagination.

Not once only did Mr. Wilson say this to his friends but he repeated it over and over and explained each quality until the men about him were saturated with his ideas.

HIS first searchings were by the process of elimination. He began to strike out from Congress the men who were not possible. And the reason that he began with Congress is because he is sensible. He knew that unless he was on friendly terms with Congress and unless he had two or three men in his Cabinet who understood the inner workings of members his policies would be blocked. It is not the personality of a president alone that makes an administration strong. It is the laws that an administration gets onto the statute books that gives a four years' régime permanency. Mr. Cleveland was a strong man but he constantly antagonised Congress. The net results of his administrations were negative. Mr. McKinley was a great politician. He knew how to get along with Congress. He could get any law passed that he wanted. You may say that something is wrong with a system that forces a man to use Machiavellian methods to make his ideals into laws. Or you may say that it is human nature demanding the application of common sense.

MR. WILSON let it be known that no men who applied for a job on the Cabinet would get one. He didn't want a man who left the job he was on to seek office. And it made no difference to him that a man had had no experience in the sort of work he would have to do in the Cabinet. Mr. Wilson knew that most of his new family would be unknown and untried by the very nature of the type he demanded.

THE group of men would go over and over members of Congress in this way:

"There is Smith. He's clever, but he's a corporation lawyer." The President would not consider anyone with corporation affiliations. "There is Jones. He might swing a great many votes and in his home State he is a big man. But in Congress he has consistently voted 'no' on all things progressive. There is Brown. He knows a great deal about money but he has big banking interests. Then there is Burleson. He has a good record at home and a good record on the Appropriations Committee. He ought to be a good fighter because he comes of fighting stock. His grandfather was an old Indian fighter and president of the Republic of Texas. We don't know about his imagination but we do know about his honesty and that he has some good ideas about Parcel Post." And so Mr. Burleson was asked to be Postmaster General.

THERE never seemed to be any question in Mr. Wilson's mind as to whom he would make Secretary of State. There was much doubting by the public and by the President's advisers as to the wisdom of it. Mr. Wilson was told that Mr. Bryan would find it impossible to so smother his own ideas as to follow the President's lead. This was a place where the President's capacity for recognizing a friend was invaluable. Many say that Mr. Bryan is over-ambitious; that he is inefficient in his work; that he neglects his office while he takes the Chautauqua tour. But Mr. Wilson says that he has no more loyal adherent in the Cabinet than Mr. Bryan; no one who so persistently puts himself last; no one who is so little insistent on patronage. The other members of the Cabinet love him and speak of him as "dear old Bryan." He more than any one else made possible the holding together of the party and will make possible that passing of the President's measures. He represents six million votes. Mr. Bryan has never been so great in his life as he has been in the Cabinet where he has made himself persistently second for the welfare of the President and the party. Nor does any one in the Cabinet spend more hours at his job than does Mr. Bryan. He is at his office twelve to fourteen hours a day and the work of the Department of State, contrary to popular report is all completed to date. Not for several administrations has any Secretary of State given the time to his work that has Mr. Bryan.

MR. BRYAN and Mr. Burleson were the only purely political appointments. Mr. Daniels had fought hard for the party; he is honest and loyal and an old friend and Mr. Wilson made him Secretary of the Navy.

Some of the members never received formal notices of their appointments but were told by one of the President's confidential friends. Sometimes an informal little note from Mr. Wilson told them that he wanted them to help make the administration a good one.

THE old time politician and the commuter and the man of science are inclined to be skeptical. They say such a listing as this of the men in the Cabinet pictures them as too good to be true. Only time will show whether or not Mr. Wilson is as clear visioned with regard to the men for his policies as he is in recognizing a friend. One thing is certain even now. The President has some good fighters in his official family. And he needs them.

"Courage," he says, "courage, courage, is what we want. Fighters who never stop going. And after that, the simple thing which is the sensible thing."

THE President is so big that he dares to recognize bigness in other people. That is one thing that makes us have faith that he has found some big men for his Cabinet.

IT seems somehow a curious thing, a sad thing, that the man who seems destined to give back to the average man the opportunities that his fathers knew should be of a type little likely to be understood by the average man. And yet the recipe for understanding a big man is very simple. Mr. Emerson gives it:

"The youth, intoxicated with his admiration of a hero, fails to see that it is only a projection of his own soul that he admires— He is curious concerning that man's day. What filled it? The crowded orders, the stern decisions, the foreign despatches, the Castilian etiquette? Behold, his day is here—in the workmen, the boys, the maidens, you meet,—in the hopes of morning, the ennui of noon—in the disquieting comparisons; in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea and the puny execution-day of all that are born of woman. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. You are tasting of the selfsame life, its sweetness, its greatness, its pain which you so admire in other men."



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*"What's th' use o' goin' clean t' New York unless you see everythin' that's there?"*

# Seeing New York

By LEWIS ALLEN

"OF course you saw the Woolworth Building when you were in New York, Mr. Barlow?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Lucky dog, to see all the sights. I've seen pictures of it. Say, is it real marble or bricks painted yellow? You never can tell from them souvenir post cards."

"It is—it was—" and Mr. Barlow, being a truthful man, hesitated. There were reasons why he didn't care to admit a number of things, but he finally skated over the thin ice by declaring, "Like as not it's marble. It looked pretty light."

"Great guns, didn't you walk around it and into it?"

"Why no, fact is I was in—er—we were in a hurry that mornin' and didn't have much time and we rode past it pretty speedy. It was mighty tall, though, mighty tall," he added hurriedly and reassuringly.

"Rode past it!" snorted Mr. Barlow's inquisitive friend, "what's th' use o' goin' clean t' New York unless you see everythin' that's there?"

Mr. Barlow didn't answer him. Perhaps he couldn't have quite explained it. It was true, however, he had traveled and traveled up and down New York, and, after getting back home, all that remained to him, try his best, was a mingled and mangled memory of skyscrapers, wonderful mansions, glittering lights and green parks.

And Mr. Barlow's experience is the experience of more than ninety per cent. of those good people who journey from other haunts, to see all there is worth seeing in America's miraculous city, New York.

It isn't that these visitors are not intelligent. It isn't that they do not know how to use their eyes, nor is it that they are awed into a state of semi-coma, by stupendous sights.

It is not the fault of the visitors at all. It is the fault of the guides, whether they be professional or amateur; whether they sing-song rapid and mumbled and more or less accurate information through a megaphone from the front of a "Rubberneck" auto, or glibly rattle it off to Uncle Albert or Cousin Stella from Homedale, Ill., or wherever it is the visitor comes from.

Here comes Cyrus P. Steele from Homedale, accompanied by his wife and daughter. In Homedale Mr. Steele is the banker and all-around heavy citizen. He is, like thousands of other citizens, keen, able, educated. Furthermore, he is determined to see all there is in New York worth seeing. After sauntering around for half an hour, keeping his bearings so he may return to his hotel, he decides he cannot see much or explain much to "Mother and Stella."

"COME, we'll see everything," he cheerfully announces and leads his party into one of the great flock of sight-seeing automobiles. Seated comfortably, he catches sight of a tall building standing alone in a busy square.

"What's that building, son?" Mr. Steele asks of the young man with the megaphone.

"That's th'—START RIGHT AWAY! START RIGHT AWAY! SEE EVERYTHING WORTH SEEIN'! STEP RIGHT IN!" yells the young man.

Why should he stop to give out information when there was a chance of getting more passengers? He had started to answer the passenger when he caught sight of other strangers. (There *IS* a difference in them.) These strangers might be induced to take the trip, hence his neglect of Mr. Steele and his vociferous call to the sightseer.

"I guess 'tis," chuckles Mr. Steele.

By this time the auto is filled. Off they go, past the Seventh Avenue side of the "Times" Building.

"ON YOUR RIGHT is the 'Times' Building! Located in what is known as the 'Great White Way!'" shouts the guide with the megaphone. He shouts it slowly and distinctly.

Meanwhile the traffic cop has blown a blast on his whistle, opening up the right of way, and the chauffeur shoots hastily across the square and on to Broadway with a jerk that yanks the passengers sharply against the narrow backs of their seats.

Mr. Steele regains his balance, glances to see that Mother and Stella are safe, then essays to look straight up to the towering top of the "Times" Building. What he really sees is a large cigarette sign on the top of a six-story building.

Turning hastily until he nearly gets a crick in his back, he obtains a fleeting glimpse of the wedge-shaped "Times" Building, and then is whisked out of vision of it.

"Where's the 'Great White Way,' Pa?" anxiously asks Stella.

He looks about. "Say," he says to the man with the megaphone, "where's the—"

"ON YOUR RIGHT," bellows the megaphone, "is the Torrid Music Hall, noted for its sensational productions."

"Oh, I know, Pa!" exclaims Stella; "that's where that girl that made a young king lose his throne is playing. She—"

BUT Stella and the others are jerked into silence as the car turns into Forty-sixth Street.

Wheeling again down Sixth Avenue they catch sight of a massive but gloomy building.

"Some armory—" Mr. Steele makes a guess.

"ON YOUR LEFT is the Hippodrome," chants the man with the megaphone. An elevated train rattles overhead, surface cars rumble beside them, a motor truck thunders past.

"What did he say?" asks several in the car.

"Say Mister, what's that—"

"LISTEN carefully, I cannot repeat," warns the megaphone man.

"That's the Hippodrome, sir," ventures a little chap whose sharp ears had heard.

"Oh say, look, that's the Hip—" but Mr. Steele can say no more, for the car makes another turn, this time to Forty-second Street.

"I wanted to get a good look at the Hippodrome," grumbles Mr. Steele. "I've heard so—"

"ON YOUR RIGHT is the PUBLIC LI-brary," comes the megaphone information.

Everyone turns to view the Public Library. Just as they are getting a glimpse, around the corner, of the great carved lions, the sight-seeing car turns again, up Fifth Avenue.

"That isn't much," says Stella, "I thought—"

"WE ARE NOW on Fifth Avenue," informs the guide.

And so it goes, up the great avenue, hurrying on to cover the route as quickly as possible. The sooner covered, the sooner another load is picked up, and this means more money.

There *are* people in New York who are trying to grab money.

"ON YOUR RIGHT—"

Everyone turns to see. They look ahead. The object to which the megaphone man referred is now slightly back of them.



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"ON YOUR LEFT is the Senator Clark house!"

Surely everyone had heard of that. Every face is turned to the right.

"Which one, the light one or the dark one? That big one there or the squatty one—" but before the questions are asked the megaphone man is shouting something else.

"ON YOUR LEFT is Central Park."

Oh yes, everyone knows about Central Park. They look and look and look.

Green trees show above the wall. They might be passing the Evergreen Cemetery in Kokomo, or the grounds of the Hon. Hiram Plunkett, richest man in Sogus, Indiana, for all they could see.

"ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET CURVE, the highest part of the elevated," chants the megaphone.

Every one promptly gazes at the partly finished St. John's Cathedral and only realizes when it is too late that they should have looked straight up at the elevated road.

Just as they turn into One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, West, the megaphone man says something about "Morningside."

Some gaze at the chewing gum girl sign half a mile away in upper Harlem, some take a look at the little brick residence of Nicholas Murray Butler, prexy of Columbia, and some point to the dome of the Columbia College Library. Not one of them has had time to grasp the fact that "Morningside" is a sort of side-hill park.

"COLUMBIA COL-LEGE FORMERLY KING'S COLLEGE—" the megaphone man says.

"Which side—which side?" queries a number of the so-called sightseers.

"CO-LUM-BIA COL-LEGE IS ON BOTH SIDES," the megaphone man informs them, but at this moment the car shoots ahead to pass in front of the surface cars at the subway station.

"ON YOUR LEFT is the School of Journalism." It was all a part of the megaphone man's program and he was bound to say it, although at that moment they were going down the slope to Riverside Drive, and so the sight-seers took away with them the impression that a certain tall apartment block was the home of the school that teaches the young idea how to shoot news items into the homes of the masses.

"WE ARE NOW ON Riverside Drive. ON YOUR LEFT IS THE HUDSON RIVER. Beyond the river is New Jersey and the Palisades."

EVERY one ducks or stretches or leans, trying to get a glimpse of the river through the thick foliage. Glimpses of water are visible, but it is rather hazy and the Palisades might be either a clay bank or a row of tenement houses, for all the people know.

Our visitors do get a good view of Grant's Tomb. It is not the fault of the megaphone man or of the chauffeur. The tomb is sizable and stands alone on a hill and the car makes a trip around it.

Then they spin back downtown again.

The visitors enjoyed the ride, but they didn't see very much. And they know they didn't. But what of that? New York is New York and they don't know enough to do things quietly and calmly and sanely there.

Or perhaps the trip is made downtown.

"ALL ABOARD. START RIGHT AWAY. SEE WALL STREET. SEE THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD. SEE THE CANYONED STREETS. SEE—" and the megaphone man continues to advise everybody as to what he should see until the car is filled. Then they are off.

"ON YOUR LEFT is the Municipal Building—ON YOUR LEFT is City Hall—ON YOUR LEFT is City Hall Park and Newspaper Row—ON YOUR LEFT is the Postoffice—ON YOUR RIGHT is the Woolworth Building, the tallest building in the world—ON YOUR RIGHT is the old Astor House where Daniel Webster used to stop—ON YOUR LEFT is St. Paul's Building—ON YOUR LEFT is old Ann Street—ON YOUR RIGHT is St. Paul's Church where the office girls eat their lunches on the graves—ON YOUR LEFT we are now approaching Wall Street—"

How much of this has Mr. Steele or his good wife or Stella seen? How much of all this has any of the visitors seen?

Do you wonder that Mr. Barlow could not tell his friend whether the Woolworth Building was made of marble or brick or plain cedar shingles?

Not their fault, but just the New York style of "grab-all-the-change-in-sight-from-strangers-never-mind-value-received-there'll-be-more-visitors-tomorrow."

These guides are there not really to entertain the sightseers, not carefully to show them everything, but to rattle off their lesson just as little Reginald would rattle off "Littledropsofwaterlittlegrainsofsand;" they are there to rush that trip through and get another "bunch."

BY the time friend Steele and Mother and Stella had started to look at the great Municipal Building the guide was thundering something about City Hall and while they were trying to differentiate between a municipal building and a city hall the megaphone sprung something about a park, then about Park Row.

Now every one knows about Park Row where all the great news of the world is handled in this country. Naturally they looked and looked hard, and paid little heed to the stentorian information concerning the postoffice. Everyone knows what a postoffice is. But by the time the guide shouts "WOOLWORTH BUILDING" the car is down in Postoffice Square and it is necessary to twist the neck about and tilt the chin upward—and what sort of an idea of that building do you suppose anyone could get under such conditions?

DOWN in Wall Street they rush through and see the Sub-Treasury. They hear about the J. P. Morgan offices, take a run down to 26 Broadway and hear about the Standard Oil offices and are trying to tell which is Bowling Green and which John D. Rockefeller's office window when they are whisked away again.

And when Cyrus P. Steele and family return to Homedale, the *Weekly Herald* will print an item to this effect:

"Our esteemed fellow townsman, the Hon. Cyrus P. Steele and his wife and daughter, Miss Stella Steele, have returned from a protracted stay in New York, N. Y. While there they saw all that was worth seeing. Mr. Steele says he prefers Homedale. So say we all of us."

Wise visitors buy forty or fifty New York souvenir post cards and study them carefully in order to find out what the "sights" they have "seen" actually look like.

U. S. Marines loading Post Toasties on Battleship Michigan at the Norfolk Navy Yard—(From actual photograph).

# Post Toasties

## Follow the Flag

Uncle Sam provides the best of food, so it naturally follows that his fighting men have these delicious golden-brown bits of toasted Indian Corn, afloat as well as ashore.

The use of Post Toasties has become so general in our Naval service that one may find Jack Tar enjoying "Toasties" wherever the Flag takes him.

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Write us for your dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance! Ask for new Mercerized Holeproof Socks for men at $1.50 for six pairs. Write for free book telling about Holeproof.

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Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

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# What They Think of Us

*Savannah* (Ga.) *Press*

Norman Hapgood has given HARPER'S a new dress, and it isn't a hobble skirt, either.

*Springfield* (Ill.) *News*

"A friend of ours," writes Norman Hapgood in his remodeled Journal of Civilization, "who has traveled much, asked whether an educated Filipino would think that the record of the Illinois Legislature at the last session indicated that the citizens of Illinois were fit for self-government."

Hapgood does not tell us the reply he made to this query. Undoubtedly he answered the question in a truly Hapgood style, which was necessarily sententious and comprehensive. However, this supposititious Filipino would probably know, without asking the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, that the record of the Illinois Legislature does not differ materially from the record of the legislatures of other States, and that his question, had he propounded it, would have been an impertinence.

*Geneva* (N. Y.) *Times*

With due respect to those who have previously conducted the magazine so successfully, we can not help admitting that the Hapgood publication bids fair to be a big improvement. The editorial department seems to bear evidences of the characteristic work of Mr. Hapgood, and the publication has all that spice and snap that used to characterize COLLIER'S in the days when Mr. Hapgood was editor, and which have been rather conspicuously lacking since he resigned. The illustrated departments of the remodeled publication are strikingly noteworthy and will be watched with interest from week to week. There is a field for a magazine of the type Mr. Hapgood says he intends to make HARPER'S. Mr. Hapgood is a fearless and able editor, and we predict good things for HARPER'S and from HARPER'S under his ownership.

*Richmond* (Va.) *Dispatch*

For the benefit of those unfortunate discontented persons who are not placidly content to read the *Times-Dispatch*, without seeking other mental pabulum, we announce that the new HARPER'S WEEKLY, under Norman Hapgood as editor, bursts into print this week. The most pleasing thing about the babe is its dress. The form of the magazine is the most comfortable, neat, and esthetically satisfying we know. The first issue otherwise creaks with newness. The ship hath not found herself, though the old Hapgood trademarks gleam brightly in the dawn.

*Wilmington* (Del.) *Every Evening*

Much was attached to the old HARPER'S WEEKLY that the former clientèle will miss, and somewhat sadly. Especially will they feel the omission of Colonel Harvey's editorials, trenchant, racy, informing, and so convincing.

*Omaha* (Neb.) *Bee*

Norman Hapgood's new HARPER'S WEEKLY comes out in time to be of some service to Congress at this extra session, which must have been prolonged specially to get the advice.

*Lebanon* (Pa.) *Report*

Few changes in the administration of periodicals have provoked the interest following the announcement that Colonel George Harvey had retired as editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY in favor of Norman Hapgood.

*New Haven* (Conn.) *Courier*

The second number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, under the editorship of Norman Hapgood, promises that, unless great ingenuity is exercised, a really live and interesting periodical will greet the country weekly.

*Topeka* (Kan.) *Capital*

Norman Hapgood has taken charge of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and everything out of "kilter" shortly will be adjusted satisfactorily.

Under Norman Hapgood, HARPER'S WEEKLY is restored to the preëminence among weekly magazines that many years ago gave it a claim to the title of the "Journal of Civilization." It is widely sympathetic, overlooking no social interest of these alert times.

*Los Angeles* (Cal.) *Tribune*

Norman Hapgood is now editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Outwardly the appearance of the publication has been improved.

Hapgood is capable of expressing a sound opinion, when he has it, and doing this in clear English.

The illustrations in his paper are rotten beyond all precedent, the trouble being that they do not resemble anything ever seen of man.

*Aberdeen* (Wash.) *World*

Norman Hapgood, new editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, announces in his initial number that he hopes to make the WEEKLY the organ of the "feminist movement." Ed. Bok and the *Ladies' Home Journal* will no doubt sue Norman for an infringement of copyright.

*Columbia* (S. C.) *Record*

Mr. Hapgood is one of the reformers who has been helping along the fight against the "white slave" traffic, both with voice and pen. It is to the credit of his candor as well as that of his intelligence, therefore, that he points out the defect in the Mann "white slave" act.

*Detroit* (Mich.) *News Tribune*

Mr. Hapgood's work on *Collier's* long ago established the character of any publication which might come under his control. He is a rare scholar, with vision, with extraordinary power of expression, with tolerance. But from the outset he makes it plain that his tolerance is not to be mistaken for willingness to compromise. The short editorial on "Vivisection," in this number, is the Hapgood way of conveying this assurance. The WEEKLY, Mr. Hapgood promises, will publish a little fiction, something about sport, and as many substantial, informing articles as possible. He looks to the illustrations for much assistance in expressing the policy which he adopts for the publication and hopes to maintain. Neither the fiction nor the illustrations will be, if he can help, of the ordinary sugar-pill sort. It is easily discoverable that Mr. Hapgood is in close, friendly sympathy with the Wilson administration, and especially with the economic ideas of the administration. One of his dearest friends is Louis D. Brandeis, the Boston lawyer, perhaps the foremost exponent of


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Which are flat, smooth and regular for nine-tenths of your driving. Yet they become—the instant you need them—the most efficient of anti-skids.

These All-Weather treads, even now, outsell our smooth treads with users.

at the base. Thus the strains are distributed over the fabric just as with smooth-tread tires. It was separate projections, centering the strains at a single point, which made former anti-skids so expensive.

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They are flat and broad, offering on dry roads the smoothness of plain tread tires.

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Why

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When you buy a foreign made champagne you're paying $1.00 for import duty and ocean freight (which you can't drink—that's the "bone and trim") and $1.00 for the pint of wine.

When you buy Cook's Imperial you pay $1.00 (no bone—no trim) for a champagne that is truly superior in every respect—purity, sparkle, fragrance and deliciousness.

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Every Wedded Couple
and
Every Couple About to be Wedded
*Should Read*
"Marriage Today and Tomorrow"
in the next HARPER'S WEEKLY


"competition restored." Yet those who have read Hapgood for years know that under his editorship HARPER'S WEEKLY can not be the partizan organ of the Democratic party that it was so long under Colonel Harvey. The new HARPER'S WEEKLY, if the friends of the old will only set aside prejudice long enough to read a few numbers of it, will be found less radical than "Old Subscriber" perhaps expects. Nevertheless, it is to be kept, if Norman Hapgood can keep it, a little ahead of the times. We are certain that it will be an influence in the forming of public opinion, rather than a reflector of opinion already crystallized. This in itself may be too radical for a part of the old circulation; certainly it will be; for they have received letters already bemoaning the change—one of them from as far off as Korea.

*Louisville* (Ky.) *Post*

"To understand a thing," says Mr. Hapgood, in his first issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY, "is to be interested in it." Not necessarily. It is only a half truth, as labored platitudes, intended for epigrams, always are. It is just as true to say that to understand a thing is to lose all interest in it; that was Emerson's view:

The heavens that now draw him with sweetness untold.
Once found—for new heavens he spurneth the old.

But, read the anagram either way, it matters little; only, applying the Hapgood rule to Hapgood's discussion of the feminist movement, we hope he will understand it better before the winter is over. Then he will not assume that fifty years ago the women were any less attractive to our forefathers than Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Vanderbilt-Belmont, and even Miss Addams, are to the men of the present hour.

*Atchison* (Kan.) *Globe*

Norman Hapgood declares that, while woman will be conceded full political and social rights on an equality with man, she will be placed in a position of power which will render her his *superior*. A man who talks like that about woman suffrage is henpecked, all right.

*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*

In the current number of HARPER'S WEEKLY David Starr Jordan makes an exposition of the high cost of living which every man who legislates for city, state, or nation ought to be compelled to read and taught to understand. It is a most remarkable compilation of facts. It points to an unpalatable truth, but one from which no intelligent student of economics can dissent.

*Rochester* (N. Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle*

The new HARPER'S WEEKLY has variety and vitality, it is interesting from beginning to end; the touch of a master hand is to be seen on every page. "Something that everybody wants to read," might well be its motto.

*Aurora* (Ill.) *Beacon-News*

If HARPER'S WEEKLY were published in the sign language, a blind man would know that Norman Hapgood is now the editor. If this splendid journalist is allowed free rein, the American people are assured that they will learn something of the conduct of their own government which it is well for them to know.

*Burton J. Hendrick, Washington, D. C.*

I am glad to see that we finally have a periodical with a real note of distinction about it. My testimony is of some value, because I was rather pessimistic about the HARPER enterprise when I first heard of it.

*Houston* (Tex.) *Post*

Norman Hapgood says he intends to make HARPER'S WEEKLY the organ of feminism on this continent. Is that what we have been waiting for so patiently, and will Mr. Bok stand for the competition?

*Frederic Hatton*, in *Chicago* (Ill.) *Evening Post*

A critical pen too long idle has been taken up again as one of the results of the rejuvenation of the venerable HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is that of Norman Hapgood, who announces that after ten years of activity in other directions he will again devote himself to more or less expression on the subjects of plays, players, and playwrights. A dozen years ago his piquant views of things theatrical delighted a wide public. The public interested in the playhouse, and particularly the literature of the drama, has greatly increased in the meantime. When Mr. Hapgood wrote his book "The American Stage" there were no drama leagues, no theater societies, no uplifter-playgoers in America. People ten years ago regarded the theater as a place of amusement, not as an avenue for the expression of national life and ideals. An increasingly large element is coming to the latter view.

San Francisco (Cal.) *Bulletin*

HARPER'S WEEKLY began its career long before the Civil War and played a considerable part in the journalistic phase of that struggle. In the generation following the war it became almost an institution, especially in the New England States. New Englanders used to read it with almost as much faith as they did their Bibles. In late years it fell under the able but reactionary control of George Harvey. Harvey failed to keep up with the spirit of his times. The WEEKLY lost its hold on progressive thinkers. It came to stand for nothing; it sneered, albeit very charmingly, at the beliefs of a growing party, and it ceased to pay.

Under Hapgood the WEEKLY is certain to be intelligently progressive. As another champion of liberalism it will be welcomed.

Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times*

Mr. Hapgood is one of the brilliant writers of his day, a bit inclined to get forward too fast for his time and hence regarded as somewhat of a radical. He is, however, unafraid and has a reputation for sincerity, which makes amends for much of his headstrongness. He will make the WEEKLY readable—never doubt that—and likewise he will impart to it that elemental attractiveness not all editors can give to their writings, which means that the reader can take what is said or let it alone, and no especial satisfaction will be felt on the one hand or offense taken on the other.

In other words, HARPER'S Weekly will become a medium for Hapgoodia, and those who like that sort of independent, devil-may-care, and not too deep or dry comment on men and things, events and happenings, will find all they are looking for in the new HARPER'S. An example of Mr. Hapgood's breezy and altogether self-reliant way of doing things appears among his first editorials.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 4, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

IN HER PLACE

(With an Editorial on Page 5)

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# Is Your Food Clean?

Probably you think so or you wouldn't eat it; but did you ever look into your fruit dealer's store room? Or find out whether your butcher had consumption? Or learn how much street dust is mixed with your bread?

It might not be pleasant to know, but it would be profitable to your health. Some people did that very thing. Anna Steese Richardson reveals their discoveries in THE LADIES' WORLD for October. It's a story of whited sepulchers.

## American Fabrics

It would be as futile to try to turn Niagara into the Erie Canal as to create American fashions. To stimulate the use of American made fabrics is, however, another matter. Most American goods today are in beauty and quality the equal of the foreign made. They are too often sold as foreign — perhaps to you. Learn what you are buying. Read what Harriet E. Fayes writes about the situation. Her article is in the October LADIES' WORLD.

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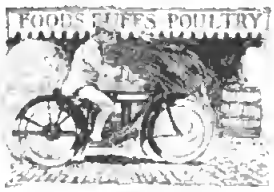

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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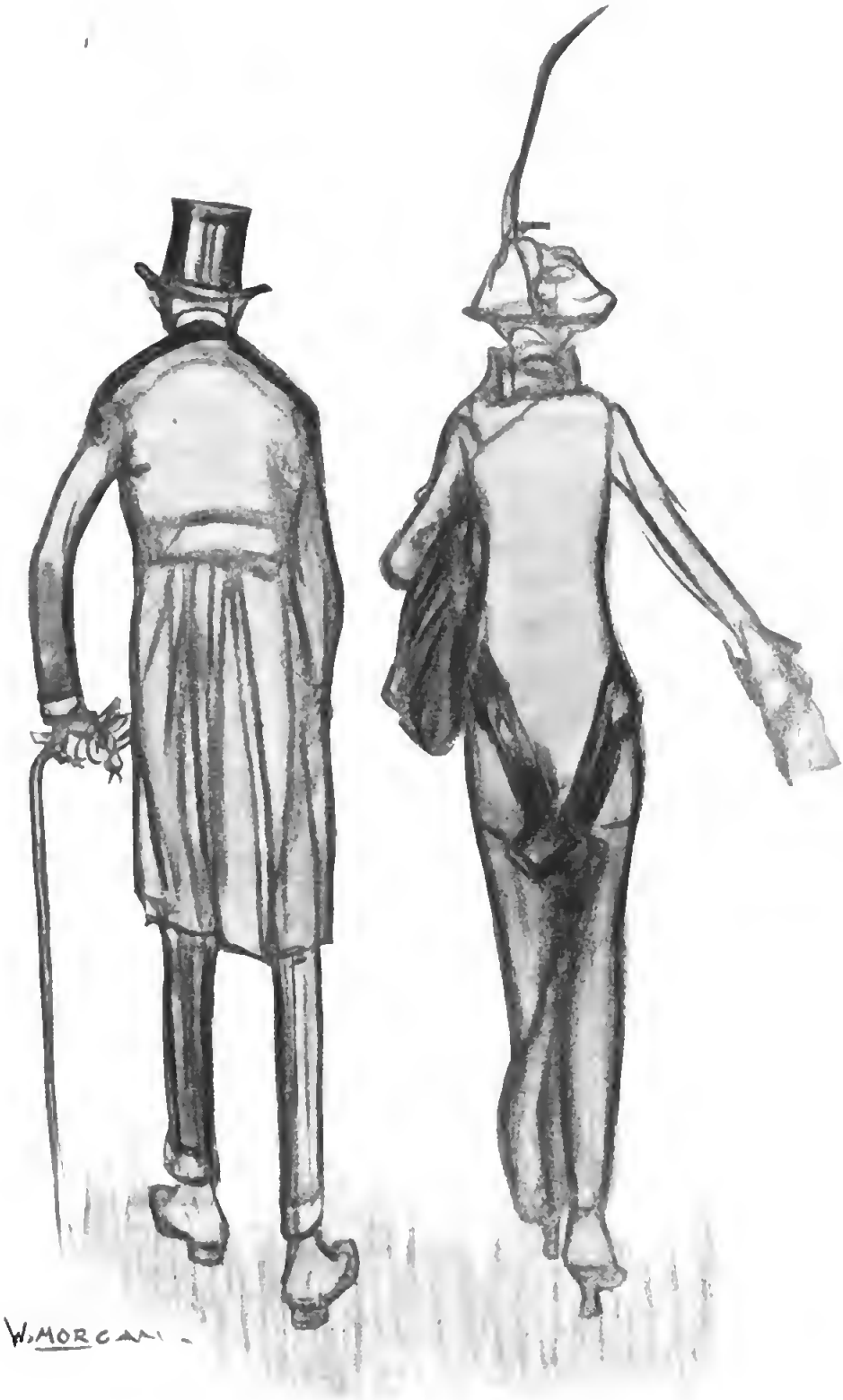


BACK TO TOWN

By Wallace Morgan

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII No. 2965 | Week ending Saturday, October 4, 1913 | 10 Cents a Copy $5.00 a year

## A Series

SINCE the publication in our issue of August 16 of Mr. Brandeis's article on the New Haven Railroad, the expression "Banker-Management" has been used so much that it may be said to have entered at least temporarily into the language. Our plan had been to begin next month a series by Mr. Brandeis on competition, in preparation for the probable discussion in Congress about Sherman Act amendments. We have decided, however, that the competition series will be in time enough if it begins a little later, and there are cogent reasons for beginning a money-trust series at once, while the New Haven lessons are in everybody's mind and while the whole subject is stirred up by the discussion of the Currency Bill. Beginning, therefore, in the issue of November 8, Mr. Brandeis will contribute a series which will make very clear what harm is done by the existence of a money-trust, and what steps need to be taken to bring about desirable conditions. This is the most difficult business problem he has yet discussed, and the results of his thought cannot fail to be national in their importance.

## Tammany

EIGHT men decided that Gaynor should not have Tammany approval, because they looked out over the field, and decided there was much booty to gather in, and they would take a chance, and put into office, if they won, a man who would let them have *all* the offices and *all* the contracts; for Murphy and his friends care more about contracts than about anything else in this little world. All the rest is vanity; but contracts are real, juicy, fat. They lead to wealth for the leaders, and automobiles, and dresses for their wives, and diamonds, and a rise in the world for their children, and paunches for themselves. Vast contracts are to be let to somebody the next four years,—vaster than usual. Why should not Tammany have them? Why should a strong man like Gaynor, who sometimes disobeyed, be permitted around, when there were plenty of docile instruments like McCall?

So Gaynor was put out of the way, like Sulzer, only by a different route. The method is chosen according to circumstance and opportunity; but the idea is always the same, to wit: if you become fresh with Tammany, it will be your end. The wigwam will get you, and you will serve as a warning to later Tammany mayors and governors. McClellan also tried to be good, and what did the Tiger do to him? Van Wyck was the kind of a man that gives satisfaction to the chieftains, and they have selected that kind of man in McCall,—commonplace, beefy, docile, a product of the machine, owing to it his every step upward, without personality,—the very ideal of a rubber stamp. If New York City wants him for mayor, it has a legal right to choose him.

## The Fusion Ticket

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, if elected, will make an excellent, brave and honest mayor. Young as he is, he has had much experience, and experience of exactly the most valuable kind. As Commissioner of Accounts, President of the Board of Aldermen, acting Mayor, and for a short time as Collector of the Port, he has shown his qualities. He is idealistic and progressive, but at the same time cautious, adaptable, and exact. He is devoted to figures and the modern study of efficiency. He has a natural understanding of politics and political conditions, and will, therefore, be difficult to deceive and successful in selecting men. His associates will be of the best. He gets on admirably with the most enlightened Progressives and Republicans, and the favor with which he is looked upon by the Democratic administration is well known. He has thought much about the police problem and believes that, in co-operation with Mr. Whitman, he can put an end to "the system."

With him on the Fusion ticket is probably the strongest Board of Estimate ever nominated in New York. A number of the men, as Prendergast, McAneny, Pounds, and Cromwell, have already served with the highest credit and have all the advantages of full experience. To go with them have been chosen business men of the first class. The ticket is so remarkable that if it is elected many of New York's difficult financial problems will be largely solved in the next four years, all departments will be made more economical and more effective, the police scandal will be ended, and then, if the city can be freed from being bossed from Albany, which forces on it expenses and bad laws, it will be on the way to becoming governed as the biggest city in America should be governed.

## La Follette

EVERY member of either House who refrained from trying to embarrass the Democrats on the Tariff Bill deserves credit, but to one man falls the greatest share of glory for independence, because it cost him most. Especially did Senator La Follette's situation require strength of character; not only had he always been a Republican, but he had, since the



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Roosevelt split, come to be looked upon as likely to dominate the party in the future. As progressiveness seemed needed to save it from destruction, La Follette's influence had suddenly been multiplied. In voting for the Democratic tariff, he gave a final proof that no consideration can prevent him from following always his conviction. This man has fought the straight fight all his life. Often the sacrifice has been great. He has given up friends, money, comfort, party praise, easy advance. He has stood abuse and suspicion. Nearly always the country and his party have come around finally to La Follette's position. This last proof of patriotism may annoy the Republican senators for the time being, hut it will prohably mean that La Follette's influence, even over them, will be strengthened in tlie end; because a man who is so experienced, strong, farsighted, and fearless is hadly needed hy the party now.

## Sports

ATHLETICS are among the healthiest occupations of life. Any publication which undertakes to reflect the world that is worth while should be generous in the space devoted to sporting events. This applies not only to baseball, the most popular of all the sports, and to foothall, hut includes such interests as skating, hockey and basket ball. All forms of sport constitute an aspect of life and one that is worth encouraging. . A man at play is at his best or at is worst; often one so gets most clearly his real character. That is why the English initiated the custom of speaking of a man as a good or a had sport, when they meant that he had or had not the qualities of magnanimity, courage and fairness.

Writing about sports, the person to be considered is primarily the spectator, although the discussion or narrative should have sufficient technical quality to interest the participant. There is a good deal of opportunity in this field for weekly periodicals. Jones of Cornell hroke the world's mile record one day in the Harvard stadium. So much we learned from the morning papers. We learned that he beat Paull of Pennsylvania and Hanavan of Michigan. But, having read that morning newspaper story, did we know Jones any better than we did before? Were these questions answered: What does he look like? How does he run? Does he swing his arms as most of us do, or does he hold them close to his hips? What is his style? Did he win through sheer natural speed, or did clever coaching help him?

There will come a day when no man in this country will be without some sporting affiliation, some out-of-door interest.

## Passing the Batter

THE big leagues, although they have discussed it, have not yet taken any steps to prevent the very unpopular practice of having the pitcher intentionally pass a strong batter in an emergency. One suggestion is that the umpire, on making up his mind that the pitcher had intentionally passed the batter, should remove the pitcher from the game. Another suggestiou is that when a hatter is purposely passed, the runners already on the bases should be allowed to advance one base as in the case of a balk. Passing is frequently done with the hases empty; for instance, if two were out and one run were required to tie the score, and Myers or Zimmerman were at the bat, he would very likely be passed. A third scheme allows the passed batter to go to second. A rather interesting suggestion is to allow the batter to remain at the bat until he does get a good ball. Another thing that has occurred to us personally is that if the umpire decides that he was passed intentionally the batter may let someone else take his place on the bases and he up the next time himself. Whatever is done, however, this particular defect in the game should be remedied.

## A Baseball Change

CONDITIONS shift gradually in the national game. One of the changes this year is that left-hand batsmen are not in as great demand as they have heen in preceding years. Stengel, who was the sensation of the spring as batsman came near losing his place because he batted left-handed, and Dahlen wanted a right-handed hitter. Therefore, he signed Meyer, who was a .350 man in the International League, but Meyer fell down and Stengel got his chance.

Up to 1912 scouts were ordered to watch for stars who hit on the side of the plate nearest first hase. Their special value lay in the fact that they start several feet nearer first base, and that it is easier for a left handed batter to hit a right-handed pitcher. The reason that the left-handed men have become less desirable is that there has been such a development of left-handed pitchers.

If this condition proves to be permanent, the boys in thc lots will stop their present practice of learning to bat on what is, to the majority of them, the unnatural side of the plate.

## "The Obvious"

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES of the United States Supreme Court is a very remarkahle man. He is a profound philosopher, and hc knows how to write. Speaking to Harvard men this season at a law school dinner in New York, he took up the suhject of the need of education in the obvious. In the intimacy and ease of the surroundings, and also in the intimacy and ease that a man like Justice Holmes feels anywhere in the world, he confessed that he sees less immediate use in committees on the high cost of living, and its relation to gold production, narrowing cattle ranges, and population, than he does in impressing a few obvious truths. The main remedy for all the troubles that confront us, whether evils in the present state of the law or evils in puhlic opinion, is for us to grow more civilized. As this philosopher looks ahead into the future, he wonders whether competition from new races will not cut deeper than workingmen's disputes, and test whether we can hang together and can fight. He feels that we are running through the world's resources at a pace that we can not keep. He sees civilization ahead, perhaps with smaller numbers, hut perhaps bred to greatness and splendor by science. The way he feels about the universe found a symbol as he

walked homeward the other day on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury. Beyond Sherman's statue to the west, the sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. "But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the sky-line there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights." Thinking of these things, his last reflection, after all, was that after the sunset and above the electric lights there shone the stars.

## Eugenics

THE view that the human race can be improved in quality only by different standards of selection is becoming rather widespread. Undoubtedly the increased interest in health and efficiency and morality as bearing on marriage will do something toward fixing habits of thought that will affect falling in love. People fall in love not only on account of their individual make-up, but also on account of the ideas that may prevail in their community. Whether very much of this work can be done by legislation is possibly open to doubt. Mr. Wallace, certainly as high an authority on the subject as there is, thinks it is absurd to attempt to determine by legislation those relations of the sexes that shall be best, alike for individuals and for the race, in a society in which a large part of our women work long hours daily for the barest subsistence. With an almost total absence of the rational pleasures of life, they are driven into uncongenial marriages in order to secure some amount of personal independence or physical well being.

Mr. Wallace argues that if the legislature can not cure the conditions that force such life on millions of workers, it is a mockery to suppose it capable of remedying some of the more terrible results. If women are freed from the temptation to marry for subsistence and a home, Mr. Wallace thinks they will be very careful in their selection. Many of them will prefer not to marry at all. They will, on the average, marry much later than they do now. It will be looked upon socially as a degradation for a woman to marry any man she does not both love and esteem. Moral standards will be such that man will have no substitutes for marriage acceptable to them, and therefore they will be much more eager for marriage than they are now, and the number of choices open to the average woman will, therefore, be greater.

From this general and economic and moral development, Mr. Wallace expects a selective agency to be created which will have an extremely improving effect on the quality of the race. His estimate of the way in which this improvement is to be made seems to us the most intelligent. When women are free to choose absolutely, the worst men will be almost universally rejected.

## In Her Place

ONE who looks out of the window of a railroad train entering a large city, or who looks out of the window of an elevated road, sees women sitting at dingy windows, gazing vacantly out of the small flats which their families inhabit. They have no sufficient occupation in taking care of two or three rooms, and the fact that they have not any adequate call on their energies and ability turns them into slatterns, so that they do not even do properly what little work there is to do. Mr. Sloan's picture on the cover this week depicts such a woman. When steam was harnessed, and the factory was created, all these multiform domestic industries which belonged to woman were taken away. She ceased to be the spinner, the weaver, the dyer; she ceased in large measure to make butter and cheese and to put up preserves; and along with the disappearance of the most important household industries came the march of general education and took the children off into the public schools. If she follows her traditional industries into the factory, as it is at present conducted, she destroys her own constitution and deteriorates the race. If she remains at home, especially in what the modern tenement furnishes as home, she is cramped and confined in her life without having nearly enough genuine usefulness and interesting work to fill the needs of her nature. There are two tasks for society implied in this predicament. One, of course, is to make home conditions as attractive as possible; the other, a much more difficult one, is to find some way by which women can continue to occupy the important place in industry that they always have occupied. In fact, that place ought naturally to be somewhat larger than it was, since families are smaller, and ought to be smaller, on account of the decreased death rate among children, and since the education of children has been undertaken by the State.

It is very improbable that any form of work will ever again be possible and profitable in the home. The best outcome we can look forward to is that the community, especially the women, will grapple with the factory problem in such a way that women will be able to work outside the home under conditions that will not be damaging. The use of steam to do our work, and to increase immeasurably its material results, has given us no more profound ethical and social problem than this.

## Variety

SOME of the most penetrating remarks of our generation about women have been made by George Meredith. The lines we are about to quote are not included of course under the heading of his penetrating remarks, but they have interest as the conclusion of a deep student of the subject:

> "She can be as wise as we
> And wiser when she wishes;
> She can knit with cunning wit,
> And dress the homely dishes.
> She can flourish staff or pen,
> And deal a wound that lingers
> She can talk the talk of men.
> And touch with thrilling fingers."

It is a childlike idea that women, as they increase their rights and privileges, and therefore as they enlarge and develop, will lose their sex characteristics. This is about as absurd as to state that a man who becomes interested in civil service reform will lose his taste for tennis. Broadening one's interests does not lessen the predominant one, but makes it more enlightened and more effective.

# Is American Business Failing?

By C. M. KEYS

Illustrated by Maurice Becker

IT seems time to look a few industrial and commercial facts squarely in the face and draw a few honest conclusions nbout American husiness. That is the purpose of this article. It does not pretend to solve any economic prohlems. It purposes merely to state them, if they exist.

When you come to the place where you want to look at husiness, you turn to hasic industries. You do not care thnt Henry Ford has just made a score or two of millions out of an automobile factory—for automohiles are not a basic industry as yet. You do not pay much attention to the fact that a quiet bttle hiscuit company changed its policy a year or so ngo, spent a million or so of real money on advertising and hecame, almost over night, a national coacern. That is entertaining talk for those who always hoast and never stop to think—the kind of leaders of the world of finance who have the hahit of running past danger signals. It has nothing to do with husiness, *per se*.

Steel, sugar, paper, cotton goods, woolen goods, boots aad shocs, men's clothes, women's clothes, machiaery aad food—these are basic things, the things that one must look at if oae cares to study industry and trace, in its contortions, symptoms of something wrong, or fiad, in its easy flow, the signs of everything all right. Let us look at the facts nbout a few of these, citing instances and reciting records in the lnaguage of the man in the strect.

Wherever, in this world, any liquid or gas is handled in large volume under compressioa, you may fiad certain pumps doing their share of the work, and bearing labels to indieate that they were made by one or another of the subsidiary coucerns of a hig industrial company organized fourteen years ago in New Jersey. You will find them pumping water to the cities of Rangoon and Beaares as well as to most of the eities of America and Europe; pumping air into the deep workings of the Rand as into the deep workings of the coal mines at Scranton; flooding the rice fields of Louisiana aad the sugar fields of Hawaii; driviag oil from the western fields to the refineries of the eastern seaboard and from the inlnad plains of Burmah to the Indian Ocean; operating elevators or "lifts" wherever in the world they use them; compressing gases and liquids for the largest and the smallest of chemical operations;—working, in fact, as servants of the world of commerce without national boundary or racinl prejudice. Their plants you may find in England, France, Germany, and Austria, as well as in a dozen home eities.

The making of steam pumps, or the making of any other perfectly standardized machinery, is a basic industry. This particular company seems to have the pateats, the hrains, the organization and the courage to carry on its husiness in all the markets of the world in competition with whoever cares to compete.

Business on its books has been enormous. It makes no public statement of its gross husiness, so that one may have its semi-official statements only for proof; hut these would seem to show that in the year 1912 it did about as hig a husiness as it ever did in its history. Certainly its hanner ycar has heen a very receat year. In actual volume of husiness done, 1911 would seem to be the biggest it ever enjoyed.

Yet, in the spring of 1913, within two months following a statement hy its president that 1913 would be a hanaer year for this company, the directors were forced to cease paying any dividends on the preferred stock, and even the first mortgage bonds of the company slipped down to a price barely over half their face value. This compnay tottered. It seems to be tottering still.

Why is it that in this great industry, with its enormous home and foreign husiness of a staple sort, growing and expanding in an appnrently normal way, the shadow of ruin falls upon the executive council?

WHEN you come to analyze it, the answer is that the cost of manufacture, the cost of administration, the cost of selling and the cost of competitioa left no real margin of profit to be divided.

Keeping this fact in mind, glance at a few of the other basic industries, to see how they have fared.

In sugar, which is consumed, directly or indirectly, by every human being in the country every day, the largest

company in this country making sugar for the people reported for the last year the smallest margin of net profit that it has recorded since the disastrous days of tweaty years ago.

In steel, the increasing use of which is perhaps the greatest industrial marvel of the age, the gross profit gathered hy the largest manufacturer in 1912 was a few cents more than half as much per ton as in 1902.

In paper, in its various hranches, disaster has been elected to the Board of Directors of nearly all the best known companies. The leadiag American company manufacturing paper bags and kindred lines not only passed its preferred dividend this year, hut came perilously near somethiag much worse. You may buy its securities for a very small fraction of their price of a year ago. The higgest of the news-print makers is as sickly a giant as ever was born. Ia August the best known of the writing-paper companies ceased paying divideads on its preferred stock. The official statement concerning this matter stated, very simply, that the main subject for discussioa at the meeting consisted of "the advance in the price of rags and wood pulp and the increased cost of labor." It must have been a cheerful meeting.

The story of the textile trades is fairly well known. The Lawrence and Paterson strikes are still of recent enough date to be remembered. The underlying cause of them was the same, namely a recognition on the part of the employers that the margin of profit is already so small that it requires hut little additional advance in the cost of labor to wipe it off the slate for good.

Boots and sboes are not, for the most part, manufactured by mobilized capital. With two possible exceptions, they are almost in the factory stage of fiaancial development. Both these larger companies report fair earnings; but one of them, at least, seems barely able to show profits, in spite of large gross business, sufficient to justify coafidence that even the dividend on its preferred stock will be continuous.

THE heart of the clothing industry lies in New York City. It is the higgest industry in the couatry, far exceediag the output of steel, for instance, or of paper and puhlishing. In a single morning edition of a New York newspaper ia July, the writer found twenty-one notices of hankruptcy in the elothiag trade of New York. The past summer has been the worst summer in this respect that has been experienced in many years. Of course, the trade is disorganized aml bad, all through. It is also difficult to do more than guess at its real condition. There is no definite way to study it and say that today its margin of profit is smaller than at aay other day. One may only guess at it, from what one has to go on.

The last of the staple industries listed in a previous paragraph was food. That is pretty hroad. Most of the concerns tbat make or market food products have been migbty prosperous. The reason may be set down here, for a purpose that will be made clear later. You will find it excellently stated in Bulletin No. 110 of the United States Bureau of Labor. Ia that bulletin Uncle Sam compares the prices of last autumn of fifteen of the principal articles of food with the average prices of the same products for the ten years 1890–1899. Every article, of course, advanced. Ten uut of the fiftea advanced more than 50 per cent. Sugar made the smallest advance, 5.2 per cent. Pork chops made the largest, 118.6 per cent.

The case of sugar has already been discussed. There is no pork chop trust. No doubt, if there were, its profits would show up quite well for 1912. They ought to, for tbc price of the produet chaages every day. The making and marketing of food products, generally, is not aa industry. It is hardly even a trade. It is almost a profession.

If this were a book iostead of an article, it would be possihle to go much further, and recite the sad tales of the fertilizer companies, the one or two harvester companies aad many other more or less important concerns that have met disaster in 1913, sometimes because they had too little business aad sometimes because they had too much and sometimes because tbey tried to play the tricky games of high finaace. Since this is aot a chronicle, enough has been cited from the industrial staples to illustrate a faet that seems to have been ignored in the making of America's commereial policies.

THERE is, however, a staple line of manufacture greater hy far than any of these. It is the making of transportatioa aail the selling of the same to the ultimate consumer, Mr. Jones, who always pays the freight. No other iadustry plays a more important part in the making of American commereial prosperity or woe. No otber employs a larger army of men or supports and educates more chihlren. The railways are the circulation system of the body commereial. If they go wrong, everything goes wrong. Let us examine into their margin of profit at the present time and see how thiags go.

Because this article deals with general trade coaditions and not with special industries, it is well to use the main line railroads of tbe country as illustrations. The latest availahle period is the first six months of 1913. These were good enough months in trade, as thiags go, neither abnormally good nor abnormally bad. Wbat the figures show may be taken, on tbe wbole, to be honest enough facts.

In that period, as compared with the same time last year, the Peansylvania gained $11,700,000 in gross, and lost $3,300,000 in net, earniags; the Baltimore & Ohio gained $3,400,000 gross and lost $1,200,000 net; the Boston & Maine and the New Haven, together, lost a little in gross and lost $3,500,000 in net; the Louisville & Nashville and the Southern combiaed, gained $3,600,000 gross, aad lost $1,300,000 net; the Atchison and Southern Pacific together, gained over $6,000,000 in gross and managed to add about $95,000 to their net earniags out of that sum; while the roads of the Great Northwest, includiag the Union Pacific, the Hill roads, the St. Paul, Illinois Central aad ilozeas of others, combined, made the best returas of all, with an increase of more than $5,000,000 saved, nearly half of it in net. That was due, according to the experts, to the fact that last year they had a very had time, aad this year was merely a return toward normal results.

In this quick and offhand snapshot at railroad conditions, one thing stands out quite as clearly as a crack ia the plate. That is that our hig railroads seem to grow a little hit poorer the more husiness they get. One may almost repeat, in this instance, the diagnosis of a former paragraph and write it down that the "cost of manufacture, the cost of administration, the cost of selling and the cost of competition" eut heavily into the margia of profit in carrying on this greatest of American industries.

Of course, the ohvious answer to all this compendium of facts and figures is sure to be made. It is that everything is very much over-capitalized anyway and that profits ou capital are not a criterioa of prosperity or the reverse. It is well to nail that simple argument at once. In no case cited in this article have tbe facts presented any relation at all to the eapital account. Net profits are reckoaed in every case hefure even the interest on bonds is deducted. This article is concerned only with operatiag profits and aot with surplus after dehts are paid and dividends are disbursed. We are talking about busiaess aml not about fiaance.

THE facts bere recorded are not hy any meaas the most obvious commereial facts of the day. A very large majority of the husiness men and railroad leaders of the country are still husy watching gross earnings grow. Tbe commercial agencies, students of commeree at large, bankers and political leaders of the couatry note that the vulume of business moving, the volume of clearings, and the volume of tonaage oa the railroauls keep on expaading. Tbere is no immediate contraction of business in sight.

The declining profits of business, in truth, are little more, so far, than a cloud upon the horizon, no higger thaa a maa's hand to the eyes of many. Here and there, in some thin industry where the control of retail prices has passed away entirely from the hands of the manufacturer, as, for instance, in the husiness of makiag

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transportation, the cloud begins to look ominous. A few dividends have gone by the board. Such veteran investment stocks as the New Haven, the St. Paul, the Illinois Central have been forced to take in sail. A few railroad men are worrying a little about tomorrow and the day after. A few manufacturers, mostly the makers of the world's staples, begin to sleep badly at night. That is all, so far.

Profitable commerce, in 1913, has become a matter of specialties. The manufacture and merchandizing of staple goods has ceased to be the main profit-producing function of American business. So much is this true that in some of our staple lines the dividends of today are almost wholly earned from the making of one specialty. The rubber manufacturing industry, for instance, is admitted to be living largely, so far as divisible profits are concerned, on the making of automobile tires. The largest profits, in proportion to volume of business, flow into the treasuries of men who make and sell strongly advertised brands of goods, for which the public pays enough to meet the excess cost of selling and a goodly rate of interest on the good-will of the company.

In the financial markets we have seen, in the past two years or so, the flotation of more than a hundred big industrial companies. A few of them were makers of staples; but the vast majority of them were companies engaged in some extra-profit industry far removed in character from the standard markets for standard goods. Capital, in fact, would be extremely shy in these days in backing new enterprises in steel, in clothing, in food products of wide use, or in any other standard trade where the margin of profit is made in direct competition with others in the same trade and in the open unprotected market.

GRANTING, then, that in the great lines of commerce American business has been for some years past and is today declining in its ability to earn profits on the business done, what is the remedy? What can we do about it?

The first and most obvious reply is furnished by Bulletin 110, cited in a previous paragraph. The maker of steel, of boots and shoes, of clothing, of food, finding his profits growing smaller while his business grows larger, can set to work and make a new schedule of prices. He can charge us more for what we eat, and wear, and use in building, and for the carrying of our goods hither and yon.

Can he? He cannot. The railroads have been trying for five years past to do just that thing. They have failed, so far, because public opinion, blind, perhaps, a little, was against them. So far have the makers of steel been from getting better prices for their goods that the market is split wide open whenever the slightest scarcity of demand sets in.

It has already been noted that there are exceptions. The makers of meat make prices that show a margin of profit, no matter what happens. Meat is a necessity of life. We shall pay, for pork and beef, next winter whatever price will show a profit to all concerned, after that meat has been fattened on corn and alfalfa at new high record values on account of the hot wave of August and September. We shall talk a lot about it, no doubt, but we shall pay the bills nevertheless.

It must be noted that the dearth of profits today in staple lines is not due to the falling of prices. On the contrary, the prices charged the public for commodities, whether food, clothing, or any other essential of life, come very near to being the highest prices collected in civilized times of peace for these same commodities.

IT is admitted not only by economists but by the men of business themselves that the dearth of profits is due, fundamentally, to the era of very high commodity prices. To attempt to cure it by raising prices still higher would be in line with the ancient proverb about the hair of the dog that did the biting; but there its virtue would end. An era of still higher prices for manufactured staples would give temporary relief to a few lame companies; but it would only tend to accentuate the troubles that must be met.

The cure lies farther along the road. Every man who thinks about these things knows what it is. Instead of the cost of living and of doing business going upward, those costs must come down. For such a condition as seems imminent civilization has devised no other remedy. Costs must be cut. The supply must again be made equal to or larger than the demand.

Labor is the heart and crisis of this matter. It is largely the cost of labor that has created the situation, and it is to the cost of labor, with all that means, that one must look for the remedy. The phrase "liquidation of labor" is seen in print quite often this year. Men talk of it lightly, as though labor could be put in peaceful liquidation like a body of free assets or a collection of merchandise. The United States knows better. Labor liquidated means labor unemployed. It means a long continued era in which men seek for work, instead of being sought by work. There has been no considerable period of labor liquidation in the United States since 1894. That year brought Coxey's Army and the Chicago Union Railway strike.

To say that the wages of labor must come down is to hint at national tragedy. Yet many students of events take the obvious risk of entertaining that opinion in 1913. If labor itself, or the administration, or any man in the land, can devise some new method whereby the eternal cycle of prosperity and disaster can be interrupted, it is time to devise it now.

All men in business look back with something like longing to the good old days that followed the election of Mr. McKinley in 1896. All men look forward to the coming of another similar era. The men of this generation expect that they too will have the opportunities their fathers had to win forward in the great commercial and industrial lines that are so truly typical of American business life.

THE great expansion and growth of American commerce in the first McKinley administration was only possible because there was an abundant supply of high-grade labor looking for work at low wages. It is conceivable that American commerce might creep slowly forward for many years even under the conditions of today, but it may almost be taken for granted that there will be no great sweeping and conquering advance in any sense akin to the McKinley boom until the very basis of business, the fundamental costs of doing business, have passed through a period of readjustment. The next great forward movement in America must await the day when labor is again abundant and cheap, raw materials again pressing upon the market at low prices, and the markets of the world again wide open to our goods at our prices.

In such a readjustment there is no hint of conflict between capital and labor. The demands of labor today are probably justified by the actual cost of living. The demands of capital are probably equally justified by the cost of doing business. The causes of the discontent of capital are practically identical with the causes of the discontent of labor. Capital refuses to go to work in the staple industries of America today because it cannot find in those industries what it considers adequate returns. Labor refuses to work without what it considers adequate returns. In the course of time the two will meet on common ground. Both will seek a new employment in the great affairs of commerce and of transportation at returns that at first will be merely adequate. In time, they will move forward together into that wonderful commercial era which will realize, in the next few decades, the recent prophecy of Lord Haldane, and make this country the leader of the world in all material things.

There seems little possibility of a panic. On the contrary, signs seem to point to a slow and gradual and perhaps easy drift downward on an ebb tide of commerce. Capital is not in distress, nor even in great fear. It is getting slowly ready for readjustment. Labor seems blind; but even here there is room for hope that common sense will be stronger than tradition and that the cost of labor, the cost of living, commodities, and the cost of doing business, will move together in an orderly and peaceful decline.

So long as real and thorough liquidation takes place, it does not matter what its manner or its method may be.

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## COMEDIANS

By Everett Shinn



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# An Open Letter to W. J. B.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

DEAR W. JENNINGS:
It would be
A gracious deed of fine felicity
If you would but impart to me
Your little secret of publicity.
Why is it everything you do
Is promptly placarded and pageanted?
What is the plan which puts it through
So cleanly, cleverly press-agented?

WHY, even before I heard your view,
I scorned the monetary sciences
And breathed (tho' Wall St. never knew)
The usual passionate defiances.
But did that gain me praise or curse?
Was my name trumpeted and tooted?
No, not a toot! And what was worse,
I wasn't even persecuted.

I, too, have served the unfizzed grape
Upon my humble supper table,
But did the gartered guests escape
And send the story home by cable?
Nay, nay! but when you serve it—bing!
Ambassadors slide down the bannister
In haste to spread the wondrous thing
As tho' you'd served them grape—and cannister.

I'VE travelled the Chautauqua route
From Passamaquoddy to Matanzas,
But no one seemed to give a hoot,
Not even the Senator from Kansas.
They call you "Commoner," but why,
Why do they always U'pper-Case you?
You are no commoner than I!
Why shouldn't I, sometimes, displace you?

THEY'VE thrown so many bricks at you,
You've made a mansion of the missiles.
They've harbed and buried you. Next day
They found you gathering figs from thistles.
So please, oh please, reveal your plan;
Please let me work at it, or play with it,
Please tell a struggling fellow-man,
*How do you* always get away with it?

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# Salt Lake City

*A Municipal Democracy*

By OSWALD RYAN

SALT LAKE CITY, after a year and a half of experience under a reform government, lays claim to being the latest success to the credit of the commission government idea, which started in Galveston twelve years ago. In these days of popular interest in municipal achievement, it seems strange that the city of Brigham Young should have been overlooked by the chronicler of current municipal history, for the Mormon mecca has a story to tell which is both interesting and significant.

For Salt Lake City does not offer the usual commission government reform story. The student does not have to scrutinize with minutest care the contemporaneous political situation in the Utah capital in order to feel the presence of a new note, and to understand that somehow this experience is different from the others. But let's to our story.

Most American cities, suffering from misgovernment, have cried out in their distress that the influence of the great national parties in their local affairs was responsible for their ills; national parties and national issues dominated the city, which was mercilessly sacrificed on the altar of national and state politics. But Salt Lake City, for several years preceding 1912, was not dominated by the national parties or national issues; yet the issue in the local elections was as foreign to city government as the questions of the tariff, the currency, or trust regulation. That issue grew out of religious prejudice: Should the members of the Mormon Church be permitted to hold any city office or exercise any political influence in municipal affairs?

HERE was the element which was to make the Utah capital unique among the politics-ridden cities of America. Its appearance resulted several years ago in the formation of a political party—"The American Party,"—which was dedicated to the task of excluding Mormons and Mormon influence from the city administration. That party, based on no principle either of municipal, state or national administration, governed Salt Lake City almost without interruption for several years, until a non-partisan, commission government dislodged it from power in 1912. There had been the usual Democratic and Republican parties in Salt Lake City, but these did not count; the "American Party" ruled the city.

The origin of this anti-Church party dates back to an interesting combination of circumstances. Several years ago, Reed Smoot, high official of the Mormon Church, was a candidate for the office of United States Senator from Utah, and his opponent, a citizen of Salt Lake City and a "Gentile," as the non-Mormons are called, conceived the plan of drawing to his support all elements of opposition to the Church. For a time, it appeared that the "Gentile" candidate would be sent to Washington. Smoot was elected, however, and practically all clear-thinking citizens of Salt Lake City agree that the defeated candidate's desire for revenge achieved the formation of the "American Party," first the "Liberty Party," which immediately followed Smoot's election.

But the spirit of revenge, which moved the managers of the new movement by no means moved the great mass of its supporters in the years that followed. Hundreds of people believed that the powerful Church on the hill was a dangerous political influence and should be curbed, and they were the bulwark of the new party. "In what way did the Church interest itself?" the writer asked a score of citizens. "Well," came the invariable answer, "just about election time whisper would come forth from a high official of the Mormon Church, and the Mormons would all vote one way."

The members of the Church stoutly denied the charge of Church influence, but the magnificent temple upon Temple Square, shrouded in eternal secrecy, represented an ominous influence in the minds of many citizens, who continued to register their votes for the "American Party." Then the aggressive business influence of the Church added weight to the popular charge. "The Church, in the person of its rulers, owns a hotel, a bank, a great department store, a powerful sugar concern; such an organization cannot possibly keep out of politics." So reasoned the majority of Salt Lake voters, and the majority were "Gentiles." Whether the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" was guilty of the charge is unimportant so far as this story is concerned; the vital fact is that a ruling majority *thought* the Church guilty, and feared to vote for any other than the "American Party" candidates.

THE result of municipal government by a party which was the instrument of anti-Church crusade, was what might

be expected. People voted according to their religious sentiments, not according to their municipal convictions; questions of municipal policy and of good city government had no place in the civic consciousness of Salt Lake citizenship. As the issue of Monarchism for years cut across the natural party divisions of France, frightening great masses of voters into the anti-Monarchist ranks; or as the race issue for half a century has demoralized the natural party divisions of our own Southern states, forcing voters into the white man's party; so the question of whether the members of the Mormon Church should be permitted to exercise their right to hold office or to be politically influential stifled the political voice of Salt Lake City by driving hundreds of her voters into the ranks of the only municipal anti-Church party that has ever appeared in this country.

Secure in the thought that the "Gentiles" would not dare to desert the anti-Mormon standard, the managers of the "American Party" did not trouble themselves to give the people a high quality of government. Contracts were awarded to political favorites, regardless of cost to the city treasury, and one of these favorites received so many municipal jobs that people ironically referred to him as the "Official Contractor." The police department was so successfully dominated by petty politics that all forms of vice flourished without interference. The fire department, a crib for the faithful, became so inefficient that, according to reports of leading citizens, valuable properties were allowed to burn to the ground a few years ago, because the firemen were too intoxicated or too inefficient to fight the fire effectively. There were no startling cases of official corruption, but there was abundant evidence of municipal inefficiency. While good citizens of Salt Lake City rested in the peaceful thought that the government was secure from the influence of the Mormon Church, the petty politicians ruled with free hand. Then, suddenly, the idea dawned upon several leading spirits that their city was the victim of a false idea and a groundless fear, and that if Salt Lake City were to hold her place in the march of the cities she must revise her municipal point of view. From the moment the new idea got abroad, dates the new era for the Utah capital.

A JUST regard for political science demands the admission that the idealism of her citizens was not the sole motive which moved Salt Lake City to reform herself. Here, as in all previous history, we can find traces of the economic motive which Karl Marx made the foundation of his case for modern Socialism, and we must admit that, to many citizens, the new movement represented primarily a gain in business prosperity. "This Church issue is hurting business," wailed some. "I can't afford to antagonize my Mormon customers," declared others in their despair. How the followers of Marx and the Materialistic Interpretation of history would have chuckled at these evidences of the truth of their creed!

But there were idealists in Salt Lake City, too—people who dreamed dreams and saw visions, people who saw the moral and civic needs of their city—and, be it said to the credit of Salt Lake City, these people took the lead in the battle for good government. It was they who undertook the task of getting a new commission charter drawn up by a self-appointed committee of citizens, and who, when the committee had drawn up a new charter embodying most of the ideas of the commission government, took the responsibility of putting the new charter through the State legislature.

It was when the new charter was projected into the Utah legislature that an event occurred which made certain that Salt Lake City would get its commission government, and that was the alliance of the Mormon leaders in the legislature with the proponents of the new charter. The Mormon political leaders in control of the legislature were willing to give Salt Lake City a commission government if by so doing they could break the power of the anti-Mormon party in the capital, and the non-partisan primary and election features which formed a prominent provision of the proposed charter offered an apparently effective means to this end. The result was that an act was passed in March, 1911, placing cities of the "first and second" classes, which included Salt Lake City, under commission government.

To Mormon leaders the measure meant an opportunity for putting an end to the "Babylonian Captivity" of the Church; to the good government people it meant an opportunity for civic betterment and expansion. The anti-"American" feeling had played into the hands of the reformers.

AFTER an exciting municipal campaign in which all of the old political elements combined to elect candidates who would carry on the old anti-Mormon tradition of misrule, the good government element elected their candidates and the new government was installed in January, 1912.

The new commissioners were not politicians. The head of the government, Mayor Parke, a young University man, was the leading member of a jewelry firm, and had been state senator and brigadier-general of the State guard. The other commissioners included a former mayor, a young Harvard man of wealth, who had entered the lists for good government from a sense of public duty, a Socialist of advanced political and economic ideas, and a warehouseman. They were not men of brilliant administrative ability, but they were efficient and earnest men, and were sincerely bent on instituting an administration that would measure up to its highest public obligations.

The new government began its work by overhauling the police department, placing in charge as chief of police, one who, as special officer, had for many years been regarded as an expert in the detection of crime. The new chief lost no time in notifying law-breaking saloonkeepers, gambling and "dope" house operators and the proprietors of the "red light" district that there was to be a change of policy, and that they would be expected to abandon their unlawful activities without delay. The prostitute was ordered to leave the city, and the gambler invited to do the same or secure an honest job. It was made clear to these people that the alternative was the jail, and the whole troop took Hobson's choice and either changed their residence or their occupation.

IT must not be thought that the captains of the underworld calmly accepted the new régime without making any effort to understand it. "Surely," exclaimed one of these to the chief of police, "surely, this but is another of the old-time political spasms, and surely," he added with a knowing wink, "an envelope, properly filled, and dropped in the chief's desk at the beginning of each month, would make things all right again." The chief always endeavored patiently to explain to these callers that something had happened to Salt Lake City which was different from the things that had happened before, and that it would be useless extravagance to leave envelopes in the chief's desk. Needless to say, the would-be benefactor of the department always departed with no uncertain idea of the new policy of law enforcement which was to be imposed on the city. One of these, a Chinese manager of an opium den, went so far as to solicit the aid of members of the chief's family in trying to win the new officer away from his "fanatical ideas of law enforcement"! "Mr. Chief, he velly nice man," asserted another Mongolian, "but he no savvy."

THE fire department underwent a similar reorganization. For many years, firemen had been appointed and discharged on basis of political expediency and naturally the efficiency of the department had gone steadily down, while the fire insurance rate in the city had gone steadily up. The commission now added equipment and new men to the service and placed at its head an expert who spends part of his time in a comparative study of the best methods of fire-fighting which have been worked out in other cities. People now inform you in Salt Lake City that Chief Bywater, and not the chairman of the fire committee of the council, is in control of the fire department, and that it's a more efficient department.

As a business investment, the new Salt Lake City government has measured up to the high traditions of commission government. For example, the first semi-annual report of the commission showed a saving of over 60 per cent. in the legal advertising of the city, and $18,000 in the purchase of supplies. The first annual report, issued last January, discloses a saving of $33,750 in the purchase of supplies. Other savings may be noted in the various departments. Contracts are now awarded to the lowest bidder, and the good old days when there was an "official contractor" who was patriotically chosen over outsiders who had offered to do the work for one-third less, have passed away with the old council government. Another feature of the new business policy is the collection of interest on the city funds deposited in banks. In the old days, the banks paid interest, but the city never received it. Now, it goes into the treasury.

BUT, after all, the success of the new Salt Lake City government, after a year and a half of experience, cannot be measured by its administrative economies. It is in a new civic consciousness that one sees the change. The old order of boss-ridden administration, of unrestrained license for the lawless elements, of ceaseless religious strife, has given way to the new, and somehow the people as a whole seem to be thoroughly satisfied.

The visitor will now see in the heart of the city a large "stockade," enclosing long rows of uniformly built houses—a notorious pen in which were accustomed to gather the most vicious elements of the Utah mountains; silent and deserted, today it stands, an eloquent monument to the new order of things in Salt Lake City.

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*"I finished the flight and won the race"*

# Flying Ten Thousand Miles

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

THUS an elderly and irascible gentleman:

"Flown for four years? Then, thank God you're alive, sir, and don't fly again."

A view, no doubt, that might represent the opinion of many. But I do *not* purpose to retire. Instead, profiting by experience, I hope to pilot aeroplanes for more thousands of miles through the air.

How have I, in a pursuit reckoned so perilous, preserved myself intact? "Luck," is the natural answer of the layman; and if I had to respond merely "yes," or "no," I should be obliged to say "yes." But qualifications are needed and important ones too.

Let me cite an early phase, when I was learning to fly at Pau, and had reached the dangerous stage during which I began to "fancy myself" at the control-lever of a Blériot. One afternoon, I said: "I will fly over Pau." The fact that my engine was low-powered, and became overheated after a few minutes' flying, did not deter me. You, perhaps, who remember the intoxication of some new pastime, will recognize the symptoms. Reason had departed, temporarily, and sheer exhilaration reigned in its stead.

It was when, from a height of 800 feet, I was peering down upon tram-lines and houses, that the motor did what I might have expected it would do. It lost power rapidly, and then stopped—too hot to run any more.

METHODICAL airmen nowadays, when they pass through the routine of a flying school, learn to make a *vol-plane*, or gliding descent without engine-power, before they attempt a cross-country flight. But I had not troubled about this formality. Hence, when need for action came, I had no knowledge to help me. An aeroplane flies by reason of its speed; and if it loses this, it falls. If his motor fails, therefore, the pilot must bring gravity to his aid, and maintain his pace by a downward glide. When robbed of power his machine does not, as is sometimes imagined, fall sheer to the ground. A well-designed aeroplane, when gliding, will move 6,000 feet forward for every 1,000 feet that it descends.

I remembered enough theory, even at this moment, to realize that if the monoplane stood still in the air I was a lost man. So, with a jerk of the lever, I tilted my elevating plane, and found myself looking down upon a panorama of streets, which rose rapidly to meet me. Of a likely landing-place, I could see nothing.

The suspense, although acute, was not long-drawn-out. A street leaped to hit me, then slipped away somehow underneath the machine. A house loomed next, growing monstrously and cruelly large; and I nerved myself to pierce its roof. But this, like the street, seemed to trick me; the peak of the roof shot away, as if jerked by a string, just beneath the wheels of my landing-chassis.

"What next?" was my thought.

And then—with a flicker of white planes—I flashed down into the garden which lay at the rear of the house. What its owners thought was written clearly upon their faces; but I was so amazed at finding myself alive that I scarcely observed their pell-mell advent. I hadn't a scratch, the monoplane was undamaged. Here, indubitably, was luck itself. But the lesson sank home; I did not try a trick like that again.

Once more, I must confess—in that critical period when, although able to fly, I lacked judgment and experience—good fortune stood my friend. It was in such a freakish fancy as comes to a man sometimes, when tired of sitting soberly at his levers, that I did a silly thing—a thing which, so the saying goes, was "asking for trouble." As a law unwritten but unfailing, I had been instructed that in plaining earthward to land one should *not* face the wind. The reason was understandable: the thrust of the wind might check the machine in its glide, and cause it to drop, rather than to move forward.

But, circling above the aerodrome in a practice flight, I was seized in my ignorance with a desire to do just the opposite—the perilous impulse of the novice. I thought, vaguely, something like this: "I may *have* to land against wind, some time; let's try now."

So I faced into a puffy breeze, switched off the motor, and began to plane down. The descent was normal at first; but when about a hundred feet up, and feeling a little pleased with myself, I realized suddenly that I was losing speed. I steepened the glide instinctively, but this made matters worse. A gust brought me practically to a standstill, and the machine dropped vertically. We hit the aerodrome with an echoing crash, the monoplane turning completely over and resolving itself into sticks and splinters; and then—after a fateful pause—I crawled forth ignominiously from under the cockpit which held the driver's seat. It had shut down upon me like a lid; I had a deep wound just under my left eye and over the bridge of my nose, which necessitated several stitches in hospital, and I also suffered from what doctors would call "general shock." However, after three or four weeks' rest I was flying once more. Luck again, without doubt.

LUCK, obviously, I had, in early indiscretions; but there was a drastic lesson in each, and these I learned thoroughly, and did not forget. I acquired, once and for all, a deep-rooted respect for the treacherous element I was invading; and familiarity has not, in my case, bred contempt. Nor should it with any pilot, the air being still an uncharted

sea. It sank into my mind that, at any rate when flying, one must never make mistakes, and that the penalty for carelessness may be death.

Flying should mold its man. If he cannot be molded, he may possibly be killed. As an education, aviation develops one's finest qualities. The airman must be efficient, patient, and hopeful. Irritation, even in wearisome delay, must be banished sternly. He must be a student of wind and weather; his judgment must be unswervingly sound; and, upon the stability of the machine he flies, he must be able to rely without question or thought. Hurried preparations for a flight must be rigorously avoided. Hasty work is a menace—as was illustrated to me once with painful emphasis.

On the eve of the Gordon-Bennett aeroplane race, and within thirty-six hours of the actual contest, I had obtained delivery of a new and entirely untried 100 H. P. Blériot. Trial flights had to be snatched, and some overhaul work upon the engine done—all at breakneck speed; and then I found myself flying in the race. Perhaps a couple of circuits of the course had been made, when I detected a smell of burning, and a puff of smoke blew towards me from the front of the machine.

"The heat of the motor," I told myself instantly, "is setting fire to the wooden framework."

The thought was unpleasant. At that moment, I was flying at 80 miles an hour, and the ground streaked by several hundred feet below. The obvious thing to do, of course, was to alight at once; but I was flying against time, and knew winning or losing to be a matter of minutes. To stop, therefore, and examine the engine-mounting, would practically lose me the race. So I flew on—smoke still wisping back in the rush of wind.

CONSCIOUSNESS of personal daring hardly enters into such a moment as this; the competitive instinct, when fully aroused, seems stronger than all else. I meant to keep on, and win if I possibly could; and that was all. But visions, none the less, lurked in the corners of my mind: I seemed to see flames burst from the woodwork of the body, lick out over the cloth fabric of the wings, and the machine pitch earthward—its wings no longer operative—as does the stick of a spent rocket.

But, in reality, the smell grew fainter, and the smoke ceased. I finished the flight, and won the race; and then the danger stood revealed. My mechanics had forgotten, in the confusion of eleventh-hour work, to replace a metal plate which should have rested between engine and body; and so, this protection being absent, the heat of the former had charred some wooden struts, but had just fallen short of igniting them.

The Wrights, knowing the peril of haste, would never be hurried; neither will Blériot, Farman, nor other pioneers who have survived. It may mean death, and nothing less, to fly on a quickly assembled machine. But it will happen sometimes that a machine fails in flight, even after the keenest scrutiny; and for such emergencies—nerve-trying though they be—the pilot must be alert.

IN the category of impending accidents which examination fails to reveal, should be placed that which befell Mr. Loraine, when flying the Irish Sea. His machine, like mine, had been pronounced in perfect trim; but when a waste of water lay below and no ships were in sight; his engine "pop-popped," and ceased its work. Commencing to plane down, he wondered how long the hiplane would remain afloat. But then, the engine, which was still turning slowly, began abruptly to fire again and he flew ahead once more. Thrice did it play this trick, stopping merely to start again, and giving its pilot, each time, the foretaste of a watery plunge. And then at last, when the airman was close upon the Irish shore, it actually stopped for good. The machine fell into the sea, and Mr. Loraine completed his journey with a hundred yards' swim. This eccentricity of the engine had, it was found, been due to the presence in the petrol tank of some loose pieces of solder—relics, quite evidently, of its making; and these, with the swish to and fro of the petrol in the tank, as the machine rode the gusts, had momentarily blocked the mouth of the outlet pipe, only to be washed out again. In the end, as might have been expected, a fragment jammed itself in the orifice, and refused to come out; and it was then that the motor failed in earnest.

ONCE only, I think, when a motor has stopped in flight, have I felt that intake of the breath which probably represents the sensation, "having your heart in your mouth." It happened during my second "London to Manchester" flight. Pursuing the victorious Paulhan, I determined to make up ground by a night flight, then an unheard-of exploit, and ascended from the little village of Roade, some sixty miles from London, Paulhan being so far ahead of me as Lichfield. It was pitch dark, and I rose into a vague, black void, nothing showing in front save the outline of my elevating plane. Soon, however, some bright specks twinkled far below; they were the lights of the local railway station. At this moment my motor, which had been firing smoothly, spluttered several times and stopped. Mechanically, I tilted down the machine, it being the only thing to do, and dived towards the shrouded earth with not the vaguest notion where I should alight, or what obstacle I might strike when I did so—house, tree, church, or wall. And then, as unexpectedly as it had stopped, and while I was seeking in vain to pierce the pall through which I was speeding, the engine resumed its task. But such an experience, though it lasts a bare two or three seconds, is not readily forgotten.

This risk of engine failure, while in flight, was ever-present in the mind of the pioneer. But the pilot today is not apprehensive, even when over mountains or seas; modern motors, indeed, have a reliability which was undreamt of a year or so ago. When Blériot flew the Channel, he did so in dread that his engine might stop at any moment; it was thought a miracle, in fact, that it should run without breakdown for 36 minutes. The late Hubert Latham's—one may recall—let him down into the Channel upon both his attempts.

*"Flying should mold its man. If he cannot be molded, he may possibly be killed"*

BUT nowadays the cross-channel flight is made so often, and without mishap, that it has ceased to attract more than casual interest. Instead of descending involuntarily on the tops of trees and houses, and into rivers and seas, pilots have today almost as much confidence in the engines of their aircraft as in those of their motor-cars. At first, built with extreme lightness and running continually at high speed, aeroplane motors were always in trouble—overheating, bursting cylinders, or breaking some small working part. In their experimental stage, in fact, they were nothing more than motor-car engines, ruthlessly lightened. But now experience has taught their builders lessons. They produce a piece of mechanism designed specially for the air, which is light where weight may be spared, and strong where practice has shown that heavy stresses fall.

There is no need, though, to limit oneself to a single motor when flying. Biplanes have been equipped, already, with a power-plant comprising two engines; and a large waterplane has flown with three. With such dual or treble motive-power, should one engine fail the other will maintain the machine in flight. When commercial aeroplanes carry passengers and goods, as they will by a process of development, engines in series will be fitted, and mechanical breakdown become almost impossible.

*The second of this series of articles by Claude Grahame-White will appear next week.*

# Marriage Today and Tomorrow

By ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

MARRIAGE in the yesterdays was certain and simple. No man could shirk his duty to ancestors by failing to secure descendants. No woman could be allowed to remain outside the domestic order, although here and there one might become "outcast" through irregular sex-relationship.

The first problem to enter the realm of matrimony inhered in the man's right, won long ago, to remain single; in the woman's right, far later gained, to become an "antient mayde" and yet remain respected as virtuous even if derided as "superfluous." Celibacy chosen for religious reasons became dignified in the older time for those of Christian antecedents. Negative answers to the question "shall I marry?" induced by social, temperamental or economic reasons, require today no ecclesiastical excuse. To be sure, bachelors are even now sometimes threatened with a special tax as penalty for their choice of single blessedness; and if "bachelor maids" win many more opportunities for distinction and large income through single-eyed devotion to their chosen vocations, envious wives and mothers may appeal for tax discrimination against them. The fact, however, that freedom not to marry is at last gained, not to be gainsaid or lost, is the significant one.

THE second problem entered the matrimonial realm with the social grant of the lover's Magna Charta, namely, freedom of choice in marriage. Where parents or the collective family council arrange the nuptials, there can be no problem of choice for the principals involved. Today, in our own civilization, individualism is not only secure, but rampant in marriage choices. Only the "blood-royal" is still subject to the bidding of other rule than the dictates of the heart. Gentles and commons of all degrees now mate at the urging of selective affection. Marriage choices may, indeed, still be swayed to unwelcome standards by family autonomy, worldly wisdom, and that subtle "arrangement" of parents that provides the "temptation of propinquity" within a preferred and narrow range; but it is possible and common for all these bonds to be overcome, and the widest social extremes be united at the marriage altar. Normal persons, and some not normal, who have reached their legal majority, today "do as they please" in this as in lesser matters. This modern individuation of marriage has opened a Pandora box of problems. Marriage choice is made in youth, often in extreme immaturity. It is often made without regard to family inheritance or condition, to physical health, mental power, moral stamina, or economic efficiency. Who pays the cost if the choice thus made prove mistaken, or worse, and its results in parenthood deplorable? In the last analysis society at large pays this cost. The married pair pay the first price of disillusionment and unhappiness. If the relationship is repudiated, as it has too often begun, in selfishness, in wilful assertions of personal claim to happiness irrespective of duty to others, then no freedom from hated bonds can prevent character deterioration. Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and friends, pay a second and heavy price for each mistaken marriage, for each divorced husband and wife; especially when forced to act as substitute parents for children deprived of their birthright. Since, however, the family is the most vital of social institutions, and the home the essential nursery of good citizenship, all of us, in collective social life, pay the final cost of failures in marriage and parenthood. Counting up that social cost, in the insane, the feeble-minded, the vicious, the criminal, the diseased, the wretchedly poor, the incapable and unhappy, and above all in the neglected children of the rich and the poor alike, the total appalls the thoughtful. Growing perception of the ultimate outcome of extreme individualism in marriage has led to a rising demand, which will soon become too insistent to be denied for efficient and strong social control of this center of human organization.

THE marriage of tomorrow will substitute for ancient tribal and family arrangements, and for the domination of church and synagogue, a State supervision and legal guardianship in marriage which shall curb freedom at the point where it degenerates into selfish whim and hasty passion, and shall fitly represent the interests of society at large in every private union of man and woman. As unfettered competition in business is becoming obsolete, so uncontrolled individualism in marriage contracts will become out of date, when once we have learned the true social meaning of the private home. An earnest of this coming social control of marriage is shown in the new "Domestic Relations Courts" and their highly useful work of family rehabilitation.

Modern substitutes for more ancient forms of discipline to youth are shaping themselves in public opinion, also, in the present-day attempts to check divorce. These attempts, often crude and childish, and addressed to but one symptom of a domestic disease having manifold expressions, show how little the traditional ethical leadership in church and court and society comprehends the real sacrament of marriage. This sacrament is celebrated alone by free men and women, in loving union on the higher ranges of spiritual life, and in humble obedience to the laws of social well-being. No ceremony in stateliest cathedral can insure its celebration. No refusal to divorce legally married persons or to remarry those legally divorced, can prevent its desecration by hideous mockeries. All our social thinking is marred today by the present overmastering sense of the pathological. We need in this realm, as in all other areas of social reform, to fix our attention first and most upon the normal, the healthy, the ideal, and how to attain it. Only second and least should we dwell upon the abnormal, the diseased and the perverted, and what social medicament should be chosen for their amelioration. While the increase in divorces in the United States is cause for serious study, and especially for constructive and helpful agencies for strengthening the weak and disciplining the wayward within domestic bonds, it is still more a challenge to society to learn how to insure more marriages of a sort from which no one could wish to escape.

IT has been elsewhere insisted that the State alone of all social institutions, as representing most fully the common social interests in the success of each marriage, should be the arbiter in decisions as to who should be allowed to marry, and as to what obligations each married pair should assume. To emphasize that control over the family, the State alone should legalize marriage, whatever subsidiary office the Church may retain in solemnizing or beautifying that legal permission to found a family.

WHEN the State has become conscious, logical and constructive in its mechanism for the control of individualized marriage, the question what sort of men and women should be forbidden to marry will receive more definite and adequate answer. Several States in our Union now forbid the marriage of persons afflicted with infectious diseases, of those markedly defective, or those who have been within a certain period inmates of almshouses, prisons, or reformatories. These statutes approach their object crudely, and are awkwardly and weakly administered if at all. They indicate, however, that society is at last accepting the principle that family descent must be protected against taints of blood. Some socially-minded and radical clergymen are emphasizing this belated acceptance of the A B C of eugenics by requiring "certificates of health" from those who would secure their services at wedding ceremonies. This action of clergymen is not, however, along the main line of progress; since, if the State did its duty in the matter of social control of marriage this responsibility would not rest upon the clergymen of any church. It is a responsibility too heavy for any private individual or voluntary and sectarian organization to bear. If health certificates are necessary, they should be required before the State license could be obtained; and courts, and not church organizations, should be the arbiter in decisions as to permission or refusal to those desiring such license. No great headway will be made toward the ideal marriage of tomorrow until ministers of all faiths understand that they are not the chief instruments of society in any *compulsory* standardizing of marriage, divorce, or family condition. There is no longer a Church to command. There are manifold and varied churches to educate and inspire. The State must socially demand what social health and social progress require. The churches must help men and women personally to meet that demand, and to exceed the letter of the State law in the spirit that giveth light and growth. Meanwhile the straws of "eugenic marriages," in obedience to the demands of clergymen, show which way the social demand is moving.

IN view of the fact now demonstrated past question that feeble-mindedness and other forms of congenital abnormality constitute the supreme producing cause of race deterioration, family distress and individual misery, the State must soon rescue the marriage of today from such pollution. Crime is a disease of youth; much of it, 50 to 75 per cent. in the judgment of many experts, due to bad homes, weak parental control, and an environ-

ment that has in it no morally safe area for pliy nnd ndventure, nnd whieh contains much economie injustice. Crime due to these causes can be effectively checked, io its first manifestation, hy expert examinntion nnd diagnosis, leading toward prolonged reformatory treatment, physical, mental, moral nnd vocational, suited to each person. The inertia of society aloue prevents the cure of nll accidental criminals. Thnt portion of crime, however, thnt is due to constitutional weakness or perversion demands for the morally incompetent, permnnent segregation from n social order in wbich they are proved unfit to live. All rational care of confirmed criminals must include the prevcotion of such fnmily relationship as would bring forth seed after their kind. Vice is also a disease of youtb, mucb of it due to the same enuses that produce curahle criminals. Among vicious women, however, who are caugbt in the meshes of the law, n very lnrge percentage are obviously subnormnl nnd incapable of self-protection against greed and lust. No one social effort should so move the reformer's zeal in the realm of eugenics as this, to secure permanent custodial care, under humane nnd eheerful conditions, for every feebleminded and obviously nbnormnl person, child or adult. When this is accomplished it will be quite time enough to get feverishly excited over the fnilure of good and wise people to have large fnmilies.

THE modern healtb crusade has already in several States induced efforts towrd stringent physical requirements of those seeking marriage licenses. In so far as actual disease, present in either of the parties, is concerned, especially in the case of venereal disease, nnd other disorders proved most inimical to marriages and parenthood, there can be no question that society should forbid the banns. "Probation" until health is gained or the hopeless nature of the disease demonstrated, seems to be indicated as necessary to prevent tainting the blood of the nation. That such restrictions upon legal marriage would often lead to ilicit sex-relntionship is certain, but does not alter the case. As the ancient patrician fnmily was custodian of the legal union of men and women in the interest of n pure, strong and socially useful fnmily descent, so the modern State must become the efficieot guardian of the marriage altar. Aberrations from the normal, in this as in other realms of buman relationship must be treated on n different plnne, —as a part of socinl therapeutics npplied to social disease. The family ideal must not be lowered to meet the weakness or perversion of the undeveloped. Above all, innocent women must not be left to become the unwitting instruments of race degradntion, or to bear in tbemselves or tbrough the sufferings of their children tbe punisbment of the sins of the fathers. Nor should women marrying in good faitb, in hope of fnmily completeness, be doomed to n cbildlessness for wbich tbey are not to blame.

AS regards those subject to inheritance, in tendency nt least, of diseases which the modern health crusade has listed as scourges to be fought against, both in individual and in collective ways, society should go slow in forbidding lnwful mnrringe to persons of good character, of normal intelligence, and of fairly healthy body. Every decade we witness the transfer of many diseases to which flesh has been heir for ages from the list of the surely inherited and inevitably fntal, to that of the curable and preventnble. This fact must give the State pause before donning the living hy the "cnuses of death" cited in the physicians' certificates nt the demise of nncestors. Tbe influence of specialized covironment, cerefully suited to particular constitutional weaknesses, is now so well known as to make men and women more and more masters of fnte in this matter of physical inberitance. A finer diagnosis than present Boards of Health are capable of, n wiser discretionary power tbnn Courts now possess, n clearer iden of wlnt social value in the individual consists, must guide us in making arbitrary healtb rules for the marriage of tomorrow.

WHAT of the economic interests involved in the marriage of todny? Some one has said thnt many divorces result from the fact that "he" earns twelve dollars n week nnd "she" six dollars n week before marriage, and afterward tbey try to live on his twelve dollars and take care of several children beside. It is certainly true thnt many domestic complientions follow "ber" exchange of n "pay covelope" bowever scanty its contents, for the board and clothes and shelter "his" earnings can supply, especially when divided among a fnmily of four or five persons. The outcry for n "minimum wage for women" has mucb justice in its demnnd; but n minimum wage for fathers of families which shall exceed that now secured by the majority of manual workers is a far more vital demand from the point of view of society's need for reasonably early marriages, for three or four children to each "eugenically eligible" married pair, and for the right up-bringing of each child born into n hnusehold. The revolution in the industrial order whieb has sent maidens who have alwnys worked, but who used always to work nt home, out into factory and sbop has confused household conditions in two wnys; first, by making the vocational training of the average working girl nnti-domestic, and second, by giving her n new sense of the economic value of ber labor outside the bome. The result of this confusion, combined with the failure of the bome and the school to bnlnnce her vocational training in the shop or factory by nny intimate ncquniutance with domestic nrts, makes tbe marriage of today often a difficult experience to men and women alike.

THE economic adjustments needed today nre two-foltl: one through n higher and more secure protection against economic disaster to the home; and the other through n more efficient use of woman's work-power both within nnd without the household. These economic adjustments within the home, the last and most difficult, as well as the most interior and vital process in that democratizing of industry to which society is pledged, must take generations of race-discipline for realization in the common life. Meanwhile, the mental nnd morn élite are showing how these adjustments nre to be made. The union in mnreiage of equnls in eductional nnd vocntional opportunity, in economic independence, in legal rights, and in political and social relationships is so new, so startlingly new, thnt humanity may well he excused todny for some rather serious blundering on the domestic path. That so many men and women now illustrate in "the world's great bridals" thnt finer type of wedded life which is to be common tomorrow, transintes our faith in bumanity to joyful assurance.

MEANWHILE, however, the people who are not nble to pioneer in spiritunl adventure, and thus demonstrnte today the race-experience of tomorrow, must be our chief consideration. It seems likely that society must needa reinforce, nnd by conscious nim, the average good intent and honest effort of the average man and woman hy some sort of fnmily insurance which shall make parenthood n less strenuous bout with fortune; as well as by some sort of social supervision which shall standardize the average home on n bigher level. Tbe time has come when we cannot let so many babies die, or children fail of efficieot life, because of the ignorance of mothers or the poverty of the home. But if we hold mothers necountable for the new demnnds of medical science in child-care, and raise the stnndard of living in ideal while it is still impossible to get the wherewithal to meet the new wants that greater intelligence makes conscious, we but increase the misery that follows knowledge without power. And if the mother has to fnll back upon the father alone to support her in obedience to the new social demand to keep her babies nlive and ber children well, then, in too many cases this nver-mastering movement to standardize the home-life on higher levels breaks down at its crucial point. If nt marriage each mnn were required, on a basis of health nnd capacity easily determined, to insure against sickness, accident, unemployment anul old age, an insurnnce to which the State as well as the employer of labor were obliged to contribute nlong with the laborer himself, it might be n help. We shall see how somewhat similnr provisions for easing the fnmily hurdens work in other countries. If, nlso, every woman nt marriage were required to insure herself for motherhood's demands, on n basis of health nnd capacity determined wisely we might find the coming of the hnby n more welcome incideot in many poverty-bound households, and the commands of the Boards of Health better obeyed. We need uot wnit, as France has done, until prudence has belped to lower the birth rate below tbe nntional danger liue, to recognize thnt society has now assumed n control over child-cnre, nnd nurture wbich implies nn obligntion on the part of society to enable the nverage parent to better and more easily provide whnt society now demands. The care of expectant mothers, and the State bonus for every healthy child of three years of age whieh is urged as social stntesmanship in France may prove helpful in countries with n higher birth-rate.

THE marriage of tomorrow then, we may be sure, will call the State in to ordain its conditions, to make the purity and strength of fnmily descent and the well-being of children and the higher interests of society its prevailing ideals. The marriage of tomorrow must, also, through constructive social ingenuity, receive the benefit of economic easements whieh will more justly divide tbe cost to one generatioo of raising the next.

While this is being accomplished, the experience of the ages must be justified in holding sacred thnt personal choice of selective affection, that unique intimacy and interdependence that bnve made, still mnke, nnd will probably alwnys make, individunlized marriage and parenthood the supreme spiritual discipline of the race.

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (SUSPICIOUS

By O. I

-Y): "WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE IS THIS?"

. CESARE

# Oscar Wilde as Editor

By ARTHUR FISH

THE position of editor of a woman's magazine was perhaps one of the most extraordinary ever occupied by Oscar Wilde in his extraordinary career. It was, indeed, a case of "Pegasus in harness." True, it incurred his attendance at the office only twice a week—on the mornings of Tuesday and Thursday—but the very fact that regularity in any form became a factor in his life seemed an incongruity.

It was in 1887 that the poet accepted the editorship of *The Lady's World*. The first number which bore his name upon the cover appeared under the title, *The Woman's World*, a change entirely due to the new editor.

At first the work was taken quite seriously and eleven o'clock on his appointed mornings saw the poet entering the dingy portals of "The Yard," but after a few months his arrival became later and his departure earlier until at times his visit was little more than a call. After a very short time in my association with him I could tell by the sound of his approach along the resounding corridor whether the necessary work to be done would be met cheerfully or postponed to a more congenial period. In the latter case he would sink with a sigh into his chair, carelessly glance at his letters, give a perfunctory look at proofs or make-up, ask "Is it necessary to settle anything today?" put on his hat and with a sad "Good morning," depart again.

*"Is it necessary to settle anything today?"*

On his cheerful days, however, everything was different. These were fairly constant in the spring days of the year—there would be a smiling entrance, letters would be answered with epigrammatic brightness, there would be a cheery interval of talk when the work was accomplished, and the dull room would brighten under the influence of his great personality.

IT was ever a source of annoyance to him that the rules of La Belle Sauvage debarred him from smoking whilst in the office and perhaps this fact largely accounted for the irksomeness of the work after the novelty had worn off.

*The Woman's World*, nevertheless, was without doubt the finest magazine with an exclusive appeal to women that has ever been published. Its editor secured a brilliant company of contributors which included the leaders of feminine thought and influence in every branch of work, and the high level of its literary contents had never before been attained by any publication of its kind. The first number contained the following:—

The Woodland Gods
By Lady Archibald Campbell
The Position of Women
By the Countess of Portsmouth
Above the Cloud Line By Mrs. Bancroft
The Children of a Great City
By Lady Francis Jeune

A serial story by "George Fleming"; a short story by Amy Levy; an anonymous article on "Oxford Ladies' Colleges"; Madame de Sevigne's "Grandmother", by Anne Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie); a poem, "Hazely Heath," by "Violet Fane"; five pages of editor's notes, and a fashion article.

Among his subsequent contributors were, Ouida, Lady Dorothy Nevill, "Carmen Sylva," Olive Schreiner, Lady Constance Howard, "Violet Fane," Dr. Anna Kingsford, Mrs. Craik, Clementina Black, Mathilde Blind, Lady Wilde, Madame Darmestester, Marie Corelli, and indeed, every writer who counted for anything in the literary world of women. The keynote of the magazine, indeed, was the right of woman to equality of treatment with man, with the assertion of her claims by women who had gained high position by virtue of their skill as writers or workers in the world's great field of labor. All the contributions were on a high literary plane. Thus Lady McLaren wrote on "The Fallacy of the Superiority of Man"; Miss Lucy Garnett on "The Fallacy of the Equality of Woman"; Miss Julia Wedgwood on "Woman and Democracy"; Miss Caroline Biggs on "The Need for More Women Guardians of the Poor"; Margaret, Lady Sandhurst on "Woman's Work in Politics"; Mrs. Fawcett on "Women's Suffrage" and Miss Garnett on "Reasons for Opposing Women's Suffrage"; Professions for women were dealt with by H. R. H. Princess Christian—"Nursing"—Dr. Mary A. Marshall—"Medicine"; Miss Simcox—"Elementary School Teaching; Miss Annie Glen—"Music" and Miss Hetheriagton on "Typewriting and Shorthand for Women."

THERE were articles on women of history, such as Queen Christina of Swedea, Madame de Recamier, Josephine Beauharnais, Madame Tallien, Madame de Maintenon and the Princess de Tallyrand. French history of the First Empire period and French art generally were favorite subjects of study with the editor and his readers were treated to some intensely interesting articles upon them by writers of note, among which may be mentioned specially, "A Walk through the Marais" by A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter) "Marie Bashkirtseff" by Mathilde Blind, while articles on Pierre Loti, Georges Ohnet, and Villiers de Lisle Adam (by Arthur Symons) expressed in a measure the Editor's admiration for modern French literature.

The humbler workers among women, and their claims to consideration were not overlooked for Miss Clementina Black wrote on "Something about Needlewomen"; The Countess of Shrewsbury on "Our Girl Workers"; Mrs. Harriette Brooke Davies on "Another Voice from the East End"; Miss O'Conor-Eccles on "The Poplin Weavers of Dublin" and Miss Dorothea Roberts on "The Knitters of the Rosses."

Some of the articles on women's work and their position in politics were far in advance of the thought of the day and Sir Wemyss Reid, then General Manager of Cassell's, or John Williams the Chief Editor, would call in at our room and discuss them with Oscar Wilde, who would always express his entire sympathy with the views of the writers and reveal a liberality of thought with regard to the political aspirations of women that was undoubtedly sincere.

IT was, of course, expected that the editor's own contributions would form the chief feature of the magazine and it was arranged that he should write "Literary



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and other Notes" for each month's issue. These duly appeared in the first four numbers, hut, alas! then came a falling off, and the first annual volume contained hut five contributions from the editor's pen. The second—and last—contained six—the result of a direct hint from the publishers that the Editor was not sufficiently in evidence. But they demanded great effort and oftentimes the press day found the printers awaiting "copy" for the pages left for the Editor to fill.

A letter such as the following, received n day or so before "closiag down" time, became almost a regular incident:

"Dear Mr. Fish,

I have not been at all well aad cannot get my aotes done. Can you manage to put in something else? I will be down tomorrow.

Truly yours,
O. W."

The notes are probably unknown to many Wilde-lovers, and yet they are full of brilliant gems, well worthy of preservation. In the first of these, in reviewing n novel hy a woman, he wrote, "Characterisation, that enemy of literary form, is such an essential part of the method of the modern writer of fiction, that Nature has almost become to the novelist what light aad shade are to the painter—the one permanent elemeat of style."

In a note on women's dress in the same aumber occurs the followiag passage: "Women's dress can easily be modified and adapted to any exigencies of the kiad: hut most women refuse to modify or adapt it. They must follow the fashion, whether it be conveniaat or the reverse. And after all, what is fashion? From the artistic point of view, it is usually a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six moaths. From the point ol view of science, it not infrequently violates every law of health, every prineiple of hygiene. While from the point of view of simple ease and comfort it is not too much to say that . . . there is not a siagle form of really fashionable dress that can be woro without a certain amount of absolute misery to the wearer. . . . In fact, the beauty of dress depends on the beauty of the human figure, and whatever limits, constrains, and mutilates is essentially ugly, though the eyes of many are so blinded hy custom that they do not notice the ugliness till it has become unfashionable."

BEFORE the first numher of *The Woman's World* was published Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman", had passed to the "Great Beyond" and one of the editor's "notes" was devoted to an appreciation of her and her work in the course of which he wrote:—"Mrs. Craik was one of the finest of our women writers, and though her art had always what Keats called 'a palpable intention upon one,' still its imaginative qualities were of no mean order. There is hardly one of her books that has not some distinction of style: there is certainly not one of them that does not show an ardent love of all that is beautiful and good in life. The good she perhaps loved somewhat more thaa the beautiful, hut her heart had room for both . . . . her last work was done for the magazine which I have the honour to edit. She was very much interested in the scheme for the foundation of *The Woman's World*, suggested its title, aad promised to be one of its warmest supporters. . . . Few women have enjoyed a greater popularity than Mrs. Craik, or have better deserved it. It is sometimes said that John Halifax is not a real maa, hat only a woman's ideal of a man. Well, let us be grateful for such ideals. No one can read the story of which John Halifax is the hero without being the better for it. Mrs. Craik will live long in the affectionate memory of all who knew her, and one of her novels, at any rate, will always have a high, honourable place in English fiction. Indeed, for simple narrative some of the chapters of 'Joha Halifax, Gentleman' are almost unequalled in our prose literature."

In the second number, in reviewiag a book hy Lady Bellairs on "Gossips with Girls and Maidens," he wrote:—

"I am afraid that I have a good deal of sympathy with what are called 'empty idealistic aspiratioas'; and 'wild flights of the imagination' are so extremely rare in the nineteenth century, that they seem to me deserving rather of praise than of censure. The exclamation 'Bother', also, though certainly lackiag in beauty, might, I think, be permitted under circumstances of extreme aggravation, such as, for instance, the rejection of a manuscript hy the editor of a magazine."

And again, "There is always a certain amount of danger in any attempt to cultivate impossible virtues."

FASHION again received his attention is this number, prompted firstly hy the statemeat made in the course of a lecture delivered by a lady at St. Saviour's Hospital, that ladies of the day were known "to hold onto a cross-bar while their maids squeezed them into fifteen inch corsets." After commenting on the self-iaflicted tortures of women to secure a fashionable figure, the editor wrote, "To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, hat an oval: nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that aa unnaturally small waist gives aa air of grace, or even of slightness to the figure. Its effect, as a rule, is simply to exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips, and those whose figures possess that stateliness which is called stoutness hy the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect hy yielding to the silly edicts of Fashion on the subject of tight-lacing. The fashionable English waist, also, is not merely far too small, and consequently quite out of proportion to the rest of the figure, hut it is worn too low down. I use the espression 'worn' advisedly, for a waist nowadays seems to be regarded as an article of apparel to be put on when and where one likes. A long waist always implies shortness of the lower limbs, and from the artistic point of view has the effect of diminishing the beight."

A critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* having expressed surprise that in the first numher of the magazine the Editor has allowed to appear an illustration of a hat "covered with the bodies of dead birds," the Editor thus stated his "exact position in the matter":—

"Fashion is such an essential part of the *mundus muliebris* of our day that it seems to me absolutely necessary that its growth, development, aad phases should be duly chronicled; and the historical and practical value of such a record depends entirely upon its perfect fidelity to fact. Besides, it is quite easy for the children of light to adapt almost any fashionable form of dress to the requirements of utility and the demands of good taste. . . . I must, however, protest against the idea that to chronicle the development of Fashion implies any approval of the particular forms that Fashion may adopt."

IN a note commentiag on an article hy Mrs. Craik on "Miss Aaderson is 'The Winter's Tale'" in which she dealt *inter alia* with tbe condition of the Eaglish stage the following interesting passage occurs:

"For my own part I must acknowledge that I see more vulgarity thaa vice in the teadencies of the modern stage; nor do I thiak it possihle to elevate dramatic art hy limiting its subject matter. *On tue une litterature quand on lui interdit la vérité humaine.* As far as the serious presentation of life is concerned, what we require is more imaginative treatmeat, greater freedom from theatric language and theatric coavention. It may be questioned, also, whether the consistent reward of virtue and punishment of wickedness is really the healthiest idea for an art that elaims to mirror nature."

"The best way to make children good is to make them happy" is a delightfully characteristic aphorism that appeared in a little note on the Ministering Childrea's League.

THE third series of notes was distinguished hy the inclusion therein of Oscar Wilde's views oa 19th century British fiction. " . . . in England we have had no schools worth speaking of. The fiery torch lit hy the Brontés has not been passed on to other hands; Dickens has only influenced jouroalism; Thackeray's delightful superficial philosophy, superh narrative power, and clever social satire have formed ao schools; nor has Trollope left any direct successors behind him—a fact which is not much to be regretted, however, as admirable though Trollope undoubtedly is for rainy afternoons and tedious railway journeys, from the point of view of literature he is merely the perpetual curate of Pudlington Parva. As for George Meredith, who could hope to reproduce him? His style is chaos illumined hy hrilliant flashes of lightniag. As a writer he has mastered everythiag except language: as a aovelist he can do everythiag, except tell a story: as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of 'Richard Feverel' stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, hut he has disarmed the diciple. He gives us his philosophy through the mediuai of wit, aad is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is aot difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Œdipus solve his secret."

IN the fourth series of notes he thus commeats oa a novel, "a very sad and suggestive story":—

"Darwin could not have enjoyed it, as it does not end happily. There is, at least, no distribution of cakes and ale in the last chapter. But, then, scientific people are not always the best judges of literature. They seem to think that the sole aim of art should be to amuse, and had they been consulted on the subject would have banished Melpomene from Parnassus. It may be admitted, however, that not a little of our modern art is somewhat harsh and painful. Our Castaly is very salt with tears, and we have bound the brows of the Muses with cypress and with yew. We are often told that we are a shallow age, yet we certainly have

the saddest literature of all the ages, for we have made Truth and not Beauty the aim of art and seem to value imitation more than imagination. This tendency is, of course, more marked in fiction than it is in poetry. Beauty of form is always in itself a source of joy: the mere technique of verse has an imaginative and spiritual element, and life must, to a certain degree, be transfigured before it can find expression in music. But ordinary fiction, rejecting the beauty of form in order to realize the facts of life, seems often to lack the vital element of delight, to miss that pleasure-giving power in virtue of which the arts exist."

In the second volume the editor's first contribution was a review of Leclebure's "History of Embroidery and Lace" under the title of "A Fascinating Book," in which occurs this interesting passage:—

"Our own keenly intellectual art has more than once been ready to sacrifice real decorative beauty either to imitative presentation or to ideal motive. It has taken upon itself the burden of expression and has sought to interpret the secrets of thought and passion. In its marvellous truth of presentation it has found its strength, and yet its weakness is there also. It is never with impunity that art seeks to mirror life. If truth has her revenge upon those who do not follow her, she is often pitiless to her worshippers."

ONE of the most noteworthy of his contributions was "A Note on Some Modern Poets" in which he gave his opinion of W. E. Henley's verse.* The two men were as the poles apart in character and temperament and it is no matter for surprise that the ruggedness of Henley's poetical expression jarred on the super-refined soul of Oscar Wilde. He wrote: "His little 'Book of Verse' reveals to us an artist who is seeking to find new methods of expression, and who has not merely a delicate sense of beauty and a brilliant fantastic wit, but a real passion also for what is horrible, ugly, or grotesque. No doubt everything that is worthy of existence is worthy also of art—at least one would like to think so—but while echo or mirror can repeat for us a beautiful thing, to render artistically a thing that is ugly requires the most exquisite form of alchemy, the most subtle magic of transformation. To me there is more the cry of Marsyas than the singing of Apollo in the earlier poems of Mr. Henley's volume the 'Rhymes and Rhythms in Hospital' as he calls them. But it is impossible to deny their power. Some of them are like bright, vivid pastels; others like charcoal drawings, with dull blacks and murky whites; others like etchings with deeply hitten lines and abrupt contrasts, and clever colour-suggestions. In fact, they are like anything and everything, except perfected poems—that they certainly are not. They are still in the twilight. They are preludes, inspired jottings in a notebook, and should be heralded by a design of 'Genius making Sketches.' Rhyme gives architecture as well as melody to verse: it gives that delightful sense of limitation which in all the arts is so pleasurable, and is, indeed, one of the secrets of perfection: it will whisper, as a French critic has said, 'things unexpected and charming, things with strange and remote relations to each other', and bind them together in indissoluble bonds of beauty; and in his constant rejection of rhyme Mr. Henley seems to me to have abdicated half his power. He is a *roi en exil* who has thrown away some of the strings of his lute, a poet who has forgotten the fairest part of his kingdom. . . .

"However, Mr. Henley is not to be judged by samples. Indeed, the most attractive thing in the book is no single poem that is in it, but the strong humane personality that stands behind both flawless and faulty work alike, and looks out through many masks, some of them beautiful, and some grotesque, and not a few mis-shapen. In the case of most of our modern poets, when we have analysed them down to an adjective we can go no further, or we care to go no further, but with this book it is different. Through these reeds and pipes blows the very breath of life. It seems as if one could put one's hand upon the singer's heart and count its pulsations. There is something wholesome, virile and sane about the man's soul. Anybody can be reasonable, but to be sane is not common; and sane poets are as rare as blue lilies, though they may not be quite so beautiful. . . . Mr. Henley's healthy, if sometimes misapplied, confidence in the myriad suggestions of life gives him his charm. He is made to sing along the highways, not to sit down and write. If he took himself more seriously his work would become trivial."

IN the same note he comments on a preface by William Sharp to his "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy". "I cannot imagine," he wrote, "anyone with the smallest pretension to culture preferring a dexterously turned triolet to a fine imaginative ballad, as it is only the Philistine who ever dreams of comparing works of art that are absolutely different in motive, in treatment and form. If English poetry is in danger—and according to Mr. Sharp the poor nymph is in a very critical state—what she has to fear is not the fascination of dainty meter or delicate form, but the predominance of the intellectual spirit of beauty. Lord Tennyson dethroned Wordsworth as a literary influence, and later on Mr. Swinburne filled all the mountain valleys with echoes of his own song. The influence today is that of Mr. Browning. And as for the triolets, and the rondels, and the careful study of metrical subtleties, these things are merely the signs of a desire for perfection in small things, and for the recognition of poetry as an art. They have had certainly one good result—they have made our minor poets readable, and have not left us entirely at the mercy of geniuses. . . . Poetry has many modes of music; she does not blow through one pipe alone. Directness of utterance is good, but so is the subtle re-casting of thought into a new and delightful form. Simplicity is good, but complexity, mystery, strangeness, symbolism, obscurity even, these have their value. Indeed, properly speaking, there is no such thing as Style: there are merely styles, that is all."

"We are always apt to think that the voices that sung at the dawn of poetry were simpler, fresher, and more natural than ours, and that the world which the early poets looked at, and through which they walked, had a kind of poetical quality of its own, and could pass, almost without changing, into song. The snow lies thick now upon Olympus, and its scarped sides are bleak and barren, but once, we fancy, the white feet of the Muses brushed the dew from the anemones in the morning, and at evening came Apollo to sing to the shepherds in the vale. But in this we are merely lending to other ages what we desire, or think we desire, for our own. Our historical sense is at fault. Every century that produces poetry is, so far, an artificial century, and the work that seems to us the most natural and simple product of its time is probably the result of the most deliberate and self-conscious effort. For Nature is always behind the age. It takes a great poet to be thoroughly modern."

THE editor's remaining notes contain very little beyond extracts from the books he reviewed. Only here and there is a flash of his personality. Such as:—

"The difficulty under which the novelists of our day labour seems to be this: if they do not go into society, their books are unreadable: and if they do go into society, they have no time left for writing."

"Many of our novelists are really pamphleteers, reformers masquerading as story-tellers, earnest sociologists seeking to mend as well as mirror life."

"The heroine is a sort of well-born Becky Sharp, only much more beautiful than Becky, or at least than Thackeray's portraits of her, which, however, have always seemed to me rather ill-natured."

"The aim of most of our modern novelists seems to be, not to write good novels, that will do good: and I am afraid that they are under the impression that fashionable life is not an edifying subject. They wish to reform the morals, rather than to portray the manners of their age."

"Plastic simplicity of outline may reader for us the visible aspect of life: it is different when we come to deal with those secrets which self-consciousness alone contains, and which self-consciousness itself can but reveal. Action takes place in the sunlight, but the soul works in the dark."

"The family ideal of the State may be difficult of attainment, but as an ideal it is better than the policeman theory. It would mean the moralisation of politics. The cultivation of separate sorts of virtues and separate ideals of duty in men and women have led to the whole social fabric being weaker than it need be."

"Well, to be put into fiction is always a tribute to one's reality."

DURING the two years in which he occupied the editorial chair only on one occasion did I see Oscar Wilde angry. This occurred on a certain day when John Williams, the then Chief Editor of Cassell's, came down to see him with a copy of Marshall P. Wilder's book "People I have Smiled With" of which Cassell's were then preparing an English edition. In a paragraph dealing with Oscar Wilde the American "smiler" wrote, "The first time I saw Oscar he wore his hair long and his breeches short; now, I believe, he wears his hair short and his trousers long." Striding up and down the room Oscar Wilde ejaculated "Monstrous! perfectly monstrous!" and on his objection the offending—and offensive—paragraph was deleted.

On another occasion he received repeated demands at "The Yard" from the Income Tax officer for a return of his income. At length came the final demand for it to be sent within a certain number of days, or a penalty of Fifty Pounds would be enforced. He dictated a reply to the effect that he had always made a return from Chelsea and protesting that both the form of application and the threat of the penalty were annoying; he finished up his letter by saying "The threat of a fine of £50 seems to me a relic of medieval barbarism." I have often wondered whether it provoked an official smile!

*It is a matter of interest that W. E. Henley was also at one time editor of a Cassell publication but he had left a year or two before Wilde joined the staff.

# Open Air Theaters in America

By ARTHUR ROW

THE past summer was made notable at Mount Kisco by the first production here in America of "Aglavaine and Selysette," the finest play written by the man who is now regarded by many as our greatest living poet. At the first English production of this play in London in 1904, it was a failure, derided by the critics and scorned by the audience. The idea of doing this play out of doors came to me a year ago though I only broached the subject to Miss Leonard three weeks before its production on July 11 at her Brookside Theater in Mount Kisco. Miss Leonard decided to reduce the performance to one hour and half's duration and prepared a version of the play in twelve scenes. For dramatic purposes we decided to *repeat* nothing, so when an incident happened in one scene it was not discussed in the following scene. The result was a swift-moving, poignant drama that held the audience tense, and excited applause at the termination of each of the twelve scenes.

We were fortunate in interesting Walter Hampton in the production, for he originated the only male role, *Meleander*, in the first production at the Court Theater, London, under the direction of Granville Barker.

Mr. Hampton's acting has a simplicity of style that is essential to this play. His perfect diction and natural dignity helped to create an ideal performance. Mabel Moore (Mrs. Hampton) as *Selysette*, imparted a birdlike quality of wild fervor and recalled the artistic sense that marked her performance of the child in the first production of "The Servant in the House." Caroline Newcombe realized perfectly the difficult role of the old, paralyzed Grandmother—*Maligrane*—the silent witness to the tragedy she was powerless to avoid.

IN the outdoor theater the poetic drama can spread its wings, and fancy is unhampered. The Maeterlinckean dramas especially are possible only out of doors—their very essence is the filmy air; their secrets are hidden in the rustling of the trees; their throb is felt only in the heart of Nature.

It was my privilege to see recently the witch scene in Macbeth acted out of doors and at *night*. Its mystic qualities were realized marvelously indeed in a much greater degree than in the more pretentious productions of Henry Irving, Modjeska, Sothern and Marlowe.

"We should return to the Greeks, play in the open air; the drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress and people who come to digest their dinner."

Eleanor Duse's prophetic words are slowly becoming realized here in America where the outdoor drama is increasing steadily.

Volumes might well be written as to the unique advantages of the outdoor theater. It is an acid test of any play; in it no *untrue* play can live; it is a pitiless revealer. In the Greek theater art can unroll itself and the most tender secrets of the theater be revealed—that art which Gordon Craig describes as "Neither acting nor the play; it is not scene nor dance, but it consists of all the elements of which these things are composed."

A decade has passed since Ben Greet began his tours of outdoor performances of Shakespeare and the classics. The Coburn players also are increasingly successful, and play an extensive repertoire. Nor should one forget the performances occasionally given out of doors by Constance Crawley, the Howard Kyle Players and the Frank Lea Short Company.

IN California there are five Greek theaters, the principal one being at Berkeley, and conducted under the auspices of the University of California. This theater seats eight thousand people and yet the acoustics are perfect—the slightest word can be heard distinctly. Dramatic performances of great distinction have been given on this stage—Sarah Bernhardt in Racine's "Phaedre"; Sothern and Marlowe in "Macbeth"; Margaret Anglin in "Antigone," stand out boldly in an imposing list of successful performances.

The outdoor amphitheater near Mount Kisco, N. Y., is the only one thus far built in the Eastern States. For it we are indebted to the enterprise and energy of a woman—Miss Martia Leonard, a young lady of much initiative and especially of that spirit which is "the *will* to perform."

This theater was opened September 9, 1911 with a production of "The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold," by John Jay Chapman. Since then performances have been given with an increasing interest and patronage. The plays presented include Euripides "Electra," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," Edmond Rostand's "The Romanesque," "Lysistrata," by Aristophanes, adapted into English by Miss Leonard, and "A Sunday Well Spent," an original modern comedy.

IT has been said that all effective movements have come from people of little or no means—in Ireland Lady Gregory started the now famous Irish players under discouraging conditions and beset by many so-called practical difficulties—but with the right ideals, true unselfishness, unfailing faith and energy go far and accomplish what is thought impossible. Only one fortunate discovery is necessary. The one thing absolutely necessary to a producing theater is a director—almost all else can be created or attracted or discovered—suitable plays; competent, or at least useful actors; costumes, etc., —but a really, truly director cannot be dispensed with. Gordon Craig in his book on the theater emphasizes this fact precisely and brilliantly. He may be extreme in relegating actors to the position of puppets, but there is no mist enveloping his starry idea that the director is the captain; the helm—the everything. There must be one mind to direct all, else there is confusion or at best a mixed idea! *Il faut tout savoir au theatre.*

To know the theater is indeed to know everything—poetry, architecture, music, sculpture, painting, dancing, archaeology, one might continue almost indefinitely—all the sciences and all the arts!



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LITTLE GIRL: "G'WAN, I'M ON TO YER GRAFT."

By Glenn O. Coleman



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# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

I LIKE to draw Napoleon best
Because one hand is in his vest,
The other hand behind his back.
(For drawing hands I have no knack.)

II

SOME people ask me if I think
It hard to catch Bill Bryan's wink
Now I have done it you can see,
He is as simple as can be.

### What the Kid Did to the Kelly

"I spent my last Ten Dollars on a new hat to propose to an actress in —— she gets a Thousand Dollars a week."
"Did you bring it off?"
"No. She kicked it off."

## Musings of Hafiz

*(The Persian Kitten)*

I SEE by the Dog Papers that the Pom and the Peke are going out of fashion. This would be good news if it were not that Petdogs like Potentates are perpetual—as soon as one goes out there is always another to take his place.

HUMAN BEINGS are the most fickle of all earthly creatures. Their affections are as changeable as the patterns of their detachable skin. They are worshippers of a goddess named Fashion who rules them with a whim of iron.

The latest word of Fashion is their law. At her bidding they change their houses, their hats, their hair, their religious beliefs and the length of their horses' tails.

It is Human to say "*Caelum non animum*," but often as they change their residence, human beings change their friends still oftener. Sometimes, indeed, they change their residence for the very purpose of changing their "set."

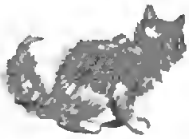
OF their four-footed friends, we (I speak as a Persian) are the only ones to whom they have from time immemorial been faithful. This is due to the feline reserve that keeps us from condescending tu a doggy iotimacy which is the father of familiarity and the grandfather of contempt.

How different is the Dog. The Sycophant, the Tailwagger! No sooner has he wagged himself into human favor than he is wagged out again by the finger of Fashion.

THE Pug, the Poodle, the Collie, the Fox terrier, and the Chow, all and many more have had their day in the house of Fashion—and vanished "like snow upon the desert's dusty face."

And now it is the Pom and the Peke. Fashion has said the word. Only the Aberdeen and the Ayreshire are to be worn hy exclusive human ladies this coming season and the silly Pomeranian and the saucy Pekinese must go. Where they go matters not to me so long as they stay there and never come back.

OF all the ohnoxious canine family the Pomeranian is to my thinking the most objectionnble. His vanity is unspeakable, and his affectation of the Angora *coiffure* is not only in wretched taste but is apt to be misleading.



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# The Shortstop of the Admirals

By GERALD MORGAN

Illustrated by James Preston

ONE August evening, at about nine o'clock, Tim Mullane, the manager of the Admirals, was seated, according to his custom, at a table in the café next the Arlington Club. He was eating a club sandwich, and drinking a glass of beer.

Opposite the manager sat Jim Warren, his veteran pitcher and old friend. The waiter brought Warren's order, which was that form of Welsh rarebit known to chophouses as a Golden Buck.

Tim Mullane looked up.

"Welsh rarebit, eh?" he exclaimed. "Say, Jim, you know you got to pitch tomorrow. You might as well eat Portland cement as that stuff!"

"I've been eating rarebits all my life," replied the pitcher, peevishly. "They're more digestible than club sandwiches, anyhow."

But the manager's attention had wandered from the subject of food, to one of more moment to him.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I got that hole at short filled at last."

"You mean Willie Oates," replied Warren, still thinking of the rarebit. "He's no world-beater."

"Who said he was?" the manager retorted. "I said he filled the hole at short. You watch him in the field. He's no flash of lightning, but he knows what he can do, and he does it. If he can't do it, he don't try. That's baseball. And at the bat, he's just the same. He never goes after bad ones. He may not be a .300 hitter, but there's not a man in the team who has the pitcher in a hole more often. No ivory about Willie Oates!"

"Well," said the pitcher, bolting the last remnants of his rarebit, "I never knew a man play good ball who didn't enjoy ball-playing. Willie Oates wishes he was back milking cows, in Juliopolis, Ohio, where he comes from. All he does, when he isn't working, is to dope out three time-tables. The whole team knows all about it. You can go to Southfield junction on the P. & S., or you can go to Black Rock, on the Central; or you can go to Owl Hollow, on the C. & O. C. Then, you drive about fifteen miles in a buggy;—that's Juliopolis."

THE manager stared. "Well, Jim," he said, "Willie Oates can go to Hoppopolis, in October. That's when he can go. It beats me what makes a guy want to go back to one of these jay towns. A muddy pump, a whitewashed church, a grocery store, a saloon, and about seven rickety houses. That's Hoppopolis. You'd think a guy would be so glad to get away, that he'd never move off the asphalt again."

"Oh, come now, Tim," replied Warren, meditatively, "these little towns are not so bad. I came from one, myself, you know. Pine Plains, Pennsylvania. I can still smell those pines on a fall morning."

"Maybe you can," replied Mullane, briefly. "All I can smell is Welsh rarebit. Good-night; I'm going to bed."

NEVERTHELESS, on the next day, which was the last home date for the Admirals, before going West, Manager Mullane took a particular interest in the behavior of his new shortstop, Willie Oates. The Admirals were leading the league by a safe margin, but Mullane wished to take no chances. He feared the "August slump," and in case the play of Oates fell off, he had no satisfactory substitute for the shortstop's position.

Sure enough, Willie Oates was not in evidence. Batting practice not having yet begun, most of the team were tossing the ball about or batting flies or playing in positions other than their own, just to show what they could do. But Willie Oates was lying out, flat on his face, close to the left field foul line. From his hip pocket protruded an orange-colored pamphlet.

"The Hoppopolis time-table," said Mullane to Jim Warren, pointing in that direction.

Warren laughed. "Sure!" he replied. "Didn't I tell you?"

"He'll have to bat in a minute," said Mullane.

"Watch him when he does," Warren retorted. "He just wants to get it over with."

"He wasn't like that this spring," Mullane said, "he was all over the field. He used to pull off the damnedest throws—"

"That's just it," Jim Warren said, "and now he's gone to the other extreme. He's got too much temperament."

"Whaddymean,—temperament!" exclaimed the manager, crossly. "Talk English."

"Too excitable," Warren said.

"Aw, he's just settled down!" concluded the manager, positively.

BUT, watching the batting practice at the net, Mullane was forced to admit that Warren's arguments were not without foundation, for Oates swung away at the ball, not caring, nor even looking to see, whether he had hit it solidly or not. And in fielding practice, he was equally uninterested. Mullane shook his head.

Then the game began, and Mullane at once cheered up, for Oates did his work as well as any manager could wish. He made a hit, a sacrifice, got first once on balls, scored two runs, and accepted six chances without an error. Mullane went home, his mind at rest.

The team started for the West, that night, and Mullane, after a late supper in the dining car, strolled through the sleeper where his men were quartered, on the way to the managerial stateroom.

The berths were not yet made up. In one double seat, Beta, the Polish pitcher, sat alone with an English dictionary and two books purchased on the advice of the keeper of a second-hand book shop;—a volume of Emerson's "Essays," and a "History of Bob Fitzsimmons, by Himself." He was reading Fitzsimmons.

At another seat, Mike Tuthill and Pete McGowan,—the two crack outfielders—were playing High Low Jack and the Game, with a very dirty pack of cards. They invariably slammed the table when they took a trick.

THE rest of the team was grouped around a single double seat, packed in the aisle, leaning over the adjoining cushioned backs. They were carrying on a low-voiced discussion, with frequent pauses, and remained quite oblivious of their manager's presence. Mullane, surprised, stopped to listen.

"The best way to get to Juliopolis is by the Central and Black Rock," said Willie Oates, for the twentieth time.

Mullane waited for the ensuing laugh, but to his surprise, it did not ensue. Instead, Oates was allowed to continue, uninterrupted.

"There's the hedge by the old meeting-house, and the Virginia creeper old Deacon Brown planted. Gee, I'd like to be back!" he said.

"I'm from the Berkshires." Kenny, the boyish-looking two-hundred-pound first baseman, took up the strain. "I'd like to get a glass of milk from the farm,—all warm and frothy."

"And the doughnuts!" said another.

"And the cider!" said a third.

"Gee!—the country's the place to be," said still another; and to the manager's intense surprise, the voice was the voice of Jim Warren, his veteran pitcher.

"It's only fifteen miles from Black Rock," continued Willie Oates. "The train gets in late in the afternoon, and you drive through the woods. You get home at dark. Gee!—I can see those lights, now, and smell the apples baking."

There was a long pause, broken only by Pete McGowan, who had won four dollars from Mike Tuthill, and was correspondingly cheerful.

"What you guys got, over there?" he asked, pleasantly. "A dead baby?"

"Going to get buried, Willie?" Tuthill called out.

TIM MULLANE retired to his stateroom, wholly at a loss. To be sure, he knew that all his team except McGowan, Tuthill and Betz were small-town men, but on the other hand, most of them had had several years' experience of cities. His reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door. Willie Oates opened it.

"Mr. Mullane," he said, "can I go to Juliopolis on . . . "

"You can not!" said Mullane, shortly.

The door opened a little wider, and behind their spokesman, Oates, the manager perceived a small group of men, their mouths open for the purpose of making similar requests.

"Not a blame one of you," snapped Mullane. "You'll get off on October Twenty-two, and not before. You, there,—Jim Warren, come in here. The rest of you clear out."

"Well, Jim," he said, "what in hell's up?"

"They're homesick," replied Warren. "I am, myself. You don't understand. You can't get homesick for Lenox Avenue."

"You're all crazy," replied Mullane, briefly. "I believe it's Willie Oates doing it all. It's a spell he's cast on ye."

There was always a suspicion of the wild Irish in Mullane's remarks, when he was excited.

"I'm going to bed, now, and I'll hear no more of ye," he added.

THE first engagement of the Admirals, in the West, was with the Pathfinders, a weak second division team which



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had long since ceased to deserve its name, but the best the Admirals could get was an even break. Listlessness pervaded the entire team; or, as Mullane put it, they handled themselves like a lot of dummies. Oates, to be sure, played exactly the same game which he had hitherto played, but where one or two mechanical players balance a team, a whole team of mechanical players will get no results at all, and every evening the talk was of county fairs and harvest homes and swimming holes. The atmosphere was that of a country meeting-house.

At the home of the Lamplighters, a somewhat better team than the Pathfinders, the slump continued. The Admirals lost three out of four. When they moved to meet the Owls, a young and rather enterprising team at the foot of the first division, Mullane was at his wits' end. The loss of a series there, would cut his lead to a mere thread.

BUT events over which he had no control, worked in Mullane's favor. Between the Owls and the Admirals, there was bad feeling; chiefly owing to the conduct of one Gavegan, second baseman of the Owls, who had had a fight with Pete McGowan, when the teams had last met on the Admirals' home grounds.

In the first inning of the first game of the new series, Gavegan was safe on second, with two Owls out. Betz was pitching. Betz's weakness was not watching the bases closely enough, and Gavegan thought he could steal third. He tried it at the wrong time, and the throw of Tom Betts, the Admirals' catcher, reached Curtis, the third baseman, in time to catch Gavegan standing up. Curtis moved slightly out of the base line, holding the ball ready; but Gavegan, instead either of standing up or of sliding at the bag, threw himself as hard as he could, straight at Curtis. Both the players rolled together, over the third base coaching line, and when Curtis picked himself up, the first thing he did was to swing on Gavegan.

IT took a quarter of an hour to restore order, and when play began again at the end of that time, Mullane realized with joy, that his team had snapped back. The Admirals won the game, and that evening, Willie Oates was left quite alone with his everlasting time-tables. When Mullane heard one of them say to him, "Aw, cut it out, Doughnuts!" his confidence was quite restored.

The Admirals, playing right at the top of their form, took the second and third games, also. The fourth game was scheduled for a Sunday;—Monday was an open date—and on Tuesday, the concluding series of the trip opened with the Wildcats, who were in second place, and going strong.

It was just here that Mullane took a chance. He sent for Oates.

"Willie," he said, "if I let you leave for Hoppopolis, or wherever it is, Saturday night, will you be on the job, Tuesday?"

"You bet!" said Oates.

"And, Willie," Mullane went on, "will this be the end of this snooping round in corners, with time-tables, and asking for vacations, and slushing about new-laid milk?"

"It will," said Oates. "I'll play my head off for you, Mr. Mullane."

"All right then;—beat it!" said the manager. And fifteen minutes later, looking out of the hotel window, he saw Willie Oates, suit-case in hand, on the dead run for the railroad station.

THE Admirals lost their last game with the Owls, chiefly owing to the errors of Willie Oates' understudy, who fell all over himself trying to make good. Mullane was a trifle nervous. His lead, since leaving the East, had been cut from ten full games, to five-and-a-half; and the Wildcats, very wabbly at the beginning of the season, had hit their stride at last, and were now tearing through the league. Anything like a clean-up for them in the approaching series, would make it anybody's pennant; so that when, at half-past eleven on Tuesday morning, Willie Oates, wearing an unaccustomed grin, arrived at the hotel, with his suit-case, Manager Mullane was considerably relieved.

"Go on up and change your clothes, Willie," he said.

"All right," replied Oates. "Say, Mr. Mullane, can I have a box seat for a friend of mine, for to-day's game?"

"Sure," said the manager. "I got one right here. Hurry up, now, and get ready."

WILLIE OATES had not been on the field five minutes, before Manager Mullane saw that this was a new and

*"Miss Brown said if she saw me make a home-run today she'd marry me"*

altogether changed Willie. He arrived on the run, grabbed the first baseball which he saw, facetiously knocked off a comrade's cap, and departed into the outfield, where he caught flies with the substitute fielders. After that, in batting practice at the net, he put two balls into the left field bleachers, both of which, incidentally, were lost;—a joke which has never at any time, appealed to baseball managements.

"They must put something hlame strong into that Hoppopolis milk," said Mullane, to Jim Warren.

Sam Walker was to pitch for the Admirals that day. Walker was a pitcher who did not have much "stuff," hut who knew how to use what he had, and his opponent, for the Wildcats, was a man of similar caliber. Hitting was, therefore, to be expected; for both pitchers depended on the fielding behind them.

BEFORE the first inning was over, Mullane's attention was fixed on Willie Oates. Every play he made was at top speed. His first two throws reached first base before the runner was much more than half way down there. Being spectacular, these plays were received with cheers.

"Cut out the grand-stand stuff, Willie," said Mullane, angrily.

But Willie would not cut out the grandstand stuff. At the bat, instead of waiting out the pitcher, he was swinging like a gate, and swinging uselessly; hut two phenomenal stops in the field, about balanced his record. His one wild throw,—a question of time, only—happened not to affect the scoring.

The ninth inning opened with the score tied, four to four. Curtis, first up, for the Admirals, reached first on a short fly which fell safe. If the Admirals could score that run, Mullane figured that he could put in Jim Warren to pitch the last half, and hold the Wildcats safe. Oates was next at bat.

"Sacrifice, Willie," said Mullane.

THE Wildcats had, also, a new pitcher this inning; and this pitcher, having faced Oates before, remembered his old habit of letting the first ball go by. He had not, however, watched Willie that day, because he had been warming up all the afternoon, near the right field fence.

Mullane was on the third base coaching line. With the swing of the pitcher's arm, be saw Curtis take a good, satisfactory lead off first. His mouth opened to shout the usual "Right at 'em!" then, suddenly, he snapped that shout off short; for, with rage, he perceived that Willie Oates meant again to disobey instruetions.

The swing which Willie made,—Willie, ordered to sacrifice—took him half way out to the pitchers' box, and his chance of hitting the ball was about ten to one, against. But, luckily for Willie, the Wildcat pitcher had given him the one ball which, uader these circumstances, he could have hit. It was straight, and waist high.

Willie landed on it, square. The hall whizzed over tbe infield, just to the left of second base, and rolled onto the fence. As the center fielder relayed it to the shortstop, Willie was nearing third, and Curtis was crossing the plate.

MANAGER MULLANE, on the coaching line, held up a warning hand to Willie, only two strides from third. The Wildcats' shortstop, playing deep, was just turoing, with the ball in his hand.

Entirely lgnoring Mullane's warning hand, Willie Oates rounded third like the Empire State Express. His manager dived for him too late, and missed the tackle.

The Wildcats' shortstop was taken utterly by surprise. His mind was fixed on a throw to third. He hesitated, then threw too hurriedly. The ball went wild;—and over the plate rushed the flying Willie Oates.

But Manager Mullane had had about enough. He was behind Willie a few steps, only. Past the players' bench, where Willie should have stopped, he pursued him.

Willie Oates ran straight to one of the field boxes. In it a very pretty girl was sitting, alone. When Mullane reached them, they were already talking.

"Oates," said Mullane.

Willie turned. "Oh, Mr. Mullane," he said, "this is the lady I asked the box seat for. Miss Brown said if she saw me make a home run to-day, she'd marry me, to-morrow."

Tim Mullane was left tongue-tied. First, he surveyed Oates. Ho had intended to punish him heavily, hut he was Irish and be turned to the girl.

"The sight of you, Ma'am," he said, "has explained everything to me. I congratulate ye."

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

## *The Quarterback Outlook*

IF football offers more opportunities to the player in a particular position than to his comrades that player is the quarterback. Exceptional men will occasionally make so much out of other positions as to dominate the play of the team, and it may be that the eleven is so strong that it needs only an average man in the post of field general. As a rule, however, it is the little man with the hot heart and the cool head who runs the team that proves a large factor in the victory.

So it has been from the early days of foothall and so it will continue to be until some body of radical rule makers rehuilds foothall along entirely different lines. There would seem to be no prospect of that, so the fast, ambitious youngster who is a lightweight, save above the collar, may continue to feel that if he can get a chance at quarterback and will use his brains there he can count for far more than the giant whom the undiscriminating have come to look upon as the ideal player.

There will he good men in the field this year, I think, both East and West. Princeton and Harvard seem to be especially well provided with quarter back material, while there are stars at several of the smaller institutions, notably Gus Welch at Carlisle and Costello at Georgetown, the last named a fine leader and a dangerous kicker in any company. These two are captains, and among the other captains playing the position this year are Lutick of Ohio Wesleyan, Miller, the little Pennsylvaaia State man who was such a whirlwind last year, Clark of St. John's (Annapolis), Marks of Tulane, Fenker of the University of Cincinnati, Sutherland of Utah, Hardaway of Washington (St. Louis, Mo.), Goodwin of Washington and Jefferson, and others too numerous to mention.

THIS tendency to elect so many quarterbacks to captaincies is natural enough, aside from any popular personality, since the quality of leadership must be there if the player ia the position has been a success. No man can "flunk" in the position without its being plainly apparent to men off as well as on the field. There have been many personally popular players who have failed utterly and more than one occasion when it has been found necessary to send in a man whom no one wanted to see get his 'varsity letter, in order to whip the team down the field to victory. Even the inexpert among the spectators can spot the difference in the play of two quarterbacks nine times out of ten.

Oddly, it is the one position on the team where weight has not seemed to count to any extent, although the range in the past has been great—all the way from Wurtemburg of Yale and Pishon of Dartmouth, both of whom played at 125 pounds, to Knipe of Pennsylvania, who was seldom below 190 and frequently above that figure. But in the old days there was less freedom in the quarter's play, I believe, in that he was frequently called upon to keep his backs on their feet after handing them the leather, besides leading the interference from time to time, catching kicks, and attending to quite a little more heavy work than is the case today.

In those days, however, the quarter seldom did the kicking, and of course there was no forward pass to trouble him. There was far more heavy running, and this was maintained for longer distances. The quick line-up was common, which involved a lot of hustling—and all in all the old time quarter had to stand a deal of hammering, exhausting work.

QUARTERBACK play of today requires if anything even more brains, although perhaps it is not so exhausting, even with the added burdeu of the forward pass and frequently much of the kicking. The variety of it makes it a fascinating position, and one of the greatest responsibility. With pushing and pulling eliminated everybody knows now how hard it is to score without the eleverest use of every resource, the conservation of both speed and energy and practically perfect choice of plays. It is indeed a thinking game.

In the old days the quarter had only to pick out the weak spots in his op-

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*Much is expected at Princeton this season of Stewart Baker, who ran the eleven so well against Yale last year*

ponent's line and hammer them steadily until the goal line was crossed. The problems that bewilder the field general of today the old timer seldom confronted. He kept on banging away, as a rule, save when he had a really fine kicker at hand, until his team was stopped, and then kicked. Thus the kicking was almost invariably done on the same down.

Some of the old timers were far sighted enough to use their kicker now and then for other purposes, but as a rule he was called upon only on the last down, and the burden of his work came on defense, when it was not uncommon for a man of the calibre of Homans of Princeton or Gordon of Wesleyan to hold off a superior team for an entire half, only in the end to crumble under the heavy running attack which had at last worn out the line.

THE quarters of those days ran so like wonderfully powerful engines of attack, notably when the "guards back," the "tackles back" and the flying interferener were in action; but the use of these plays did not require of the quarterback the judgment that the more subtle formations and the choice between them and the part of the field in which they are to be used demand today. I do not want to be understood as belittling the work of such old timers as Phil King, Carl Williams, Adee, Fincke, Ferbert, Vail and a host of others, but I know that these men wonder today what they could have done with the new game.

DROPPING the attack for the moment, let us see how hard was the lot of the quarter who undertook to play the last defense in the old days against the kicking game. There were great ends, and they made matters extremely uncomfortable for the smaller chap trying to make the catch. No man who saw it will forget the pounding of Metzenthin of Columbia in a game at the Polo Grounds in New York, on a day when Shelvin and Rafferty were at the top of their form. How the slender quarter ever stood up under it it is hard to tell.

Again, when kicking in the proximity of his own goal line, the quarter was not protected by rules to the same extent as now, and knew that he would be knocked down anyway whether or no the kick was blocked. Today the forwards are not allowed to bowl over the kicker after he has sent the leather away, and his is a bed of roses compared with that of the old days.

With some of the good men mentioned above in the field this year the quarter-back position, already at a high standard, should make even further progress. The openings for the quarter's judgment are greater than they were even last year, for last year he had to do a deal of experimenting while this season the extra down with which he can work—returned to the game a year ago, should enable him to "Mix 'em up" in the offense, at the same time avoiding freakish play.

MUCH is expected at Princeton this season of Stewart Baker, who ran the eleven so well against Yale last year, while certain of the coaches think they have a find in Boland. By the time these lines appear the fight between the two should be beginning to develop, but young Baker, I think can be trusted to handle a big game with plenty of skill and judgment. An experienced quarter is a very real asset.

ONE of the real quarterback puzzles of the season is young Llewellyn, of Dartmouth, who is a born quarter if ever I saw one, but who used execrable judgment in last year's Princeton game. It is true that he had what should have been a remarkable eleven going to pieces around him in the face of a furious assault, but the method of play he chose right under shadow of his own goal I think was indefensible on any grounds. Llewellyn is gaited just right for one of the finest quarters of recent years, and it is to be hoped that he will make the most of himself.

HARVARD, richer even this year than last in material for practically every position, probably will try out Mahan, Bradlee and Freedley as quarters, and whatever the final result, the Crimson should be a well driven team, as it was last year. Mahan already has a splendid reputation. He is one of these clear-eyed young players, who seems to be extremely good natured when you first meet him off the field but still has the best of fighting spirits. He is a well set up young man and even if not finally selected for quarter, should add a deal of power to the already husky Harvard backfield.

IT probably will be fairly along in the season before Yale and Pennsylvania make their decision about the quarter-back position. The material at both these institutions has not been remarkable for some time, and Yale especially has been unfortunate in the man who did the driving. Since Howe, and he, a first class field general, had more than his share of hard luck, there has not been a really high class quarterback at New Haven. What the prospects are this year a little more time will tell.

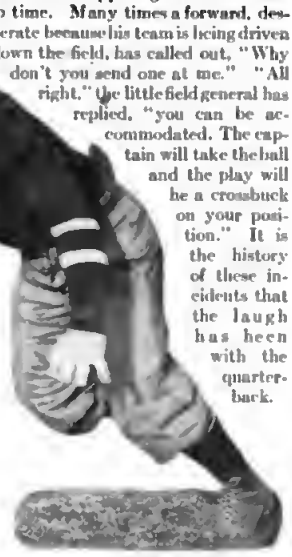
There is almost an ideal man at Ithaca in the person of Taber, but he is also so good a half that Dr. Sharpe may decide to continue the development of another man to fill the shoes of Eddie Butler, the latter a great loss to Cornell.

ONE of the remarkable features of the Eastern season at this writing (on the eve of the first game of any moment), has been the early institution of scrimmage practice, which means a quick start and an early development of team play. The reason is simple enough. For the first time in many years the weather has been cool enough so that the big men could be worked fairly hard from the start without losing weight too fast, and without suffering from exhaustion in the practice. In the past, as a rule, September practice might better have been conducted in bathing suits. It may not appear just what this has to do with our friend the quarterback. As a matter of fact it is a big help to him, for the sooner he begins to handle a whole team instead of a mere set of backs the faster his progress will be.

IN this respect the East has a big advantage, for the Conference teams do not get under way, even with their preliminary work, until some time after the Eastern squads. For this reason it is impossible to tell much of the quarterback situation in the West just now, save that Chicago looks promising.

There are two fast and heady candidates for the kingpin place with the Maroons, in "Pete" Russell and John Breathed. Little is known in the East about them, but both are stars according to Westerners. Russell has an especially fine record as a member of the Oak Park High School team, with which he played both quarter and half. Breathed, according to my informants, will push him hard, however. These two men, at this writing, in common with the other Chicago candidates, are unable to do more than track work to get themselves into condition.

FOOTBALL is not without its humorous side, and the quarter-back has had his fun with the opposing team from time to time. Many times a forward, desperate because his team is being driven down the field, has called out, "Why don't you send one at me." "All right," the little field general has replied, "you can be accommodated. The captain will take the ball and the play will be a crossbuck on your position." It is the history of these incidents that the laugh has been with the quarter-back.



*Almost an ideal man at Ithaca is Tober, who is expected to fill the shoes of Eddie Butler, the latter a great loss to Cornell*

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## VIII

### Lemuel Riseth in Haste but Maketh No Speed

WEEKS of tranquillity followed, in which
Lemuel's racer reposed in the barn;
Only a semi-occasional itch
Urged him to put on his don't-give-a-darn,
Daredevil air and, though Fate might explode,
Eat all the middle-sized cars on the road.
Stern moderation
Quelled the temptation;
Lem sat his porch in a cool contemplation,
Thinking of how he had browbeaten down
That friend of Katury's, fresh Percival Brown.
'Twas late in September,
A night you'd remember
For mild autumn winds and a clear harvest moon.
Lem rose, scared but sleepy—
A feeling quite creepy
Tickled his spine; for a low, humming tune,
A br-r-r-ruggetty-*brug*,
Now a purr, now a chug,
Rose from the barn. Lem stiffened like steel—
Someone was cranking his automobile!

DUMB with amaze,
Fixed was his gaze
As behold! the big racer stole out of the haze,
Stopped at the gate where, as swift as a bantam,
A feminine figure swept forth like a phantom,
Leaped to the front of the mighty machine;
Lemuel's face, like the moonlight, was green
As he murmured in fury,
"Katury!
Dash-blim,
With *him!*"

DOWN the steep stairway with startling *esprit*
Lemuel dashed in his short *robe de nuit*,
Raced to the road, but discovered too late
His car had already departed the gate.
Over the way, 'neath a juniper tree,
Stood something white which the father could see
Was Percival's little white runabout, only
It looked sort of empty and awfully lonely.
Pinned to the starboard acetylene lamp
Fluttered a paper.
When Lem lit the taper
He saw that the scrawl was from Percy, the scamp!
"Dear Sir:—
Since your daughter admires more than *you* do
My knack with a car—and I *have* raised your hoodoo—
And since your machine, as you freely admit,
Can beat all the rest to a nine-penny hit,
And since there is haste for a lady and me
To get to the house of J. Burrows, J. P.,
We've borrowed your car.
We're not going far
And hope you will join us at leisure.
*R. B.*"

PAUL REVERE, Sheridan, Balaam, O'Shanter,
Each has enjoyed his historical canter;
But what were their rides beside Lemuel B,
In a runabout car and a short *robe de nuit?*
For cranking the little white auto of Brown,
Lem jammed the gas on and started her down,
Rattling o'er cross lots, hurdling deep ditches,
Riding the night as though baited by witches,
Covered with glory, though lacking in breeches.
Jubb's Crossing, Bunnyhurst whizzed to the right,
Joptown shot by in the mythical light;
But nary ahead could he catch any trace or
Sight, sound or smell of his wonderful racer.
Oh how he cussed
The day he first fussed
And bought that fast racer a record to bust!
But just as he swore by the Mede's darkest law,
A ruby red light in the distance he saw——

"IT is them—
It is they!"
Muttered Lem,
"Hip hooray!"
But, buzzing up closer, the worst he could see,—
His car, near the door of J. Burrows, J. P.
The justice's door,
Open wide to the night
This tableau outbore
To Lemuel's sight:
One glorified bridegroom cavorting with pride
While Burrows, J. P. was saluting the bride.

CLAD in a night-shirt, and that somewhat tore,
Lemuel Bogg bounded into the door,
Stood like a prophet of Israel's clans
Shouting, "Hold up! I forbid them there bans!"
"Too late," said J. Burrows, "the law's took its course.
The only help now's either death or divorce."
Katury cried, "Popper,
You *do* look improper!"
But Reginald Brown, being always at ease,
Led Lem aside and said, "Pa-in-law, please,
As a matter of sport, now, I think that you oughter
Forgive if I borrowed your car and your daughter;
And while I'm about it, I've this much to say—"
(Here his lover's eyes blazed) "She's as sweet as the day,
She's tough and she's noiseless and swift as they are—"
"What! meanin' my daughter?"
Brown smiled. "No, your car!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Finance

*Shall We Trust In Rolling Stock?*

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

WHATEVER difficulty the railroads have experienced in raising capital for general needs, and their troubles have not failed of generous advertisement, the comparative ease with which a certain special class of security has been disposed of in the last few years is a direct challenge to investor's curiosity. I refer to that general type of obligation known variously as equipment trusts, car trusts, equipment bonds and equipment notes. The output of these securities has increased in a surprising ratio. Ten or fifteen years ago equipment obligations played a minor part in the investment concert. In 1900 there were not more than $60,000,000. In 1910 there were $350,000,000 of them. To-day there are probably $450,000,000.

EQUIPMENT is a single word for the railroad's double necessity of cars and locomotives. Rolliag stock is a more accurate descriptioa. A railroad has two distinct physical parts, maiatenance of way and equipmeot, the former consisting of track, hridges and huildiags. Pound as the overweighted, over-speeding express trains will upon the relatively fragile steel rail, it is the rolling stock that bears the essentially temporary relation to railroading. This is so obviously true that securities based upon cars and locomotives have become stableized into short term, serial repayment obligatioas, the transient character of the security being scientifically adapted to a temporary obligation.

THUS the equipment bond is timely in its appeal to investing funds. The latter are timid, in these days of progressive income and inheritance taxes. The owner of capital shudders at the thought of what may be his fate forty or fifty years hence. The direct appeal of securities running for short periods and growing stronger from being paid off in part every year is self evidcot.

## *Necessity, The Mother of Invention*

EQUIPMENT trust notes were once a makeshift, hut they have come to be a standard form of investment, combiniag high income with almost unequaled safety, and in a certain sense, considerable marketability. About forty years ago the railroads were in an impoverished, impecuaious condition. They could not designate perishable ears and locomotives as security for loag time mortgage loans, and were forced to pay a small amount of cash dowa to the car builders, giving their notes for the rest. The car builders also refused to give complete title to the railroads until all the payments were made. Of course the manufacturer sold the notes for what they would bring.

Like so maay existing institutions the equipment obligation owes its essential character to earlier necessities. But ia this instance there were advantages which still are advantages. These obligations usually run for ten years being payable in twenty semi-anaual instalments. The average life of the bond, or note, or certificate, is thus about five years. The actual title is usually vested with a third party, such as a trust company, as trustee, and the trustee holds full title to all the cars and locomotives until the last instalment comes due. In theory these twenty payments cover the depreciation of the equipment, hut in practice there is much real value left in the equipment at the end of ten years, and the payments much more than cover depreciation. In any well-regulated issue of these obligations, the total is under the actual cost of the rolling stock. The railroad pays down at least 10 per cent. to the manufacturer to begin with, which acts as an immediate margin of security. As an example one company recently issued $1,900,000 of equipment notes, the cost of the purchase, actually being $2,245,000.

ORIGINALLY adopted hy the weaker railroads, the equipment obligation was seized upon hy the stronger as well. It provided a method hy which the cost of cars could be met from income without actually paying out great sums from earnings all at once. On the other hand no hig dehts were piled up which before long would have only scrap heaps for security. In the words of an authority no dead horses were being paid for.

## *Safety in Theory and in Practice*

IT is only fair to say that the forms of equipment obligations are subject to maay technical variations. Their legal status also is somewhat complicated and peculiar. Although the cars actually go into the possession of the railroad, which cannot operate its property without them, and although the cars are in effect sold to the railroad, which pays for them hy piece-meal, as it were, the sale is conditioaal, and there arise various techaical legal relationships far beyond the sphere of mental interest, if not the comprehension, of most investors.

Yet as regards the actual business record of these securities there is a most uaiform story of bed rock security. In practice the rolling stock of a railroad is usually as necessary to it in case of iasolvency as a mechanic's tools which are exempt from seizure in baakruptcy, are to that person. In practically all railroad receiverships the courts have provided for the payments of equipment obligations, to prevent the owners from taking the cars away, even when mortgage bonds have suffered. Ia a sense equipmeats stand almost as high in priority of payment as wages.

RAILROADS are nearly always required to serve the public, no matter how poor they are. This means they must have cars and locomotives. There are a few exceptions to this rule, those of companies so extremely poor and with so little traffic to take care of that only a modicum of rolling stock is needed. With these few marked exceptioas equipment obligations are unlike other corporate obligations in that they are not entirely de-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about food or drink causes the headaches, sleeplessness, bowel troubles, heart failure, nervousness and a dozen and one other disturbances.

**It's easy to prove Whether or not Coffee**

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Some persons are really anxious enough to recover lost health, to make the experiment and find out.

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Postum comes in two forms:

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It's a lot of fun to be perfectly well.

**"There's a Reason" for POSTUM**

## Simply press a button and electricity shifts the gears

Shifting the gears in the new Haynes models is a mere matter of pressing push buttons located in a handy dial on the steering wheel.

The wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift removes ninety per cent of the bother of driving a car, and eliminates all work. Starting, lighting, horn and gear shifting buttons are under your finger tips, while you sit back and enjoy care-free driving.

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has many other new improvements, including mechanical tire pump, pressure gasoline feed, enhanced beauty of design and superior cowl-board equipment. We couldn't improve the famous Haynes motor—the result of 20 years experience, or the fundamental mechanism of the Haynes.

**Write** for Elwood Haynes' great book, "The Complete Motorist."—In this book the creator of America's First Car gives a brief explanation of how an automobile is built and the reasons for different types of construction. Tells how to care for your car so as to get the most service at least expense. Tells about the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift, and the other good points in the new Haynes models. Sent upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps

**The Haynes Automobile Company** 41 Main St. Kokomo, Ind.

*"There comes Haynes and his jerky horseless carriage" folks in and near Kokomo used to say as their horses began to rear and plunge. Today the automobiles out number the horse-drawn vehicles on these same streets and roads*



# Your Money and How to Make It Earn

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How do I go about it?
Are the securities I have safe?
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Address all communications to Albert W. Atwood, Editor Financial Department.

# McClure's

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pendent upon the financial condition of the corporation itself.

Since 1885 there has been an average of at least one railroad a year, including many small ones, to default on its direct obligations. All these companies had equipment securities and yet there are certainly not more than two or three well authenticated cases of failure to pay up on this class of bonds. There appears to be only one really striking instance of loss and that was where the railroad was hopelessly poor and devoid of traffic. Another company, now in receivership, has delayed payment, but the final outcome has not been announced. Both of these companies are small and relatively unimportant.

### *Physical and Financial Safety*

ADMITTING the strictly historical possibly the financial safety of equipments, how about the physical side of the subject, assuming that the two can be separated? Are not cars and locomotives prone to destruction from accident and fire? Railroad accidents appear to increase. How about the recent New Haven collision? The wear and tear upon rolling stock is tremendous. Well, all that has been cared for. The agreements between railroads and trustees provide for proper insurance and replacement. The average life of equipment has been figured out minutely by the Master Car Builders, and the increasing use of steel makes the average life of cars much longer than formerly. The vital point, however, is that rolling stock does not lose value as fast as the mortgage covering it diminishes in size. It is all a question of arithmetic. Unless the trust company which acts as trustee is in criminal collusion with the railroad, as yet an unheard of form of rascality, there is no physical danger.

### *It Is Easy To Buy, But,—*

ONE suggestive fact to be observed is that equipments are quoted solely on a "basis." This means that if you were to buy Illinois Central equipments the broker would not say the price was 100 or 105 or any other figure indicating the per cent. of par value at which these securities were selling. He would quote them to you at from 4.90 per cent. to 5.35 per cent. Here then is an investment measured solely in terms of income return, investment yield. It is solely the net return with which men are concerned in this case. Apparently no thought is given to the principal.

Equipments are measured thus exclusively in terms of income for several reasons. Certainly they would not be quoted in this manner if the principal were not so safe as to be beyond the reach of worry. Another reason is that this class of security is created for such a short period that any possible fluctuation in the market price of the principal is almost out of question. The brokers are not dealing in market fluctuations. They are dealing in incomes, the fine shades of variation in these incomes being largely determined by which one of the twenty semi-annual instalments is under consideration.

SINCE securities are payable at their face value there is never much likelihood that a bond shortly to be paid off will go above or below that figure. No one will take the chance of pushing it above or below par knowing how shortly

it is to be liquidated at a fixed sum. A bond that runs for one hundred years can with impunity be put up or dowo, for who can tell what may not justify sueh movements withiu a century's span. Five year securities are too short lived to be well known, or actively hid for over and over again. These facts together with the lack of public familiarity with equipments have not only kept them from heing actively speculated in, hut in the main account for the high rate of retnrn which they afford.

IT is possible to buy equipment bonds of the richest railroads to yield 5 per cent. wheo even in these times of low bond prices the first mortgage issues of the same companies return not more than 4.60 per cent., and in most cases appreciably less. Equipments are not listed on any exchange aud they have no open market. But the best class of bond firms deal in them more and more. They need no open market, a fact that is true of any exceptionally short term bond. Although not legal savings baok investments in New York state, equipments are extensively purchased hy insuraoce companies and with even more reason hy banks. The latter class of investors always seek securities which will shortly be paid off, thus maintaining their funds in fluid conditiun. So there is always a demand for very short term "stuff." It makes its own market, as it were. The individual investor need have no fear on the score of saleahility. It is a bond whieh because of its nearoess to pay day automatically sells itself.

NATURALLY a bond of this type does aot offer the attractiveness in times of market depression that others possess because it is not suhject to the furces that play upoo the opeo market. The growing popularity of equipment obligations has in it certain seeds of danger. It is unfortunately true that any elass of investment whose merits become conspicuous is open to ahuse. Restrictions are thrown to the winds and everything and anything is converted ioto the popular form. But no such unfortunate condition has yet been reached.

# What They Think of Us

*Thos. Speed Mosby* (Jefferson City, Mo.)

Permit me to express my great delight at the manner in which you are conducting the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. You are making it the leading periodical of the world.

*Los Angeles* (Cal.) *Tribune*

A friend objects strenuously to the statement that the illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY are rotten. He explains that they are of the impressionistic school and wondrous fine.

Every person to his taste. The friend clearly is within his rights. To others less esthetie, there seems more merit to a picture that looks like something than in ooe that suggests that the artist soul has been torn hy a passing idea and had made an effort to set down in hlack and white a map of its emotions.

When in the construction of a picture there is occasion to portray a man, why

# Fairy Magic—Telephone Reality

A tent large enough to shelter his vast army, yet so small that he could fold it in his hand, was the gift demanded by a certain sultan of India of his son, the prince who married the fairy Pari-Banou.

It was not difficult for the fairy to produce the tent. When it was stretched out, the sultan's army conveniently encamped under it and, as the army grew, the tent extended of its own accord.

A reality more wonderful than Prince Ahmed's magic tent is the Bell Telephone. It occupies but a few square inches of space on your desk or table, and yet extends over the entire country.

When you grasp it in your hand, it is as easily possible to talk a hundred or a thousand miles away as to the nearest town or city.

In the Bell System, 7,500,000 telephones are connected and work together to take care of the telephone needs of the people of this country.

As these needs grow, and as the number of telephone users increases, the system must inevitably expand. For the Bell System must always provide a service adequate to the demands of the people.

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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*

not portray a man? Even a prize fighter is human in shape, and not a cross between a gorilla and the typical figure of Satan.

*Louisville* (Ky.) *Herald*

We like a spirit of modernism and freedom about the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is going to talk frankly. It has an attitude of looking life in the eye. We are glad to see the work of such artists as Cesare, Sloan, Glackens, and Davis featured in its pages. These men do strong work that compels thought. They are real commentators on life. It is hard to dodge the bludgeon of John Sloan, for example, or to side-step the thrust of Cesare.

*The Denver* (Col.) *Times*

It may be well to keep away from department store journalism, whatever that is, but when the quest for something new in art leads to the psychopathic ward and padded cell the public should call for protection from the postal laws. Fence painters who fall down stairs with a bucket of lamp black and then try to put over the result as modern magazine art ought to be gently but firmly shot instead of being encouraged with real money.

*M. D. Hite* (Gentilly Terrace Company, New Orleans, La.)

This is simply to express my appreciation of the revivifying influence that HARPER'S WEEKLY has received thru you. The August 16th issue is like nothing else I've seen and it is a very splendid beginning. I for one shall henceforth become a regular reader of this now modern and clear-seeing journal. If it shall only be what its old-time sub-title states, A Journal of Civilization, one can ask for no more. But it all depends on what the interpretation of that civilization is, and my faith goes out to you for its correct expression.

Your artists are great delineators of *character!* Print more like those of this week.

*Philip Mindil* (Universal Sales Co., New York)

Permit me to compliment you on the quick change for the better in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Having spent my life in the newspaper and magazine business, I can appreciate the achievement.

*Columbia* (S. C.) *Record*

Mr. Hapgood is one of the reformers who has been helping along the fight against the "white slave" traffic both with voice and pen. It is to the credit of his candor as well as that of his intelligence, therefore, that he points out the defect in the Mann "white slavery" act.

*Charles L. Billings* (Chicago, Ill.)

For more than twenty years I have been a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY. During that time I have not always agreed with it in matters political, but have, nevertheless, thought it interesting, entertaining and instructive both in illustration and reading matter. I was, therefore, surprised and grieved at the shocking display of bad taste shown in the "November Morn" cover design. I hope to continue to be one of your readers, although I confess I may "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

*Chas. F. Sundell* (Chicago, Ill.)

Your editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY on the danger of such laws as the Mann Act, I consider very timely. I do not believe that in this glorious land of the free (?) government has a right to interfere with the personal relations between men and women; that is after they have come to man's and woman's estate. I hold that I have absolute right over my person, to do with it as I see fit.

*Raymond Crawford Ewer* (New York City)

You seem to delight in reaching down in the garbage can of evil and dragging it before the public in all its seeming reality, when how in the name of God are we going to conquer evil unless we make an *unreality* out of it?

*Lewis C. Gandy, Editor, "The Printing Art"* (Cambridge, Mass.)

Permit the writer to join the chorus of those who have congratulated you upon the improved appearance of the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. Aside from the characteristic editorials, the interesting articles, and the merits of the cartoons, what interests me most is the typographic arrangement of the magazine, which is almost beyond criticism.

*New York Shipping, Illustrated*

The brilliancy of its articles—and their authors' names alone would speak for that—is only eclipsed by the rare delights of a fascinatingly clever "make up." Politics, poetry, pictures, philosophy, feminism, finance are all staged for their best effect; and well to the front—not, however, in its usual advertisy pose—is the drama, "most popular of all the arts."

*Waterbury* (Conn.) *American*

In presenting his idea of what such a journal as HARPER'S WEEKLY ought to be, and of the kind of material he proposes to use in making it such, and considering the kind of people who would buy and read it, Editor Norman Hapgood said: "We are not to be a high-brow publication, in the limited sense, but we do not intend to collect a lot of low-brows." This adds to the interest of the experiment. Too many publishers think they have got to have low-brow money to make it go.

*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Chronicle*

The first number is full of promise, and if Hapgood can keep up to this standard, his will easily be the first among the weekly papers. We believe there is a big enough constituency of educated Americans to make a weekly paper, edited on the lines indicated by Hapgood, a great success.

*F. W. Forsee* (Rome, N. Y.)

It is a long time since I have seen such a magazine as HARPER'S WEEKLY degenerate into the kind of magazine it now is. It seems almost a shame to think that HARPER'S WEEKLY which formerly represented everything good and noble should have fallen to be the means by which degenerate artists are brought to the notice of the public.

*H. C. Brown* (New York City)

The first issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY under your management is before me, and I hasten to extend my congratulations on its greatly improved appearance.

I was hoping that possibly you might give us a larger measure of foreign subjects in the illustrated pages. By that I mean something of the London *Graphic* or *News* flavor—something that would give it more of a world-wide atmosphere. A few of us have been farther west than Yonkers, and farther south than Jersey City, and are ridiculous enough to entertain kindly memories of other peoples and other lands.

That cartoon idea is good, and the work shown in this number has a quality of rare interest.

*Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago)

The aforetime readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY—the oldest illustrated weekly newspaper in the country—will hardly recognize it under its new ownership and editorship. The change is radical; everything is new but the name; typography, make-up, arrangement—all are different, and better. But the greatest difference is in the character of its contents—and of course this might have been expected with Norman Hapgood as editor. HARPER'S WEEKLY is no longer mainly political; it is so only incidentally. As its sub-title has already had it, it is indeed again "A Journal of Civilization"; or probably it would be better to say "for civilization." . . . We congratulate Mr. Hapgood on the fact that he has the courage of his convictions and is not afraid to express them. Also, we congratulate him on the various good things he has introduced into this new journal published under an old name.

*Rochester* (N. Y.) *Chronicle*

The new HARPER'S WEEKLY has variety and vitality; it is interesting from beginning to end; the touch of a master hand is to be seen on every page. "Something that everybody wants to read" might be well its motto.

*Texarkana* (Ark.) *Texarkanian*

Probably the old HARPER'S WEEKLY would not have espoused quite so many "isms" or approved the same varieties of "ist" art as the new HARPER'S WEEKLY.

*Lafayette* (Ind.) *Courier*

Whether one agrees with him or not, no man in the United States is more capable of editing a weekly, of country-wide circulation, than Mr. Hapgood. It is a job he was born to perform, and it is gratifying that he may keep to work for which he is so markedly fitted.

*Oakland* (Calif.) *Tribune*

In the initial number of HARPER'S WEEKLY under the new management, Norman Hapgood says the political enfranchisement of women necessitates revising our moral and intellectual standards. Mr. Hapgood mistakes the effect for the cause. Women are being relieved of their political disabilities and permitted to share in the activities of government and the making of laws because the intellectual and moral standards are changing. It was the change in men that gave the ballot to women in California. In every State where women have been enfranchised, the enfranchisement has been the work of men. The readjustment has been due to the fact that the masculine attitude toward women has changed as a consequence of the male point of view being altered and masculine opinions revised.

*William Griffith, Editor, "Semi-Monthly Magazine"*, New York City

Personality is always startling when it finds successful expression in a magazine—and there can be no doubt but that the man and the medium have found themselves in the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. It's different.

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

NORMAL STATE
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 11, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

# THE TAMMANY PLOT

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

# Accept Howard E. Coffin's 1914 Automobile Review—We'll Send It!

NO AUTOMOBILE buyer should fail to read Mr. Coffin's Automobile Review.

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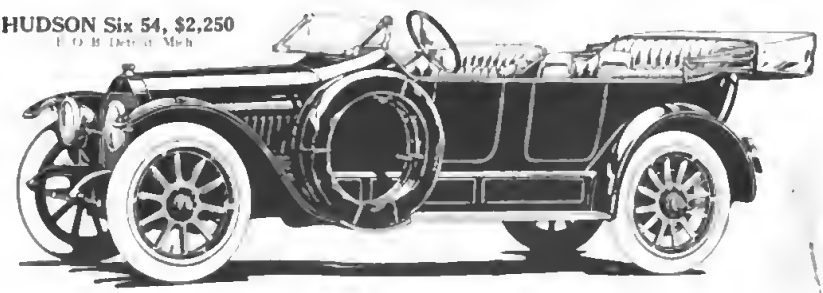

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...ATE NORMAL SCHOOL.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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FOR MAYOR

By Maurice Becker

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Journal of Civilization

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## Zo-Ophilism

ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS are incurable in their stupidity and their ostrich-like disregard for facts. They never cease in their inane hostility to Pasteur and Lister and in their kindergarten rejection of the germ theory of disease. A certain Dr. Hodge has been indulging in an extraordinary diatribe, which entirely ignores the absolute demonstrations of Reed, Lazear, and others in Havana, the work of Gorgas at Panama, the diagnosis of malaria by finding the parasite of Laveran, the diagnosis of typhoid by finding its germ, the value of the anti-typhoid inoculations in our army in Texas, and all the rest of the rapid contemporary progress. His letter is published with obvious sympathy by a magazine devoted to the cause of zo-ophilism. He is one of those few doctors who have forgotten nothing but also have learned nothing. A physician, he well represents the extremely small number in his profession who are stupid enough to block the path of progress.

## The Cincinnati Election

THE principles at stake in Cincinnati in the November election are very much like those at stake in New York. Henry T. Hunt is the leader against the old Cox machine. He is running on a modern, intelligent platform, and he has a record which shows he is very exceptionally qualified to bring city government in this country up to the standard it ought to reach. Opposed to him is a machine which is the Tammany Hall of Ohio. We can hardly believe that the citizens of Cincinnati will fail to give Mayor Hunt an overwhelming victory.

If ever a Mayor of Cincinnati deserved reelection, Mr. Hunt does. He has shown courage and judgment in equal parts. He settled a particularly difficult street-railway strike in ten days. When there was a strike among the ice-men during the heated spell, he obtained the authority of the Board of Health to seize and operate the ice plant. Regarding tenement houses, disorderly elements, schools, loan sharks and other aspects of general social problems, he has not only been very progressive and well informed, but he has been wonderfully successful in action. The candidate running against him is a judge who unsuccessfully endeavored by the use of the injunction to thwart some of the Mayor's work. Mr. Hunt is not afraid of anything. He has even attacked the smoke nuisance, which, in Cincinnati, means a great deal. He is brave and a wise executive and Cincinnati needs him.

## Regulation and Ruination

REPRESENTATIVE GLASS made a good point against the bankers who have been fighting the Currency Bill, and their political allies, by quoting, in his opening speech in favor of the bill, from the opinions of the notable Senators of another generation concerning the Interstate Commerce Commission Bill. Senator Hoar said that it would be "destructive to great business interests"; Senator Aldrich, that it would "demoralize the whole commerce of the country"; Senator Platt of Connecticut, that it would "ruthlessly demoralize business"; Senator Leland Stanford, that it would be "most disastrous to the various business interests of the country"; and Senator Joseph E. Brown of Georgia, that it would "seriously cripple the great railroad interests of the country and destroy the property invested in by hundreds of thousands of people." *The National Republican*, of Washington, said: "It is fair to suppose that Congress did not intend to wreck railways, ruin communities, destroy private property, impoverish whole sections of the country, give foreign traders the advantage over home ones, discriminate over one port in favor of another, advance the interests of the Canadian Railways, or reënact the Civil Rights Bill, yet it did all these things when it passed the bill entitled 'A Bill to Regulate Commerce.'" Mr. Glass might have quoted from Dickens' "Hard Times," to show how often the millers of Coketown had been "ruined." Ruined when inspectors insisted that they should not chop up so many people, ruined when it was suggested that the child-workers should be sent to school, ruined when it was hinted that there ought to be less smoke. And their final threat was, that, rather than submit to another regulation they "would pitch their property into the Atlantic."

Four years from now, if Congress proposes to amend the Glass-Owen Act, our bankers who are now predicting all sorts of dire results will protest that the Act as it stands is an admirable one and should not be tampered with.

## Tariffs and Panics

A PANIC is a state of mind. It has been the somewhat ungracious task of the high-protection Senators to prophesy that a financial panic will follow the enactment of the Tariff Bill. Senator Sutherland, of Utah, like one of Milton's characters whom we shall not name, skilled "to make the worse appear the better reason" based his prophecy on the old allegation that the panic of 1893 was due to the Wilson Bill.



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The logic books declare that *post hoc, propter hoc* is an unsafe method of reasoning. But this is a case of *ante hoc, propter hoc*—the panic was the result of the law which followed it more than a year afterwards. Senator Hoke Smith, who was a member of Cleveland's Cabinet, and therefore spoke with the authurity of experience, made a masterly reply to this shelf-worn contention. He showed that the lowering of tariff rates in 1846 was followed by aboundiag prosperity, that the paaics of 1873 and 1907 occurred when high tariffs were in force, and that the panic of 1893 came upon the country under the McKinley tariff, which by prohibitive duties reduced the revenue fifty millions a year, while appropriations had been increased a hundred millions annually. He quoted from Secretary of the Treasury Foster, who stated in December, 1892, that heavy deficit in revenue was impeading and that the whole machinery of government was imperilled, and showed that Harrison turned the government over to Cleveland with less than a million dollars above the traditional gold reserve of a hundred millions, and with only tweaty-five millions of available cash in the Treasury. Today, the Treasury contains $1,250,000,000, in gold, and is able to lend a hundred millions for moving the crops. Conditions begaa to improve with the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act. The prophet of evil, just now, is neither a philosopher nor a patriot.

## Montesquieu Again

IT is refreshiag to sce a Democratic Seaator questioning Montesquieu's infallibility. Senator Thomas of Colorado is one of the new Senators who has comc to the front rank in his first session of Congress. He made a notable speech during the tariff debate in defence of President Wilson's exertion of his powerful influence in the modifications of the Tariff Bill and for its passage. Senator Thomas said: "I believe thoroughly in the alliance of the executive with the legislative authority. Moatesquieu's theory of the division and coördination of powers, has, I think, no place in government beyond the United States of America. He based it upon the assumption that such was the government of England, a fallacy which Burke immediately exposed. The latter declared that these powers could not be wholly separated and he was right. He also said that if separated they would be productive of what he termed 'hideous corruption,' and in that he may have been right. I do not pretend to say whether he was or not, but I am confident that if the heads of our departments were Members of the House and entitled to seats in that body, with power to initiate and direct the course of legislation, the great cause of democracy would be better served than it is at present. And our democracy has distinctly gained from what are called the legislative activities of Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson, which, in my judgment, have been entirely within the range of their constitutional prerogatives, and wholly consistent with the demands of an enlightened public opinion."

Now let us listen to Senator Cummins: "Its author is now the most powerful man ia the world. His word is law to more members of Congress than ever before listened to the word of an executive . . . for whom I have personally the highest esteem nnd of whom, as much as I criticize what he is doing aad his interference with the legislative branch of government, I am glad to be able to say that I believe he is, from his point of view, trying to serve the American people. His name is Woodrow Wilson."

Cummins is uudoubtedly a man of great ability and unswerving integrity. He grew indignnnt at the aspersion upon the honor of the Senate when the President made his remarks about the powerful lobby that was attempting to poison the springs of public sentimeat, and was doubtless the most surprised member of the investigating committee when the facts came out.

We think he is needlessly troubled by the assumption that the Senate and the House have abdicated all their powers and made the White House supreme. We used to hear that Governor Cummins had some influence with the legislature of Iowa.

## An Inverted Sign-Post

THE thought is sometimes suggested that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the presiding genius of the *New York Sun* must be in favor of social and political reforms, only it has learned that the best way to secure them is for it to oppose them. It may have been for this reason that the *Sun* fought Cleveland in the days of Dana, and Roosevelt in the days of Laffan, as today it opposes Woodrow Wilson and all that he stands for in national affairs and sides with Tammany in municipal contests. It was a brilliant paper in former days and people read it for other reasons than that they agreed with its policies. But now that it is not even smart, and has lost the power to amuse, how shall those who once enjoyed it know how to vote, if they no longer note the way it points so as to take the opposite course?

## The Children's Bureau

THE Southern Sociological Congress which recently met in Atlanta adopted only one resolution, which "heartily endorses the work of the Federal Children's Bureau and earnestly petitions the Congress of the United States to grant this Burcnu adequate appropriations for the task assigned, of investigating and reporting upon all the facts relating to children and child-life in this Republic." The present annual appropriation of ahout $30,000 does seem rather insignificant for this task. The Bureau, under the direction of the only woman who is chief of a Federal Bureau, Miss Julia Lathrop, has already justified its existence in the publieation of the monograph on the care of babies and its agitation for birth registration so that every child may have a birthday record; and incidentally has given une illustratioa of the need of women in public life. It is hoped that Uncle Sam's association with Aunt Julia will help to humanize the old fellow and open up his purse in the effort to give better care to some twenty million children.

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## A Prudent Prophet

SENATOR SMOOT was careful to cast an anchor to windward in his predictions of calamity sure to follow the lowering of tariff duties. Not discerning any cloud on the financial sky now, even so large as a man's haod, he declared that with prices high all over the world and workers employed, we should be able for a while to stand the competition of foreign goods, hut whenever these cooditions chaoged we should be flooded with cheap foreign wares while our factories would close, and so forth and so forth. The Senator has put himself in position to say "I told you so," whenever trouble comes.

## Undesirables

SENATOR TILLMAN got into hot water not long ago hy inserting in the Congressional *Record* an article, which he had not read, attacking woman suffrage hut also containing a diatribe against "Northern women" in genoral, which was written hy a Dr. Bledsoe who has been a long time dead. Why should the Senator now cumber the *Record* with the letter of a man so ignorant as to assert that "last year, 500,000 people—undesirahles—were dumped on our shores?" As for the number, the records of the Immigration Bureau are puhlic, and as to all being undesirahles, does not the Senator rather invite comparison to the desirahles, all of "pure Anglo-Saxon stock," of South Carolina, who used to desire Tillman aod now desire Blease?

## Era of Good Feeling

THE welcome extended the Grand Army of the Repuhlic hy Chattanooga, where it met in Septemher, celehrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Chickamauga, was not to he distinguished from the hospitality the same Southern city showed to the Confederate veterans who held their reunion there last spring. One incident, unfortunate in some respects, served only to reveal the spirit of fraternity between the soldiers of the two armies. Colonel Hanson of Forsythe Post, Toledo, Ohio, invited the Forrest Camp of Confederate Veterans, under Colonel L. T. Dickinson, their Commander, to mareh in the G. A. R. parade, and the old Confederates put on their grey uniforms and made ready to fall in line, when there came an emphatic reminder of General Order No. 10, which read that "Women and civilians are prohihited from participating in the parade," and the invitation had to he withdrawn. Colonel Dickinson, instead of manifesting any resentment, said: "We regretted the incident very much, hut I believe our comrades, especially those in the Forsythe Post, were even more distressed. The boys in blue are with us and for us and we are with and for them. We are tendering an invitation to visit our camp tomorrow night." However, several Confederates were captured from among the cheering crowds that lined the sidewalks and made to mareh anyway. The soldiers on either side at Chickamauga did not regard each other as "civilians" then.

It was a Union or a Confederate victory according to the taste and fancy of the historian. The Confederates held the field of battle, the Union troops retained Chattanooga, with its mountain passes, North, West and South. It was Generul Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," who saved the Union Army from disastrous rout. English General Wolseley ranks Thomas as the third great soldier developed by the Civil War, Lee coming first in his estimation and Jackson second, and all three were Virginians. The nation owes a peculiar deht of gratitude to the quarter of a million soldiers from Southern States who regarded the Nation rather thau the State as the Fatherland.

## Soldiers in the Senate

WITH Gettyshurg and Chickamauga and the other great battles of '63 fifty years agone, there are still eleven soldiers of the Civil War in the United States Senate. On the Union side were Bardley, du Pont, Goff, Nelson, Warren and Works, and on the Confederate, Bacon, Bankhead, Catron, Martin and Thornton. Catron is the first Repuhlican Confederate since the days of General Mahone of Virginia, to attain a seat in the Senate, and his Repuhlican colleague from New Mexico, Senator Fall, is the son of a Confederate soldier and was one of the Rough Riders in the Spanish War. Five of these old soldiers huve recently come to the Senate, so there may be others yet to come. Bradley relates that at the age of fourteen he ran away from home twice and joined the Union army hut "on account of youthfulness" was taken hy his father from the army on each occasion. Fortunately, none of these soldier Senators is a waver of the hloody shirt, and it is hoped that with the departure of Seoator Heyhurn we hnve seen the last of that article of apparel.

## Kicking Long Ago

IF in this autumo weather the strenuous game of the colleges seems altogether out of proportion in the general scheme of disorder, reflect that this is no new thing. For in the Kuei-chi-tien-lu you shall read of that most human of emperors of the Han dynasty who, one hundred years hefore the Christian era, "made foothall his chief occupation so that literary studies fell into disrepute." When tousle-headed youths in padded jerseys divert more than their just share of nttention from impeachmeut, murder, and the social evil remember Hsi Tsung, that magnificent sportsman, who two thousand years ago put to death his prime minister for daring to hutt into the gume with trivial matters of State. Of that modern time, so long ago, it is also written that the people came in great numbers to the foothall grounds where "the hall flew across like the moon." Just as it is now, victory then was glorious, defeat hitter. For while the winners, their foreheads bound with flowers, broke training with fruit and wine and "rich gifts of hrocade," from a neighboring compound rose the souod of mighty lashings where the captain of the losing side was being publicly flogged. So in these crisp afternoons, in key with the changing seasons, it is ao age-old motif that now dominates the symphony of sport. Staccato notes of hasehalls meeting hats grow momently crescendo before they fade into a sonorous prelude of wood winds appropriate to the falling leaves and a football booms into the major with the note of a hig hnssoon.

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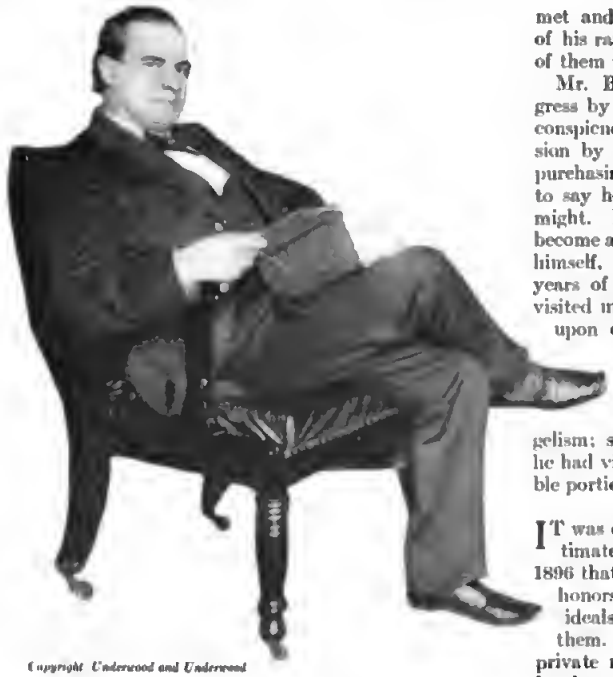
# Bryan of the Nineties

By C. S. THOMAS

United States Senator from Colorado



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I

MY acquaintance with Mr. Bryan began in 1892. Mr. Bryan was then about thirty-two years of age. His powerful figure was well proportioned. His singularly handsome features bore a strong resemblance to those of the late Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania. The likeness was indeed so marked that I at once referred to it, asking if others had noticed it. He said that it had been observed by those who had known Mr. Randall in his younger days, that he had never seen Mr. Randall, but felt much flattered by the resemblance. There was, however, one great dissimilarity between them. Mr. Randall, though a strong and impressive debater, had a somewhat harsh and raucous voice especially in its upper registers; while Mr. Bryan, with the possible exception of Wendell Phillips and the late Justice Brewer, has, as a public speaker, the most beautiful voice to which I have ever listened.

THE silver question, as it was popularly called, was then an active and persistent issue. It appealed with special force to the masses and particularly to those of the West. Mr. Bryan had given it much study and was even then its enthusiastic advocate. We discussed it, but in somewhat academic fashion on that occasion, yet enough to convince me that in him it had a supporter whose ardor would soon transform him into one of its foremost apostles. I do not suppose that Mr. Bryan retains any memory of that short and somewhat hurried interview, but it is indelibly stamped upon my own. His youth, his earnestness, and his wonderfully attractive personality made a lasting impression upon me; and I felt that if his constituency appreciating his worth would continue him in Congress, he would undoubtedly become one of its most useful and powerful members.

I did not see him again until the National Democratic Convention met at Chicago in July. He was there as a visitor, the leaders of his party in Nebraska having denied him a place on the delegation because they disapproved of his radical demands for silver. But they could not keep him away from the Convention where he, met and mingled with delegates, extended the circle of his rapidly growing acquaintance and inspired many of them with the zeal of his own convictions.

Mr. Bryan was re-elected to the Fifty-third Congress by a narrow majority. He was one of its most conspicuous members. It was called into special session by Mr. Cleveland in August, 1893, to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law. Needless to say he resisted its unconditional repeal with all his might. Long before the end of that Congress he had become a national figure. He did not attempt to succeed himself, and so his legislative record closed with four years of service. During that period Mr. Bryan had visited many parts of the country addressing audiences upon current issues, coming into contact with the people and extending his acquaintance with men and women everywhere. With the end of his congressional service he devoted himself almost wholly to this sort of political evangelism; so that before the next two years had passed he had visited and addressed audiences in every accessible portion of the country.

IT was during this period that I came to know him intimately; although I never dreamed until the spring of 1896 that he was an aspirant for immediate Presidential honors. I knew in a general way that he had lofty ideals and ambitions, and hoped in time to attain them. But he had never said a word in public or in private remotely suggestive of an intention to compete for the nomination of 1896. Moreover, his whole environment negatived the realization of such a purpose had he entertained it. But such was nevertheless the fact as I learned very abruptly and very soon afterwards.

The masses of the Democratic party always advocated bimetallism. Their faith in the gold and silver money of the Constitution was so strong that the assaults of their own administration upon it, only seemed to intensify their devotion to it. This Mr. Bryan knew. He was therefore able to make it a test of party faith in 1896, against the uncompromising opposition of nearly one-half of its members, backed by the authority of President Cleveland's administration. He formulated the silver plank which in the spring of that year was adopted by nearly every State delegate convention in the country, and which was afterward incorporated without any change into the national platform of that year.

THE Colorado Convention was called for April 15. Four or five days before it met, I received a letter from Mr. Bryan enclosing a draft of his plank, and urging its literal adoption; which was done. Two days later I received a letter from him, bearing date the sixteenth, which I have treasured ever since; at first because of the audacity of its announcement, and afterward because of its historic value. In that letter, after expressing his pleasure over the insertion of his plank into our platform, he said: "I don't suppose your delegation is committed to any candidate. If we succeed in getting a sixteen-to-one plank in Chicago, our delegation may present my name. Whether it goes further than a compliment will depend upon the feeling of other states. I am not saying this to the public but write you in confidence. The State would instruct for me, but I prefer to be a delegate so that I can help to secure the right kind of a platform. I think I can be more useful as a worker than I could as an ornament."

I READ this missive, and then I read it again, to be sure that I correctly comprehended its contents. I then laid it down, and wondered whether I would ever again encounter such an exhibition of superlative assurance. Here was a young man barely thirty-six years of



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age, living in a comparatively unimportant Republican State west of the Mississippi River, audaciously announcing his probable candidacy for the Presidential nomination of the national Democracy. The very seriousness of the suggestion emphasized its absurdity. I had never suspected such a situation and hence was at a loss just how to meet it. I did not want to encourage the notion, but on the other hand I was equally reluctant to say anything in disparagement of it. A third reading of the letter made me realize that neither my counsel nor support had been solicited; and that relieved me from all embarrassment. So I laid it aside as an unanswered curiosity.

Mr. Bryan's delegation to Chicago was contested, and the National Committee, of which I was a member, was charged with the duty of determining which delegation should go upon the preliminary roll. This was a matter of grave importance, since its decision might determine the fate of the silver issue. A small majority of the Committee with the Chairman, Mr. Harrity, were gold standard men, Mr. Tobias Castor, the Nebraska member and a member of the contesting delegation, being one of them. An extended hearing was given, and when the roll was called Mr. Castor was permitted over my objection to vote for his delegation. The decision was against Mr. Bryan who was thus excluded from taking part in the exciting controversy over the preliminary organization in which the silver men were finally victorious. But the credentials committee made short work of Mr. Bryan's opponents. Upon its report his delegation was seated and he took his place upon the resolutions committee to which I had been assigned by my delegation.

AN interesting story could be told of that committee's conferences. Many of its members were eminent men nearly all of whom have passed away. I recall the names of Senators Hill, Vilas, Jones, George, Turpie, White, and Governors Altgeld and Russell. Its majority formulated and presented to the Convention the famous platform of that year. Needless to say that Mr. Bryan was largely instrumental in its construction.

The minority of the committee under the leadership of the late Senator David B. Hill of New York withdrew and formulated a report of its own. Hill, Vilas and ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts were selected to present it to the Convention. Shortly before the two reports were submitted Mr. Bryan said to me that he desired very much to close the debate in the majority report, and requested me to make the fact known to Senator Jones of Arkansas, the Chairman. This I did promptly. Senator Jones was equally prompt in making the designation, and pursuant to this arrangement Mr. Bryan made that historic speech which carried the Convention away and gave him his first nomination for the presidency.

The debate was opened for the majority by Senator Tillman, who was followed by Senator Hill for the minority report. Then came Jones and Russell, each of whom spoke briefly. Senator Vilas closed the discussion for the minority. His argument was most able and scholarly, but his voice soon broke under the strain; after which the audience, naturally hostile, treated him with scant courtesy.

I was seated with Mr. Bryan on the floor of the Convention when Vilas began. Later, one of his colleagues brought to Mr. Bryan a huge sandwich and a cup of coffee, both of which he vigorously attacked. I ventured a suggestion to him relative to one of Mr. Hill's arguments. He said he was thoroughly prepared; that he should reply neither to Hill nor to Vilas; that he would speak to the Convention for the platform, as though nothing had been urged against it; that the time for argument had passed, and the time for action had arrived. As soon as he finished his sandwich he arose and proceeded to the platform, taking his seat to the right of the Chairman, Senator White of California. Ten minutes later he was on his feet, with twenty thousand people hanging on his every word.

THE effect upon the vast audience that heard it, of that marvelous speech, has been so frequently described that all are familiar with the story. I shall not dwell upon it. The enthusiasm was spontaneous, overwhelming, and long continued. After the hysteria had somewhat subsided and a semblance of returning reason became manifest, I gradually forced my way through the disorderly mass of delegates to the Nebraska section whither Mr. Bryan had returned as soon as his speech had ended. He sat in his seat with a face as white as chalk and streaming with perspiration. A cordon of Nebraska delegates massed between him and a howling crowd. When he saw me he reached out, grasped my hand and drew me toward him, saying, "Well, I think everybody will admit now that this is a silver convention." I replied that he had made it unanimous. Then for the first time I referred to his letter of April sixteenth. "Yes," he said, "my name will be presented to the convention and I shall be nominated. In a few minutes I shall go to my hotel and stay there. I shall not return to the convention." I expressed grave doubt as to such a result, which greatly surprised him. He asked why there could be any doubt about it. I referred to the misfortune at Cincinnati, of Blaine, who would have been nominated had the balloting begun soon after Ingersoll's nominating speech. But the convention adjourned to the next day, and the golden opportunity was gone. I said that history might repeat itself here, for all candidates would now make common cause against him with time as their ally.

"No," he said, "I shall receive the nomination. It is as certain as any human event can be." In the afternoon of the next day, he was acclaimed as the Democratic nominee.

Before the day closed I saw him at his hotel. He had a modest apartment at the Clifton on Monroe Street opposite the Palmer House. The lobby and passageways were crowded with people eager to get a glimpse of him, and making it extremely difficult to gain access to his floor. The badge of a National Committeeman was finally effective, however, and I was admitted. In the room were Senators Jones, Cockrell, and White. As I passed through the door, his face broadened into a grin and he said "Are you still a doubting Thomas?" I readily acknowledged that my faith was now as firm as the mountains.

WHILE there, we discussed ways and means for the ensuing campaign. We had to make a poor man's fight with all the wealth of the nation against us. We would have to depend upon scanty and uncertain contributions from the country at large and upon volunteers in the field. I felt that I could pledge some substantial assistance from my State and said so. Similar assurances from other mining States were given. The conference was brief, and at its close Mr. Bryan said: "Gentlemen, it is of course understood that as much as we need money for our expenses we promise nothing beyond the platform. That is our pledge, and our only inducement." And I know that the meager campaign fund of that year came from the pockets of men whose devotion to the party program and whose faith in the integrity of its leadership had all the fervor of a religious enthusiasm. It was pitifully inadequate for the campaign demands, but it was capably and efficiently administered. The Democratic vote of 1896 was the largest in its history. Mr. Bryan was overcome by the sinister influence of the most enormous corruption fund ever placed at the disposal of a campaign committee; and when we reflect that a change of 23,000 votes would have elected him, we are able to estimate the hold which Bryan and his platform had upon the hearts and consciences of his countrymen. His defeat was a personal triumph; for it entrenched him the more securely in the confidence and the affection of the masses of his party.

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# Why Not Be Interesting?

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

"TIM SULLIVAN lies thirteen days in the morgue." That is news. It's news about the newspapers. It shows that they don't "cover" the morgue any more. It shows that they don't "cover" mystery, crime or human interest stories the way they did in the "good old days." What do they "cover"? I think myself that it shows they don't "cover."

"Big Tim" was the best beloved Tammany leader of the lower East Side; a state senator, a congressman, and a millionaire. He was old and ill, but his face and figure were known to more people and more newspaper men than any other man's in New York. Because of the weakening of his mind, he was kept under the watch of guards in a country place in the Bronx. One night he escaped. The guards and his relatives did not report to the papers that he was missing for some four or five days, so the newspapers did not know it for some four or five days.

IN my day as a news editor "we" would not have to be told. Tim was killed the night he escaped. He was struck near Pelham by a train which stopped and went back, and the train-men reported the accident to the police, who took charge of the body for the coroner and reported to headquarters, with a description of the unknown man. The newspapers have access to such police reports; to the coroner's reports; and to the morgue. When I was a police reporter some one or more of the "headquarters bunch" would have gone out on that report. If we hadn't, the reporters who covered the coroner's office would have inquired into the case. If they hadn't, the reporters who covered the morgue would have looked at the body. And that would have been all that was necessary. That *is* all that was necessary in this case. "A policeman happened to look," the newspapers report, and he recognized those well-known features.

BUT until the policeman happened to look at him, Big Tim lay there, first in one morgue, then in a second, then in a third, for thirteen days. And, meanwhile, the papers had been told. What did they do then? What would "we" have done in the good old days? We would have sent a reporter to the morgue; not a star man; the star would have been put on the search and he would have been told to look for accidents around Pelham. Any reporter who knew Big Tim personally would have been good enough to go to the morgue. And he would not have got the "scoop" that lay there for over a week in these degenerate days. He would have dashed into the morgue almost at the same moment with reporters from every paper in town.

What did the up-to-date news editors do? They reported what the relatives told them: that Big Tim was missing. They "hit it up" for days, which shows that they still are willing to print a mystery story, if anybody will kindly tell them one. They will gladly report even the old-fashioned news. They reported all that they were told by the police, relatives, friends and guards of the search for Big Tim. They simply don't like themselves to "cover" anything. They will take news given them even from the morgue. As one of them naïvely, honestly, but shamelessly reported, when the "policeman who happened to look at the body, recognized Tim" (from his pictures), he "ran and told the reporters." Then they ran and told us the news, the news about Tim, and the news about themselves—that Tim Sullivan had lain thirteen days in three morgues while the police, his friends and—not the newspapers, had been looking for him. I am not complaining of this; I'm only laughing at it. I like that line of news: "the policeman ran and told the reporters."

Will Irwin, after his study of the newspapers all over the country, said that he couldn't help wondering what had become of those old-fashioned reporters who went personally to the scenes of news, saw things with their own eyes and painted them so that we, the readers and the editors, saw the pictures; wonderful pictures; such as we get now-a-days only in the moving-picture shows. There were so many of these reporters and they "covered," actually "covered" so much of the daily news that the newspaper reader had a sense of seeing the world go round. Now-a-days we only hear it. Irwin said that he found, in all his search, but one such reporter left; an old chap on some Southern paper. "Where are the rest gone?" he asked.

I KNOW where they have gone. They have all gone to the telephone to let some layman tell them some news which they will telephone to the office where some desk-man will write it third-hand for me to read fourth-hand and blind-eyed. "The desk," which used to be a few copy-readers, has grown in the last few years, and instead of merely editing the reporters' copy, the many desk-men write a lot of it. The reporter is a messenger; he doesn't have to be able to see and to write; and he, therefore, often can't. That's one change. The second is like unto it. The city news bureau, which is a common news-gathering service akin to the Associated Press, has grown along with the desk. It collects the news systematically for the newspapers. In brief, the profession of going and seeing and showing the events of the day, has been organized and reduced to a business, like the rest of journalism.

It will be called a change for the better—"progress", an "improvement". But the question I would like to ask is, "What are they giving us—by telephone? Are we getting the new-fashioned news which the old-fashioned journalism never saw or heard of—I mean the news you can't see with the eye and picture with a pencil: the news in ideas? HARPER'S WEEKLY has been "running" a good example of it in Honoré Willsie articles on "Mr. Lane and the Public Domain". She shows how the new Secretary of the Interior is working in the new spirit of this new administration. And it is so simple, so "undignified," so human and so democratic that it shocks the old spirit which is the gist of all that we all are fighting in this country.

"I rode up home on a street car," Mr. Lane told the reporter. "A government man caught me at it, and remonstrated all the way up. It seems that a Cabinet man must subscribe to the caste system or be accused of playing politics."

This is a trivial example of a big thing: the New Freedom which President Wilson is putting into all his legislation and all his policies. It's the big news of the day. But the newspapers don't report it; they don't even hear it over the telephone;—not with understanding. Their reports and their comments on Bryan's lecturing shows that they are with the government man on the back platform of the street car, remonstrating with Secretary Lane for being there. They aren't "covering" Lane, so they don't know about him, but they have been told about Bryan, and so they are writing him up—on "the Desk." The Secretary himself has noted and exclaimed that the reporters seem never to have "covered" a Chautauqua entertainment. I have.

THE Chautauqua and the Lecture Lyceums represent the New Freedom that President Wilson represents. They are one of the chief sources of that spirit; they made both Wilson and Bryan possible. They are great seasonal gatherings of the common people for rest, for fun, for common thinking. And more effective thinking has been done there than in all the editorial rooms of all the newspapers put together. And more "news" is published there and more "news" is made



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there: new news, I mean—ideas; new-fashioned news. There is freedom there; free thought; free speech, and some day there may be a free people there.

MR. BRYAN knows all this. When he was defeated for the presideacy—both times—the newspapers pronuunced him dead, politically, and they proceeded to kill him. The Germans have a good word for what they did: *Todtschweigen*. They set out to "silence him to death." They ceased to "cover" him. They would report nothing that he said or did, and he might have been killed and forgotten. But the Lyceums and the Chautauqua said: "No. There is still some freedom of speech in this country. Come and talk to the people." Aod he went, and he lectured, ond "the galoots" heard him gladly. They not only heard, they paid him for the service, so that he could oot only preach, he could live.

Others hesides Bryan hove been saved hy the people of the Chautauqua and the lecture Lyceums. In the oldeo days, Garrison and Wendell Phillips—all the old fighters who could get no hearing from the press and the better people, were welcomed and they were sent on to vietory by the Lyceums. And in our day, La Follette, Heney, Dr. Wileyandothers, oh, many others, have had that appeal from the press aad the system, to—the people.

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*"There is still some freedom of speech in this country; come and talk to the people."*

It may he thought that the newspapers are jealous of the Chautauqua. I douht it. That would imply a sort of malicious intelligenee whieh they have not. And they don't say that the Chautanqua is dangerous. They say it is undignified; it is a husiness and run for money; it provides vaudeville entertainment, along with lcetures hy Dr. Wiley, Senator La Follette and Mr. Bryan; and that it is undignified for a secretary of state to appear there as part of a "show." The history of the Lyceums, ineluding the Chautauqua, is at least as dignified as the history of the Supreme Court and more so than that of most of the newspapers. And the gatheriags I have seen were all dignified in the real sense. They are democratie; they ore very unaristocratie; they are utterly uoplutocratie; and they may sometimes seem pretty radical—to the press. But there is decorum, always. The Secretary of State is treated with more respect there thon he is hy the newspapers. There is musie, there is what might be called vaudeville. But the vaudeville Secretary Bryan appears with at the Chautauqua is not so offeusive as that of the comic supplements with whieh he would have to appear in the newspapers.

They say that it is very objectionahle for Mr. Bryan to take pay for his lectures; that his salary should be sufficient. I agree with this last. I'd like to see nobody in the world get more thaa $12,000 a year, hut the newspapers wouldn't stand for that. And they do stand for presidents, eahinet officers and other puhlie officers practising law, speculating in real estate, and in the stocks and bonds of corporations whieh are forever for or agaiast legislation, ete., and let even Bryan puhlish a newspaper! And what business is more businesslike than that?

FROM the new point of view, which, unreported by the newspapers, is coming to prevail, it would seem to be hetter for a secretary of state who thinks he oeeds more money than his office pays, to go and get it from the people direct than hy some parasitieal, round-about Wall Street, Business method. It keeps him depeadent upon and in the hold of the people. And that's what political "reform" is after: to make the government represeot the people.

But, say the newspapers, he is neglecting his work. I don't believe it. I don't believe William Jeonings Bryan would neglect any puhlic work, and I do believe that he will quit lceturing if he finds that he can't do both johs up to the handle. But oeither do I believe that all the newspapers that are raising this, the strongest objcetion, are sincere in it. Too many of them waot him to negleet his joh more. They want him to resign. They don't like his Mexican policy. They want to intervene in the interest of American Business dowo there.

And that hriogs us to the last stated reason for the newspaper criticism of Mr. Bryan. They are dreadfully afraid lest the foreign emhassies and foreign nations will lose all respeet for Mr. Bryan. I'm not. In the first place I rejoice to have the secret, aristocratie, plutocratic, diplomotic service of Europe see that "dignity"—what they and our newspapers eall dignity—is not needed in honest, open, democratic relations with other nations. And I feel quite sure that the agents here of the foreign emhassies are telling them that it's no use: that President Wilson and his Secretary of State are being fair, patient, sincere friends of Mexico and the Mexicao people; that the American governmeot will not make war on or even try to hluff them in the interest of American husiness; and that we will not let any other foreign nation "intervene" in the interest nf European Business.

And they know this; all the European ehancellories do; they koow obout President Wilson's New Freedom policy of letting people alone whether in Mexico, io the United States nr even in the Cahinet; and they know about Mr. Bryan's practice of it, in Mexico, in the Cobinet and at the Chautauqua. In a word, the European ehaacellories know the news; aad for a very good reason: they "cover" it. And our newspapers do not. And thot's what's the matter with them, as shown ia the ease of Big Tim and also in the ease of Bryan. They don't know the news wheo they dnn't see it.

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*After a flight at a great height an aviator frequently suffers severely from the cold.*

# Flying Ten Thousand Miles

*Part II*

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

ALWAYS, in writing of aviation, one feels the presence of a wall of prejudice. If you leave terra-firma in an aeroplane, yuu risk your neck every moment you fly—such is the delusion; and there is, no douht, some excuse for it. In the newspapers, day by day, one sees reports of aeroplane accidents; and, should you read enough of them, you picture the pilnt as an aerial equilihrist, balancing himself perilously in every gust.

Yet, for every accident that happens, if sceptics would only realize the fact, many thousands of miles are flowo safely. At the aviation schools, for instance, now springing up on every hand, hundreds of miles a day are flown without mishap; while aerial journeys betwern London and Paris and Paris and Berlin have lost their novelty, for the reason that they are made so often, and in high winds as well as in calms.

It is not easy, unless one has flown, to realize the stability of a well-designed aeroplane, or to grasp the fact that a machine, losing its equilihrium in a gust, may piteh earthward, only to regain its balance—sometimes automatically—before there is danger of striking the ground. An instanee occurs in what is known as "side-slip." Here an aeroplane tilts over laterally under the impact of a gust, until it ceases to move forward, and begins to skid like a car on a greasy road. But the airman, granted that he be flying high enough, is not unduly concerned. He dives abruptly, checking the sideway slip by a forward plunge, and then brings back his craft to an even keel. Strange illustrations, which are well authenticated, have been given on the inherent stahility of aircraft. While being flown in France in a gusty wind, a monoplane turned completely upside-down, and one might have been excused for reckoning its pilot a dead man. But what happened actually was tbis: the airman clung grimly to his seat and the machine, after flying a little way in an inverted position, righted itself as unexpectedly as it had turned over.

Caught in a squall, wbile upon a reconnoitering flight, an English military pilot fell 1,500 feet in a biplane that had rolled over sideways, and was completely out of control. The machine being lightly loaded, however, its big planes acted as paracbutes, and it fluttered down so gradually that the pilot, jumping clear when some ten feet from the surface of a field, escaped with a few bruises.

WHERE risk does exist is in flying low in a wind. Then, should a gust destroy your equilibrium, you "side-slip" or dive, and your machine, before it can be righted, wrecks itself upon the ground. Proof of this was afforded me at Dover, when flying above the cliffs in the test of a new biplane. The machine needed adjustment, and did not "climb" well; thus I was at low altitude when a dangerous gust caught me. Heeling over, the aircraft refused to answer its controls, and fell heavily. I was cut by wires and rather bailly shaken, but otherwise little the worse; and the accident impressed upon me the fact that the higher you fly in an aeroplane the safer you are. Hence, when upon long journeys today, a pilot will sometimes rise as high as 10,000 feet; and at this altitude, should low-lying clouds make the earth below invisible, he steers accurately by aid of his compass.

But when flying a year or so ago, it was scarcely wise to reflect upon the risks one ran, there were too many; today, in the air, one's mind is easy, and a tour hy aeroplane has become practicable and pleasant.

ONE peril of the pioneer lay in the breakage of his machine; and this risk was grave, through insufficiency of knowledge as to strains set up in flight. Analyzing thirty of the early fatalities, I found that almost half were due to the weakness of machines. On one of my London-Manchester flights, the canvas fabric of my lower tail-plane became unstuck, through the machine having stood out in the rain. The loosened fabric bellied out suddenly, like a sail, and put an effective brake upon the biplane's progress. Sitting in front, I could not see what was happening; but, observing my speed grow less, I glanced over my shoulder, noted what the trouble was and made a rapid descent—fearing the whole plane might rip itself off, and the machine become unmanageable.

An experimental flight at Pau which I made as a passenger with M. Blériot, is still in my mind. We were trying a plane of his own invention; the machine had a powerful motor, and was very fast. Also—but this we discovered en route, so to say—the new craft was awkward to turn. We rose and flew at a great pace; then a wood appeared ahead. M. Blériot sought to circle before reaching the obstruction, seeing that we were not high enough to pass above it. He tried to swing round, but the rudder of the machine was too small. Hence it responded sluggishly; and the pilot realized he must alight instantly, or crash into the wood. Our descent was so hasty we could not pick our landing. We hit a hedge first, at the speed



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of an express train, then plunged into a ditch; and little was left of that experimental craft save fractured spars and strips of fabric. We, however, were not more than shaken. I should explain perhaps without delay what one may term the elasticity of an aeroplane. When a machine strikes ground, and wrecks itself, the process of fracture is to a certain extent gradual—one stay or strut breaking after another, with a cushioning effect that absorbs the shock before it can reach the pilot in his seat. Thus, if he is placed safely in his machine, it may shatter itself all round him without his suffering more than cuts and bruises. Illustrations are forthcoming in the case of "side-slip" near the ground. Here a machine falls often upon one wing, and this crushes like a concertina, deadening the shock before the body of the machine can strike ground. In many biplanes, nowadays, an airman sits well behind his engine and main-wings, and such craft can crash down bow-first, breaking their landing-gear and planes but without injuring the occupant who is strapped firmly in his seat.

THIS is how apparent miracles happen, and a man emerges unscathed from the wreck of a fallen machine; and it also explains how 150,000 miles were flown, with the crudest of first machines, at a cost of only three lives.

But many lessons had to be learned and it was dangerous to learn them in the air. Blériot, for instance, who seemed really to bear a charmed life, broke one machine after another with almost monotonous regularity while perfecting the monoplane upon which eventually he crossed the Channel. We did not realize the faults in early aeroplanes, or we should never have flown. The first biplane I owned was slow flying, and offered much head-resistance to its own passage through the air. Hence, in a wind, it was buffeted mercilessly; and even in moderate gusts was extremely difficult to handle. When following Paulhan in our London-Manchester race, I flew on even after a wind had sprung up,—my pursuit being in the nature of a forlorn hope. But gusts began to hit me so hard that the biplane swung right round under their impact, then passed temporarily out of control, and was at length beaten down into a field. A modern-type machine would have forced its way through such a wind.

THE first men who could fly watched flags before ascending; unless these hung limp—indicating a flat calm—they did not dare to leave the ground. Now, at our aerodromes, men fly cheerfully in winds that blow spectators' hats off, and we see a sixty-mile-an-hour machine, a thousand feet or more above the earth, fighting gusts which blow it backwards with the violence of their thrust. During eighty per cent of the year—so stable have craft become—it is now possible to navigate the air.

THE atmosphere, none the less, is full of treacherous currents, and many of its movements are incompletely understood. The unexpected is always happening, and a pilot who makes a manœuvre safely one day, finds it dangerous to repeat it on another. While accustoming myself to the monoplane, I was circling one day above the aerodrome, and had made several turns with planes banked steeply. Then I tried a last. But this time, though I repeated my previous actions precisely, the machine slipped sideways, and a moment or two later I found myself, with a badly-damaged craft, in the bed of a shallow stream. The monoplane had passed suddenly beyond control.

The contour of the ground over which it blows has curious effects upon wind. Sometimes two hills and a wood, placed in peculiar relation to one another, will set up an eddy which persists—should the wind be in a certain quarter. At a flying school in England there is an eddy all pilots feel at a particular spot, and it is now so familiar they prepare themselves for it. But numbers of eddies—many no doubt of perilous strength—lurk in the air unknown; accidents which are inexplicable may be due to them; and we need urgently an aerial chart, like that of the mariner, indicating danger zones.

Over rivers, notably the Thames, eddies are to be found; and an amusing experience, bearing upon the Thames eddy, befell me in carrying a passenger from Hendon to Ranelagh. I was using a biplane with extensions to its mainplanes. It was stable, but slow flying, and in disturbed air it rolled. The wind was fluky; and I guessed that over the river there would be pronounced eddies. So I thought it fair to tell my passenger—a traveler and shooter of big game—that our journey might be "bumpy," and that perhaps it would be wise to postpone it. But this he would not hear of.

*For every accident that happens many thousands of miles are flown safely*

"If it's possible to fly," he said, "let's start."

As the wind was not dangerous, I agreed; but the machine rolled even before we reached the river. Then we were caught up by the up-river eddies—rising one instant, falling the next, and rocking sideways until it seemed we could not right ourselves. Unpleasant it was, but not actually dangerous—the biplane being quite within control. I was not sorry, though, when we planed down to our landing; and then, for the first time, I had an opportunity to inspect my passenger.

He climbed from the machine without speaking; then, being habitually a man of few words, he expressed himself tersely. A wounded lion might cause one qualms, he said, but no incident of that sort, however perturbing, could compare in unpleasantness with the experience he had just been through. Strong-nerved man though he was, he had been shaken; and he walked away from the biplane like one who, after a storm at sea, sets foot thankfully upon dry land.

*The third of this series of articles by Claude Grahame-White will appear in the next number.*

## CINDERELLA

By Harriet Mead Olcott

# In Backyard Bohemia

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

AN almost imperceptible breeze stirs the gas-jets overhead and gently undulates the twined French and American flags. There is a faint smell of warm damp earth from the little flowerbed in the corner. A loose cord taps against the awning above, almost unheard in the clatter of plates, the buzz of talk, and the scraping of chairs on the wooden flooring. We have just finished the soup and are nibbling at our bread in anticipation of the entrée. Will it be veal cutlet or pig's feet? Bottles clink on glasses as the red wine is poured in, and for the hundredth time I marvel at the barbarism which impels us to add ice and still more ice. The air is warm, moist and still.

THE bolder spirits among us have flung convention into a corner and sit airily divested of waistcoat and jacket. We flaunt delicate shirt fabrics, girdled at the waist by leather belts, and fear no reproof. The heat and what we once thought was good form are unfriendly for the time. One daring fellow in a freshly laundered linen suit, who has regarded the passing of the soup tureen with vigilant preparation for mishap, now leans back in his chair and smiles. Bare arms rest on the table, heedless of nursery manners—elbows off the table, children. There is not a woman there whose neck does not show the kiss of the sun. For it is a hot season even for New York, and the knowing ones have sought the hospitality of the Maison des Trois Soeurs. That is not the real name—publicity would ruin the tiny paradise—but many a New Yorker, and many a traveling stranger now in studio, author's den, editorial office, or behind the footlights in London and Paris will recognise it at once. Who does not know and pay tribute to Marie, Josephine and Célestine, those brave and comely maidens from Brittany?

THE long table at the end of the little backyard, presided over by the Seigneur, the oldest of us all, is full. Still we can always squeeze a little closer to admit a friend, and we have many. And then there is talk and again talk. Snatches of it reach my ears.

"A woman has only two means of charming a man—by yielding or by holding him at arm's length——"

"Wills, the dramatist, was never happy till he was engaged to some girl and wretched till he was free again——"

"I try to like him but he is only an American child—grown up!"

"Why are Galsworthy, Bennett, Conrad and Masefield coming to the front here? I wonder if it is because American authors aren't allowed to be original——"

"Patriotism kills art. You can't change an imported play and expect it to have the same value. You don't turn Wagner into ragtime surely?"

"American hustle! Oh, Britishers aren't so sleepy after all. Little English girl wanted the kid part in Preserving Mr. Paamure. They told her she was too big. Did she say 'Thank you' and retire to cry her eyes out? Not a bit. Went away—put on a short frock, a little girl's hat, put her hair in pigtails and came back. She got the part all right——"

SUDDENLY a cold nose rubs against my hand and I start. It belongs to the intelligent Spot—puppy beloved of all for his bonhomie and his skill in the merry dance-waltz—"What's wrong with my tail?"—but his investigation is abruptly cut short. The dark-eyed Célestine snatches him up and he vanishes in squirming submission. It is growing darker. The sky deepens to turquoise blue against which the trees interlacing in the neighboring yards stand darkly silhouetted. What a night it is—a night for lovers and poets. The young moon climbs blithely up the ladder of stars and pauses to smile down upon us. A yellow light flickers behind a darkened window and a gas-jet is lit. A bare arm hurriedly draws the curtains of mystery closer. Somewhere a dreamer is plucking the willing strings of a guitar—chords—snatches of plaintive melody. Shut your eyes and you can hear in fancy the slow passage of gondolas on enchanted canals.

"Wake up and pass the salad!"

Our Englishman, the Star of Comedy, noisily proclaims that I must surely be preparing another extempore epigram, and I hastily help myself to the salad and pass it on. It is sacrilege to think of eating on a night like this, but what would you?

THE determined looking woman with the tender eyes fans herself energetically in spite of the scowls of those who hate even the suggestion of exercise.

"Don't tell me that the place for woman is Home. It isn't," she interrupts suddenly.

"Then you would have her and her children slave in factories," asks the literary editor, lighting his fourth cigarette.

"Work—yes. Under well-regulated sane conditions. She needs something to occupy her mind—to prevent her becoming a social mollusc——"

"Ah," demands the Star of Comedy—"Isn't man her oyster? That's enough surely?"

THE determined looking woman squares her shoulders.

"I never knew a man who could discuss the question fairly. Why should it always be war?"

"Economic conditions," mutters the socialistic subeditor, smiling into the eyes of the girl at his side.

"I deny—" says the Seigneur, and the battle of words is on.

THE wife of the celebrated portrait painter is busy with a pencil behind the cruet, and I know what that lady of the auburn hair and the violet eyes is doing. The determined looking woman is being immortalised in a caricature such as I would challenge Max Beerbohm with. She will not mind—for we are all models for that satiric pencil.

A WISTFUL-EYED woman is murmuring into my ear.

"I just love to sit all day and write at my novel!"

"Don't use such a word as 'love' about art," says the Seigneur; "in painting or writing it's not love—it's pain—anguish. There are only two short moments of pleasure—the conception of the idea and the realisation of its completion. The time between is torture!"

"I'm so sorry. I know what you mean—but you know—I can't express it. I always use such trite phrases—that's my newspaper work—" she says penitently.

"It was Goethe said that. . . ." the Seigneur begins.

"Oh, I just dote on Goethe!" the novelist sighs.

The Seigneur's eye regards her with momentary irritation. Ah, well, who could be cross with her long?

WHAT a deal of talk and laughter there is at the smaller tables! Here and there one can see literary gods who have descended from Olympus for the time, forgetful of royalties. "Five hundred for every one of the series and one a week," whispers the poet with the mop of hair over his eyes. He is looking happier tonight. Last week he scuttled past me with a muffler round his neck—was it to hide the lack of a collar?

"Your turn next," someone says consolingly, as we look at the jolly exile from Manchester who is making such a hit with his stories of Hebrew cloakmakers. The merry fellow next to him ought to be weeping. His first play ran a week. Still it is something to get a play on, so why worry. That newspaper man has been an English army captain and war correspondent and knows the secrets of European politics backwards. The man who seems to know nobody is an American who served in France's Foreign Legion. He compiles school books now. The man who is laughing loudest in the corner has just finished playing lead in Strindberg's grim play—"The Father." The quiet smiling man with the tight lips is the editor of a weekly with a million and a half circulation—for the people. The lady in riding dress is a noted sob-artist on one of the leading newspapers. The Englishman with the drooping moustache who has just convulsed his party with mirth is the American editor of two large English monthlies. The three men with pipes are noted English illustrators lured hither by hopes of American dollars. The disturbance in the corner proceeds from one of the editors of a humorous weekly. He has just been told by one of his contributors that if his paper is meant to be humorous it is a serious affair, and if it is a serious weekly then it is a joke.

AT the next table is a French group. Among them I can see a contented couple from Marseilles, a barber and his wife—a hair-dresser. They sit silent and happy, for the farm they are going to buy in the south of France gets nearer daily.

POP! Behold the two young waiters—the kids generally known as the "keeds" are having a night off. American champagne is the only drink for them in the corner with the pretty French milliner. There is constant bubbling of laughter from the fountain of Youth, and Mlle. Josephine smiles upon them. "Eet is good beesnes for the 'ouse, n'est ce pas?"

OH, we are a motley crew out of the hungry lands who rub shoulders here. Friends all, for are we not guests rather than clients of our three hostesses. The cash bond hardly exists between us.

True we do not hesitate to pay and they to receive our modest addition but we do it in a manner fitting their attitude. If one is liked that will almost pay the way, and many a Bohemian whose sky is overcast for the moment knows that his credit is still unclouded and that he can count on a good meal to sustain his efforts. Ah, the good hearts of those Frenchwomen! (The French heart is superior to the Saxon in a matter of this sort, and the evidences of a sympathetic race are never plainer than in the courtesies of a French restauranteur to his clients.) A guest is welcomed for his or her own sake—the monetary consideration is secondary. Croesus knocking at the gate, were he an overbearing fellow who desired to give his command rather than his request would find no entrance, and strangers who have carried in manners acquired in eternal warfare with waiters have been plainly shown that a second visit was impossible. To dispute an account is to cast you out of all favor, for the house has a reputation for honesty—are not the Bretons honest as the day—and the reckoning is kept with proud and scrupulous care.

WE are pleased if the house is full—*les affaires marchent bien*—and our hostesses, you may be sure, will not fail to share that good fortune with us in the shape of some extra delicacy on the night following. Christmas and New Year's Eve are occasions for a party to their guests and we are made to feel that we are indeed welcome. To anyone living a solitary bachelor life, or an exile from his own land there could be nothing better than the kindly feeling of fellowship engendered by this treatment. I have often smiled at the inscription in British theatrical lodgings—"A Home from Home"—but here it is verity of the verities, and when I count the friendships I have made about this hospitable board I bless the day which took me first to the Maison des Trois Soeurs. It was my first taste of that abundant hospitality given so freely and without thought of return which makes an American the most charming of hosts and the dearest of friends.

"This is jolly," says the Oxford don and historian, breaking upon my musings with a chuckle, "I shall come every night I'm in New York. Everyone is so equal here."

"There can be no progress nor liberty for that matter without inequality," says the Seigneur, lighting his cigar, and the challenge is accepted.

THE smoke hangs heavy in the air. It is the smoke of battle. A mosquito like an aerial scout dashes its planes into the gas-jet. Mlle. Marie, her cooking over, stands at the doorway of the kitchen. Behind her one can see the serried array of liqueur bottles which Mlle. Célestine as willing *ricandière* will presently bear from table to table to revive the fainting conversation. The night is young and we are all poets, playwrights, artists and comrades. Let us remember we are in Bohemia and forget the bills of tomorrow. Let me light my pipe and plan a masterpiece.

# Ballade of Cities

By MICHAEL MONAHAN

OF all the cities that ask my praise
From slant-eyed Pekin to sly Parre,
In one alone would I pass my days
While the Lord He letteth his servant be:
Dear little Dublin is fair to see,
And Shandon bells ring a peal to Cork
That sits so snug on the river Lee,
But—what's the matter with old New-York?

THERE'S a charming town on the river Seine
Where the Goddess of Pleasure holds her sway,
And if for a frolic you're in the vein,
Not a demoiselle there will say you nay.
And then they have *such* a winning way,
You could not demur without remark;
But should you at home elect to stay,
Why—it might be arranged in old New-York.

LONDON'S the place, the swells all say,
Where the sun of fashion doth rise and set,
And Piccadilly has precincts gay,
Which he that has seen will not forget.
Then 'Is Majesty's there, and for a bet
You can see 'im 'andle 'is knife and fork
Like a bloomin' himperial cove—but yet
We've TEDDY himself in old New-York!

BERLIN has lovers, an endless tale,
While Antwerp schnapps has inspired a few,
And some do swear that no words avail
Till Peter's city and dome you view.
Prague hath her praisers; Venice too,
That holds the horses of brave St. Mark,
But tho' of these I would none eschew,—
Pray let me tarry in old New-York.

"SEE Naples and die," was said of old:
See York and live, I would fain amend;
Whate'er your quest be it beauty or gold,
Your heart's desire shall have here an end.
But should you fail, then on this depend:
Steer not elsewhither your wand'ring bark,
For the world hath not the thing to lend—
The sum of all is in old New-York.

*L'Envoi*

PRINCE, let us toast with glasses high
All fair cities of shining mark
Where a man would gladly forget to die—
And the Queen of them all is our New-York!

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

*Confessions of a Caricaturist*

I'M sorry William Taft is out
Of Politics, without a doubt
Of all the Presidential crew
He was the easiest to do.

FEW faces interest me less
Than Rockefeller's I confess,
'Twould vastly better suit my whim
To draw his bank account, than him.

AT THE COLONY CLUB

*"I would never marry a man who smokes"*

## Joking Aside

THE evil that men write or paint lives after them. The good is oft interréd in their tomes. Too often only the worst mannerisms of a great artist are perpetuated by the imitators that live after him.

In a late number of *Collier's* is an example of the evil that has lived after one of the most original artists of this generation, Aubrey Beardsley. The picture in question resembles that inky product of an idle pastime known as the Gobolink, achieved by folding the paper over a wet signature or smudge of ink and getting a kaleidoscopic effect of design by repetition in reverse.

Underneath this evil relic of Beardsley is printed a quatrain which if it were intended for nonsense verse might be taken seriously as an evil that has survived Lewis Carroll. It is entitled "The Soul of a Spider." Before inspecting the freak, however, let us listen to the megaphone of the Showman who exhibits it in the pages of *Collier's*.

"These words," he says, "will bear mouthing both mentally and physically. The boldness of that figure, the undying soul of a monster spider crouching on a vast gloomy beach and eating rotting stars is all but stupefying; yet significance breaks in like a lightning flash when the poet compares this giant spider soul to the banal influence of materialism." —Whew!—Now for the quatrain.

### The Soul of a Spider

The thing that eats the rotting stars,
On the black sea beach of shame
Is a giant Spider's deathless Soul,
King Mammon is its name.

Once more the megaphone, this time announcing a curiosity called "The Trap."

"Take these lines from "The Trap" and read them aloud with emotional but well-weighted utterance—What close-eyed sympathy! What blasts of scorn! What realistic portraiture!"

### The Trap

She was taught desire in the street,
Not at the angels' feet.
By the good no word was said
Of the worth of the bridal bed.
The secret was learned from the vile,
Not from her Mother's smile.
Home spoke not; And the girl
Was caught in the public whirl.

A school of "Desire" at an angel's feet ought to succeed without the aid of a megaphone but as the Browningesque Benét remarks in the October *Century*—"But that's enough, let's talk of something else."

Speaking of the *Century* since that dear old lady discarded her crinoline and felt slippers for French heels and a

slit skirt, she has been trying her best to make up for lost time. Concealed in the October number is a batch, or should one say a covey, of Beauties drawn by W. T. Benda, which, had they been used for cover designs, would have made up for centuries of sobriety and high art.

A remarkable thing about them is that, besides being well drawn, each one represents an individual type. Their piquant presence in the *Century Magazine* is a pleasing illustration of the "enthusiasm of the convert."

WANTED—Young man of athlet

By Eve

ic appearance; must be good dresser

ETT SHINN



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# The Blizzard

*How the young radical is sometimes merely ignorant of life*

By C. A. NESOM

Illustrated by O. E. CESARE

SINCE early afternoon they had been flying along hard prairie roads amidst a spring-like calm; but at about four o'clock the man was vaguely disturbed to discover a gray mist hanging in the northwest and to note that the calm had given way to sudden gusts of wind, that rose and fell and then rose again with increasing chill and vehemence. In a brief half hour the blizzard was upon them.

The girl was too ignorant of the changing western weather to share the man's fear. To be sure, she was accustomed to snow-storms, bad ones, too; but these merely caused inconvenience, they were never dangerous. Besides, she was excitedly happy, the shifting walls of snow swaying about them only adding to her sense of shut-in security with the man beside her. She snuggled comfortably down into the buffalo robes as the wind made more furious onslaughts, her eyes shining up at her companion like blue stars.

The man did not want to stop. It had taken long waiting and endless pleading to achieve this moment; he wished to take advantage of it, now that it was here. But he had already in his lifetime passed through three cyclones and half a dozen blizzards, so he had the frontier-man's awe of the elemental forces of snow and cold and wind. "It's no use," he muttered. "We'll have to turn in at the next house."

The girl's face paled as though he had struck it. She sat up straight, drawing one hand from her muff and grasping the fur of his coat sleeve. "We mustn't stop," she gasped.

The man shook his head slowly, not once glancing at her as he picked his machine's way through the baffling snowy mists ahead of them. He knew the peril of stopping as well as she, but he had no wish to subject this animated creature at his side to any physical danger. "You never saw a March blizzard in Colorado," he explained. "They'd find us in the middle of the prairie, frozen stiff. Now if I had horses they might keep the road. I can't do it with this machine. I'm sorry."

IT had grown unreasonably dark in the few brief moments since the storm had struck. They crossed two culverts, narrowly missing the edge of each one. They went so close that the man gasped after clearing them. "I hope we don't have to chance another one," he said. "The snow gets in my eyes—" It was just then, when the girl's fear of stopping was rapidly giving way to a greater fear of remaining out among those threatening ever-shifting walls of snow, that a feeble light came streaming down a bank at the right, and with a final burst of energy the automobile drew up before the low, deep door of a "soddy." A man's form was framed in the doorway as the muffled note of the auto-horn was split into a thousand fragments by the driving wind.

The man at the door fell back with a cry as the two travelers entered the room. "God," he said. "Ain't it the doctor?" His look was wild. "Oh, my God, my God," he repeated frantically.

The house they had entered was the typical one-room soddy of the plains. In one corner glowed a stove red-hot; in another was the kitchen "safe" on the top of which stood the lamp that had guided the strangers thither. In another corner stood a new oaken dresser, its top decked out with doilies and palpable wedding presents of glass and crockery. The floor of the room was covered half way across with rag carpet to mark off the living-room from the bedroom, and the windows displayed white curtains, that fluttered feebly with each new gust of the fury outside. The bed had been drawn from its corner and placed as near the stove as possible. It, too, was new, and of white enamel. Upon it, beneath the heaped covering lay a human form and from the depths of the quilts came the long, tortured moan of a woman in her supremest agony.

THE suffering creature paid not the slightest attention to the intruders, but called unceasingly for her mother, in tones that struck white the young girl's face and brought her to her knees beside the bed.

"What is it?" she cried pityingly. "What is the matter? Can't I help?"

As she patted the woman's cheek and futilely rearranged the bed-coverings the girl became aware of a murmured colloquy between the two men behind her, and presently she found her companion standing by her side. His voice was gruff in his efforts to appear matter-of-fact. "The baby is about due," he announced bluntly. "And the doctor isn't here. I know what to do if you'll help."

She staggered to her feet, her lips parted, staring at the speaker, as realization beat upon her brain. Through all the intimacy of their love she had maintained a spirit of delicate reserve. They had never in their conversation touched upon the deep issues of life and of sex. And to be thrust in a moment into the midst of the primitive and naked and elemental—it was like taking a forced leap from a precipice. But her voice was as composed as the man's own as she asked him what she was to do. She remembered now that he was the father of children.

Trembling with the shock of the unexpected situation, yet yielding to the position demanded of her by her companion, she mutely joined him in a search through the poor little home for articles necessary for the coming crisis. In the dresser they found clean sheets and clothes neatly ironed and folded; in its bottom drawer they came upon little shirts and dresses laid out in pitiful preparation.

"Sure you know what to do, all right?" The young husband turned suddenly to the strangers when they seated themselves, silent and watchful, at the moaning woman's side. The man, masterful and efficient, silenced him with a nod. As the birth-pangs tore the slight body of the mother soon-to-be, the sensitive girl sat silent and appalled. The man had lost himself in the role of physician.

IT was after midnight when the man and the girl ceased their labors at the bedside. The mother lay silent and rapturous. The young husband was holding his wife's hand and whispering to her. Their faces reflected frightened smiles. "Tough luck, old girl," he was saying as he pushed back a strand of her hair, "but you're all right now, and so's the kid. You'd better go to sleep, hadn't you?"

The strangers prepared a meal, going about it with the same impersonal detachment. The girl was grave and pale.

"We don't live very high," the young father turned to remark. "My corn wasn't no good last year. But such as we've got, take it and welcome. I guess you've saved her—" he dropped his head suddenly upon his wife's bosom.

The farmer, ashamed of his emotion, was talkative and jovial throughout the meal. "I couldn't place you right off," he remarked, genially, to the man across the table. "But I know you now all right. I've seen you at the county conventions, and then I was on the jury in that case you had with the railroad. Your name's Knapp, ain't it? And I s'pose this lady—" with an awkward obeisance toward the girl—"is Mis' Knapp?"

THE girl started, panic-stricken, but her companion maintained his usual self-control.

"No, this is Miss Mary Riley, the teacher up at the ranch school-house. You know, it's the spring vacation now and I'm taking her to Bruce to catch the flyer. Every time she has a vacation she runs off and leaves us and puts back for Iowa. Funny about these Iowa people. She says the only reason why she left Iowa is because she couldn't bring it with her."

Mary Riley was feverishly thankful for his composure. The blood hammered at her temples, and she was afraid. With all her depending nature she leaned toward his stronger one; he had never suffered defeat. And for love of her this master of countless acres was about to become a fugitive from his kingdom of a thousand hills.

The time dragged wofully in the two days that followed. Spring blizzards and spring rains in Colorado usually continue throughout three days, and this was true to precedent. The young farmer had stocked the little house with food and fuel against the day of the coming of the child. The two men improvised a bed for themselves in the corner; Mary Riley slept, when she slept at all, at the side of the woman. During the interminable hours of the gray days she read from the old books and papers she found about the house. The second day she chanced upon a little, dilapidated Bible, from which she read furtively, yet eagerly. She found in the ragged book a strange solace. Shut in with the very presence of the miracle of life, fanned subtly with the passing breath of death, the self-sufficiency of youth fell away; with the humility of those who have heard the Voice in the flaming hush she tried to grope her way to something she had never before needed.

There were meals to get and dishes to wash; and the baby took much care. She had never in her life held a baby in her arms for five minutes at a time, but the mother praised her for her deftness. The feel of the little warm body against

her own was a wonder and delight, and the joy shining in the young mother's eyes whenever the baby was laid by her side appeared to Mary Riley as the finest thing she had ever seen. She began to understand the meaning of "the light that never was on sea or land."

THE two men talked for hours in a friendly fashion, about the crops, the cattle business, the storm. Sometimes they turned to playing cards on the oil-cloth-covered table. When chore time came they went out together to the barn, guided thither by a rope the farmer had stretched at the beginning of the storm. The husband and wife were enjoying the stay of the travelers; they talked wistfully of the time when the storm would "let up" and the two must go. "The Lord sent you," the young mother said to Mary Riley on the morning of the third day, hiding as best she could the emotion that arose to her lips with the words. "I only hope somebody will be as good to you when you come to have your baby." The girl turned quickly away; her throat ached for the relief of tears.

That afternoon, at almost precisely the hour when the blizzard had begun three days before, the wind began to subside. It died away to a bitter breeze, the sun came out in a vivid western blaze, and the snow ceased falling. The travelers prepared to depart.

"I'll leave the machine, if you don't mind," Knapp said to the farmer, as he buttoned himself into his fur overcoat. "That is, if you'll let me have those ponies out there for the rest of the trip. I'll send them back tomorrow if I don't come this way myself."

"Sure Mike!" the farmer responded with fervor. "I ain't a very good hand at thankin' people, but I just want to say that anything the old lady and me can do for you——"

Knapp waved a restraining hand. "The doctor'll be along now pretty soon, I guess," he assured his host. "I hope he finds everything all O. K." It took both men to harness the unruly ponies. "By the way," Knapp remarked lightly as he hooked the last tug, "I left a birthday present for the youngster in the sugar bowl. I thought I'd better tell you."

A little later he was tucking the buffalo robes about Mary Riley's feet. "So long, pardner," he called to the farmer. He leaped in beside the girl and the lean ponies bounded away.

The frozen road was swept entirely bare in some places, while throughout most of its length enormous drifts blocked the passage.

Mary Riley's face was shrouded in a thick blue silk veil, behind which she lay thinking, thinking. When the capering ponies had quite settled down to an even trot on a particularly long stretch of level road she spoke. "Please pull this veil up, Ed," she said. "I want to talk."

The man reached over and tenderly pulled the covering away from her eyes. "That's right," he urged. "Do talk. I'm as blue as a weaned calf. Those cattle up in the ravines get on my nerves."

He had to explain to her what the spotless, glistening mounds at the ravine heads meant. "It's a shame," he ejaculated. "Damn this country, anyway, I'm glad I'm leaving it."

Mary Riley did not know how to begin the words she had tested over and over to herself back in the little sod house. She had never seen anyone come out victorious in a contest against the will of the man beside her; it seemed foolish to put her strength against his. By tilting her head to the left a little she could just see his strong chin, above the burly chest panting beneath his fur overcoat; she knew that under the shielding cap visor blazed a pair of shrewd, unconquered eyes. She was glad she could not see these as she haltingly began to speak.

"You're not going to leave this country," she announced. "At least not with me. And I'm not going to San Francisco, I'm going home, and I'm not coming back. You'll have to get somebody else to finish out the term."

FOR five full minutes the man did not reply. Then he leaned toward her, looking down upon her with the smile one uses when one must coax a child out of its whim. "Come, come," he said His heart was leaping wildly at the bare

*"What is the matter? Can I help?"*

note of decision the girl had managed to put into her trembling voice, but it would never do to let her see his agitation.

"I hope I can persuade you out of that notion before we reach the burg," he said cheerfully. "We'll just about make it, with fifteen minutes to spare if the trains are right. I suppose everything is off schedule since the storm, though."

The girl shook her head, appalled by the fierceness of frustrated desire showing in the man's face, belying his careless words. "It's no use, Ed," she repeated weakly. "You can't talk me out of it now. I couldn't take you *after that*." She nodded back in the direction from which they had come. "Is it always as bad as that poor woman—" her voice trailed off into silence.

"Oh, she got off easy," Knapp assured her largely. "If there had been a hitch anywhere they'd be walking slow behind her, and the kid too. You needn't worry about her."

"I wasn't worrying about her: I was thinking of another woman entirely. I was just wondering—. Where did you get your knowledge? At the birth of your own children?"

The directness of the question nettled him, but he answered calmly enough. "Oh, yes, some of it. But I tried to study medicine once. I stuck at it three years, and then I told father I'd rather brand steers than cut up cadavers. So he sent me out here. However, I couldn't help picking up some of the rudiments in three years, and if we hadn't happened along just when we did—if that woman 'd been alone with that green-horn of a husband—well, I guess she wouldn't have had a much better chance than those cows up under the drifts."

The girl gave a long, tired sigh. "Poor, poor women, all of them," she murmured. She reflected a moment before she delivered her next remark. "A man is a coward and a cur who would desert a woman after she had gone through that *three times*."

She could see her companion's face go red, then white, then settle into grim lines of anger. "And a woman is a fiend who would take him," she concluded.

During the remainder of the journey he wooed her with every resource of which he was capable; but as the town loomed up between them and the setting sun he knew himself to be beaten. "Go back to Molly," she reiterated. "She wouldn't hurt me as I intended to hurt her. She doesn't need to know what we planned to do."

Just at the edge of the town he asked her to kiss him. She did so gravely, sealing her renunciation.

"You'll have to let me have a little money," she told him. "I haven't ten dollars to my name. I sent it all home, I thought I wouldn't need it."

He reached into the bosom of his overcoat and pulling out his purse tucked it into her muff. "Lord, Lord, how I had planned to spend that money," he groaned. Mary Riley made a swift mental reckoning, then counted out four of the bills and returned the red leather case to its owner.

THEY drove straight to the station, where the east- and west-bound flyers were due to meet at half-past five. They learned that the train that would bear Mary Riley eastward was the one that should have gone through at the same hour the day before. The west-bound had not yet been heard from, the agent told Knapp.

The delay of the trains had filled the little waiting-room of the station with tired, impatient travelers. The foul air drove Mary Riley out to the bare board platform; thither, in a few minutes, Knapp followed and the two paced silently. A truck-load of empty cream-cans rattled by them and disappeared into the baggage room; the station agent, shivering without an overcoat, came out and deposited his express packages in readiness for the hurrying train; the 'bus came over from the hotel with its freight of traveling men and mail-bags; lean cowboys happened along, eyeing the man and girl curiously. Finally, in the gathering twilight Knapp became conscious that one of the men had stopped and was staring at him with wide, astonished eyes. "Good Gawd!" the cowboy shouted. "If it ain't them!"

Knapp turned to the intruder suavely. "Well, Sport—" he began; it was then that he recognized in the stammering cowboy one of his own men. "We thought sure you was under the drifts along with the cows," he hastened to explain. "Your missus has had every man of us out sence midnight and we tracked you to Waverly, but nobody'd seen anything of you sence the blizzard struck. They's a posse formin' down to the hotel now to go out and search for your bodies. I'll go tell 'em, and then it's me for the high places. The missus was most crazy when I left this morning. The phone wires is all down and she won't know till I get there."

The man's evident desire to relieve the suspense of the woman waiting out beyond the hills was not soothing to Knapp's pride. A sudden challenge of resentment sprang into his eyes. He called after the fellow. "Say, Jim, get me a horse and I'll be with you in ten minutes. And say, tell that livery man to send Si Barry's team home tomorrow. Pay the bill." Jim seized the fluttering bank note from the extended hand and hurried away. The next moment Knapp was escorting a trembling girl to the rear Pullman of the train which that instant came shrieking and thundering in. Behind the film of the veil which swathed her face he could see the lights from the car windows gleaming on streaming tears.

He stood and stared after the train as it sped on through the dreary, huddled little town. His thoughts were on the name that she had called him. "A coward and a cur!" he muttered. The returning cowboy cut short his bitter thoughts and the two men galloped off together across the darkening, snow-patched prairie.

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# The Racing Cars

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE great cars careening come roaring round the curve,
The dust clouds screening their onslaught as they swerve.
The dense crowd watching exhales a thrilling sigh,
Their quick breath catching as the cars boom by.

SPEED on the straightaway—speed is what they need!
Speed down the level—at the banked curves, speed!
Their sharp staccato thunder awakes the hills to wonder
At the grimed, masked devils that drive the dragon breed.

I CLOSED my eyes gazing, and saw them in my mind
Up the far hills blazing, and roaring up the wind,
On the star-roads leaping, black bulks that shoot and sway,—
Their fierce pace keeping on the fearful Milky Way.

SPEED across the heavens—speed was their need!
Speed, with the meteors,—to Doom's gate, speed!
Their sharp staccato thunder shook sun and moon with wonder,
And the stars whirled wildly before the dragon breed.

THE great cars careening went roaring round the world
With madness for their meaning, 'mid wild dust swirled
And faster still, and faster, their engines ripped and raced
While man who was their master must drive in haste!

SPEED across the cities—speed was their need!
Speed down the valleys—up the high hills, speed!
Until, a dying wonder, their sharp staccato thunder
Throbbed away through chaos that claimed the dragon breed!

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## IX

### Lemuel Taketh an Auto-Suggestion from Percy the Fresh

PERCY the Bridegroom (they'd lingered a week
At Lemuel's place, ere they started to seek
Honeymoon joys) sat with Father-in-law,
Talking the finest that ever you saw;
He was sure very nice
About giving advice
On pertinent subjects. At last he began,
"Look hither, old man!
I've been thinking a bit"—here he puffed an Egyptian—
"That fast racing-cars are a sort of contraption—
Too tearing
And wearing
For settled old age."
"Such brass,
Go to grass!"
Rumbled Lem, in a rage.

"NOT old, then, perhaps, but—well, somewhat advanced;"
His father-in-law snorted twice, fairly pranced,
"I *be* older 'n you, s'r, and therefore
Don't care for
Advice from no dudish and dapper
Whip-snapper."
"The fact that I'm young," Percy's lip kindly curled,
"Means, of course, I've lived more and seen more of the world.
And, as I was just saying, a fast racing-car
Ill fits an old man at the age where you are.
It's like seeing grandpaps in college boy clothing
Singing in glee clubs. I *do* view with loathing
That which undignifies
Age; for it signifies
Lack of perspective
And proper selective—"

LEM chortled suddenly, "Haw-haw! by gar!
I know that *you* want, sir—to borrow my car!"
"O mercy!
Not *borrow!*"
Cried Percy
In sorrow.
"I thought, sir,—a fact—what a chance this would be
To *give* your machine to Katury and me."
"Well, of all the—" Lem started, but Percy broke in,
"I like a fair trade, though detesting a skin.
Now here's what I'll do,
If it's pleasant to you:
I'll trade my small car for your big one—how's that?"
"No good, and that's flat—
Why, drat
And scat!"

"YOUR car ain't worth *half* mine." But Percy spake true,
"My car would be worth twice what yours is—to you
She's a trim, cozy thing with a twenty-mile gait,
Her engine is simple, her manners sedate;
She can climb, her own pace, all the hills that there are—
What more does a grandfather want with a car?
Where once you lost patience and nerve-force and breath
Coaxing an engine that scared you to death,
You now might meander through long, happy hours,
Stop to see cities, drink water, pluck flowers,
A blithe, happy tourist, by night and by morain',
Seeing the sights of the land you were born in."
"Bingo,
By jingo!
As sure as yer hat—
Wonder
Why 'n thunder
I ne'er thought o' that?"
And the next thing Katury's new husband and Pop
Went to the barn and effected a swap.

"HONK HONK!" Looking fully as handsome as glad,
Daughter Katury in bright, bridy blue,
Percival Brown in a brash Highland plaid,
Sat in the big, sporty gazabazoo.
"Good-bye, Ma-ma!
Happy days, Pa!"
"Bless you, my children!" the old folks were saying
When whizz! Like a rabbit let out of a bag,
Straight down the road thundered Hiram J. Scagg,
Driving his Cannibal Six. As he passed
Percy cried, "Not much!"
Threw in the clutch
And flew after Hi like a hawk from a mast.

CRANING his neck from a window above
Lem gazed, excited.
See! It was gaining, his scorcher, his love—
"Bully! Dee-lighted!
Rah for our Percy! Rah for the flag!
Glory to fish-hooks, *he's beat Hiram Scagg!*"
But Mother, who also had witnessed the
race,
Smiled when 'twas finished, though pale
was her face,
Murmured, "I'm glad,
Though it *does* seem too bad—
Glad that she's gone, and I don't care
how far."
Lem enquired, shocked, "Who, our girl?"
"No, our car.

"AND Pa, I've been thinking. Since son-in-law Percy
Left us his roadster (it does seem a mercy
It can't go much faster than twenty an hour)
Don't you think we might, too, start our own bridal tower,
Two in a car, all the time that we want;
Sort of an elderly honeymoon jaunt?"

And Lem murmured soft, as he kissed her cool cheek,
"Cracky, we will—if it takes a hull week!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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*Otis Skinner and his daughter at their home in Bryn Mawr*

# Lost—A Romantic Actor

By OTIS SKINNER

IT was Sterne's starling that beat its futile wings against the bars of its cage and cried, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" Could the Reverend Laurence journey — sentimentally or otherwise—through the labyrinth of the present somewhat complicated theatrical situation, he might detect the voice of many starlings.

The stage men who in conclave diagnose the health of the body dramatic have been shaking their heads for a decade and crying for the shows and actors of yester-year. Of a certain kind of actor there appears to be a plentiful supply. It is a pretty good kind, too—the sort that become favorites with theatergoers, who possess the power to amuse, whose personal idiosyncrasies are molded by their owners into methods that sway audiences to moods of acceptance and delight. The actor of to-day is a specialist—as much so as the patent lawyer or the throat doctor. He knows the thing he can do, and does it. If he is wise, he will look well into his assortment of oddities, and cultivate them as carefully as a gardener does his roses. Should he be lucky enough to have the galumphing stride or the vocal peculiarities of the late Sir Henry Irving (I allude only to the eccentricities of this fine actor), a squeak like Stuart Robson, or a crooked smile like our own beloved Eddie Foy, let him put up his stand of "Hands off"; for every little while a manager will take his nets and go fowling for precisely such a strange bird as he. And the more frequently he is exhibited, the oftener the playwrights will put him into plays and build incidents around his legs, his lisp, his grimaces, or his clothes. Having created a steady market for his wares, the specialist actor soon learns the kind of thing that sells best, and he brings his product to perfection. This is a fine thing for the actor's peace of mind, his self-satisfaction, and his bank account; but it does not make for his advancement as an artist, or his ability to impersonate.

IF your hair is silvering with years, dear reader, and your experience has led you along the lanes of delight that the theater has afforded, you may remember when one man in his time played many parts, and his acts were more—many more—than seven ages. The managers of that golden country of Long Ago did not go about looking for "types." There were two main divisions of players —the serious and the comic; and of these the first group was often subdivided into romantic actors and villains. Then, of course, everybody was either young or old. The man with fair, round belly and *vis comica* was never required to play Hamlet, nor the tragedian to play Mr. Toodle, but otherwise it was the player's province to impersonate; and be the part light or heavy, grave or gay, he must give it semblance and smoothness.

THIS school was of particular value in developing one kind of actor—the leading juvenile. *Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Elliot Grey, Charles Surface, Marc Antony, Alfred Evelyn*, were his especial property, and while he might be better in some than in others, he had no difficulty in giving free expression to a spirit of grace and romance in them all. It seems as if this race of players has become extinct. Whenever I or my associate managers have made a production of a play, our inevitable vexation comes in the search for the young romantic actor. The other kinds are known by their labels, and are found in goodly assortment; but the anxious manager's oft-repeated cry is: "You don't seem to be able to find a decent young man for the romantic parts."

I can not believe that this condition is caused by the death of sentiment. Lovers love just as hard as they always did, and the world is made to go around by the same means; but the motive power is no longer exhibited on the stage. The young fellow of the playhouse is a smart-flip, manicured person, conscious of his hands and his coat, monotonous of utterance, and ashamed of expressing a tender emotion. His attitude toward the object of his affection has the air of confident possession, like that of the Apache toward his dancing partner at the Moulin Rouge. Of fervor, sweetness, and tenderness there is small trace. Could there be a reincarnated Charles Thorne, his *Armand Duval* upon Broadway would blaze brighter than all the electric signs.

BUT the fault does not lie wholly with the actor. The voice of passion often cries within him, but, like the starling, it can't get out. In the present mode of stage management the free expression of emotion is often prohibited, but by far the greater bar lies in the poverty of opportunities for such demonstrations in the work of our dramatists; they are afraid of frankness in a love scene, and *Romeo*, even though he sigh like a furnace, can not make bricks without straw.

Perhaps the pendulum of the stage fashion will swing back again—it has a way of doing such things—and give us a renascence of tender emotions and their expression. It would be a great relief from the plays filled with politicians, crooks, cadets, white slaves, gunmen, grafters, gamblers, saloonkeepers, and detectives that are fretting their hour—let us pray it be a brief hour—upon our stage.

The announcements that various producers are making for the present season lead to a suspicion that such renascence may not be far distant. It will be welcomed by every one—the public, the critic, the actor, and above all by the producer of plays who may plan a process of cultivation for the benefit of the young men and women who feel it all, and can not express it, and who one day may learn the art of "putting it over the footlights."



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high class eleven that one expects from Middletown nt the first stage of the season, and the Methodists showed the effect of the smart coaching of "Dnnny" Hutchinson, of Pennsylvnnia. Wesleyan had a good kicker, good ends, and a fair sets of backs. On defense the Middletown team was not quite as good as previous elevens that have worn the black and red, but the conception nnd execution of the forward pass were all but beyond criticism.

It was the forward pass that made most of the trouble for Yale, and that put Wesleyan once in a commanding position. The clever execution of the pass bore out the prophecy that the smaller elevens would use this form of nttack in the earlier games in the hope of scoring a victory over one of the hig teams. Wesseason. There is every indication that the Blue wing men will come up to the best Yalo standard when they reach their hig games.

The general character of Yale's attack reminded one of Arthur Howe's team, albeit the backs did most of their heavy execution from the simple, old-fashioned formation, nnd without using any form of the shift. It may be thnt lnter in the season the Elis will go back once more to the Minnesota manœuvre, but nt this writing it would seem thnt there was enough strength in the straightaway plny to do considerable damage.

It is indeed refreshing to find nn eleven with faith enough in itself to play the simple fontball thnt proved so successful years ago, leaving whatever "trimmings" may be considered necessary for the latter

THE Yale line is once more a powerful one, and if these Blue forwards realize on their latent strength they will be something of a handful for both Princeton and Harvard. Doubtless there will be considerable shifting before the team is picked from tackle to tackle, and the final make-up of the line will hardly be known before Yale strikes faster company than Wesleyan, hut it seems certain that there will be plenty of weight, and that the old-time, steady Yale defense will be in evidence. Yale teams of the past hnve huilt their attack rather slowly, perfecting themselves in defense first, the coaches npparently feeling thnt half the game was the nhility to keep the other fellow from scoring, nnd if I read the signs aright this particular Yale team is working

YALE'S PROMISING BEGINNING

*vference by the Blue that led to a high score ngainst Wesleyan. The new coaching system at New Haven made an excellent start, and the Elis showed promise of power and versatility*

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so early in the part of the season. I have always believed that the simple run from the formation of three men in a row and the quarterback to feed the ball to them was as effective in these piping times of open foothnll as nt any time in the past, and Yale's opening performance certainly proved that it was good enough for the early part of the season.

Shifts depend no more upon accurate timing than the simple plnys with which the Elis opened their season, and the fact that these simple plays were nicely timed was n vindication of the coaching system. Certain of the Yale backs, notably Knowles, may achieve stardnm before the season is over, but even if they should fnil in that they have already shown that they were considerably above average, taken as a quartet. It would not surprise me were Knowles to be taught to kick as did Mitchell some years ago, for to my way of thinkiug he is one of the most promising men who hnve booted pigskin in recent years, and the quick kick close to the line will be one of the most important factors in the big gnmes.

Knowles kicks quickly nnd easily, nnd his punts should be difficult indeed to block. He is the type of man that can be run from n position very close to the line, nnd if the threat of a kick can also be used, he will make trouble for Yale's foes later in the season.

nlong that line. Only, the nttack is better than usual nt this stage of the season.

Since the Elis no longer plny West Point it will be more difficult than usunl to obtain an accurate estimate of their strength on the eve of the hig gnmes, for most Ynle teams have been made or unmade by the Army game—have gone uphill or down thereafter. Even n Ynle team thnt was beaten on the "plains" has sometimes won both of its big games, and it has usually taken the match against the Army to bring out the individual and team faults that are to be found in midseason even among real champions.

The Yale schedule this year is not particularly difficult, save that the Elis probably will tackle more weight thnn usual, and whatever the outcome of the earlier games it will probably remain for Brown to pruvide the crucial test, for no nnttter wlnt the character of the material at Providence the coaching system is so good that the Brunonians will tnke n lnt of benting. Indeed the Brown game is nn excellent test for both Harvard and Yale, because the Providence men are usually in good form for both. Even when Brown defeated Yale by the score of 21 to 0 the Brown coaches had n good word to say for the Eli line. And nt that time Yale was far from being n favorite for the big gnmes.

Cornell's topheavy score against Ur-

sinus came as something of a surprise, for the Ithacans, although beginning scrimmage work unusually early, were not supposed to be much stronger than last year. Apparently Dr. Sharpe's coaching has taken root, and the foundations laid a year ago have proved stable. Cornell faces a hard schedule this season, although there is no game with Dartmouth, and it will be interesting to see what the Ithacans do with such elevens as the Carlisle Indians and Harvard.

ONE of the most interesting figures on the gridiron this year is R. T. P. Storer, captain of the Harvard eleven. It was his recovery of a kick on Yale Field last year that led to the rout of the Blue, and it was only natural that he should have been chosen to lead the Crimson this year. He finds himself at the head of a team that has played remarkable football, and that worked its way to an undisputed championship. Not an enviable position for a football leader. A first class all-round player and a man who has shown the effect of excellent coaching, Storer should keep up his last year's form if the burden of the captaincy does not prove too heavy.

Dartmouth and Pennsylvania should provide one of the best games of the season for both the Quakers and the men from Hanover seem to have fair material this year, and in Whitney Dartmouth has one of the best backs in the country. Under the new coaching régime at Philadelphia there seems to have been less emphasis on speed and more weight in the back-field, and if the two teams come together with anything like evenly matched lines the work of both sets of backs should be well worth watching. Both teams are likely to have clever kickers and good ends, so that if they take to open play the game should be one of the prettiest of the season.

BY the time this appears the season will be in full swing and the big teams will have had a chance to sift their material and work out their type of play. It will probably be well into November, however, before the more progressive of the coaches will be able to try out new theories. In the meantime, if Yale lives up to form the Elis will be hard to beat.

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

## *Riveting The New York Central*

TO most readers, travelers and other citizens the New York Central Railroad seems like a fairly completed enterprise. There is a certain solidity and permanence about this concern which smacks of nothing unfinished. Not to mention the long connection with the railroad of perhaps the best known family in the American oligarchy there are patent facts about the New York Central, such as its location, entrance into New York City, and certainty of trunk line traffic, which invests the company with all the dignity of great wealth, age, and stability.

But the New York Central lines are akin to all other great American railroad systems in their historically corporate and financial complexity. Even the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, which as all men know, operates a well-advertised four-track line from New York City to Buffalo, is a nexus of many, many older and smaller corporations. Only in the last few months has this legal person consolidated with or absorbed into itself nearly a score of other legal persons, or as they are better known, corporations, such as the Tivoli Hollow, Mahopac Falls, New York Central, Niagara River, Buffalo Erie Basin, Carthage, Watertown & Sacketts Harbor, Little Falls & Dolgeville, Utica & Black River, Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg, Oswego & Rome, Sputyen Duyvil & Port Morris, Mohawk & Malone, Carthage & Adirondack, Gouverneur & Oswegatchie, New York & Putnam, New York & Ottawa and numerous other corporations chartered by the sovereign State of New York for railroad purposes.

The reader may dodge from the infliction of such a list, but it is reproduced here as but a fraction of the corporate complexity which goes to make up a typical, large American railroad system. From Buffalo to Chicago the New York Central owns more than 90 per cent of the stock of the great Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, and this company in turn owns such powerful railroads as the Big Four and the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, the latter commonly known as the Little Giant. Then there are the Michigan Central, a railroad empire in itself, the New York & Harlem, the Boston & Albany (controlled by lease for 999 years) the West Shore and the Nickle Plate. The mind wearies at even an enumeration of these companies. There is no end to these subsidiaries. There is no limit to the number of directorates a man may hold by merely being an official of the New York Central.

### *Evolution from Little to Big*

PUT in simple language, the history of the New York Central like that of other great systems has been in the main the acquirement of more and more railroads, and for the most part the retainment of these railroads as separate corporate entities. It is a cell formation, one upon another, a piecemeal growth. Probably the acquirement process is done, or nearly so. Harriman is dead. There is no further disposition upon the part of our Morgans and Rockefellers and Bakers to form giant combinations. The pressing, imminent problem is to cement and simplify what was long ago brought together by stock certificate, to consolidate for economy and efficiency and not merely for aggrandizement.

J. P. Morgan, banker for the New York Central, recently testified that the "assets and earnings are there." Every person will know at once what Mr. Morgan intended to convey, and his statement of facts is indubitable. The assets and earnings *are there*, but of late years the stock has sagged and new financing through stock issues has been impossible, which as a rule is an unhealthy symptom. Further issue of bonds was not feasible. So to raise needed capital huge emissions of ordinary promissory notes have been the rule. At present there are more than $100,000,000 of these notes on the entire system.

Why has the stock dropped? Well, there are persons unkind enough to say that a sort of absentee landlordism has been partly responsible. Professor Taussig of Harvard speaks of the securities owned by those who live on their income especially where several generations have lived in that way, as a sort of distilled property. New York Central in the hands of the Vanderbilts is quite conceivably a more languid form of property, as it were, than the stock in trade of a newly landed Italian peddler. But a more immediate and tangible reason for the decline in New York Central has been the enormous and not immediately productive expense which the company has been put to for improvements such as the new passenger terminal in this city. I do not wish to arouse the ire of anyone connected with that marvellously efficient railroad machine, perhaps the most efficient in the country, the Pennsylvania Railroad. But it is true that the New York Central is in a sense the first and most prominent railroad in the country. That is a fine advertisement, but it is a discouragingly expensive one to live up to. So much is demanded of a railroad in its position. A hundred million dollar passenger station is the worst. But there is electrification, new passenger fares, almost hourly express trains for 500 or 1000 miles where most other so-called trunk lines run two or three trains a day, and similar decorative but none too remunerative outlays.

### *Two Kinds of Minority Stockholders*

THE New York Central maintains that these improvements benefit such railroads as the Lake Shore, the Michigan Central and Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and that these companies should pay their share. But an apportionment of expense is difficult. They are separate corporations. The maintenance of proper financial relations is intricate and adjustments are hard to make. So the New York Central proposes to consolidate as many of these companies as it legally can into itself. Then their surplus earnings, which are large, will benefit the whole system more directly than is now the case.

It is proposed to consolidate and simplify the corporate and financial structures that go to make up the New York Central Lines. The purpose is a commendable one in every respect. If there is one thing which makes for more graft than another, it is a corporation within a corporation. If, for example, it were conceivable that a small strip of railroad line between Spuyten Duyvil and the Harlem River, or the bridge over the Hudson River at Albany, were owned by separate corporations, most of the stock of which was owned by directors of the New York Central, these gentlemen might not care how small dividends New York Central paid provided dividends on these little companies were large.

The New York Central plan is thus wholly in the right direction. But there are minority stockholders in the subsidiary companies, and it is not easy to

adjust their interests. There are many kinds of minority stockholders, but in the case of these corporations, there seem to be chiefly two. One class consists largely of what might be called professional minority stockholders, that is, the kind that always make trouble. The other class consists largely of insurance companies which have held fairly large blocks of Lake Shore and New York & Harlem and other subsidiary company stocks and will not sell out except on terms very advantageous to themselves. Naturally as a business proposition the big corporation will pay no more than it has to. It is doubtful if it would care to pay from $500 to $1000 a share for the minority Lake Shore stock, but that is the price some holders say they will ask.

### *The Lake Shore Gold Mine*

MANY years ago when the New York Central bought more than 90 per cent. of Lake Shore stock it paid $200 a share in its own 3½ per cent. bonds. The agreement made with the Lake Shore stockholders prevented a further increase of Lake Shore stock, which is now absurdly small for the value of the property, and also limited the issue of Lake Shore bonds. This agreement is now a serious restriction upon the proper financing of New York Central improvements, so the New York Central proposes to exchange these bonds for a new 4 per cent. bond of an issue to be large enough to finally include practically all the mortgage securities on both railroads. More technically stated the new 4 per cent. issue will refund, or take up, all the bonds outstanding. There will be one, single issue of 4 per cents. at first $167,000,000, but to be increased within ten years by from $350,000,000 to $500,000,000 for necessary improvements. This huge bond issue will conform to the standards of investment for insurance companies and New York state savings banks, which is worth between one quarter and one half of one per cent. in interest rates saved to the railroad. At present the two companies are so tied up that they can sell only notes, debentures and collateral trust bonds, which savings banks cannot take, and two of which classes insurance companies cannot buy. The great new bond issue is to be a mortgage on both companies, and as soon as possible the companies themselves will be consolidated and Lake Shore stock wiped out.

### *A Charge on the Future*

ALONG comes United States Senator Norris and asks the Interstate Commerce Commission to inquire whether it is proper for the New York Central to impose upon the public $450,000 additional interest charges for 85 years, the length of the new bond issue, or a total of $38,500,000, the difference between 3½ per cent. and 4 per cent. on the amount of the bonds for the time specified. The objection is not a weighty one, because the extra charge is small as compared with the savings to be effected in raising capital. Anyone with a glimmering of financial knowledge need not be told that one huge first mortgage bond issue on the New York Central from New York to Chicago will, other things being equal, sell like the proverbial hot cake.

"We believe," said J. P. Morgan, "that they (the proposed 4 per cents) would take the position of a stable bond and, therefore, would be of greater ad-


# Made by a Specialist

EVERY maker, we suppose, is producing the best car he knows how to build. Yet no two makes are alike, and no two makes are of equal value. Some one maker knows better than any other maker how to produce small, cheap cars. Some one maker knows better than any other maker how to produce superb electric cars. And Alexander Winton knows better than any other maker how to produce the world's finest six-cylinder car.

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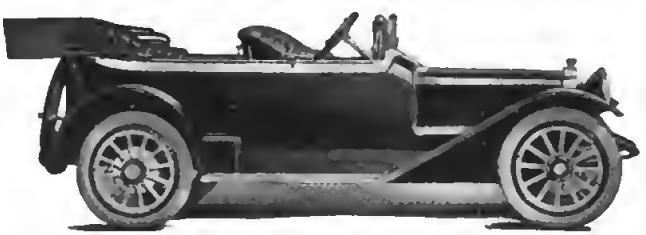

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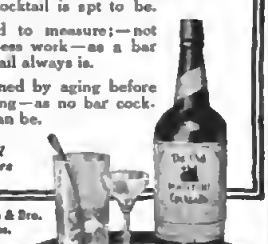

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vnntage than small groups of collateral trust bonds and debentures have been done in the past. In our experience it has alwnys been easier to sell a bond on a lnrger than on n smaller property, provided the larger property were duing equally well with the smaller. There is a hroader hasis for the bonds, there is n larger amount outstanding, nnd n more open and better market for them. They are disposed of more easily."

That Morgan is right is proven by the efforts other great railroads are making to consolidate and simplify their bond issues. The Great Northern, Burlington, St. Paul and Southern Railways nre all nnxious to fund numerous small issues into one large issue. Of course the further this tendency goes the less confusing will railroad fiuance be to the investor. At present no one hut a special student can possihly understand the relations one with anether of the fretfully intricate bond issues ou niost railroads.

### *A Little Forehandness*

BUT to return to the New York Central nnd finish with it. There may be another reason why the company is anxious to consolidate its corporate and financial segments. The company owns several parallel and originally intended to be competing lines. The sooner a complete consolidntion is formed the harder the Government will have to work if it ever desires to unscrnmble this railroad omelet. There can be nothing illegal in the absorption of Lake Shore hy New York Central because they do not compete in any sense and one is the extension of the other. But absorption of West Shore by New York Central would be another story, and so would the merger of the Michigan Central or Nickel Plate into the big consolidntion of Central and Lake Shore. Here is n case where the legal representatives of the people need to be vigilant. Big corporations hnve been known to "put over" the good with the bnd.

Wall Street easily exaggerates the saving in operating expenses to be effected by n merger of these companies. For there will be n saving in this respect as well as in financing. But at least the huge undistrihuted surpluses and earning power of such companies as the Lake Shore and the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie will be brought more directly into the open as added strength behind New York Central stock. The result should be to improve ultimntely the position of New York Central stock, nnd the material and mental comfort of its scores of thousands of owners.

# What They Think of Us

*Rochester* (N. Y.) *Herald*

Mr. Hapgood is quite right in holding that a publication of the kind which he edits should be written for adults, nnd not adnpted to the requirements of immature minds. It is really a manifestation of the intellectual weakness of the American people that so much insistence has emanated from them that every piece of writing must conform to the requirements of the sixteen-year-old school girl or the boy of equally tender years. Let the juveniles be juveniles, nnd read nnd hear and see nothing which is unndnpted to the juvenile mind; hut to insist that every piece of literature and work of art must conform to the requirements of the younger ones among us, is to iasist that age itself will remain as immature as extreme youth. No progress in thought ever will be made so long as we adhere to that foolish notion. Because the hahes must needs be fed upon milk is no reason why their elders should be denied n beefsteak or roast pork, and because immature minds are unahle to assimilate the products of the deepest thinking is no reason why mnture minds should not hnve nn opportunity to exereise their powers of mental digestion.

*E. L.*, Rockwood, Tenn.

You may be, as an editor, what Jack calls n live wire, but your "shredded wheat" style of illustrations are horrid. Do you employ them because they are cheap?

*W. J. McKone*, Albion (Mich.)

Like hundreds of others, we have awaited the change in management and policy of HARPER'n WEEKLY. We had hoped to have its visits continued hut we fear we are not at all in accord with the new mngazine. We hnve heen keeping it on a reading tahle in our High School huilding but do not believe that it will be useful in that collection. From the very first issue we have fniled to enjoy your cartoons, we nre one of those "innrtistir people" that hnve nlwnys believed that "pleasantness," "decorativeness," and "the suggestion of sympathetic anecdote" are worth while; in fact they all seem like things worth while. We are afraid that we are one of those "inartistie people" whose coneeptions of art seem to be very much out of date. We have not been able to suppress a smile at your "men of chnracter, humor and insight" who gave us "Cnts," "Jack's," "The Hot Spell in New York." Too much for us.

*A. A. B.*, Boston (Mass.)

At last! Some one has nerve to get nway from trash and puhlish real art—congratulations, and don't give up!

*George H. Tripp, Librarian Free Public Library*, New Bedford (Mass.)

I nm very sorry to see that HARPER'S WEEKLY had deteriorated as it has within the last four weeks. It is a poor promise for the future if we are to judge hy the so-called cartoons hy Stuart Dnvis, which have absolutely nothing to recommend them, and are about as inane products of decadent art as can be found in contemporary publications.

*Detroit* (Mich.) *Evening News*

So far the newspapers have n monopoly on masculinity, crude though much of it is. Maybe HARPER'S can help us out with leisurely developed standards of magazine art virility.

*Samuel Russell*, Salt Lake City (Utah)

You are certainly going strong for the new freedom of the feminine gender. It is nll very interesting.

Long Branch, N. J.

Norman Hapgood writes in what the *New York Sun* calls his "journal of snivilization" an nrticle on "What Women Are After." It is scarcely necessary to fill n page to enlighten us on this

subject. Women are after men and money, or perhaps better in these days—money and men. We live in hope that the new editor of HARPER'S will cultivate the boiling down process in his literature.

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Post*

Norman Hapgood says he is going to make the rejuvenated HARPER'S the organ of feminism in America. That means we are going to hear a good deal more about this movement in the future. They have been talking very frankly about it in Europe for some time. It is inevitable that what they are discussing as a human trend across the Atlantic should sooner or later become a topic of general interest in the United States. If it is indeed a human trend we are not to be left out. We are a little slower to be frank about such matters because the restraint of puritanism is still upon us, and many of us have not outgrown the idea that certain subjects are taboo. But there are indications easily visible that this restraint is chafing the minds of our thinkers.

*Moody Magazine & Book Co.* (New York)
*A. W. Ferrin, Pres.*

I have just read the current number of the "New" HARPER'S WEEKLY, in which you state editorially that your publication is the "organ of the feminist movement in America" and remark on the fact that such an article as "Unmarried Mothers" would not have been tolerated a generation ago. There are many persons who will not tolerate such articles now.

If "Feminism" means, as intimated in the article referred to, the "landing" of innocent men like James with a "Louise who has both syphilis and gonorrhea and is pregnant," the Lord have mercy on us men. It is enough to have to bear the responsibility of our own errors without having the officials of maternity hospitals conspire with their diseased inmates to place upon us the results of John Doe's doings.

*Mrs. Winnie Woodward*, Oakland (Cal.)

I just read your article headed unmarried mothers, and oh, I want to praise you for having such articles printed. I have been a social worker in a private way in connection with my profession as a nurse and in connection with my Christian Endeavor work, and oh, the heartaches one meets, the sorrow before which one stands dumb, and all because—all because—mothers think so little of their high calling that they actually think it a disgrace and think their girls impure if they begin to question about these things. Oh, Mr. Editor, go on with your great work, go on and many saved girls' bodies will be the result.

*San Diego* (Calif.) *Tribune*

In HARPER'S WEEKLY, Mary Roberts Coolidge, who appends doctor (or doctress) of philosophy to her name, sneers through two pages of excellent characterization of our world-famed Bull Moose legislature.

There are rude cynics who aver that women cannot reason and that they jump at their conclusions from the altitude of their intuition; but there are doctors of philosophy who, while not taking the trouble to deny the cynicism, insist that a woman's "intuition" or whatever it may be called is usually more accurate and substantial than the boasted "reason" of most men. But whether Dr. Coolidge was guided by her reason or her intuition it must be confessed that she gauged that Bull Moose legislature in the plenitude of its mooseness very close to its real measure; and she threatens that the next session there will be another circle of women, "larger, more assured, more obstinate, and with more experience in the psychological practice of legislators."

Wherefore it is prescribed in the litany of that legislature: From battle, murder, sudden death, and these women, Good Lord, deliver us!

*Winnepeg* (Canada) *Saturday Post*

Norman Hapgood, the new editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, has enunciated an editorial policy for his journal which is to include a consistent advocacy of all that is proven best in the great modern woman's movement. He sees in that movement, as must all unprejudiced students of the trend of the times, not merely an agitation to be condemned or supported as the mood dictates, but a deep, universal upheaval with which we must all reckon in the most intelligent manner of which we are capable.

*The Philadelphia* (Pa.) *Anatomical Record*

Anatomists and zoölogists, as well as other investigators who are adding so materially to the fundamental knowledge upon which scientific medicine is based, who depend upon the use of living animals for their researches, will be gratified to realize that one of the leading popular magazines has taken a firm stand in favor of medical progress.

*Eugene W. Carr*, Salisbury (N. C.)

I wish every schoolboy in America could know and appreciate the full meaning of your article on heroism. You have given us a sermon in your few words on justice, and every true patriot's heart will beat faster if he reads what you have to say on, "What is a nation?" You appeal to our risibilities when you talk about Baseball English, and to the aesthetic side of our natures when you quote us Alfred de Vigny on beauty; and add your own words of wisdom to his. But the fitting climax to all is your beautiful prose poem on "Instinct" which suggests that human nature is the same now as it was in 1500 B. C., that the maternal instinct and mother love is the greatest thing in the world, "The hope of the nation", and that nature indeed takes care of us.

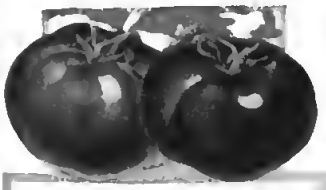
I am glad you are back at the editorial desk. "One of the virtues of the crowd is that it likes to listen to the leaders" of thought.

*George C. Paine*, Aberdeen (Miss.)

The pictures are daub! Can't you improve on this department? The editorial department is *namby-pamby, shilly-shally*. HARPER'S WEEKLY deserves better treatment.

*The Vagabond, Mineral Wells* (Tex.)

Emerson, in one of his Essays, says something about what happens when a thinker is turned loose in the world. With Norman Hapgood as the new editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY we have an instance of a modern thinker turned loose in a very complex world. The first two numbers of HARPER'S show a marked change in the policy and make-up of the WEEKLY and the publication is destined to great achievements. Norman Hapgood is the most powerful editorial writer of this age, and for vision and scholarship he has no superior.

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*Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government*

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*Amelia von Ende*, Takoma Park (D. C.)

I have just seen a copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY, the first since I went abroad some two years ago, and I am especially delighted with your intention of handling such problems as "Unmarried Mothers."

The problem has for some years been studied and freely discussed by German feminists and sociologists, men and women.

*Modeste Hannis Jordan*, New York City

I am editor of a successful magazine, president and treasurer of a publishing company, National President of The Human Welfare League—and I haven't a vote! My porter has, and my negro janitor has, but I haven't. I pay my tax to the state, regularly and promptly, and I haven't a vote! I am a woman!

*Milwaukee* (Wis.) *Press*

It is becoming the popular fad nowadays for those behind the footlights as with others who are constantly before the public to fall in line whenever Norman Hapgood's premier brand of feminism is challenged and vehemently to declare they were addicted to the gospel of equal rights long before even its able masculine standard bearer came forth to battle in its defense.

*Columbia* (S. C.) *State*

Senator Tillman's speech against woman suffrage has aroused HARPER'S WEEKLY but, never mind, Norman, the South Carolina suffragette party will attend to him when she gets a chance.

*Clifford Howard*, Editor of *The Woman's Bulletin*, Los Angeles (Cal.)

Naturally, I am keenly interested in your magazine as the avowed organ of the Woman's cause. The epiphany of the new woman undoubtedly calls for recognition thru some such national medium; and that HARPER'S WEEKLY should be that medium is indeed cause for gratification.

*Belle Ferguson Beers*, New York

I wish to add my quota to the expressions of opinion concerning the "new" HARPER'S WEEKLY. This is to praise the quiet, conservative, uniform cover design. It is indeed refreshing after the lurid, screaming, shrieking covers that we have been (and are) compelled to look at on every hand. That you will continue the policy and that others will follow your most excellent example is devoutly to be hoped.

*Ingalls Kimball*, New York City

Your publication is a nuisance.

In the conduct of an advertising business, it is essential that I should know something about all prominent publications no matter how inadequate that something be.

When I got back from Europe the other day I undertook to glance through several copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

I thought half an hour would do.

This glancing has resulted in my sending out for the earlier issues, and aside from the fiction and the stage, I think I have read everything you have printed from the beginning.

Obviously it is out of the question for me to give one publication as much time as this sort of thing takes.

What is worse, I have actually bought several copies for real money, and sent them away to people.

So the expense has become now not only one of time but of money.

Something must really be done about it.

58

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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LOS ANGELES CA

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 18, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

*IN THIS ISSUE*

A Corner on Sadie

Society You Read About

Bird for Governor

Safety on Railroads

*AND*

HOW MURPHY WORKS
Revealed by an assemblyman

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

Mr Field's favorite trick of poking his finger periodically in Mr. Weber's eye is worth a large fortune.

# *The Mechanics of Emotion*

**By George M. Cohan**

An article by one of the most thoroughly equipped experts in the theatrical world. The playwrights' "bag-of-tricks" is open to plain view.

Laugh provokers, tear producers and thrills, we learn are staples just like groceries. Whatever class of theatrical merchandise is desired is always found on the shelf ready for immediate use.

The playwright knows that we all laugh at the same things, cry at the same things and are thrilled by the same things.

His work for the most part is artless, simple and mechanical. He has not invented his tools—he has inherited them.

An interesting contribution that frankly tells the inner secrets of the playmaking trade, and classifies the mechanics of emotion in a manner resembling a mail order catalogoe.

# *Anthony The Absolute*

**A Short Novel**

**By Samuel Merwin**

*Author of*

***The Miss Austin Stories***

*"In that world there is nothing man does not do to woman, or that woman does not do to man."*

An adventure story that is startling and strikingly original with the mysterious "somewheres East of Soez" for its locale.

Adventure follows upon adventure; mystery upon mystery.

The real Orient, with its glamour, its crime, its ages-old fatalism, is vividly portrayed.

A tense, gripping story that will make a profound impression.

**Mr. Cohan's article appears in the November number. Mr. Merwin's story will run through several issues, beginning with the November issue.**

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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Arthur S. Moore, Secretary — NEW YORK — Horace W. Paine, Treasurer

John Drew in "The Tyranny of Tears", now being revived in conjunction with the new Barrie play called "The Will"

Drawn by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2963 | *Week ending Saturday, October* 18, 1913 | [10 Cents a Copy $5 00 a year

## The Money Trust

PROGRESSIVE legislation is always opposed, and then, after it has been tried out, it is likely to be supported most energetically by the same conservative classes who objected in the first place. We believe most earnestly that the Currency Bill ought to be passed at this session, and that, after it is passed, no retreat will ever be made. Any further changes will be in the direction of strengthening it, as, although it is a decided step in advance, it by no means ultimately solves the problem of credit. Some people still say that no money trust exists, although the number who make that statement is much smaller than it was before the investigation by the Pujo Committee and the widespread discussion of the Currency Bill. In our opinion, Mr. Brandeis understands financial matters as well as anybody in the United States, and he is nearly always able, when he objects to a condition, to offer a constructive plan for betterment. He has the mind of a great business man combined with the outlook of a philosopher, and very democratic sympathies. His series called "Breaking the Money Trust" will begin in our issue of November 8. The first two articles are largely a diagnosis of the situation. The next six deal mainly with remedies. The ninth will show the general gain in economic and social efficiency that may be expected as the result of the decentralization of power. It will bring out, among other things, the remarkable results which have been attained in England in connection with wholesale coöperation, where thirty-six men, none of whose salaries exceeds eighteen hundred dollars a year, are conducting a business of $150,000,000, in successful competition with the best capitalist manufacturing producing and merchandising businesses in England. Some idea of the scope of the series may be gained from such titles as these:

Our Financial Oligarchy
How the Combiners Combine
Interlocking Directorates
Serve One Master Only
What Publicity Will Do
Where the Banker Is Superfluous
The Curse of Bigness
Banks That Are Not Such
The Inefficiency of the Oligarchs

The era of destructive criticism has been a valuable and necessary one, but the country is now calling for constructive thought. Pointing out the evils of the present credit situation is interesting, but it is preliminary to the task of explaining how business and credit *ought* to be controlled, and that is the task undertaken in this series.

## Using Power

IF Secretary McAdoo had not at the right moment decided to use the powers of his office in behalf of the business interests of the country, we might easily have had a panic. The banks thought at first that they could not furnish what money was needed, but as soon as Mr. McAdoo announced that if the banks did not furnish it he would furnish it the bankers suddenly decided it was possible. Those individuals who were afraid that the Wilson administration would be a failure through unwillingness to use sufficient power must have learned a good deal already.

## Bird

BOTH of the old parties in Massachusetts need a lesson. Neither can be trusted to carry out to any reasonable extent the wishes of the people and the needs of the State. Mr. Bird is ideally suited for the governorship. His election on November fourth would do much to keep Massachusetts in that proud position of leadership which she has always so highly deserved.

## John Purroy Mitchel

MR. MITCHEL is entirely fitted for mayor of New York. The time should be past when we are afraid of young men. Although only thirty-four years old, he has been in active public life seven years, in positions of great responsibility dealing with exactly the most important business questions that will be before him as mayor. Those who know him best trust him most. He has a quick, clear mind, administrative ability, absolute frankness and courage, and an enthusiastic interest in those problems which confront the city. He is a combination of progressiveness and caution. He is attractive, manly, full of humor, broad in sympathy. He believes in those changes in which the most intelligent thinkers believe, but he fully realizes that they can be made only under right conditions. The men on the ticket with him are the best and most experienced business men who could be found. If the ticket is elected, New York will have the most satisfactory city government it has ever had in its history.

## McCall, Murphy, Croker

MR. RICHARD CROKER stated on the witness stand many years ago that he worked for his own pocket all the time. That



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remark has entered into history. He also stated that Van Wyck was a mayor who was absolutely satisfactory to him. He has recently declared that McCall would also be the kind of mayor who would be satisfactory to him, and on this last question, as on the two others, there can be no possible doubt of Mr. Croker's accuracy. McCall, Murphy, and Croker have taken the same attitude toward the forthcoming election. They took the same attitude toward Sulzer and toward Gaynor. They are all perfect types of the Tammany product. If McCall is elected, Murphy will not only rule the City. He will rule the State.

## A Quality of Shelley

THE most poetical of English poets, probably, since the Elizabethans, is also the one who says the profoundest and wisest things in a line or two in passing. You remember Alastor, the Spirit of Solitude, who was not understood by cottager, or mountaineer, or child,

> . . . but youthful maidens, *taught*
> *By nature*, would interpret half the woe
> That wasted him.

The italics, it need scarcely be said, are not Shelley's, who stoops not to such emphasis.

Here is a summary of a great man:

> Sydney, as he fought
> And as he fell and as he lived and loved,
> *Sublimely mild.*

How swift is this:

> . . . those cruel twins—
> Error and Truth.

And what depths has this:

> If you divide suffering and dross, you may
> Diminish till it is consumed away;
> If you divide pleasure and love and thought,
> Each part excels the whole.

Well known, indeed, is that one line:

> He hath awakened from the dream of life.

Well known, and a frequent thought, and only a line; but where has it been better said? How different in meaning it is from Shakespeare's:

> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

and certainly it carries its less bitter meaning not less well.

Putting great spiritual truth into few words, is, indeed, not a surprising quality in a poet, but the essence of what makes poetry.

## East and West

MANY quotations are used in so incomplete a manner as to give an entirely wrong idea of their meaning. Take "The play's the thing," for instance. Usually it is used as an argument that the play itself, rather than the acting or setting, is the important thing. As a matter of fact, Hamlet was not making a philosophic remark at all at the moment, but merely saying that a certain play was the thing with which he would catch the conscience of the king.

A more important misinterpretation is the use of a line of Kipling's to indicate the hopelessness of the Orient and the Occident understanding each other. If you say that

> East is East and West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet—

and stop there, it sounds rather discouraging; but suppose you finish the sentence:

> Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
> God's great Judgment-Seat;
> But there is neither East nor West,
> Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face,
> Tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

When you have read it all, you get the entirely different impression that, although differences must continue to exist, the best types of mind will be able completely to understand one another. Probably a few simple changes will make this ability much greater. President Eliot, who is constantly saying original things in a simple way, pointed out the fact that the Chinese have not yet learned inductive reasoning. It is a mere accident of tradition and convention that they have not, for they certainly are entirely capable of it; and when they do learn it, that one thing alone will bring them immeasurably nearer to our Western point of view.

A boy scout of Amsterdam, Holland, not long ago wrote to a boy scout in China, whose name he selected at random, and his letter was to this general effect: You and I have skins of different color, and I do not stand for the things that you stand for, but that seems to me no reason why we should not correspond and be friends.

## Sad

IN a certain issue of *Collier's* appeared an editorial called "Misinformation," in which the author deals severely with Mr. Charles Zuehlin's "Political Snapshots" that appeared in this paper. The chastisement was administered not only to Mr. Zuehlin but to "every hasty-spirited radical who doesn't take time to bother about facts." By the time we had finished this editorial, our usually exuberant spirits were slightly chastened, and we passed on to the next. The opening words were, "Many of the stern young moralists who are winning fame by their pictures," and these stern young moralists were scolded because the people they draw are "gawky, greasy, febrile, and mean"; because they were "doing contemptible things in a graceless animal sort of fashion"; because "their backgrounds are dingy, tawdry, and slovenly or unsanitary." Now we feel particularly guilty in allowing to appear in our paper any artist whose backgrounds are unsanitary. No one hereafter will draw anything for HARPER'S WEEKLY that does not show people who wear good clothes, are well nourished, good to their aunts, and live against perfectly sanitary backgrounds. The author picks out Mr. Bellows, for particular chastisement, saying: "They prove it by drawing a revolting bunch of cats and dogs prowling about some overturned garbage cans." He thinks that our artists ought to

depict courtesy in the subway and devotion to duty in the shops. We may or may not be able to find artists who will furnish us with a series of pictures depicting spiritual individuals carrying out the ten commandments, but whether or not we are able to make good on what is popularly known as idealism, we shall, unless we cool off later, post in the office a rule against the depiction of such horrible sights as dogs prowling in the early morning or men and women showing the follies of human nature. Down with satire, say we, and up with the valentine and the Christmas card. Hereafter, we promise to be good!

## Pretty Women, Etc.

SOMETIMES it seems, from looking at newspapers and magazines, as if pretty women, wealth, and baseball were the only interests in our land of liberty that are universal. Let us realize, however, that improvement would consist, not in diminishing these interests, but in increasing others. What were the prevailing interests of Greece at her greatest period? They were wealth and other forms of success, athletics, and human beauty—between them and us the difference under the last head being that they were as much interested in the beauty of men as in the beauty of women. The picture of Jason is thus drawn by Pinder:

"So in the fullness of time he came, wielding two spears, a wondrous man; and the vesture that was on him was twofold, the garb of the Magnetes country close fitting to his splendid limbs; but above he wore a leopard's skin to turn the hissing showers; nor were the bright locks of his hair shorn from him, but over all his back ran rippling down. Swiftly he went straight on, and took his stand, making trial of his dauntless soul, in the market-place when the multitude was full."

Obviously, today we write like that only about women. Socrates is emphatic about the pleasure it gives him to talk about living women rather than dead art. It was in the variety of their intellectual interests that the Athenian public differed from us, and in the distinction and seriousness with which it followed up its interests. Pericles said: "We provide plenty of means for men to refresh themselves from business. We have games and sacrifices throughout the year." The men refreshing themselves from business, however, went to the greatest tragedies written. The Greeks had nothing corresponding to our musical comedy.

If we want to approach in culture the city which, with less than 200,000 inhabitants, produced in one short period more great men of genius than the whole world has now, the way to do it is not to be scornful of the simple and universal interests, but to fit those very interests into a scheme of life and a point of view that have not only energy but also proportion and refinement.

## A Key-note

A CAREFUL READER of this WEEKLY suggests that the standpoint of the publication, the spirit it ought to recommend, almost its motto, should be found in these verses of Euripides, in which one of the Greek gods is thus described:

> "No grudge hath he of the great,
> No scorn of the mean estate;
> But to all that liveth his mind he giveth,
> Griefless, immaculate;
> *Only to them that spurn*
> *Joy*, may his anger burn."

Would, indeed, our country might live up to that. And there are other splendid and superbly modern touches in the same chorus in the "Bacchus":

> "A God of Heaven is he,
> And born in majesty;
> Yet hath he mirth in the joy of the Earth,
> And he loveth constantly
> Her who brings increase,
> The Feeder of Children, Peace. . . .
>
> Love then the Day and the Night;
> Be glad of the Dark and the Light . . .
> The simple nameless herd of humanity
> Hath deeds and faith that are true enough for me!"

Thus nearly two thousand and four hundred years ago, centuries before the birth of Christ, were spoken words which have not been surpassed in fitness to the ideal which humanity endeavors to work out today,—the spirit of joy, combined with the love of men. Murray, whose translations have recently made the *soul* of Euripides accessible to millions, says of Herodotus that the charm of his work often seems to be mainly in a certain strong and kindly joyousness, persistent even amid his most horrifying stories, which must have been the spirit of Athens before it was strangled and supplanted by the spirit of the Peloponnesian war. Herodotus said, "It is clear, not alone in one thing, but wherever you test it, *what a good thing is equality among men.*"

While a few of our journals, politicians, and investors are howling at President Wilson for a trivial war read this:

> "Great Heaven, set both out plain, and all can tell
> The False word from the True, and Ill from Well,
> And how much Peace is better! Dear is Peace
> To every Muse; she walks her ways and sees
> No haunting Spirit of Judgment. Glad is she
> With noise of happy children running free."

We Americans today may also heed what was said by Cleon, successor of Pericles: "Democracy cannot govern an empire,"—said when the spirit of conquest was destroying the spirit of democracy in Greece. Thucydides tells how war took away from Greece the higher natives, and frantic energy became the quality most prized. "Inferior characters succeeded best. The highest kinds of men were too thoughtful, and were swept aside." A striking feature of Euripides is that he puts many of his most nobly ethical lines in the mouths of women. Says Hecuba, in bitterness:

> "There is no free man in all this world!
> Slaves of possessions, slaves of fortune, hurled
> This way and that. Or else the multitude
> Hath hold on him: or laws of stone and wood
> Constrain, and will not let him use the soul
> Within him!"

Can that be bettered? And Euripides was driven from decaying Athens!

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*During rainy afternoons society finds diversion in auction bridge*

# Society You Read About

By HARRISON RHODES

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

IT is not given to all of us to be "in society"—that indeed we may naïvely and modestly assume to be the essence of "society's" exclusiveness—but it is possible for all of us to know all about it. This privilege is freely extended to us by the newspapers. Their survey of "society" is so able and magnificent that it is sheer folly to attempt to secure first-hand knowledge. Indeed those who have at all penetrated those sacred regions and have returned in brief periods of social inactivity to enliven us who sit patiently outside the gates report that real "society" is much less glittering, passionate, and vile than newspaper "society". Who, in his senses, confronted with such a choice, could fail to prefer the richer picture from the editorial rooms? If "society" is not what the newspapers say it is—well, so much the worse for "society".

The first thing to be observed about "society" is what might be termed its prevalence. Now you and I have lived in Centerville—or at least we have visited our cousins there. We never thought there was anything like "society" in the town. Cousin Emma never had parties, but in any case she would have asked everyone she knew except the village idiot and the village drunkard. She didn't "dine out". She didn't divorce Cousin Elwell. But when she was in that railway accident going to Chicago she was described in all the papers as a "society leader" of Centerville. It is just possible that if she had not had her hip injured we should never have known that she was a woman of fashion.

ONE of the most curious things about life, as one can learn about it from the newspapers, is that nothing much happens in this world except to people in society. To take a very obvious example, the simpler pleasures of the operation for appendicitis; a woman has no chance unless she has some social standing. If one is to judge by the papers, in the frame of a female without position the appendix remains permanently immured, beyond the reach of surgery. At least every woman whose visit to a hospital is noted is invariably described as a "society woman". In the matter of an automobile accident there is a curious and interesting exception—it may happen to a "show-girl". Otherwise the victim is always a "society woman" unless she is "wife or daughter of a millionaire", another class very much favored by the incidents and accidents of life, which, however, may be assumed to be synonymous with the society group. And divorces seem almost never applied for except by society women—whether the others don't want them or couldn't get them remains mysterious. Unconsciously our minds



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become accustomed to this great newspaper view of life. Such a head-line for example as:

"BAIL Denied to Society Woman Accused of Blackmail" attracts no special attention from us. That is to say that we assume that anyone engaged in blackmail and consequently denied bail will be a society woman. This is the class for whom life is rich and melodramatic, lived fully and freely. Take the mere matter of murdering and being murdered (one of our leading sports to judge by the papers); these are activities from which women not in society are to all intents and purposes excluded. Who ever heard of a dismembered body dragged from a dark river which was not that of a young society woman? What unhappy husband, dying of a slow and subtle poison, is not thus paying the penalty for having married some bright ornament of the inner circle? What human vulture ever succeeded in luring away, for the vile purposes of his slave-trade, anyone but a pure young "society girl"? It really does seem as if these people had all the luck.

Privileged as "society" people thus exclusively are, to enjoy the deeper and more poignant experiences of life, they are equally fortunate in its lighter and brighter happenings. So many things seem to happen merely that they may be "among those present". When, for example, an especially pleasant divorce case takes place, or Harry K. Thaw makes a peculiarly piquant appearance before a judge, it is interesting to note, invariably, in the papers that "in the court room were women prominent in the city's social life". Of course they were there, bless them; their presence seems indeed the only thing which gives the tired old world courage to go on.

The writer saw, last June, the international polo games on Long Island, and was interested not only in the matches, but in the diverse character of the twenty or thirty thousand who made up the attendance. He learned soon enough the folly of thinking or observing for himself. The newspapers headed their accounts, "Society Enjoys Polo" and he realized that this, after all, was what really mattered.

The phrase is characteristic; it is to be noted that "society" not merely *saw* the polo, it *enjoyed* it, as a matter of course. It enjoys everything, its life is evidently one continuous high sparkle. For example after a dismal day and night of bad weather in town you get your morning paper and find that the glad news has been flashed over the wires from Newport, "During rainy afternoon society finds diversion in auction bridge". Now when it rains in the country people *not* in society curse and revile the climate; then turn sullenly to the card table as a last hopeless resort and find very little diversion in it. Not so society; *they* have an inextinguishable *joie de vivre*, they take up auction on a bad afternoon with that high bright courage with which the aristocrats of the French Revolution faced the tumbrils.

EVERY little event in their lives seems to take on a golden charm. Sometimes for example you take up the paper and find that among those entertaining at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton last night were—perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Jnmes Brown of St. Louis. Their guests were the Misses Grace and Trixie Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Everard Skinner of New York (Mrs. Skinner was Miss Celeste Brown) and Master Fred Harcourt Brown. By this you know that the reporter knows that the James Browns are society people out there. If they had not been the whole thing would have been just a family dinner, no dinner-party, and there would have been no question whatever of "entertainment" involved.

The moment is perhaps appropriate for a personal reminiscence, for the anecdote of the one delightful though still inexplicable occasion when some newspaper reporter evidently was under the impression that the writer was "in society". It was a January morning when he woke up and turning naturally at once to the society news read that "among those entertaining" the evening before at the Knickerbocker had been,—to his intense bewilderment and delight—himself. After a little he grew calmer and he could remember. He had been going to the play, quite alone. He had been late. At ten minutes before eight, he had ordered roast beef for one, fresh string beans, a Scotch high-ball and a small cup of coffee. The bill had been $1.70 and he had tipped the waiter a quarter. At ten minutes past eight he had left for the theatre. These are *the facts*. But once he had been mistaken for a person in society everything of course became different. He was "among those entertaining" because society people are always either entertaining or being entertained. As a matter of fact, when you come to think of it, a man dining alone really combines very happily both functions; the writer now wished he could have read "Among those entertaining and being entertained was——"

A LIFE "in society" is evidently a thing quite apart from life anywhere else. For example one is constantly reading something like this, "Millionaire's daughter gives up society to become teacher". It is hard to understand. One might suppose that even a teacher would like to keep some of her old friends, could find an occasional evening to dine out, or to visit the opera or a play; that one, in short, could be "in society" and still exercise some slight personal choice as to which of its varied pleasnres one would accept, instead of behaving like a python. But this is evidently not possible. A recent article ended with an absolutely heart-breaking description of such a "society girl" putting away forever the frocks she had worn "in society" and would never wear again in Brooklyn or Salina or wherever it was she was going to live. You cannot, in short, be in newspaper society and be like any human creature that ever was by sea or land.

What, in Heaven's name, to speak quite seriously, is the use of writing and printing such arrant nonsense? The point is not, in the least, that the people written about either as in or as out of society are misrepresented; that would really be of no very great importance. What is misrepresented is our national good sense and our American good taste. Is it or is it not true that the only fact which interests us in our fellow citizens is that they are "in society"? We are, of course, according to the papers, violently interested in them when they are rich, but this in the journalistic cosmos is the same thing as being fashionable. The morning papers tell us that at a ball on board an incoming trans-Atlantic liner the fortunes of "those present" amounted to a billion dollars. This may well be, but what of it? Is it true that we are so vulgar that this fact is what chiefly catches our attention about any set of ladies and gentlemen dancing? That a ball of such elegant size can exist upon a steamship is piquant; it is a bit of news which, without stirring anyone to the depths, may be presumed to please all. But just the sum total of their fortunes——!

SOCIETY does exist, there is no intention here of questioning that fact. But does it not exist side by side with, suplementary to, other activities? Is it not conceivable that the thrice-happy people in it do not consider it the whole end and aim of life? And if so, is it not unwise to teach the great mass of newspaper readers that somewhere, in the golden midst of millions, there goes on this radiant sacrosanct existence, which, though led apparently by utter fools, is still the one thing which can give publicity and excite interest? If we are not all snobs, is it worth while to try so hard to make us so?

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# Bird for Governor

By FREDERICK T. FULLER

*Charles Sumner Bird*

UNLESS the foresight of a good many experienced politicians is at fault, Massachusetts is likely to elect in November a governnr nf a rare, if not a vanishing type, a candidate of whom it may be said without any tinge of the common office-seeking cant that he is in the field against his own inclinations, simply because he has been forced to believe that in this way better than in any other he can contribute to the triumph of the fundamental principles of the Progressive program and that if he had refused to run no one else at present available could at all have made good his place. And it is certain that if elected Charles Sumner Bird will mainly owe his success neither to the strength of the Progressive party nor to the divisions in both opposing camps, but to the fact that, in his campaign, he convinced the rank and file of the voters not only of his disinterested sincerity but of his preëminent fitness for the highest office in the gift of the citizens of the state.

I shall not soon forget Mr. Bird's début as a campaign speaker in Tremont Temple, little more than a year ago. When as a friend and fellow-townsman I was urging him, a few weeks before, to reconsider his first positive refusal to be a candidate, he pleaded his entire lack of experience and training as a public speaker, and I assured him that in my experience as a political reporter I had always noticed that plain, business-like talks, such as I had heard from him in town meetings, carried more weight and made more votes than the most eloquent efforts of trained special pleaders; and yet I confess that when he rose before that great and highly intelligent audience I was not wholly confident of the result. Certainly, the graces of oratory were seldnm mnre conspicuously absent than on that occasion. Tall, gaunt and angular, closely tied to a manuscript from which he read in a high, strained voice and with occasional difficulties of deciphering, Mr. Bird made use of hut a single gesture —a stiffly up-pointing forefinger waved to and fro with more or less vigor as the requirements of emphasis appeared to demand—and gave other tokens of the physical discomfort of a tyro at public speaking. But I was delighted to see that the impression made on tbe audience by the evident sincerity of the speaker and the good sense and generous feeling of his address were strengthened rather than weakened hy these technical defects. From several groups near me I heard such comments as: "That man is no politician! He means what he says, and knows what he is talking abont!" And the heartiness of the applause which punctuated aod followed his speech was so unmistakably genuine as to show that such was the common lmpression. In the following eampaign Mr. Bird, speaking almost daily to audiences of all sorts and sizes, of course soon acquired the faculty of speaking freely without any close dependence on manuscript or notes; hut he retained throughout what seems to me his chief political asset, the ahility of impressing upon his hearers a conviction of his sincerity and earnestness and also of his sane and thorough mastery of the topics in hand.

IT was an instance of Mr. Bird's generosity to those in his employ that first aroused my interest in bim. It was in 1906, soon after I came to live in Walpole. A near neighbor of mine, a young man who had worked up through the mechanical department of the Bird mill and had become a draughtsman at a comfortable salary, was working after office hours one day when an important machine became disabled. The mechanic in charge of the machine had gone home. As my friend had formerly worked in this department he volunteered to put the mechanism in runniog order. In doing so his rigbt hand was caught in the gears and so mangled that his forearm had to he amputated. Mr. Bird was away at the time, but on his returo telephoned to learn the extent of the injury. When told that the right arm was gone he said: "Tell Ralph that it is his brain and not his arm that I have been paying for, and that his job is all right just the same."

AS to the loyalty of Mr. Bird's employees there is indeed no manner of douht, and such instances as I have mentioned have of course a good deal to do with it. Any one of his older workmen will eagerly cite to you parallel cases showiog that this put-yourself-in-his-place attitude is not an occasional impulse hut a matter of habit. Here is another instance. A couple of years ago, to test the applicability to his industry of the new theories of "scientific management," Mr. Bird put an efficieney expert in temporary command of certain departments, with full powers as to employment and discharge. A week or so later he happened to meet, leaving the yard at an unusual hour, an old man who for many years had been one of the lower grade of helpers about the mill. Mr. Bird asked where the old man was going. "The efficiency shark has bouneed me," said the poor old fellow. The "shark" explained, and proved that the discharged man was entirely unable to fit into the new scheme or give a fair return for his wages. It was impossible, of course, to override the expert's authority; but Mr. Bird directed that the old man be given some simple work in the factory and placed upon his—Mr. Bird's—private pay-roll.

BUT the enthusiastic loyalty of Mr. Bird's employees appears to rest less on these individual instances of generous consideration than upon the whole tenor of his treatment of those in his employ. It is not too much to say that, from the moment when he established his business upon a firm and prosperous footing, his constant aim has been to share the benefits of prosperity with his employees as fully and as rapidly as the exigencies of business competition would permit. Speaking to him one day of Socialism, I said that the Socialists of my acquaintance could have no quarrel with millionaires such as he, who have accumulated wealth hy the creation and introduetion of a produet of real economic value, but only with the great fortunes that are due to inheritance, unearned increments, speculation, or predatory activities and represent no fair equivalent of service or helpful activity on the part of their possessors.

"Ah, but," he said, "I often doubt whether I have not received more than my fair share of the rewards of our industry!"

Impelled, no douht, in part, hy this unusual scruple, Mr. Bird a dozen years ago, when all his competitors were operating their mills on two daily shifts of twelve bours each, cbanged over to three shdts of eight hours without reducing the wages of bis tour-workers, an incident nnique, so far as I have ever beard, in the history of competitive history. He has also voluntarily reduced the hours of his day

workers from ten to nine, and has granted the Saturday half-holiday, all without reduction of pay—in refreshing contrast to the course of such concerns as the American Woolen Company, which, after a dozen years of enormous profits, deducted two-fifty-sixths of the meagre contents of the operatives' pay envelopes when the legislature reduced the hours of labor from 56 to 54 a week. Among the many other evidences of his sincere desire to "pass prosperity around"—long before the birth of the new party slogan—may be mentioned his fixing for his unskilled men workers a minimum wage of $1.75 a day, his liberal financial aid to a mutual benefit association of his employees, his provision of a free hall, reading-room and pleasure grounds for their use, and an arrangement by which the employees who hire his tenements may become home-owners after paying a moderate rental for a certain number of years.

IN view of all these facts it is not surprising that, although Mr. Bird is a firm friend of trade unionism and would gladly see his employees organized, they have never considered it to their advantage to become so; nor that Mr. Bird himself is convinced that not compulsory arbitration but the removal of just grounds for complaint is the true remedy for labor troubles and the one reliable specific against industrial revolution. And yet all that he has done is regarded by him as little more than tentative in solving the problem of a just distribution of the rewards of labor. When a suggestion was made last winter by influential Democrats in the legislature (a suggestion also welcomed by some independent Republicans, that if he would allow the use of his name he would very probably be chosen to succeed Senator Crane by the addition of enough anti-Weeks Republicans to the solid Democratic vote to control the joint convention, the chief reason he gave me for positively refusing his consent was that if such a scheme should succeed and he be obliged to spend his time in Washington for six or more years it would be impossible for him to carry out his cherished plan of devoting his declining years to devising and working out some profit-sharing or coöperative arrangement under which the Bird mills might reasonably be expected to continue as a great and growing benefit to the operatives and to the whole community when he can no longer direct its affairs.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Bird has had neither leisure nor inclination for politics or office-seeking he has always taken a keen interest in town affairs, and his fellow-townsmen have many permanent reminders of his public spirit. For several years he accepted the office of superintendent of highways, and besides devoting much of his own time to their supervision employed at his own expense a civil engineer as his deputy, supplied improved road-making machinery free of cost to the town, and drew freely on his own bank account to supplement insufficient appropriations. The charming village of Walpole Center owes much of its attractiveness to the expense incurred by him in beautifying the village green, and the transformation of the extensive high-school grounds from unsightliness to beauty is largely due to his generosity also. The unobtrusiveness of all these and many similar contributions to the common good is highly characteristic of the man—there is nothing to show that they are due to the generosity of a private giver.

MANY other New England towns have in recent years been beautified by private munificence, but unhappily often there is a drawback which must largely lessen the satisfaction of both giver and receiver, who can hardly avoid the occasional reflection that but for the ever-present offence of tax-dodging there would be no lack of public funds for these and other public purposes. Were it not for the almost universal habit of our men of wealth—excused but hardly justified by the alleged injustice of our tax laws—of evading assessment upon a large part of their personal property, a habit, which I fear, has tainted the integrity of more than one former governor of Massachusetts, it would be almost an insult to enumerate among Mr. Bird's good points the fact that he is no tax-dodger! How old-fashioned his ideas are on this subject may be gathered from the following anecdote, vouched for by one of the Walpole assessors. For a number of years the assessors, after the manner of their tribe in many a country town, had been extremely lenient in their dealings with the larger tax-payers, especially on the score of personal property. Certain fellows of the baser sort, instigated by some demagogue who made them believe that whatever tax legally due from a rich man was evaded by him and had to be made good, directly or indirectly, by his poorer neighbors, raised a rumpus in town meeting and put in a brand-new board of assessors, who thereupon sent to all the tax-payers a circular telling them what personal property was taxable and asking for full returns. Mr. Bird sent for one of the assessors, went over the list with him, and told him that he had supposed many of the items not to be subject to taxation. With the assessor's aid, he made out a return increasing his assessment some $85,000; and thereafter supplied the assessors, year by year, with vouchers showing the cost of every new piece of machinery and all other facts and figures likely to help them in making his assessment complete.

ENOUGH has perhaps been said to explain why Mr. Bird's fellow-townsmen, who up to last year have been not very unevenly divided between the two old parties, though with a slight preponderance of Republican voters, gave him last year 548 votes against 144 for Foss and 93 for Walker; but other qualities than justice, generosity and conspicuous business ability are needed to account for the personal affection which he almost always inspires in those who come for any length of time into more than ordinarily intimate relations. He is not an effusive man. Many years of the sole direction of an extensive business and the absolute command of many subordinates have given him self-reliance, the habit of swift decision, and a full command of the means of terminating an interview which is wasting valuable time. Because of this his manner often seems on first acquaintance somewhat cold and repellent, an impression that is apt to be confirmed by the rather stern and severe cast of his features in repose. But on closer acquaintance one instinctively feels that this seeming austerity, like the protective coloring of some plants and animals, is external only and the natural reaction against a strenuous environment; and that the real man is revealed by the frank and cordial smile which now and then transfigures his face like a burst of sunshine on a wintry day.

I would not willingly make this sketch a flattering one, and would conclude it if I could with some allusion to offsetting shortcomings and faults; but I confess that I know of none that can fairly be cited as an imperfection in his public or private relations as a citizen, a man of business, a relative or a friend. Mr. Bird himself says that his friends are too fond of him to judge him fairly; and it may be that even my brief acquaintance has cast over me some uncanny spell. Certainly he seems to me a *rara avis* among the politicians that I have known and studied for the last forty years, and more like than any other to the political idol of my boyhood, Abraham Lincoln, in his simple tastes, crystalline sincerity, dislike of ostentation, and self-forgetting devotion to that long-dreamed-of but never yet realized form of government which shall "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free."

MR. BIRD'S election, if he is elected, will mean much to the outlook of the Progressive party in the state and nation, but very little in the way of any striking change in the trend of legislation, the administration of the public business or the enforcement of the many salutary laws which have long been a dead letter because distasteful to powerful business interests or inconvenient to the operation of the old party machines: for, as he is already partly aware but will I think still more fully realize if actually in office, a web has been woven around the chair of the "chief executive" that renders its occupant little better than a figure-head. All the important functions of the executive office are either vested in independently elected officials, whose subordinate place on the ballot makes the nominee of the dominant party organization ordinarily sure of success, or confided to irresponsible commissions whose majority control the governor could not change in one year, even if his ostensible power of appointment were not made nugatory by the veto of an irresponsible and intensely partisan executive council. Furthermore the executive office is overwhelmed by an avalanche of routine duties either trivial in their nature or wrongly assigned—hundreds of subordinate appointments that should be made by heads of departments or by the courts, and the examination of hundreds of individual salary increases or other petty or special statutes which waste the time of the legislature also—to such an extent that the most conscientious and hard-working governor has little leisure for the study of important questions of State. Fortunately Mr. Bird, thanks to an iron constitution and a life-long fidelity to simple and abstemious habits, is at the age of fifty-eight in the prime of his physical and mental powers, and can endure without apparent distress an amount of sustained effort that was the wonder and envy of his associates in last year's campaign. Still the fact remains that even superhuman industry and endurance could accomplish but little under such hampered conditions; and perhaps the most to be hoped under the circumstances is that as governor he may find some time, and a little better viewpoint than that of a private citizen, to study our frame of government, and may gain a wider influence in persuading the voters to amend it.

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# A Corner on Sadie

*A story of social adventure in a Western University*

By HELEN STARR

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

*"An argument was certainly going on"*

I LIVE in New York where the women of the State have not yet presented the ladies with the vote, but I wonder if the fair sex is not pretty much mixed up in politics anyway. For example, today I patched up a fuss in the Ladies' Aid Society. I counted ten dozen spoons before accusing the cook of something I was sure of and gave a dinner in honor of a man from Detroit who knows the future of oil in Texas. A day of political manoeuvering when I wanted to embroider!

Made me think back six years to rushing season at college—that two weeks of furious entertaining and string pulling each fall when we vied with the Kappa Fees, the Gemmas and a dozen other sororities for a few paltry freshmen.

Letters came from alumnae, men with sweethearts from their home town and sisters of our last year's beaux telling us so and so was a wonderful girl and ought to be asked to join Rappa because she was our "type."

There were many factors to be reckoned with in rushing. It took some head work to counteract such diverting influences as the new tennis court behind the Kalfa Fee house, the presence of the daughter of the State's governor in the Gemma house and the cook at the Zelta house who could turn out French pastry at a minute's notice. Some freshies were strong for a studious atmosphere, others wanted a butterfly existence—we had to study each case and figure out an individual system of capture.

The year of the Sadie episode was my fourth at Langford.

Sorority house cleaning was on when I arrived. The Fashion Aid, the show piece of our crowd and the last word in togs about the campus was mopping suds over the library winduw, Carrie Cupid was chasing cobwebs with a couple of Sophs, and the Owl, whose parents had failed to recognize her gum-shoe possibilities when they gave her the inappropriate Christian name of Mary, acted as job boss.

Bated breath is the natural order in rushing season and everybody had ideas. "It's going to be a big season," "The White Hope from Pasadena is coming to college," "The Kalfa Fees caught a good girl asleep last year. If they are real foxy they may get two this year," and "Who wouldn't join our crowd and be a Rappa?" permeated the air.

I was just thinking of some thousands of people who weren't Rappas and who were still philosophical when I saw Half-Mile Jones, my last year's steady, ambling past and went out on the porch to look at the cut of his suit in the back and be sure I had no regrets.

THE Doormat walked briskly up the drive to our house and leaped up the steps two at a time. Some collegian in sour-grape frenzy had dubbed him the Rappa Doormat—all because he had been our firm male ally during the past six years of his elongated student career. He was so infinitely good-natured and supremely indifferent to the jibes of the other men that before his first year of Rappa devotion was out numbers envied him and tried to arouse a heart interest in our sorority themselves.

Tradition had come down that the Doormat was engaged to a girl "back home." At college his interest centered in Rappa *en masse* and he always took our less facially fortunate sisters to parties in regular turn, never slighting, never loving, in more than twenty Rappa hearts at the same time. His concern in the fall rushing was as keen as our own for two reasons.

The Doormat was a born financier, for hadn't his crowd the finest chandeliers in college—all scrolls, opal glass and beads, and bought because the Doormat had conceived the idea of starting a house furnishing bank to be filled by the half dollar fines of fellows who swore at table? He had pulled more classes and clubs out of the mire of debt than any man in the school and although the members of the Y. M. C. A. knew he was not pure in heart they had been forced to make him treasurer because he was the only man who could look another in the eye and make him dig up dues without a whimper.

The Doormat's most successful financial venture from a personal standpoint was the stock market. Each fall he skillfully looked over the freshie field and conducted a betting pool among the "studes" as to which sorority each girl would join. Of course the faculty had their suspicions but they couldn't be sure. The work of the Doormat required a deep intuition, a knowledge of all the back issues of Nick Carter, lots of all-round good-fellow stuff and an utter disregard of the classroom. The Doormat had an organized force of window peekers, shadowers and sorority house waiters whose daily reports of news gave him great pecuniary advantage. He had the "goat" of the college and had cleaned up big pools each year by picking the winners, putting his money on them for Rappa and then skillfully helping us to engineer them into our sorority.

Carrie Cupid came up from the girls' dorm and handed me the evening mail. From a pile of last year's laundry bills I extricated a letter from Bess Cushman—an alumnus from a nearby city.

"LOOK up Sadie Sears," I read. "Her best friend is Snake Eyes Brown in the Kalfa Fee house but Rappa may be able to get her away. Sadie's a power. That's all I can say. Lovingly in the bonds, Bess."

Snake Eyes Brown! She was the strongest member under our rival roof up the street—a tall, dark girl with slanting eyes and a cunning underhand way of grasping a freshman in the mood for scandalmonging and delivering a series of knocks about our reputation.

As I pressed my lavender muslin I wondered why Bess hadn't mentioned any of Sadie's assets. When old Rappas wanted us to rush a girl they usually wrote, "Her father is president of so and so, has good summer resort home for summer rushing, two motor cars, yacht, gets Turkish rugs at cost which would help refurnish the library, etc.—" Not a word of this about Sadie. When I went down on the porch again the Doormat said she came from a small town and that her people had never done anything out of the ordinary.

The landlady at Sadie's boarding-house said she was out but that we could sit in her domicile and wait until she came back. Her bureau scarf and silver were of a country department store order. We had a good chance to get a line on her photos and her clothes were only separated from us by a piece of flowered cretonne so we glanced them over and they were just plain—not bad taste, but little style and no dash.

Just when we were beginning to hate Bess for writing us to waste time on anything so commonplace Snake Eyes Brown and Sadie Sears came in together. Brown gave a sour smile but squeezed an introduction out of her system and sat down with a stay-all-afternoon expression.

SADIE sat down and didn't apologize for her room as though it wasn't the plainest in school. She was rather plain looking too and slight in figure, but her best feature was a couple of large gray eyes that looked out from long lashes in odd fashion, and dark hair, wavy at the front and dressed simply. She didn't try in the least to make an impression and wasn't talkative but answered our "How-do-you-like-college-life" line of stuff with fair intelligence. If Snake Eyes Brown hadn't kissed her with such affection when she at last went I don't think we would

even have asked her over to the house to meet the rest of the crowd. At any rate she'd remember an impressive evening at the Rappa house in later years!

That night the united sorority, wearing our best clothes and our social airs on the outside, gathered below stairs to greet the new freshies. From long experience with looking over the new fall material I mentally picked ten freshies in the room whom I thought most advisable for future concentration. The other Rappas agreed with my choice but we hadn't counted on one thing!

Sadie Sears came in late. The Owl and myself were camped on each arm of a chair in which a pretty curly-haired darling sat and gurgled about doings at Catalina Island. She fairly leaped from her place as Sadie entered. "Dear Sadie, you in college? We must live in the same place!"

THE ten chosen freshmen repeated the same performance and before five minutes had passed they had all made arrangements to move over to Sadie's boarding-house the next morning. Our girls were flabbergasted and the Owl gave me a knowing look and got it from the Los Angeles cherub that they knew her at the summer resort the year before and adored her.

We hadn't planned to waste much precious time on Sadie Sears but the hint gave me the idea we had better give her a little service. We twanged Hawaiian eucalalies, turned the lights low and sang softly. We had always prided ourselves on the attractiveness of the girls in our crowd and ordinarily it would have been some impressive evening; but that night Sadie was the center of interest and our habitual sang-froid, our eats and our pretty house lost what magnetism they once possessed. The freshmen children fairly clung around Sadie and grasped and swung on her every word.

We cultivated Sadie and asked her for more dates. She had already given her best hours to Snake Eyes for the Kalfa Fees and some to the Gemmas and smaller crowds. We took what we could get.

The Doormat was over early the next morning to get a line on the girls we liked best. I gave him a list of the ten with Sadie's name too, and told him we planned to rush them for the remainder of the two weeks.

"Same girls the Kalfa Fees and Gemmas have chosen," he noted.

"Betting started already?"

"Yes. Dope sheet's down in the back room of the barber shop. The Kalfa Fees have all the bets so far."

*"'Are we to lose every freshman we want?' the younger girls moaned"*

A LINE of girls moved across the campus in the distance carrying bundles and boxes. The Doormat pointed to them.

"That's the reason."

"Faculty at home?" I asked, puzzled, and watching the procession.

"No, the ten freshies are moving over to Sadie Sears' boarding-house! The Kalfa Fees have more dates with Sadie than any other crowd—which means something."

"Do you mean she'd influence the ten freshies to join any crowd she said?"

"That's the pretty wise opinion," he answered, hunching his corduroys.

For five years we had only lost four girls to the Kalfa Fees and three to the Gemmas. If we lost the whole eleven girls I'd leave college rather than let Snake Eyes Brown rub it in all year!

"I'll take Sadie canoeing mornings," the Doormat offered condescendingly. That was truly unselfish, I thought, for his time meant rousing more bets in rushing season.

SADIE still retained an air of aloofness and indifference with us that was exasperating. The Doormat said the bets for us on the sheet consisted mostly of his own money with Touchdown's and a few other friends of years' standing, and that we were vulgarly far down the list. We couldn't stand that—to have every man over at the barber-shop secretly laughing at Rappa's position. We must discover Sadie's hobby and begin the intimate stuff.

Perhaps she was a little sad or homesick, so I whispered to one of the Sophs.

"Jolly things up—just a little rough stuff and see if Sears takes to it." The girls were live as young kittens and somebody started playing on "Helen Blazes," our time-worn pianoforte. The Juniors chased each other around the library table playfully. Sadie smiled with boredom. The Fashion Aid talked about the new clothes with no result.

Suddenly she turned to me with a look of intense interest. "May I take a nap?" An earthquake couldn't have given me more of a shock. We had had freshmen in the past ask us to have green ice-cream, to borrow rouge or a petticoat pattern or even take a bath when the dorm water was cold, but never in the history of the sorority had we had requests for sleep.

The girls gave her the Fashion Aid's "home beautiful" room and we gathered below on the porch.

"She's plain queer," the Owl announced. "I think the only way we'll make an impression is to lead it to a man."

Everyone nodded, for the way Half-Mile Jones had been courting Sadie proved the Kalfa Fees were using this method and their bets climbed ever higher, leaving us almost out of the gambling race.

"Touchdown and the Doormat have been with her a lot already," the Owl went on, "but they don't count!" At that time I agreed. "It's got to be the best looking man on the campus."

I saw Carrie Cupid quiver and look scared for everyone agreed her devoted

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beau was the leading male beauty of the college. In an age of the high cost of thrills it was a blow, but Carrie Cupid had seen the sacrifice made before and knew it had to be.

WE planned a dance. Nathan's dancing was superb. Sometimes I ponder concerning the future of his career when the dancing days are over; but the outlook is too unpleasant. Just then he was supreme. His glides were masterful, his curves sure, and the slanting softness of his eyes and the fine line of his physique made one remember that little quip about the strength of the weak. His Corliss-Coon head always dipped a little in mothering fashion and every third curve he held his partner a few inches away and looked straight into her eyes. We were certain even Sadie would be impressed by that.

The doorbell rang and the Doormat arrived. Every freckle was alight with news.

"Sadie's got a brother here in school," he announced.

"You ought to have him over to something—it would have to be mild for he plays baseball on the scrub and is awful afraid of hurting his batting eye."

So we asked him to the dance and the next day we cut classes and got ready for it. The Owl sank into a deep chair in her room all day and concentrated on the best way to impress Sadie. She said thinking was more important than anything else. The rest of us painted cards, hung smilax and rubbed floorwax until it was time to pin on our aigrettes.

I was quite enthused over the prospect of our new plan with Nathan and the hope of hearing news from Sadie's brother.

The dance began and all the prominent men in college from the captain of football to the stroke of the crew came in one by one. The Doormat navigated Sadie Sears's brother down the receiving line. He was a stocky, red-cheeked youth whose dress suit bunched at the shoulders with evident baseball muscle. He was tremendously impressed by being asked to our house and made the comment that he had seen our girls on the campus lots of times but had shunned society. The Owl bravely volunteered to dance the first dance with him, but getting into difficulties before they got from the parlor into the hall she told him she would rather hear about baseball, so they sat it out. We gooed and chirped over him by turns all evening and gave him the Fashion Aid for his supper dance, but the sister hadn't given him her confidence and we had no news.

Nathan took the majority of Sadie's dances. Carrie Cupid took one look at him during the first dance and shot upstairs to her room with dewy lashes. I wanted to go and ease her feelings but there were too many political moves going on below. During an encore I heard Doormat squabbling with Nathan over a dance. I concluded his pride was hurt because Sadie had been passed over to a Greek God.

THINGS were just going fine when the orchestra rose and packed up. The faculty rule said twelve. However, as Sadie and Nathan were talking under the rubber plant, the Fashion Aid slipped over to the piano-stool to play a few more dances, but Bixby of the faculty phoned to tell us he knew we had not stopped our party even if he did live four blocks away!

It gave me hope to see the Doormat the next day on corners, in the book store or down by the law library making little figures on a card and talking with deep conviction. The news of Nathan's attention at our dance had raised the bets on our side for Sadie and the ten. Never had the Doormat rounded in such numbers of betters before. In years past serious-minded debaters and Greek majors had shunned the chance to turn quick fortunes so enticingly held out by the ringleader, but this year the whole college, even the Jap students, were up to the margin of last month's bills. The stock list was read before coffee and the 8.15 or the day was not judiciously begun. "Brother" was being patronized by all the politicians in college and asked out socially everywhere.

We only had one more date with Sadie before the "bidding" and as I walked through the moonlight I gave her a line of talk on how grand it is to be a college woman. I tried to make the "Good-night" deep and impressive.

On the way home I met Nathan with Touchdown Smith.

"Betting's awful high tonight," said Touchdown with excitement. "There's a perfect mob down at the barber-shop."

"Let me go down and peek in," I proposed.

"It's no place for you," argued Touchdown with authority. Being a woman I pleaded. "This is my last year in college and if I don't see betting this time I never shall."

"We might let her peek through the back window," Nathan suggested. At that we trotted across the dark campus toward the tonsorial parlors. A half-drawn shade gave us the place we wanted. About twenty men, the leading political and social lights of our college community, were gathered inside, the large betting sheet prominently displayed on the wall. Bottles and soap were piled in the background and the barber with his black waxed moustache stood listening to the talk with reverence for these learned youths. An argument was certainly going on. I had never thought the Doormat really conceited before but he sat there and bragged about getting the "goat" of the college on those two girls from Deaver last year. Just then Half-Mile Jones came in the front door and heard the line of talk. He said real sarcastically, "Have the Rappas or one of the *smaller* crowds a chance with Sadie Sears?"

"HE called us a smaller crowd," I whispered, indignantly.

"No," answered the Doormat awful wise, "because I have a new bet."

"Well, out with it," several voices called.

"I'll bet Sadie doesn't go *any* crowd at all!"

Everybody hollered. One of the Doormat's frat brothers edged over toward him. "Are you crazy?" he said.

"No; follow my bet and you'll make money," the Doormat whispered.

"A girl of so particular family or money being rushed by every crowd in college and turn them down?" somebody argued. "Not this year!"

The Doormat looked stern and marked down a space for the new bet. They couldn't crowd their money over fast enough and the place became a seething stock market in a greedy attempt to take up the new bet before the Doormat changed his mind. The racket was awful and just as the Doormat had everything to suit his new whim Prexy came from the astronomy tower and stepped quietly into the shop.

"Report to me in my office in fifteen minutes," he ordered, pointing to the Doormat and two or three others near him.

"Oh, if he's fired from college we'll certainly lose Sadie and the ten!" I wailed despondently.

"Haven't you got me?" asked Nathan, squaring his shoulders. I guess I looked quite as sick as I felt. How Nathan's beauty paled beside the convolutions of the Doormat's brain.

"Let's go down to Prexy's office and see what we can find out," Touchdown suggested, so we slowly followed the little group of culprits. Prexy's office was on the second floor, the waiting room below. We hung far in the open windows of the latter. The Doormat, Lefty Shark, and Mig were inside, pending investigation concerning the "disgraceful betting on the young ladies whom they should honor and respect." The men sat on a long bench and the Doormat was dealing out a pack of cards as they waited the summons to go above. It was always rumored that the Doormat's head for figures and natural poker bluff had materially assisted his father's waning business career. The Doormat wore a cheerful grin befitting the excitement of a crisis and as he saw us he sang softly, "Oh, why the deuce does college keep when students are so busy?"

"Aren't you afraid they'll fire you?" I asked.

"Not a chance in the world," he respoaded, cheerfully. "We've got a fine line of excuses hatched up."

JUST then the president of the Y. M. C. A. came out of the darkness behind us and approached the door. I smelled danger and waved to the Doormat who swept the cards up into his sleeve with one hand. The youth entered the room and handed a letter to the Doormat.

"I heard you were over here and I thought you'd like to see this."

The Doormat whistled. "Bill due—$400!"

"Prexy has already seen it," said the Y. M., as he went out in a spirit of true humility.

The Doormat turned to us. "Now of course this bill for the new gym. apparatus would come just this minute. It's in the pool. I staked the whole thing on my new bet and can't check out till next week!"

Prexy's secretary came to call the boys and we vanished. It was a good two hours before the Doormat came up the steps to our group on the Rappa porch.

"Out for good," he announced.

"And now?" I asked.

"I'll go over to the Maple Valley Hotel in the next town and hang around. Can't stay within two miles of the campus."

"I don't know what will become of rushing with you gone," I said appealingly. "Oh, why did you make that crazy bet and start a noise?" He offered no explanation and didn't even look sad over the thought of leaving college and the betting possibilities. That night I slept fitfully, dreaming of roulette wheels and wheat pits.

The next day the Kalfa Fees, Snake Eye Brown, and Half-Mile Jones were smiling all over the campus at our loss of the Doormat, and the money on Kalfa Fee swelled in proportion. We had only one more date with Sadie—dinner that night. I was having the black blues anyway, when she phoned to say she didn't feel well and couldn't come. To cap the climax the other ten phoned excuses and we actually saw them going to

dinner at other houses on the campus. Our united sorority were livid with rage and to a girl mounted to their rooms, donned the sacred bath robes and green eye shades as in exam. time.

"Are we to lose every freshman we want?" the younger girls moaned.

"I'll never get Nathan away from Sadie," Carrie Cupid wailed. They sat huddled in my room on the couch and floor like a lot of cold sheep. I paced the floor till I could gather my wits together.

"We'll find out where Sadie is to-night. If she's at the Kalfa Fee house she probably intends to join that crowd and take the ten kids with her."

THE Owl rang up every house on the campus, said she was long distance operator and had a message for Miss Sears from her father. The girl wasn't to be found. We tried the same stunt at her boarding-house, the women's club-house; the ice-cream saloon and a few other impossible places with no luck.

"If the Doormat were only here," the girls repeated.

The station agent from the depot phoned. "Miss Sears dropped her hatpin when she got on the train to go to the city," he drawled. So she was up in Frisco hut who with? Half-Mile Jones? We must find out. I phoned wildly for Nathan.

"Yes, I'll get Touchdown and we'll find her if we can," he answered. We paced the floor half the night. The Owl studied calculus to relieve her mind. At twelve a phone call came from Nathan.

"They're eating oysters together," he stated pleasantly. I marvelled at the incongruity between Nathan's beauty and his gray matter.

"Who's eating oysters?" I fairly yelled. That beauty-deep slogan was a wise one.

"Why, Sadie and the Doormat," came across the wire. I breathed again and heard the united sorority sigh as they saw my change of expression. He went on. "We sneaked into Tate's, saw them sitting there laughing, so got out without speaking to them. Depend on the Doormat. He'll make her join Rappa."

Carrie grasped the receiver from my hand and used up two dollars' worth of long distance cooing to Nathan. We all went to bed believing our luck was changing.

The next morning, according to an old custom, all the sororities on the campus mailed invitations to the freshmen asking them to join their particular crowd.

The freshmen girls were to answer their invitations in person at seven that evening by coming to the chosen sorority house. At six-thirty we were flat on our stomachs before the parlor windows and had the shades raised a half inch. Great crowds of men stood up and down the street talking excitedly. The men feared the Doormat's financial faculties, yet common sense told them Sadie would join some crowd and so they bet against him, hoping to turn the table on him this year if never again.

We saw "brother's" clumsy figure swaggering about among the groups, despised, yet tolerated for his possibilities of stock-market knowledge and respect for his sister's sweep of popularity. Half-Mile Jones couldn't help bragging of a coming victory for the Kalfa Fees and Touchdown Smith and Nathan stood in front of the crowd anxiously peering up nnd down the street. How the Doormat would have reveled in all this! I could imagine him chewing the doorposts of the Maple Valley Hotel in his desire to be here.

WE saw several insignificant freshies we had dropped the first week going toward their chosen sorority houses. Behind we saw a group of ten—the ten we wanted so much. I counted them over and over hut there were only ten. Was Sadie there? We hurst huttons straining to see if they went up the Gemma walk hut they passed it hy. I could picture a crowd of fainting hearts behind the Gemma shades.

The freshmen hung their heads in emharrassment before the seething mass of men. Prexy would have had to fire the whole student body if he tried to hreak up this custom.

With mischief on their faces they passed our house, turned, came back and ran up our steps. We rose and dashed to the door with the moh outside howling in pleasure and disappointment, as per the direction of recent hets.

No Sadie in the throng! We clasped the other children and pinned on their pledge pins. "Where is she?" we asked. The freshmen looked no wiser.

"Not at the house when we left, although we talked it all over last night and she advised us this was the only crowd to join."

WE could hear the moh outside shouting, "Sadie Sears!" I looked out and saw a diminutive telegraph messenger trying to make n path under their elhows. He fairly crawled to our porch and rang the bell. I reached for the message with fearful gaze. I read:

"Sadie and I just married. Best wishes and good luck with the ten freshies.
The Doormat."

I dropped the message on the porch and fled into the house. The moh crowded toward it and as the word was passed from mouth to mouth I heard the Doormat's name taken in vain. His bet was founded on an inside tip—that Sadie wasn't going to join any crowd at all! Again he had the goat of the college. Doormat had a corner on Sadie for life and the bets wonld buy the house and lot and a parlor rug!

We distinctly heard Half-Mile Jones say, "Go home, go down into the basement and shoot yourself, Jones." Politics ar'n't in it with a rushing season.

Carrie Cupid looked radiant when she heard the news and took Nathan's next proposal in earnest, so we had to stand an engaged couple about the house the rest of the year!

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# The Thé Dansant

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHEN I saw them whirling and twirling
In the golden afternoon;
When I heard the loud band playing
Its reckless, shameless tune;

When I saw their painted faces
Drifting wildly hy,
I too forgot the glory
Of the wonderful Spring sky.

Outside, the world was singing
Its marvelous old song;
I thought of scented woodlands
Far from this maddened throng;

I thought of the great Silence
More eloquent than sound,
Of the music in the meadows,
The gospel of the ground.

And I thought, How can they dance here,
In the golden afternoon,
When the earth is wild with rapture,
And Spring will vanish soon?

The scented air—I loathed it,
As the dancers hurried hy. . . .
I looked through a little window
At the stillness of the sky.

Then suddenly the musie
Ended in one loud flare. . . .
The dancers turned to their gohlets—
I turned to drink God's air.

# Tim Sullivan's Power

By ROY CRANDALL

FOR thirteen days the body of Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, best known and most beloved of Tammany leaders, lay unidentified in the Fordham Morgue and narrowly escaped interment in Potter's Field. Yet many think that the "Big Fellow" was loved hy more men, women and children than any other individual in America; and that he did more, hy direct gift, to hring happiness to more people than any other single man in the land; he relieved more distress; fed more who were hungry; clothed more who were naked; huried more who had died; nnd paid the fees for the weddings of more couples who desired matrimony than any other individual.

He was the King of the Bowery, the most powerful boss, har alone the leader of Tammany Hall in New York City, and he held undisputed sway for many years over the largest polyglot legion of voters this, or any other country can produce. Practically six hundred thnusand men, women, and children believed as "Dry Dollar" wanted them to believe and the voting strength of the great eastern section of lower New York believed it to be the part of their religion to vote as he would thnt they should vote. Through a score of campnigns his word was the will of all; he sent his lieutenants throughout nine Assemhly distriets to whisper the words: "The Big Felluw wnnts Tom So-and-So to be elected this yesr." Thnt was enough. And on the night prior to the election the Big Fellow would appear in person at a mass-meeting and expound the principles of the campaign. And again that was enough. Tbe votes rolled in; the majority was what he wished it to he.

GRAFT there was to a ecrtainty; crime there was in plenty. Sullivan shared in one and nided or benefited through the other. When the political battles were hottest nnd votes were needed, criminnls were employed to see thnt the votes were secured; repeaters were shipped hy trainloads from Philadelphia; housed in the lodging-houses along the Bowery and, on the day of the election they voted; not once, hut often, and they voted as "Dry Dollar" wanted them to vote. He mnde possihle those criminal viulations of the election laws and he and his clan profited from them. He profited from gamhling, and money flowed into his hands in an unending stream. But he spent freely. As one man said, "To see 'Dry Dollar' playing poker one would think that money was worth ten cents a pound and that he had tons of it."

As has been said he politically ruled nearly six hundred thousand men, women, and children. And he didn't rule them with a rod of iroo. He ruled through love and kindness nnd a prodigal generosity. Murphy rules today through the power of his great organization and through the power thnt nrganization gives him. Men obey him becnuse they must obey or sink into political nothingness. No man loves Murphy, ever did or ever will. No more did any man ever love Croker. The present boss of the Hall is a cold, silent man—a shrewd, cold, calculating machine with a mnrvelous grasp on affairs nnd a most thorough understanding of the weakness of human nature. Croker was even colder. He was a dominnting Csar. He ruled through fear. No man dared place himself in opposition to the will of Croker and hope to escape punishment or political ruin.

NOT so with Timothy Sullivan. Power he had, and power he could wield, hut the power that kept him where he was for mnny years was ohtained through the affectionate regard of the legion of lowly ones who looked up to him as a sort of demi-god. He was their idol; their hope of success. He secured positions for thousands and thus commnnded their loyalty, hut for thousands who had no positions he did much. Though his power came through the loving regard of his suhjects his political acumen worked ever in conjunction with his warm heart, to the end that he could continue in power. To thnt end he made the people love him. Some may say that he was wicked so to do, especially as he used for base politicnl purposes, the affections thus created, hut the people who were placed back in tenement houses after lnndlords had dispossessed them probnbly never stopped to discuss the ethics of the case, nor the ulterior motive of the man who had given them a sheltering roof, fuel and food. When the youthful swain from the sweat shop wanted to marry and had nn funds Sullivnn paid the fee to the Rahhi and sent presents to the hride and groom. Did the hridegroom stop to ponder on the uprightness of politicnl problems when a ward captain whispered to him the fact that "The Big Fellow" wanted him to vote for his friend?

No man ever lived with sufficient intellect to play that sort of politics day after day, and year after year unless his heart was in it. And that's why Sullivan made so profound n success of the system. He made men nnd women love him and do his bidding becnuse he loved his fellow-man and becnuse he was willing to do all thnt he could to redress the pitiful conditions of the poor nnd the unfortunate. Crime didn't seem to impress him as unusual nnd it is not recorded that be ever took nny ndvnnced steps to stamp crime out; hut poverty and hunger he did deplore and he spent vast sums of money to relieve hoth.

THERE was a wonderful system maintained for years hy Senator Sullivnn's lieutenants for the relief of the lowly and the suffering ones of the Bowery and of the adjacent and contiguous streets. Four nttorneys were on call nt any time of the day or night to take up the troubles of any tennnt who had been dispossessed for non-payment of rent. And in the slums of New York there are thousands of such cases each year. The rent for n miserahle room in a squalid tenement, scarce fit to stable a horse, is overdue. The pale-faced, tubercular toiler who enlls that miserable stall his home is unable to pay, and in the dead of Winter, and mayhap in the night, deputy-sheriffs throw the miserable scraps of furniture into the street and drive the family after them. It was an important part of Senntor Sullivnn's life plan—call it political foresight or call it kindness as you will—to hnve all sueh cases instantly reported to his ward captains, to the end thnt a home be at once secured for the dispossessed family and that lawyers in the Sullivan pny investignte the case and force restitution if nn injustice were done—as in mnny cases there had been.

Well do I recnll a visit I made with the late Florence Sullivan, a cousin of the

deceased "Big Fellow," to a room in the Bowery, which more than all other things, proved to me the far-seeing, almost ironic political wisdom of the man whose remains were followed to the grave the other day by nearly one hundred thousand men, women and children. This was a Jewish Synagogue, and here was the reason for its existence: Sullivan was Irish. In the early days the Bowery was Irish. But, within the past twenty years the Jews from Russia and Poland have been coming in. The Jews are a clannish lot and along the Bowery they have settled in enormous numbers. Also where are large numbers of men there votes are to be found and in the ballot box a Jewish vote weighs as much as does that cast by an Irishman. Sullivan wanted votes in the ballot box and he was too far-seeing a politician to quarrel with any race or any faction to his own political undoing.

IN this room in the Bowery, some tough young Irishmen maintained a clubroom. That clubroom was the festering spot. It made crooks, thieves and ruffians. The membership was in excess of one hundred and that membership was largely Irish. Ergo, the Jews in the neighborhood suffered from assaults and insults. The club members, in coming and going from the room, thought it fine sport to seize the ancient Jews by their flowing beards and haul them about the street; to punch the younger ones who were as yet beardless, and to insult the Jewish girls. Word was brought to Senator Sullivan. He caused one of his shrewd lieutenants to look into the matter. Then he sent word to many of the leading Jewish men in the neighborhood that he would see that they were no longer molested by the members of that club. He sent police to arrest the club members until the club was fairly shattered. Then he caused the landlord to drive them from the premises. Then he rented the rooms himself and sent furnishers to have it entirely refitted as a fine branch synagogue. That done he gave it to the scores of thousands of Jews in that vicinity as a place of worship. "Florry" Sullivan had succeeded Martin Engel as district leader at the time and a few who were ignorant of the real state of affairs thought that Florry was the donor of that synagogue and the political gainer. The plan was the plan of Big Tim and Florry gained because Tim allowed him to gain and only to the extent that vicegerent gains as his ruler gains. Florry ruled simply because Tim willed that he should and his rule was ever under a stronger ruler from whom he drew inspiration and direction.

THE driving out of the men who formed that club solidified the Jewish vote for Sullivan and it did not lose for him a single Irish vote, for the men he drove from their rooms were ruffians who dared not revolt against his rule. They would be found at the election district voting places on the following election working for the Tammany ticket; especially for that in which Tim was interested because the very livelihood of such men depended upon the good will of The Big Fellow, and they knew that he would place no stones in their pathway as long as they did the things that he wished done. The law-abiding men of the race, of course, had no sympathy for them. The crooks, down-and-out, might be thugs or thieves, short-card gamblers or even gun-men, but they were all units to be handled for the general betterment of the political fortunes of the clan of Sullivan and their shortcomings made them in nowise unavailable. In fact, in many instances their criminal shortcomings were assets; now and then desperate men were needed to carry an election district that was being especially assailed by the Reformers who frequently made unavailing efforts to find a crevice in the citadel of Tammany supremacy—the lower East Side wherein Sullivan and his underlings ruled. In such instance, it has been charged, obliging authorities at Blackwell's Island and even, it is said, at Sing Sing, have temporarily released efficient political blacklegs or sling-shot artists who were needed by the Senator for the holding together of his forces. In needful and stormy times some of these prison birds have been promptly sworn in as deputy-sheriffs, and with the badge of authority pinned to their coat lapels, and the revolver and "spring billy" of officialdom in their hip pockets have worked all day at the polls along the Bowery and in the election districts of the lower East side Assembly districts; voting occasionally when the voting was good, and preventing many from voting who were suspected of a desire to vote against the supreme will of the political Czar.

ALSO, such as they were of great usefulness on those occasions when it was needful that the Bowery pile up a big plurality; when in fact, New York wanted to "go to the Bronx with 165,000." In the good old days that were bad, it was sometimes needful to bring to New York more criminal voters than it housed. The slum section of Philadelphia was drawn on in such instances. Train-loads of Pennsylvania repeaters have been brought to New York a day or so before election on more than one occasion; packed into the low lodging-houses of the section and on election day brought forth and voted in the names of dead men, and of men who had moved from the city, and of men who were in prison. The claim was made that when William Randolph Hearst vainly sought to elect one of his editors, Max Ihmsen, sheriff against Tom Foley, the life-long friend of the deceased Bowery king, there were Philadelphia repeaters in plenty sent from the hotbed of Pennsylvania's rascality and that they voted with right good-will and with appreciable effect on the Foley plurality. But they weren't needed. Also it is remembered that one lowly follower of Sullivan raised a laugh that day by voicing the following bit of philosophy, the foresight embraced within it having been credited to Big Tim.

"Dry Dollar would be sore if he saw that bunch," said this political Jack Cade. "They're all smooth-faced."

"Well, can't a smooth-faced guy vote as well as one with lilacs?" sneered a listener.

"Vote just as well, one't," was the answer; "but one vote lets him out, if the inspectors are inclined to make trouble. Dry Dollar said once that when you were getting repeaters in the district always get guys with whiskers. When you've voted 'em with their whiskers on you take 'em to a barber and scrape off the chin-fringe. Then you vote 'em again with side lilacs and a moustache. Then to a barber again, off comes the siders and you vote 'em a third time with the moustache. If that ain't enough and the box can stand a few more ballots clean off the moustache and vote 'em plain face. That makes every one of 'em good for four votes."

NO MAN will ever say for certain whether that bit of political forethought originally emanated from the lips of the late Senator-Congressman, but those who know him best would have laughed with joy at the utterance had they heard him make it, and by the token, would have promptly searched the slams for purchasable voters equipped with beards like the late Senator Peffer of Kansas, for the merest Sullivan suggestion along political lines was like an edict. It was instantly set into operation and the voicing of the wish was the beginning of its accomplishment.

Sullivan was the idol of every prize-fighter in the land; the patron saint of every keeper of stuss games; the king of gamblers himself and the backer and good-wisher of others. And he profited from gambling though those who fattened from his political good-will maintain that no money paid for police protection by the keeper of a gambling house ever reached his hands. But politicians who merely looked up to him as the great leader of the pack were free with the statement that at one time 250 poolrooms flourished in New York, paying from $60 to $300 a week for the privilege of carrying on business unmolested and that not one dared even open its doors for an instant without first "seeing Tim."

Sullivan ruled for more than two decades in a vast territory infested with a legion of criminals who needed political protection that they might practise their criminality with the least possible percentage of danger. That he leaves an estate of only two-and-one-half million dollars is convincing evidence of the generosity of the man's nature for he could have had that much a year had he been as dollar hungry as many. Five other prominent men in The Hall well recall one instance which proves that statement. It was on the Sullivan special en route to the St. Louis Convention which sought to make Alton B. Parker President of the United States, despite the wishes of most of the Democrats in New York State and half of those in the Democratic solid South. Sullivan, with the five others, was playing poker. There were no chips and money was being used. A twenty dollar jack-pot came. Five twenty-dollar bills were on the table. Palpably one man was "shy."

"SOMEBODY slipped," said one of the players. "Wasn't me! That hill on the side of the table was put in by Dry Dollar. I was the second man in." But none would admit that he was the thoughtless one. There was a protracted argument which the smiling Senator suddenly brought to a startling ending. He reached out, took the five twenty dollar bills, and tearing them into bits tossed them nonchalantly out of the window of the whizzing train.

"There, boys, that puts a stop to all argument," he said, as he tossed another twenty on the case; "let's all put in again and there can't be any misunderstanding."

Sullivan has been known to fill his coat pockets with two- and five-dollar bills preliminary to a stroll on the Bowery, the two pocket loads comprising $2500, and of passing it out within the radius of eight blocks from the Occidental Hotel.

And for all such reasons sincere tears of sorrow were shed by that bereaved army of a hundred thousand who followed him to the grave.

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THE ARTIST FAILED

By Everett

TO TURN UP

SHINN

# Safety in Railroads

By WILLIAM H. DEARDEN

IT is safer to ride in the subway or on the elevated road of an American city than it is to spend the same time in one's own bome. Fast subway and elevated trains carry millions of passengers without a collision, wbile the interstate commerce commission keeps a corps of inspectors busy investigating smashups on steam railroads. If the motorman fails to notice danger ahead in the subway, the sure arm of a watchful machine reaches out to put on the brakes. The motorman and the automatic train-stop, working together, have abolished collisions. On the steam railroad the engineer has been given no such co-worker.

Most people do not know yet what automatic train-stops are. When they do know, then will come the demand.

"Impractical for steam railroads," "not perfected," have been the answers of railroad officials, with much reason until very recently. A very few railroads today are investigating the idea with the evident hope of adopting this modern protection against collision. A few more are investigating with much show of enthusiasm. Most railroads are doing nothing, or attending to those more pressing demands of patrons.

In simple terms, an automatic train-stop is a mechanical device which will shut off the power of an engine and put on the train brakes, whenever the engineer fails to obey a caution or a danger signal. Together with the device goes some system of caution and danger signals which will give ample warning of a train ahead. On most of the elevated systems, the busy part of the automatic train-stop is a little T shaped steel, called a ramp, that ordinarily lies down between the rails, but when there is danger ahead turns up bigh enough to strike a lever on the bottom of the first car. This lever in turn will stop the train, if the motorman fails to do so. On steam railroads an automatic train-stop system will not be so simple, but it will work to the same purpose.

THE automatic train-stop, it will be seen, is an advance over automatic block signals. The old method of operating trains on railroads was to control their running by orders to the crews from a train dispatcher. The block signal system came along, with more or less automatic signals at regular intervals along the track, to inform an engineer definitely as to whether or not the track ahead was clear. The automatic train stop is intended to make it certain that the train does not proceed if the track ahead is not clear.

Commissioner McChord has shown the succession of ideas, in discussing the history of ten years of investigating accidents by inspectors of the commission. These reports on accidents on railroads operating trains under the train order system, be says, "quickly brought into prominence the weakness of the personal equation in railroading, showing that by far the greater number of these harrowing train accidents were due to human error. Dispatchers give wrong orders, or fail to give orders where they are required; operators fail to copy orders correctly, or do not deliver orders that should be delivered; conductors and enginemen misread, misinterpret, overlook or forget orders."

THE block system, Commissioner McChord points out, is a great improvement over the train-order system, eliminating a great many causes of accident, but be continues, "Notwithstanding the theoretical merits of the block system as a means of safety, it by no means insures immunity from collisions. Obviously, the block system can only afford protection when its danger warnings are observed and obeyed. The intensity of attention and quickness of perception required of enginemen on our modern, bigb-speed trains leads to the result that they sometimes fail to observe or obey signal indications, and when this happens, disastrous consequences are almost sure to follow.

"Noting these disasters due to human error, under the most highly approved system of train operation, the question naturally suggested itself, 'Is it not possible to employ mechanical means that will automatically assume control of a train and bring it to a stop whenever a danger signal is for any reason disregarded?'"

THE Block Signal and Train Control board appointed by the interstate commerce commission studied devices of this kind for six years. Two years ago they declared "there are several types of apparatus and methods of application, which, if put into use by the railroads, would quickly develop to a degree of efficiency adequate to meet all reasonable demands. In many situations, under conditions existing in this country, the board is convinced that the use of automatic train stops is necessary to the safety of trains."

In its concluding report a year ago the board reiterated its confidence in automatic stops, and even more definitely expressed its opinion that workable devices were available.

The series of wrecks on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad have been leading the interstate commerce commission, with Mr. McChord usually as spokesman, to take a constantly stronger position in favor of automatic train-stops. After the Westport wreck of October 3, 1912, the commission said, "Railroads ought to unitedly experiment with the automatic train-stop until a device of practicability for general use shall be available."

In its report on the recent Wallingford wreck, the interstate commerce commission did not go so far as to call again for automatic stops on this system, finding more immediate causes for blame in lack of effective supervision and in the failure to install block signals, which naturally would precede any installation of automatic stops. Yet a hint of a future movement by the commission for the new device is given in the announcement that the commission intends to ask Congress for the right to order railroads to adopt such methods and devices as the commission thinks are required for safe operation.

The New Haven road has the unique distinction of doing more passenger business than freight business, in money returns, and as a consequence its operating conditions are nearer those of a subway or elevated system than almost any other railroad in the country. The logic of the situation, to the commission, is that railroads which have congested lines should be the first to adopt automatic stops, and that experience should determine how far the system ought to be applied to railroads of different operating conditions.

THE recent Wallingford wreck, it is true, is as much a lesson for block signals as it is for automatic train stops. Under the block system an engineman will receive a caution signal long before he reaches a danger signal, or will receive a danger signal in ample time to stop his train. In that wreck the old system of signals used on that section of the railroad did not give a danger signal to the engineman of the White Mountain train until he was almost on the Bar Harbor train. Block signals, if he had obeyed them, would have caused him to stop in ample time. Automatic train-stops, however, would have forced him to stop in ample time whether he was giving attention or not.

The most striking illustration of the need for some system of automatic train-stops, however, is not the wrecks on the New Haven, but the wreck on the modernly-equipped Pennsylvania railroad, at Tyrone, Pa., on July 30, a wreck in which not a passenger was killed, owing solely to the fact that cars were of the latest all-steel construction. One engineman was killed, however, and a great many passengers and employes injured.

Train 13, running at 45 miles an hour, ran into the rear of Train 15 which was standing still at a passenger station, throwing the cars about helter-skelter. On the engine of Train 13 was riding Assistant-Road-Foreman-of-Engines Miller, whose duty it was to ride with various engineers and see to it that they operated their trains properly and according to rules. His presence on the engine was for the very purpose, among other things, of insuring observance of signals by the engineman. On Train 13 at the time were riding a number of officials of the railroad in charge of the signal system. The road was fully equipped with the most modern automatic block signals, in perfect working order.

UNDER these extraordinary conditions, the engineman of Train 13 passed, without slowing up at all, a caution signal of the block system, almost a mile before he came on Train 15. Still farther along, the engineman passed a danger signal, which ordered him to stop, and which still left him enough track to stop his train fully before he came on Train 15. At a distance of 1150 feet beyond this stop signal, his engine crashed into the rear of Train 15.

"This accident," says H. W. Belnap, chief inspector of safety appliances for the interstate commerce commission, "again calls attention to the necessity for some form of automatic train-stopping device. The signals installed at this point were of the most modern type, the signal system was very complete, and there seems to be no question but that the signals operated properly. The engineman of Train 13 was a man of long experience; the fireman had been in the employ of this company as a fireman for about eleven years and his record was good; and the assistant foreman of road engines was riding on the engine. Yet all three of these experienced men

failed to nbserve a caution signal indication, the engineman failed to obey a danger signal indication, and the accident resulted.

"A consideration of accideats of this character which have occurred within the past two years leads inevitably to the conclusion that even the most complete and modern system of fixed signals is not adequate under all circumstances to insure the safe operation of trains."

IN contrast with this is the fact that in eight years the New York suhway carried 1,554,516,822 passengers without a death due to train accident, and did this with trains operating less than twn minutes apart, carrying more than two thirds of these passengers at speeds of 40 to 50 miles an hour. The sole credit for this is not dne of course to automatic train-stops, hut without that device no such safety would have been achieved.

An enthusiast for automatic train-stops, member nf a firm whieh has a device of this character, whose testimony must be considered accordingly, told a convention of electrical railroad engineers last winter that 64.8 per cent of all the train accidents in the Uaited States from July 1, 1908, to Jaa. 1, 1913, would have been prevented hy a complete signal system. The 361 accidents preventable he divided as follows: open switch, 38; disregarding danger signal, 46; disregarding cautinn signal, 6; head-on collision due to neglect of orders hy crew, 97; due to neglect hy operator, 48; to error of dispateher, 14; rear end collision due to negligence of flagman, 38; excessive speed, 15; broken rail, 19; derailment due to excessive speed, 29; dead engineman, 1; unknown, 10.

It is true that if all the railroad directors tomorrow ordered automatic train-stops, and were able to raise the money to meet the enormous cost, they could not be installed immediately. Most railroad engioeers dn not agree that the systems are perfected as yet.

THERE are other objections raised hy the railroads to the installation of automatic train-stops besides the one of mechanical imperfection. The one given most promiaence is that automatic train-stops would tend to make an engineman an automaton, careless of his responsibilities, as expressed hy D. F. Jurgenson of the Minnesota railroads that the hurden will simply be shifted from tha enginemen to the track maintainers and the equipment maintainers. But Paul Winsor, chief engineer of the M., P. & R. I., points nut that most of the automatic train-stop systems have attachments which make it known to the superiors whenever an engineman fails to stop the train himself, and the device steps in to do it for him. The Boston elevated, he says, has found no disposition on the part of its motormen to let the automatic stop do their work, or to fail to report any failures of the system.

Many railroad men believe that the only way to prevent wrecks is to enforce better discipline among the men. "Safety first," the new slogan of most American railroads, is accomplishing a great deal of good.

President George F. Baer of the Readiag has recently said, "By discipline—firm, unyielding discipline—aloue, ean railroad wrecks be averted. I do not believe in all-steel cars. I think the half-steel cars are the safest. But steel cars will not prevent wrecks. Discipline alone can do that."

THAT probably applied to the New Haven wrecks. But the Tyrone wreck shows that even when the most earnest efforts are made to insure obedience to orders and safe operation, the human element may still fail. The lesson of the Tyrone wreck is to have all the discipline that President Baer calls for, and something more in addition.

A. G. Shaver, signal engineer of the Rock Island lines, is of the opinion that automatic stops would come into operation to prevent collisions is only rare instances, while the loss of life from other causes on railroads, especially the killing of trespassers, is a much more immediate problem, and that efforts should be exerted to treat the other causes first.

The question nf expense is a very important one at this time when the railroads feel that they are handicapped hy increased wages and increased cost of materials without increased freight rates. Automatie train-stops not only would be expensive to install, but would be expensive to maintain.

The difference between operating trains in a suhway or on an elevated structure and operating trains in the open country, is very great. Weather conditions aloae are very differeat. Automatic train-stops in a suhway are not disabled hy snow or rain or ice, and on elevated lines can easily be protected from the elements. In the open country weather conditions will be severe nn any such automatic system. Then the subway or elevated track is always protected from trespassers of all sorts, while the steam railroad nnt only has trespassers who may interfere, hut has grade crossings, yards, etc., where the system would be in constant danger. Oae esseatial point nf a successful automatic train-stop has killed most of the aspiring devices. That is, that if any part nf the whule device hreaks or gets out of order at any time, the train-stop will thereby automatically go into action and stop the next train coming along.

OF the investigations hy railroads into the subject, those of the New Haven have attracted the most attention, though other railroads have unquestionably gone into the question more earnestly and probably at more expense than the New Havea is at present assuming. After the Westport accident of October, 1912, President Mellen publicly offered $10,000 for the use of a successful automatic train-stop. The fact that a successful system will mean hundreds of thonsands of dollars and possibly millions to its nwners made the $10,000 offer sound questionable at that time, and later some remarks by President Mellen made the earnestness of the company still more douhtful. In March he announced the number of letters and devices received hy the company and went out of his way to say, "The competitors represent nearly every walk of life from clergymen to jailhirds. Four of them are now in jail and an equal number are inmates of insane asylums."

Under the new management the New Haven is proceeding with its investigations, presumably with earnestness and good faith. Altogether 2816 persoas entered the competition and 704 devices were suhmitted, a time allowance being given the nther competitors in which to file their plans. Nn one of the devices, it is said, meets with the first requirement that the removal or the failure of any part must result in fixing a stop signal, yet it is agreed that some of the devices very likely can be altered to meet that requirement. Two devices, those of the International Switch Company and of the Union Switch and Signal Company, are to be tested on the division between Hartford and Newington. Incidentally, both of these devices were seeking recognition of railroads before the $10,000 offer was made.

A canvass by tha Railway Age Gazette this spring showed that automatic train-stops are now in use on the Boston elevated, Hudson and Manhattan Interborough, Long Island, Pennsylvania (on the electrified line through the Hudson tunnel, etc.), Philadelphia elevated, San Francisco, Oakland and San José, and the Washington Power Compaay, these uses practically all being nn suhway or elevated lines or similar operating coaditions. The Great Western Railway of England has a very similar device, depending upon audible signals at the engineman's ear in the cab, in use on parts of its lines. The Erie had stops on some of its line which it has replaced hy block signals. The Maryland and Pennsylvania has the Jones system in use in and near Baltimore, a system in which shoes on the engine come in contact with so-called contact rails at various places, and the control operated hy electricity.

Experiments were then in progress on the Canadian Pacific, C., B. & Q., Chicago and Eastern Illinois, Interborough, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Staten Island rapid transit and the Miller system was about ready for extended tests nn the Chicago and Eastern. A number of other roads had recently conducted experiments, the number of roads more or less actively interested amounting tn 26 all told. The Delaware & Hudson has been testing the Federal system, an audihle system, which causes a series of torpedoes to explode if tbe engineer does not obey signals. The D., L. & W. has been trying the International system, which operates hy ramps, and also the Federal and the Union Switch systems. The Gray-Thurber, the Simmen cah signal, the Wooding cootact rail system, the Patterson induction system, and the Safety Block Signal system are among the other devices which have been submitted hy inventors and promoters to the railroads and are undergoing tests.

THE need for automatic stops has not been recognized to any extent in England, hut the audible cah signal used hy the Great Western gives signs of advaneing rapidly there. This is nnt a completely automatic system, for it does not actually put on the brakes, simply operating to compel the engineer to do it or to listen to loud protests and see a record against him marked un a card for his superiors to see later.

Just at present much attention is being given in England to the trial of the Prentice system on the London and South Western. This system has a wire following the track and a current collector on the engine, electric current from the wire along the track being caught hy wireless, or more exactly, hy induction, in the engine apparatus, so that the caution and danger signals along the track can be made to operate the brakes on the engine.

The real demand now is that the railroads make it their business, either unitedly or individually, but preferably together, to take all the existing systems and work out a successful device if they cannot find any single one to be satisfactory. Some of the big companies are evidently sincerely trying. Most of them are just waiting. A vigorous puhlic demand back of Commissioner McChord will hring this great protection into early use.

# Flying Ten Thousand Miles

*Part III*

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

TODAY, when men learn to fly, they go to organized schools and are taught methodically—as they might be taught to drive a car. This tends to safety, and the benefit of their pockets; but they miss the thrill of the pioneer—of him who, with neither system nor safeguard, took out his craft at dawn, and did deeds—and broke wood—while others slept.

Then we were the supermen, pursued by cameras and making history hour by hour; and no recollection is printed sharper in my mind than of one winter morning four years ago at Issy, when, alone save for the aid of a novice, I took out for trial the fastest plane of its day.

For three months prior to the escapade, I had been working daily in the factory of M. Blériot, aiding skilled craftsmen in the building of this, my own machine and seeking to learn the constructor's art. I had ordered a monoplane of a new type, and, as it was my very first machine, I was athirst to take the air, and driven nearly frantic by delay. But at last one day, too late for an immediate test, it was delivered; and so I arranged with a friend who had been acting with me as a factory hand, that we drive next morning to the flying ground, and make the practical acquaintance of the craft we had helped to build.

Concerning this machine, much might be written. M. Blériot, planning a speed craft, had built the first of its type for that memorable Rheims meeting of 1909; and, seeing the monoplane in contest, I had contracted to buy it when the races were at an end. But the fates willed otherwise: at high speed in the air, with M. Blériot in control, the machine burst suddenly into flames, and fell from a height of one hundred feet. We thought the airman dead, but he escaped with burns and bruises. The monoplane, however, was reduced to cinders, and I had no machine in view. Whereupon M. Blériot, declaring he would put a sister craft in hand, promised me this in place of the first; and it was the second machine, which we named "White Eagle," that now stood waiting for us at Issy. At that time, in view of its 80 h. p. motor, it was regarded with a mingling of admiration and of awe. In the first monoplanes he built, M. Blériot had been content with three-cylinder engines, developing 25 h. p., and it was a drastic step from these to the eight-cylinder monster I had seen fitted to my machine. Speed was the aim of this leap in power, also greater weight-lifting; ordinary Blériots did not carry a passenger, but mine should do so easily. As to how fast the machine would prove in flight, few ventured to predict, but there was a suggestive raising of eyebrows, accompanied by suitable exclamation.

WE, the two would-be airmen, had intended to sleep, and rise betimes, but we were too excited to go to bed, and at 2 A. M.—hours before it would be light enough to fly—we motored to the aerodrome and awaited the coming of the dawn. As soon as there was light enough to see, we hurried to wheel the machine from its shed; but M. Blériot's mechanics, their ardor blunted by broken rest, and with little in prospect save exercise and the likely breaking of a machine, were in no great haste to arrive. We walked about and waited till beyond the hour fixed; then endurance gave way, and we dragged the monoplane forth.

In the gathering light, certainly, it appeared formidable and we waited again for our sleepy mechanics; but although the morning was perfect, with practically no wind, not one of them appeared. Then it was that we decided to test that machine ourselves.

A FIRST problem was this—how to start the motor without men to restrain the machine? When its propeller revolves, a craft darts forward, and if it is not gripped by the tail it will leap into the air—as one did, without a rider, at this very Issy ground, ending its wavering flight in a crash. One man's weight upon our machine, even that of two, would have been insufficient; what, then, was to be done? The sight of some rope, lying within the shed, gave us our idea. We hitched the monoplane, like a restive horse, to a fence that stood nearby; then my friend stationed himself by the ropes while I, standing at the front of the machine, swung the propeller to start the engine. It fired at once—and I fell on my back. We had forgotten in our hurry to take up the slack of the rope, and the monoplane, springing forward a foot or so, had knocked me over. I jumped up and sprang to the driver's seat, which in this machine was placed beneath the planes; and at the same time my friend, after freeing the restraining rope, managed to scramble in beside me before the machine could gather speed. The motor, for which I had due respect, was throttled down, and we ran across the aerodrome on the ground. In the language of flight this first process is now known as "rolling", or "taxying"; and a machine is prepared for the pupil, so that it will rush to and fro at a gratifying speed, but never under any inducement seek the air. Ours,

though, was hardly one of these. Nearly a mile we sped, our pace increasing; then, from out of the morning mist, loomed disconcertingly a boundary wall. Turning, even on the ground, is no trivial matter for a novice; and though I slowed down instantly, and did frantic rudder work, a collision with this wall threatened a prompt end to our career.

"Jump out and hold the tail," I shouted to my friend—no child's play, by the way, remembering our speed to be twenty miles an hour. But it was the only thing I could think of.

SOMEHOW or other he did scramble clear, our extremity giving him a cat-like skill, and then, sliding and slipping and gripping the tail, he brought us to a halt just under the wall, and scarcely more than a foot from its surface.

Duly chastened by so narrow an escape, we manoeuvered cautiously for the next quarter of an hour—passing here and there across the aerodrome, and growing more familiar both with our sensations and with speed.

Then, just after we had circled at one end of the ground and were beginning to run back again, I called to my friend: "I'm going to try a flight this time." He merely nodded his head and held on tight—ready, in his enthusiasm, to trust himself even to me.

So I accelerated the big motor, which roared out fiercely; and our pace leapt to sixty miles an hour—a wild wind-rush beating against us. And then, very gingerly, I made the movement of the controlling lever, which would raise our elevating plane.

FOR a moment or so, I am sure, we did not realize we were in the air. No change was perceptible, save that the slight swaying and bumping, which we felt when traversing the ground, had ceased abruptly. Then I gave a glance down; the surface of the aerodrome lay thirty feet below!

Since then, on many flights, I have found myself thousands of feet high; but never, from the moment of that first swift leap from mother earth, have I felt again such exultation. Fast as an express train we rushed through the air; and then, in some way or other—candidly I cannot say how—I managed to make a landing safely and we were slowing down at the end of the ground. Just a "hop"—in the vernacular of the flying school—was all we had made, but it was one that has lived in my mind, and no other flight will eclipse it.

We turned, flew again, and landed safely; then "hopped" back towards the sheds. But now we were no longer alone. Our mechanics appeared through the mist, and with them—hoping perhaps to chronicle something lurid in the way of a wreck—came pressmen and photographers. In this, however, they were disappointed; but their journey, all the same, was not in vain. Our lonely combat with that 80 h. p. plane had in it material for a "story," and so next day in the Paris press they made us famous.

THE humor that attends aviation, and there is plenty, may be found mainly where novices congregate; happenings at the schools are often most ludicrous. Picture the aspirant who, despite many warnings, fitted to his machine a motor of 120 h. p. and—when released for a tentative wobble across the aerodrome—shot violently into the air and flew nearly a mile, himself unwilling, in the driver's seat, but for the moment helpless. When, recovering from a temporary paralysis of surprise, he fumbled for the switch and stopped his motor, he alighted pell-mell but without mishap, enjoying that proverbial luck of the novice—such luck as will allow the most awkward of pupils, when in a dilemma, to steer with breath-taking accuracy between two trees, his wing-tips brushing branches upon either hand.

The motor which took charge, and ran away with its pilot, reminds me of another predicament, quite as disconcerting. Descending from a flight with his engine in motion, and running towards the sheds, a pilot reached for his switch as he neared them and moved it to cut off his power. But nothing happened; the switch was

*He, who, with neither system nor safeguard, took out his craft at dawn and did deeds.*

out of order, the engine ran on, and he found himself rushing upon the sheds—where a crowd stood waiting. Dreading the results of a dash among the people, he swerved upon one side; then, voluntarily charging a bank to the amazement of his friends—who had no idea his motor was out of hand—he wrecked his machine completely, but himself escaped unhurt.

AN experience as awkward, and even more curious, was that of an English airman, when flying in bitter cold. Intending to land, he beat forward to stop his engine; but his fingers had become so numb that they refused to turn the switch; and so he was forced to circle several times, beating his fingers against his body, before he could restore to them either sensation or movement.

My worst experience of cold when in the air—and the bite of it is paralyzing in the early hours—was on the first of my London to Manchester flights.

I ascended just after 5 o'clock on a morning when there had been a hard, white frost; and a chill easterly wind added intensity to the cold. At forty miles an hour and unshielded in my machine, as pilots were in those days, I soon became numbed—despite the protection of a wool-lined suit. Changing hands on the control-lever enabled me to retain the use of my fingers; but when above Bletchley railway station, some fifty miles from London, I found a wave of faintness began to steal over me. Such sensations, when steering aeroplanes, constitute a peril; and—but for a piece of forethought—I should have been obliged to plane down. In the outside breast-pocket of my flying suit had been placed, with the stopper already removed, a flask of brandy; and this, with my free hand, I was able to extract. A nip of spirit, followed by the chewing of some chocolate, just tided me over the threatened collapse, and I was able to fly on. Nowadays, builders of aeroplanes are becoming solicitous for the steerman's well-being, and we have machines with neat wind-screens and effectively shielded bodies. Latest-type craft have, indeed, the ease of a touring car; and so will progress march from one comfort to the next until we have the first of these passenger craft which, operated commercially and according to schedule, will fly daily between the capitals of Europe.

NOT over-large, but seating perhaps twenty or twenty-five people, these machines will—by the very swiftness of their non-stop flights—revolutionize our notions both of distance and of time.

Occasionally one sees a man unfitted for flight, as he would be for driving a car, or controlling any mechanism. He may be reckless, or criminally careless; but he goes to prove no rule. That ordinary men can fly is shown daily, at the schools, where hundreds of pupils — quick and slow, clumsy and adept—are taught without accident; and as the art moves to perfection, and machines are more stable, piloting will become as simple as the handling of a cycle-car. Then we shall have flying clubs, and the world will take to the air. The production of small, cheap machines, which can be flown with safety, should be a question of time. As yet, aeroplanes waste power, but this is a passing phase. Progress in design will spell economy, as it has done with the motor-car; and then the aerial tourist need not be a man of wealth.

WE cannot standardize craft as yet, but we are building them of steel, and risk of breakage is being eliminated. Thus precision, ousting rule-of-thumb, turns designers' thoughts to a machine, big, mechanically sound, and of high speed—which shall do battle with a gale. To prophesy that something should happen, within the possible confines of one's own life, shows questionable judgment; but one prediction I shall risk, and it is this: that, before twenty-five years have passed, aircraft will be passing between England and America at a speed of two hundred miles an hour.

*The fourth and last of this series of articles by Claude Grahame-White will appear in the next number.*

# How Murphy Works

*I.—In Albany*

By EDMUND R. TERRY

Member of the New York Assembly in 1911 from the First District of Kings

MY first experience as an assemblyman was as a member of the Democratic minority in 1908. The minority in the legislature has little of legislative responsibility and there is little or no cracking of the whip, except at times when the independent spirits among the majority are raising a ruction; and I could not but observe how the old organization men in my own party rallied to the assistance of the Regulars on the other side of the House on such occasions. During the sessions of 1909 and 1910, I was not a member. The latter year I did not take the nomination. In the fall of 1910, indications seemed to point to the election of a Democratic assembly, and I took the nomination, for I was curious to see what my experience would be as a second year man. I was elected and my party was, as I had expected, in the majority and I had my experiences,—they were varied and instructive.

They began even before election. In my speech of acceptance, I explained to my constituents the nature and duties of an assemblyman, as I understood them, and it was evident from the manner of the leader of my assembly district, that his conception of the functions of an assemblyman were radically different from mine. I may say, that those differences became more and more marked during the succeeding months. After election my education in government by organization continued.

THERE was a United States senator to be elected by the legislature of which I had become a member. From my studies of the constitution, I had supposed that it devolved upon the members of the legislature to determine who should represent the people of the Empire State in the most important legislative body in the world. As time went on, I observed that Mr. Murphy's opinion as to who was to hold that office was given great weight, and that the opinion of other leaders also received great consideration, but I nowhere noticed any attention paid to the opinions of the members of the legislature. I know my opinion was not asked. It seemed to be regarded as a negligible matter.

At the club one night, in the latter part of December, speaking with Mayor Gaynor and one or two others on various political topics, I ventured to bring up the matter of the election of a United States senator. He voiced what I had found to be a prevailing opinion. "Why," he said, "what is the use of talking about that? They will make up their minds whom they want, and you will vote for him." But I said, "Mr. Mayor, you may have noticed that a good many Democrats have been elected to this coming assembly, that are out of the ordinary run of assemblymen, coming as they do from doubtful districts, where the party had to put its best men forward." "Well, what of that," he said. "Why," I replied, "if eighteen or twenty of those men should get together, they would be strong enough to protect themselves in matters of legislation and strong enough at the same time to prevent the election of any candidate they thought undesirable." "Oh," he said, "don't talk like a rattle-brained idiot. You could not get a dozen of those men to hold together twenty-four hours." I am giving the substance of what he said. I subsided, as profitless discussion is not to my liking.

I WAS myself an enthusiastic Shepard man, Mr. Shepard being an old and valued acquaintance and a constituent voting in my own assembly district. As the time went on, it became more and more evident that Mr. Shepard was not to receive the support of Mr. Murphy. I believed, however, that he would receive an honest support in Kings County, his own county. I was strengthened in this belief by the consultation, that I had with two of the leaders,—my own district leader, Sheriff Quinn and Mr. John A. McCooey, the leader of Kings County; both these men solemnly informed me, that I should not tie up in any way with Tammany, that Kings County had an organization of its own and proposed to maintain its autonomy. Under these circumstances, I was naturally surprised when I arrived in Albany and found Mr. McCooey a devoted follower of Mr. Murphy and in the words of Shakespeare, "Must bend his body, if Caesar carelessly but nod on him."

From inquiries that I and other assemblymen made when the assembly convened on the first Wednesday of January, 1911, we were satisfied that an uncontrolled vote of the Democrats in the legislature taken then would have elected Mr. Shepard as senator, but it soon became evident, [illegible]omething was doing. Members who at the outset were frankly in favor of Mr. Shepard grew evasive. The State committeemen controlled by Mr. Murphy were present in a large force and exercised all the control they could over the assemblymen from their districts. The extent of their devotion to the cause of Mr. Murphy, I then suspected, but did not realize fully until later. All sorts of inducements, persuasions and more cogent methods were applied by Mr. Murphy's agents throughout the State to coerce the assemblymen into a compliance with his will. Not only did the adherents of Mr. Shepard feel this, but the friends of other candidates, too, all felt that they were fighting an unseen force, playing, in other words, against loaded dice. The power of the Tammany leader was significantly shown at the organization of the assembly. Every officer was of his selection. Even the page boys, in order to secure appointment, had to have the mystic "O. K.—C. F. M.," endorsed on their application.

THE committees, appointment to which meant a great deal to the assemblymen, were held back in order, as it was generally believed and with reason, to bring wandering lambs into the fold. These conditions created a feeling of resentment in the minds of many of us. On the Thursday night, preceding the Monday on which the caucus was to be held, the appointments for a second time were postponed to the following Monday. That night the opposition to Mr. Sheehan crystallized. The underlying cause was as I have stated,—the feeling of resentment against the usurpation of the functions of legislators by one man in Fourteenth Street and the character of the candidate and his record in Albany served to strengthen and intensify the opposition. That night eighteen or twenty of us decided of our own motion, uninfluenced by outsiders, that we would not enter the caucus if Mr. Sheehan was to be candidate for United States senator, and would not vote for him during that session of the legislature. Mr. Murphy was notified of our action that night. Mr. McCooey and the Governor the following day.

THE following Monday night, the night appointed for the caucus, the committees were finally given out. It is not more than right to say that they were very fair and on the whole well selected, but our feeling in regard to the committees was, after all, only a small factor in influencing us. We had entered into an agreement about six o'clock that afternoon not to go into the party caucus. One of the number called the simple agreement we then signed, "The Legislative Declaration of Independence." We did not go into the caucus. The fight that followed is well known, but there were little side-lights, that may be of interest to our present subject. Mr. Murphy seemed unable to comprehend that a continued opposition to his mandates by Democratic legislators could come from principle. His first reliance was upon the ability of his vassals in the various Assembly districts through the State to coerce the rebels into submission. Failing in that and still unable to comprehend the motives that actuated it, he wasted more than a month trying by every means in his power to find out what big politician or what great interest was behind the movement. As there was no such animating purpose behind the Insurgency, these efforts were futile and merely served to show the character of Mr. Murphy and his organization. More significant than anything else during that entire contest was the personal good feeling between the Insurgents and the Regulars. At the very beginning of the contest the sympathies of many even of the Tammany assemblymen were with us. One prominent member said that he would give $5,000 if he only dared to join us. Others said that they were absolutely with us and begged us to stick it out and not give up, even if they did not dare to vote with us. As one prominent Insurgent told Al. Smith, the majority leader of the assembly, when asked by him if he could not see his way to end the difficulty by voting for Mr. Sheehan, "Why, if you and the rest of you would only be real assemblymen and do your sworn duty, we could settle this matter at the next joint session." The floor leader flushed, but had no reply to make. He had been asked to do what was impossible. The telephone to the headquarters in Fourteenth Street was his political conscience and judgment.

THE working of the organization was particularly noticeable in the various committees controlled by Tammany. There were bills in which various of the Insurgents were interested. These were put off from week to week, from meeting to meeting, until the chairman could consult



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with Mr. Murphy of New York to the detriment of a good many honest and legitimate measures that should have been passed. At times the influence of the telephone upon the proceeding was almost farcical. The first caucus being proved a failure, the Democrats held conferences at which it was distiactly understood no attempt would be made to hind anyone hy caucus action. The first of these was in regard to the election of the United States senator and all through the proceediag the telephone at the rear of the room was in active operation and two or three of the Tammany assemblymen kept up a conatant communication between Leader Al. Smith and the man of mystery at tha other end of the telephone. The leader was in just as direct touch with his men as if he had remained in Albany at the Ten Eyck, only the Governor was relieved of his presence. You see, when a representative form of government was originally inaugurated the telephone had not been invented.

IT WAS perfectly evident that the organization under Mr. Murphy affected the entire State and it was absolutely farcical to see before the committees bodies of representative citizens from various cities in advocacy of good hills or protesting against bad legislation, only to have action upon the measures held up until Mr. Murphy could be heard from. In other words, the Tammany theory and practice, so far as legislation of 1911 was concerned, was an absolute negation of the idea of represeatative form of government. We Insurgeats were told we were not Democrats, because we refused to be governed hy this one-man power. In fact, as one member put it, it would be eheaper for the State, if, instead of paying the expenses of one hundred and fifty men at Albany, dummy elections were to be held in all the districts absolutely controlled hy either one or the other of the organizations, and, ia accordance with the result, to let Mr. Murphy have so many votes and Mr. Barnes so many votes, to be cast hy a dummy for each and merely pay tbe salaries of such members only as should be elected from doubtful districts, who ought to be practically iadependeat of either of the two leaders and let their independent votes count in the passage of hills. Under such a rule the voters of the State would have a better understanding of what is done in Albany.

THE work of the two organizations seemed to be largely devoted to two things,—on the part of the Democrats to replace as many Repuhlicans as possihle holdiug good positions by Democrats, and to increase the pay of all offices held hy Democrats aad also to secure the passage of such bills as made big appropriations on which contracts might be given out. The Republican organizatioa of course opposed. Of such a nature was the Highway Commissioa Bill passed in that year, which supplaated one of the best higbway bills ever passed hy a legislature and which at the time was working so smoothly and efficiently that two of the three commissioners who composed the board that was legislated out, were immediately called to take charge of the road huilding in other states. That hill was distinctly an organization measure. Assemblyman Wendel, since elected to the State senate, aptly described the situation. When asked hy the leader to vote for a measure because it was an organization measure, he replied, "Well, Al., if the fact that it is an organizatioa hill is the only thing that can be said is its favor, it must be an infernally bad hill and I'll vote against it." And he did. Of course the Republican organization members voted solidly against every such hill proposed hy the Democrats, hut there was one class of bill, that hoth organizations united in opposing—those were hills, the object of which was to give the citizens a better opportunity to express their wishes in the selection of candidates. Those that were passed purporting to better the conditious surrouading elections, carefully analyzed, show clearly that they served to make it more difficult for citizens to accomplish aaything as against either organization. We did pass at that session a direct nominations bill, the one good feature of which was that it contained a provisioa for a secret ballot at the primaries; but there was enough interjected into that hill to nullify nearly all the good that it contained. During the all-night contest at which that hill was passed, there was one sigaificant vote, that held out a promise for the future.

THE hill came from the senate three hours before the time set for adjourniag both houses *sine die*, and was aever intended to be brought before the House at all, but an Insurgent in the Judiciary Committee, to which it was referred, forced it out. It was a real direct nominations hill, and after interminable wrangling, the vote upon it finally stood, eighty odd to sixty odd ia favor of its passage. The sixty odd represented all the votes that the two organizations, working shoulder to shoulder, could get together; the eighty represented those who were really trying to represent their constituents.

After that vote, however, politics came ia. A recess was called. The Republicans had a caucus. The Democrats held a conference at which the telephone agaia played an important part. Al. Smith, the leader, holdly stated that if that Bill passed, it would wipe out the organizatioa in New York City, and if they thought that was desirable then they should pass the hill. Another hill was produced by Leader Smith, which, it was claimed, would give practically the same result, hut would avoid the drastic effect upon the organization in New York City.

THE hour was late. It was one o'clock in the morning after a long and husy day. The new bill was too long for any one to read intelligently. The Republican caucus had made it a party measure, so the substitute hill was finally passed hy the assembly just before five o'clock oa Sunday morning—just twelve hours after the time that had been fixed for final adjournment. One important fact that influenced a number of us in fiaally accepting the substitute hill was the precarious positioa of the city charter, that Tammany wanted to put through. They needed two or three more votes in the senate to secure its passage and we were afraid that in a long fight at the end of the longest session of the legislature on record, the charter might slip through. In other words, as showa hy the legislature of 1911 and again hy the present legislature of 1913, government hy organization, when that organization is Tammany, does not produce laws that are for the benefit of the people of the State. There were some of us, who did ia that session try to do our duty hy the constituents we represented, hut it was an awfully uphill fight. To retain our standiag as Democrats and our influence with many of our fellow members we were compelled to vote for some of the less harmful of the organization measures.

I WISH to east no slur upon any one of my Tammany associates in that assembly; personally they were a clever, iatelligent lot of men. They had been brought up from their early days to believe in Tammaay Hall and its doctrine of following a leader. The idea of political virtue, firmly implanted in every oae of them, was that strict allegiance to their leaders meant, on the whole, the best government for the State; that while following this rule, they must shut their eyes to the evils of some of the measures; on the whole, following the party rule strictly would accomplish more for good government than any other way. I believe most of them were sincerely honest ia that belief, hut I thought and still think that that belief was radically wrong.

The theory of a representative government hy the people is that where one hundred and fifty men fairly representative of their respective constituents get together, the results that they arrive at, uader ordinary parliamentary rules, will be good legislation. I believe the designers of our Constitution were right in that belief. The results attained by our legislators as at present selected is ao arraignment of representative government. It only shows the bad effects of a departure from that form of government and the adoptioa of our present system of government by organization.

*Next week's issue will contain "How Murphy Works in New York."*

# The Wilderness

By MABEL W. BREWER

AS from the tent of Abraham
Went Hagar with her child,
And turned her face in sorrow, toward
The desert place, lone, wild,
So from thy tent, loved one, I go,
Like Hagar toward the wild—
But unlike Hagar, there, of old,
O God, I have no child!

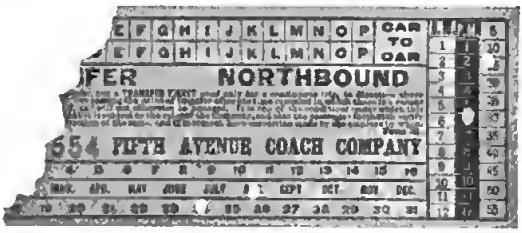
# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

AT THE UNION CLUB

"Why have you given up smoking?"
"I consider it effeminate."

## A Manhattan Magna Charta




THERE is a strip of territory thirty feet long—at the corner of Ninetieth Street and Fifth Avenue, where, by the grace of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, the police-harried New Yorker may stand—from dusk to dawn if he will and from dawn to dusk—holding sweet converse with his friends. No police officer may pommel, club, shoot or arrest him for disorderly conduct should he refuse to "move on."

This is the one free spot in New York, where the boss-ridden citizen may cock his hat at Mr. Waldo and his men of the club. Here for ten paces up or down—he has the freedom of the city. There is one proviso: He must have in his possession one of the special licenses issued by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company at the low price of ten cents and good for an entire day.

One of the most interesting sights of the city is to watch the citizens, drunk with unwonted liberty, stalking haughtily up and down this strip of sidewalk, while the baffled police, powerless to interfere, gnaw their night-sticks and moan.

Time passes.

A bus comes up going Northward, but the licensed citizen is not permitted to get in; it is full; comes then a Southward going bus; the licensed citizen is not permitted to enter; it is empty.

Bus after bus, processions of busses—going North (always full) and South (always empty) and into none of them may the weary citizen climb. His charter, issued by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, permits him only to stand and talk, or contemplate. Nothing else. When he is tired of enjoying the wild liberty of this corner of refuge, he has the healthful privilege of walking home or calling a taxi.

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

V

SULZER'S an easy man to draw,
As Cesare will agree;
A hank of hair, a lanky jaw
And no anatomy.

VI

IF I were forced upon the rack
My views of Comstock to impart,
I should confess he is a Jack
The Ripper of the nude in art.

# Drama

By N. H.

## I. The Guilty Man

A VAST amount of barking has been going on in the New York papers because the Sociological Fund of the *Medical Review of Reviews* announced that on the afternoon of Friday, November 14th, it would give a private performance of "The Guilty Man," a play based upon one of François Coppée's novels. It was this same sociological organization that gave "Damaged Goods" last year. When the Brieux play was first produced, nine out of ten persons whom I met declared that such a subject might properly be discussed under certain circumstances but was entirely unsuited to the stage. I invariably tried to find out why it was unsuited to the stage, and usually learned that the speaker did not like to see that kind of play. I then ventured that I did not like to see the kind of plays usually produced, and asked why I should be prevented from seeing the kind of play I did like, merely because other persons did not care to go, being at complete liberty to stay away. I failed to get any answer that I could understand, and apparently so did a great many other persons, because the success of the play at the private performances was so great that it was put on commercially and has been a profitable enterprise. Some people may object to this profit, thinking apparently that nothing ought to make money except those things that have no value.

"The Guilty Man" touches, in a sentence here and there, on other problems, but the main theme is simple, namely that a man who treats his responsibilities to a woman lightly is guilty not only of extraordinary meanness toward her, but of whatever evil deeds are done by his illegitimate offspring. The man in this play has not stamina enough to do the right thing by the woman whose love he has won. He marries another woman better placed socially. The first woman has a son. A few years later, she dies. The son is brought up in a so-called reformatory, and on account of poverty, the absence of guiding influences, and the disgrace of illegitimacy, he commits a crime. The father is prosecuting attorney, and in the end his better understanding is so awakened that he declares in court that he himself is in the real sense the guilty man.

NO doubt it is terrible that good people of the United States should be compelled to know that such a play is being given, although they will not be compelled to see it. Indeed, they will not be allowed to see it unless they are able to secure tickets from those in charge, who mean to have no one present except serious students. Anybody who does see the play can be influenced in no direction except toward more generosity, sympathy and responsibility for his acts. He will, however, be duly scolded by serious citizens, although he will be quite free to go around the corner to the Winter Garden without being criticized. No doubt, if such a play as "Oedipus the King", by many considered the greatest drama ever written, were produced in our time, it would be deemed totally unfit. The Greek tragedian depicted the results of Fate, and our serious playwriters desire to depict the results of error and selfishness. The Athenians loved pleasure, but they took pleasure in contemplating the higher tragic facts. One singular thing about this controversy of whether we are to be free to consider such important topics, or whether it is our duty to be ostriches, is that women are most in favor of frankness. Women were the backbone of the support given to "Damaged Goods" and probably will be the principal supporters of "The Guilty Man." Men, on the other hand, seem to prefer a universe in which certain deadly evils are kept alive as tributary to unbridled indulgence. They think it better that their wives and daughters should not know about these things. But the wives and daughters are rapidly making up their minds not only to know about them, but to end them.

## II. Two Plays by Barrie

TWO powerful one-act plays by the most gifted dramatist now writing in English mark the opening of the season. Each is absolutely dramatic, and yet each drives in an intellectual idea with a force that will make it live. Barrie may not be more intelligent than other playwrights; he may not be superior to certain men technically, he may not write better than some others; but he combines all these qualities in a way that makes him certainly the most notable artist now producing plays in our language. He has not only the almost unanalyzable and supremely important combination that results in what we call gift or genius, but he has the highest artistic conscience, and he never puts out anything which does not satisfy himself. The consequence is that every work from his pen is an event. It is nearly always a popular success, and it is always a contribution.

"Half an Hour," well presented by Grace George and her company, shows with splendid concentrated narrative the tragedy of the woman who has not been brought up to earn her way in the world. *Lillian Garson* has ability, daring, understanding, highmindedness, but she is helpless to lead her life right because she is a parasite, and she is a parasite through no fault of her own, but as an inevitable product of the social system. Like the aristocrats of the French revolution she can carry herself superbly but she cannot live visibly. Her parents were aristocratic and they married her to a rich brute who had ability to get on in the world. She feels that living with a man merely because he supported her is a degradation, but her marriage had been a sale, and she endeavors to carry out her end of it. Finally, however, his brutality

*Grace George in "Half an Hour"*



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*John Drew and H. E. Herbert in "The Will"*

becomes so extreme that she decides to run away with a man who loves her and whom she loves. The man is killed in calling a taxicab, and in a most exciting and theatrical situation she returns to her husband without his learning of her elopement. While it is so thrilling that it almost suggests melodrama, it is heart-rending in the ruthless clearness with which a noble woman is shown going back to a despicable situation because she can do nothing else.

MONEY and false standards are also the theme of "The Will". Before describing that play, let me pause a moment to rejoice that John Drew has done so splendid a piece of work so far outside of the line in which he is familiar. He is a real actor, and in this drama he shows it. There is not one touch of those light, personal charms and graces which have fitted into most of his recent plays. It is an accomplishment of sheer strength and technical mastery, and it gives that kind of higher pleasure that acting gives when it is objective, when, in other words, it is a vehicle for the embodiment of different characters, rather than for the expression of the dominant characteristics of the actor. It may well be doubted whether any other person in the United States could have acted this part as well.

The illustration of Mr. Drew's range is all the more striking by the fact that the Barrie play is given with the revival of Haddon Chambers' "The Tyranny of Tears", one of the most delightful of contemporary comedies, in which Mr. Drew's lighter side is shown, perhaps, better than in any other play he has given in recent years.

TWO young persons visit the office of a lawyer to have the will of the husband drawn. They are charming. They love each other. They are full of ardor. Only one trait is over-developed. They seem a little too much interested in money. Their dreams of the future center too much around what his salary is ultimately to be. The curtain falls for a moment. Many years have passed. Money has come in abundance and it has changed them both. There is no sweetness left. Grossness and selfishness have forced out the gentler qualities. Again the curtain falls for a moment, and again many years have passed. The man is now making his last will. In the first, he had wished to give everything to his wife, and she had wished him to be generous to poor relatives and to institutions. In the second, she had pleaded against any bequests that conflicted with her unnecessarily large share. As he approaches the third will, he has recognized that money is a curse. His wife is dead; his own life is ghastly. It has occurred to him that he will leave his fortune to his principal competitors, as the worst curse he can visit upon them. He offers it to the lawyer, to anybody who will take it, and all this is expressed in horrible and most true bursts of savage irony. From this play, as from the other, we go away having heard and seen a story, a masterly narrative, and from this as from the other, we have learned more about money and its place in the world than we can learn from any other contemporary literature with which I am familiar.

## III. Evangeline

IT is appropriate that the young manager who last year produced "The Poor Little Rich Girl," a play which touched imaginatively one of the most real facts about American life, should be the man to put Evangeline on the stage. In the theater there is harmony between plays on important conditions of the time and plays that are literature. The contrast is between the drama which is alive, either with the thought of today or the thought of yesterday, and the drama which is merely standardized mechanical amusement.

When I was a boy, it was customary at Christmas to give companion volumes of Longfellow and Tennyson. The percentage of Americans who are now innocent enough to rank Longfellow as high as Tennyson is smaller than it was; but it is common in estimating literature to swing to an extreme, and certainly those who dismiss Longfellow are as far wrong as those who rank him among the great. He has sincerity; he tells good stories; and he tells the truth, even though it be not the truth at its pinnacle. Evangeline is the most popular of his stories, and deserves to be. Hawthorne first became interested in the tale, and he knew a good story. When Longfellow had finished it, Hawthorne stated that he had read it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express," and Longfellow gratefully thanked Hawthorne for foregoing "the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose." Oliver Wendell Holmes proclaimed it Longfellow's masterpiece. Probably no line in American literature is more familiar than:

"This is the forest primeval.———"

The story that follows has become part of our thought about the history of this country. Much debate took place among historians regarding the literary accuracy of the account, but in spite of research Longfellow's version stands now as close to the truth.

The Hopkins production gave me much pleasure. The story was treated with judgment, the necessary amplifications being all in the direction of illustrating and enforcing what was in the poem. The only mistake was at the very end. In the stage version, Evangeline speaks her last line before the death of Gabriel. Certainly it is more effective

*Edna Goodrich and John Harrington in "Evangeline"*

that his death should be fully recognized by the audicace before she bows her head and murmurs:

"Father, I thank Thee."

A large part of the dialogue, especially in the loager speeches, is taken directly from the poem, aad turns out to be splendidly fitted to dramatic recitatioa. The familiar pictures touch our humanity, and likewise our interest in those far off happenings connected with the building up of our country, from Michigan to Louisiana. Any impressionahle young miod (or old mind that is impressionable) will be exhilarated by this story on the stage. It will be a pleasure to hear and see one of our couotry's most popular poems. It will be a pleasure to live in the dramatic and poetic episodes of our country's history. Evangeline is aa epic but it is wholly suited to drama, and the story, whether in epic or drama, is one that Americans should enjoy. The productioa marks the second aotable accomplishment of a young manager from whom much is to be expected.

# The Conqueror

## By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

WITHIN me is the world-old night,
Born of the first primeval night,
Which stirred the first atomic mite,
Which turns the lily toward the light,
Which bears the eagle in its flight,
Which urges man to heaven's height,
Which is my heritage, my right
In all its total sum,—
The purpose aad the power to fight,
To fight and overcome!

(And yet—and yet—I canaot choose
But ponder oa the ones who lose.)

Tribe after tribe and race oa race
Have lived, have died, to gain this grace
For me, so must I keep the pace,
No matter what the task or place.
I wear the crown, or bear the mace,
I cleanse the cups, or loose the lace,
Yet shall I never bow my face,
Nor shall my soul be dumb.
Upoa my rigbt I rest my case
To fight, to overcome!

(Yet if the struggle be the end
My greatest foe is most my friend.)

My heritage, tbe Past, is great,
The Preseat is my broad estate;
The Future is my open gate.
Yet should some seeming Terror wait,
I shall aot shirk nor hesitate.
I march serenely on, and straight;
No storm nor struggle, wrath nor hate
May blast me, or benumb.
I tilt into the face of Fate;
I figbt and overcome!

(For conquering Fear and conquering Pride,
I conquer Self—and all beside.)



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*Under the coaching of George Brooke, the Quakers will develop slowly this year, reaching their top form for the big game*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

*Early season progress of the big elevens*

WITH all the leading teams, East and West, in full swing, the attention of the coaches turns now to the further development of plays that were successful last year, and to the invention of new plays designed to take full advantage of the now thoroughly settled rules. Doubtless we shall see all the standard formations of the last few years, notably the Harvard "square" and the form of Minnesota shift used by Princeton. The Princeton style of attack has taken shape as was the case last year at a very early date, while there seems to be every indication that Pennsylvania's diagonal tandem will continue to be the stock in trade of George Brooke, the new Quaker coach, as it was of his predecessors.

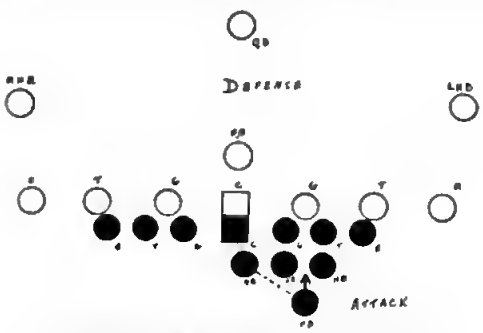
In the game against the heavy Franklin and Marshall eleven, on a soggy field at Philadelphia, the Quakers used this tandem in the second half as a "rescue play." It was all the more effective in that it was led by a big, blonde tackle named Carter, who promises to be one of the leading forwards of the year. The play itself is far from being new, since it was invented by Glen S. Warner of Carlisle many years ago. Given a speedy backfield, at least one husky lineman to open the way for the play, plus the certainty that the direct pass from the center will be cleverly handled by the last man in the backfield, and the play is most effective.

The continued use of this play (diagramed in Fig. 2) raises again the old question of the value of the direct pass from center. There are many good judges of football who believe that this form of pass is entirely too dangerous for general use, especially in dashes from tackle to tackle, unless thoroughly covered, and who still think that it is an asset only when a sweeping end run is attempted. Warner holds the opposite view, and there are excellent coaches who agree with him. But it must be remembered that the average Indian backfield is not only very fast but also accustomed to handling a football with the same precision that they would catch a baseball. It is seldom that this same precision can be found among the big and rugged backs that are seen almost annually at New Haven and Cambridge.

YALE'S experience with the direct pass in the last few years has been almost uniformly disastrous. Last season the coaches were of two minds in the matter until too late in the season to make either system of permanent value. Pennsylvania's experiment, therefore, should be of the utmost interest to the football world, inasmuch as with Minds looming up as perhaps the best ground gainer on the eleven the pass will almost always go to the last man in the attack, in other words, to the danger point. It may be that the Quakers will swing an end around to cover the play, although it would seem perhaps a better plan to drop a tackle or guard around for that purpose.

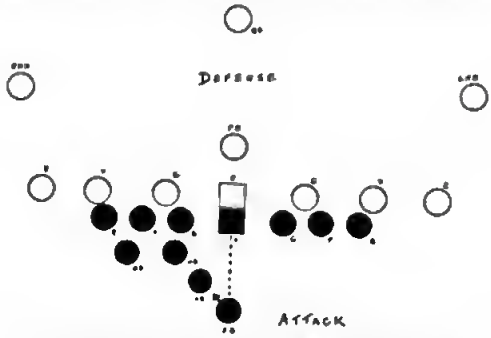
AT this writing Brooke has sprung nothing new or startling, which was to be expected, as he is not yet satisfied with the combination in the backfield. Much depends upon Captain Young and his ability to play behind the line. Should he prove as good a man as some of Pennsylvania's old time stars it would seem that with him Minds and Marshall working well together Brooke should be able to effect some highly interesting combinations. The Pennsylvania material as it appeared in its early games is far from impressive, but I am glad to note that there seems no longer to be a tendency to put the burden of the work in advancing the ball on the shoulders of a man who has little more to recommend him than his ability to cover a hundred yards on the track in close to even time. The present set of Pennsylvania backs is not remarkably fast, but the men keep their feet well and are everlastingly going ahead when tackled.

I am inclined to think that under the coaching of Brooke, a man in whom I have a vast amount of faith, the Quakers will develop slowly this year, reaching their top form for the big game—which is as




FIRST REVIVAL OF THE MASS PLAY

*Close formation used by Rutgers (coached by G. Foster Sanford) in the opening game against Princeton*




PENNSYLVANIA'S EARLY FORM OF ATTACK

*The play is a diagonal tandem led by a powerful tackle. The much-debated direct pass is used to the last man in the tandem*

it should be. I have never felt that the Pennsylvania defense was quite up to the standard of that of the other leading eastern elevens, although there may be reasons for the extremely close play of the backs which will develop at a later stage of the season. As the team plays at this writing there does not seem to be an adequate defense against the forward pass, and part of the defense seems to have been robbed away in order to support a rather shaky right side of the line.

LIKE Harvard and Yale, and unlike Princeton, at this stage, Pennsylvania is doing remarkably good work in making interference beyond the line of scrimmage, the ends being especially active in shooting across and putting the defensive backs out of business. If the Quakers continue to use their diagonal tandem throughout the season there would seem to be a vast amount of work in store for Carter, the big tackle, unless another man almost equally good can be developed on the opposite side of the line. It would seem to the man in the stand that Simpson, another promising forward, now playing at center, might well be paired with Carter to lead the tandem, in which case the Quaker type of attack would be difficult indeed to stop unless the defensive ends drive in very fast across the play.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the early season was the game between Princeton and Rutgers at Princeton, which the Tigers won, although rather hard pressed for a time. George Foster Sanford has been an interesting figure in football for so many years that he hardly needs an introduction to the great mass of the followers of the game. A man of intensely interesting theories and of unusual ability as a field coach, he has set the stamp of his personality on the work of many an eleven in the past. When it was announced that he would coach the Rutgers team preparatory to its meeting with Princeton, football men throughout the East suddenly became extremely interested. They felt that even with an eleven in a crude state of preparation, practically without training or seasoning, he would turn out some sort of novelty when it came down to action on the field.

It must be remembered that Sanford played and coached in the days of that mass play which the rulemakers have spent so much time and trouble in attempting to eliminate from the game. I do not think that he has ever had a change of heart as to the value of what has come to be called the old-fashioned game; as a strategist he has always placed a great deal of emphasis on power, cleverly applied, not only on attack, but also on defense.

THOSE who looked for something new at Princeton were far from disappointed. They saw an eleven that lined up with more solidity than any other that has taken the field since the new rules went into effect. The diagram (Fig. 1) gives a fair idea of the play, which might well be called a revival of the old mass formation. Three backs were lined up behind and practically against the center, guard, and tackle, while the back who was to carry the ball was only a couple of yards behind this heavy interference. As the ball was snapped the mass surged forward, opening a wide gap in the Princeton line, while the man with the ball came on at top speed and either practically "rode" through on the backs of his interference, or found sufficiently easy going to get clear through to the secondary defense.

In the November

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THE Rutgers line was well suited to the purpose of this play, but the backs were not up to the mark, and so, although the play gained quantities of ground from time to time, the advances were not consecutive as is necessary if the average of two-and-a-half yards to every rush necessary for a first down is to be sustained. Too frequently the man with the ball proved very slow and the opening was closed by the time he reached the line, ur, as Sanford himself put it, "He stopped to buy a paper." One trembles to think what a powerful and well coached eleven would do with a play like this, although it is barely possible that they might become exhausted through their own tremenduus efforts. Had the Rutgers team been able to vary the play with almost any other maneuver it is probable that more damage would have been done to the Tigers; hut as it turned out, Princeton, although victorious, largely through the mistakes of their opponents, knew at the final whistle that they had been in something like an old-fashiooed football game.

Just what the future of this play will be, or whether indeed, any other team will take it up, only time will tell. Certainly, it is a formidable engine of destruction, and while within the letter of the rules, still quite without their spirit.

PRINCETON'S early showing, save from the viewpoint of considerable weight and strength in the line, has been rather disappointing. The Tigers' opening game showed so little variety that it was impossible to tell moeh about the future of the team. As was the case last year, Prioceton opened the season with the constaat use of their particular brand of Minnesota shift, without variation from the formation that proved of so mueh value in the big game last year. Against Rutgers, the shift was most unsatisfactory. The backs experienced considerable difficulty in finding their places, and there was a double delay in getting the maneuver under way that made it far from difficult for a heavily massed defense to stop it without gain again and again. Indeed, had the Rutgers men known the beginnings uf the act of tackling, it is doubtful in the extreme if the Tigers would have scored at all.

As in former years, there seemed to be a tendeney to place too much dependence in the eaptain of the team, H. A. H.

*Minds, of Pennsylvania, kicking from placement*

Baker, who was called upon far too often to carry the ball, and who assumed too mueh of the hurden of the defense for so early in the season. Undoubtedly Baker is a harder man to hring down when tackled than was Pendelton last year, hut he has still a long distaner to travel to reach the ranks of star backs who are something more than mere elever broken field runners. I think that Baker is kerping his feet a little better than he did last season, and that in the end he will be better even than last year in the open, but he has a great deal left to learn in the matter of turning quickly into the openings.

THERE are other backs on the Princeton team who show considerable promise, notably Streit, F. Trenkman, who looks to be improved already over his last year's form, and a husky and willing worker named Doolittle. This young man is still quite green, hut to my way of thinking shows a great deal of promise. As a kicker he is very awkward, although getting plenty of distance and good direction. It seems impossible for him to get the ball away without taking two steps, which is so often fatal in a big game. But ball in hand, and turning well inside the ends, he is a great fighter for territory.

Glick is another young man of promise, whose speed undoubtedly will increase as the season grows older, and who, indeed, keeps his feet rather better than any of his comrades.

FROM New Haven comes the annual announcement that Tom Shevlin has come out of the West—perhaps direct from Dr. Williams—with a pocketful of new and fancy plays. Everybody will remember that it was Shevlin who hrought the Minnesota shift to the East. Almost aoy play that has any real fundamental worth, no matter how odd in appearance, is worth trying at least oner, and should work at least oner, and if Shevlin has brought along any sueh play it will be welcomed by the football public, which is always looking for uovelties. I seriously douht, however, if Yale will pin its faith this year to any particular play or series of plays.

Old heads and wise heads are in charge of the Yale squad this year—men who have seen plays of all sorts come and go, and who realize that the foundation of winning Yale foothall is laid less upon deceptioo than upon superb execution and a thorough grounding in the fundamentals. There have been shifts innumerable among the Yale forwards, but when the big games roll around I shall be disappointed if the Blue doesn't take the field equipped with one of the best lines in recent years. This, of course, barring accidents. When the Yale line is right, the entire Yale team is apt to be right, There is plenty of material up forward this year, and it will get better coaching than it has had in many a long day. The very best of the Yale coaches are in action this season, and the mere fact of the presence of Frank Hinkey at so early a stage, gives an air of confidence to all those connected with Yale football that was markedly absent last year.

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

## *The Slump in Government Bonds*

UNITED STATES government bouds fell five points below their face value in July last and after temporary support in August again declined in September and October to about the same level. If this does not create the impression of investment dlness it is hard to say what would have that effect. Complete dearth of a market for the bonds of one of the world's strongest and most powerful nations—if that does not mean the dropping out of investment bottoms, what does?

Apparently there are those whn are dazed hy this decline, who do not comprehend it at all. For many, many years a government bond has been something to conjure with. It has been the standard hy which all investment securities were judged. Its strength was understood by the most humhle and financially uneducated citizen as well as by the most sophisticated of brokers. Every commun swindler bent npon extracting from only too willing servant girls their last penny of saviugs was wont to compare his filthy offerings with government bonds.

Jack Johnson, flushed with dollars and with victory ever the last white man's hope, boasted that government bonds were good enough for him, and amid the approval of millions of his fellow citizens invested scores of thousands in the obligations of his country. Every piece of swamp-covered, mosquito-invested real estate sold to gullihle investors a thousand miles away is glihly said to be as safe as a government bond. In short the latter has been not only the premier investment of America, but the sole and final hasis of comparison for every other form of investment—the one true metal hy which all baser coins would ring false.

### *Why Have Government Bonds Fallen?*

LISTEN to the surprised and pained inquiry of a reader in Iuwa: "Early in the year I started in to huy $10,000 of Panama 3s of 1961, paying 102–103 for them and being assurel that the bonds depreciate only toward maturity. What is the reason of present depreciation and what is the future prospect of these bonds? The safety of principal was the primary object. I would not have made the purchase had anyone intimated the loss uf the first year's

interest owing to present depreciation.

What is the reason for present low prices, *i. e.*, 99 to 100, and what are the future prospects? To the layman government bonds selling or quoted below their face value comes as a surprise."

Now for the answer.

Unless the conditions surrounding the sale of government bonds entirely change future prospects are for much lower prices. The safest and strongest underlying first mortgage railroad bonds can be had to return 4¼ per cent. on the investment. Surely even a government obligation is not enough safer than the very best steam railroad bond to make it worth more than ¾ of 1 per cent, in excess of the railroad security. That would mean that a true investment basis for Governments would be 3½ per cent. In other words, on their investment worth alone, governments should sell to return 3½ per cent. net. Now turn to any bond table and you will find that a bond bearing 3 per cent. interest and maturing in 1961, as do the Panama 3s, should be quoted at exactly 88.42 to yield 3½ per cent.

And this is not the worst of it. In course of time the government will be obliged to issue two or three hundred million more of these bonds to complete payment for the Panama Canal, that is, to reimburse the Treasury for payments already made. Such a sale is almost certain to depress prices. There is still another factor making for depression. If the Owen-Glass Currency Bill becomes law and national banks are so dissatisfied with it as to leave the national banking system there will of necessity be a large quantity of government bonds, now used to secure bank notes and deposits, thrown upon the market.

The great bulk of United States bonds are and long have been owned by, or in some cases loaned by, national banks. About five-sixths of the total $1,142,000,000 are held in this way. National banks must have government bonds as security for bank notes and for deposits of government money which the Treasury from time to time makes with the national banks. These bond secured national bank notes, originally created solely for Civil War purposes, have long been reguarded as unscientific currency by all reformers, and all plans of currency reform have contemplated their immediate or gradual abolition. There are $725,000,000 of these notes and practically the same amount of government bonds are held in trust in the vaults of the Treasury buildiug at Washington for the banks which have bought or borrowed them as the necessary security for note issues.

The demand for government bonds from banks desiring to issue notes has given these bonds an artificially high price. For years past they have been kept far higher by this demand than they otherwise would have been. As compared with all other bonds a 3 per cent. government bond is not worth 102 or 103. It is worth about 90.

### *Uncertainty Kills*

GOVERNMENTS declined in July because dealers were all at sea in regard to what provision would be made for the bond-secured bank notes in the Owen-Glass bill. They are still uncertain on this point, and until the gigantic political issues involved in that legislation are settled, no one can tell what will become of these bank notes. The bill to date provides that banks can refund 5 per cent. of all the 2 per cent. governments they own each year for twenty years into 3 per cents., but that the 3s shall be without the "circulation" privilege, that is, they will not be available as security for further bank notes. But it is just that availability which has given government bonds their absurdly high price for years past. Therefore no other than a sagging market can be expected, even if the provision of the bill allowing the exchange of 2s for 3s continues to stand and becomes law, because the "circulation" privilege has in the past been looked upon by national banks as worth more than the difference between 2 and 3 per cent. interest.

We must take sharp issue with the inquirer when he says he has lost his first year's interest. He has lost nothing of the kind. He also intimates that when he bought he supposed the principal was safe. Unless a comet strikes and destroys the earth or unless Germany or Japan "wipes us off the map," the principal of these bonds is and will continue to be absolutely safe. The bond will be paid off at 100 when it comes due and in the meantime the Government will pay 3 per cent. interest each year. The gentleman from Iowa has lost nothing. What he has done is to buy a bond for a great deal more than it was worth, and it is strange indeed that whoever sold it to him did not tell him that United States bonds were selling at least ten points above their true investment value because of a demand from national banks for a purpose which reform legislation might at any time wipe out. Of course if the owner of these $10,000 of Panama 3s is compelled to sell he has lost something. But if he holds on he loses nothing.

### *The Right Way Out*

THE writer is firmly of the opinion that the government bond situation in this country will never be normal until the government learns to sell bonds at retail instead of wholesale, to the individual investor instead of to the National City Bank and others. Certainly such a policy would be in line with the views of the present Administration. President Wilson has shown as have few other presidents an earnest desire to benefit the small man. Nothing would benefit the average citizen more than to be able to buy government bonds at reasonable prices.

A popular sale of Governments on a 3 per cent. or any other basis will not be possible until after the problem of providing for the bonds owned by national banks has been finally cared for. As long as there is danger of these securities being thrown upon the market it would be foolish to sell to individual investors. But after all this uncertainty has been cleared away, and it will have to be if the Government is to continue in business, then the day will come for a direct appeal to the people for funds.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of Harper's Weekly published weekly at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, Norman Hapgood, McClure Building, New York City; Managing Editor, Cameron Mackenzie, McClure Building, New York City; Business Manager, Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York City; Publisher, The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York City. Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock.) Norman Hapgood, McClure Building, New York City; Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York City; Walter S. Rogers, LaGrange, Ill.; David Benton Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas David Jones, Chicago, Ill.; Charles R. Crane, Chicago, Ill.; George F. Porter, Chicago, Ill.; Julius Rosenwald, Chicago, Ill. (Signed) The McClure Publications, A. S. Moore, Secy. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of Sept., 1913. (Signed) Joseph W. Hanson, Notary Public, No. 25, New York County, Register's Certificate, No. 4004. (Term expires March 30, 1914.)


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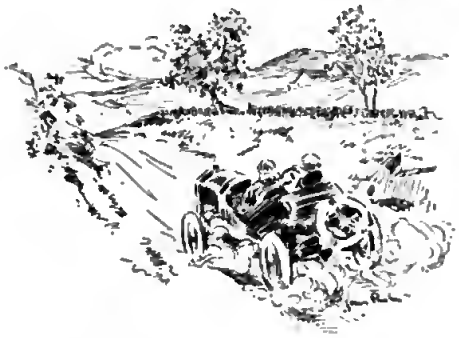
# The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston



## X

### Lemuel Taketh an Encore Honeymoon and Gaineth Wisdom

PERCIVAL'S car (as the Boggs quickly named it)
Boasted no racing-blood—nobody blamed it.
Neat enough,
Sweet enough,
Room in the seat enough,
Easy to run; it was awfully sane,
Built with a sort of mechanical brain.
"Isn't no use to try racin' a train
With a small one like this;
But 'er engine don't miss
And she'll keep right along from Ohio to Maine,"
Lemuel Bogg took the time to explain
To his wife, as the two,
On their second day out,
Stopped to take in the view
Nigh a stream where the trout
Played in the cool
Glint of a pool
And the sun in the willows danced gaily about.

ONCE, as they sped by a farmhouse—worse luck!—
Lemuel's vehicle murdered a duck.
Out boiled the farmer and thundered, "See here!
Gol durned, smart city folks, comin' this way
Slaughter my fowls without conscience or keer.
*I* seen y' do it. I'll thank y' to pay!"
Lemuel chuckled, "Don't raise such a holler!
Honest, friend stranger,
I too am a granger
And know them blamed autos is pests. Here's a dollar."
"Gosh!" gasped the farmer, and touched the machine,
"Ye're the queerest durned autoist *I* ever seen!"
Lemuel laughed, "Well, a few months ago
I hated them blash-dingled gas-machines so
I was ready to rush in the road
With a load
Of glassware or bricks
Or dynamite sticks
And bust their machines
Plum to greens,
Smithereens.

BUT all of a sudden I found—it was strange—
My mind undergoin' a marvellous change.
When chickens fell slaughtered and busted dogs yelped
I found myself sayin', 'It couldn't be helped.'
When dust filled the landscape and flew in my eyes
I caught myself thinkin', 'I quite realize
How dust, proper flavored, is good for digestion.'
I grew sort o' mild on the gasolene question.
I used to think autos was divvils, and then
I suddenly found they was human like men . . ."
"What caused that quick change?" asked the rustical elf.
Lemuel hurbled, "I got one myself!"

THE seventh day out—still the weather looked grand
With Lemuel whistling the tune "Beulah Land"—
How, as he put it, "be dumb if I knowed,"
They suddenly bumped on the Boston Post Road.
Fine looking touring cars, runabouts, too,
Gave them their dust. Lem, at first, appeared blue,
Then straightened right up with the sunniest smile,
"Shucks! Let the young hust their necks for awhile.
But a man o' *my* age has his fortune to thank
That his tires is still good and ther's gas in the tank.
Hello! Here's the inn of Leonidas Skinner.
We'll hitch up our steed, Ma, and drop in to dinner."

AS he backed in the shed
To the rear of the place
Lem, turning his head,
Looked square in the face
Of his Parthian enemy, Hiram J. Scagg.
But Oh! what a change had come over the ag-
—gressively gumptious
And formerly humptious
Features which Lem had detested so well!
And the reason was plain
As a lighthouse in Maine;
For Hiram J. Scagg was ensconced in the seat
Of a small, humble runabout, safe, sane and neat.
"My, my,
Why Si!"
Lem managed to say,
"Though I don't
And I won't
Be inquisitive—pray
What under the sun
Have you been, gone and done
With yer sixty-two ogre-power Cannibal Six?"

"WELL, Lem," answered Si, "since ye ask, might as well
Out with the truth—though ther ain't much to tell.
I just gave up speed when this thought struck me cold;
Some cars is for young folks and some is for old—
And a greybeard like me in a racin' machine
Is like an old fool who weds sweet seventeen.
So I just swapped my dragon for this little, tame
Roadster—hut say! In Jehosaphat's name,
"What did *you* do with *your* giant?"
"The same!"

SO they all joined at lunch, quite revived from the shock,
And ate pork and beans from the very same crock;
A rite so revered in New England, they say,
That friendship till death is cemented that way.
And so it appeared,
For that meal so endeared
Once rankerous Lem and once cankerous Si
That they quaffed cider straight
This pledge to libate,
"Here's hopin' we live till the day that we die!"

*(Part Two of the Autopilgrim's Progress, "The Bridal Tour", begins in the next issue.)*

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Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 25, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

## NEW FOOD OF AMERICA

Advance Information on
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the Beef Famine

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Honoré Willsie

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NEW YORK

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**Mr. Cohan's article appears in the November number. Mr. Merwin's story will run through several issues, beginning with the November issue.**

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Trust the President

THAT the Currency Bill should pass at the present session is necessary to the welfare of the country. Although matters are quiet on the surface, and the President's tact and coolness have made any great outbursts impossible, yet there is, underneath, the same bitter controversy between him and plutocracy that is going on all the time between the forces of progress and the forces of privilege. Mr. Wilson at the present moment is the leader in the movement toward democracy, political and industrial. He is a wise leader. He has been thinking for more than thirty years with an excellent and a highly trained mind about the human problems of our time. He has seen them against the background of history, with a disposition that has been conservatively tempered by his occupation. He once spoke of himself as a man who sought radical ends by conservative means. What he is asking in the case of currency is not too much. Indeed, it is not enough for an ultimate solution, but it is necessary that that amount shall be conquered now in order that the forces of progress shall remain dominant. If he is victorious in his currency measure, he will have a much better chance in the desperate fight that lies immediately ahead, when amendments to the Sherman Act come up. If he is beaten in the currency measure, it will mean much more than a delay of needed reforms—it will mean that the democratic movement in this country, the progressive movement, has received a set-back, and those who are afraid of greater equality in the world have won a notable victory over their foremost antagonist, which will strengthen them in confidence and in position, and correspondingly weaken him. It is no time for hesitation. Let those who are overmuch impressed by detailed criticism by bankers remember that country bankers, unless they are very exceptional men, hardly dare to do anything but agree with the big men in New York. Let them also remember how the Tariff Bill was criticized and how quiet everything is now; how the Railroad Bill in Mr. Roosevelt's administration was criticized, and how it is approved now; how the Interstate Commerce Commission was treated as a menace to republican institutions only a few years ago; how La Follette, a dozen years since, was looked upon as a dangerous anarchist, while he was forcing through measures in Wisconsin that the railroad men and bankers of that state now approve. This is no time for cowardice, inaction, or mob psychology. Von Moltke said: "First consider, then dare." The currency question has been considered for many, many years. The present bill has taken what was valuable in the expert knowledge of the Aldrich Bill, and it has added features which give the people control, through their government, and reduce the excessive control of a few over-wealthy men. Such a step is not violent democratic progress; it is only slow and patient common sense. Let us take that step.

## "Making Medicine"

IN the New Mexico legislature, the saying is that a minority has no rights save the inalienable one of "making medicine." So long as the minority considers obstruction its function, making party capital its end, it cannot expect to be allowed participation in constructive action. When the Glass Currency Bill was referred to the Senate Committee, Chairman Owen announced his hope that the bill might be perfected and passed without being made a party measure. Such an important subject needs all the light that can be contributed by any Senator with the good of the country at heart. But the Republican members of the committee have been "making medicine" by representing the House bill as so crude and unsound that a great many hearings must be had and all possible objections considered. Senator Bristow, for example, while not displaying any profound knowledge of the questions at issue, is certain that the House bill is "an abortion." The Republican members of the committee have been aided by two Democratic members, Hitchcock of Nebraska and O'Gorman of New York. This combination makes a majority of the committee and if committee action is unduly prolonged there will be no alternative left but for the Democratic members of the committee to report to the Democratic caucus and make the bill a party measure.

## The Senate and the Currency

THE Democratic members of the Currency Committee are Owen, Chairman; Hitchcock, O'Gorman, Reed, Pomerene, Shafroth, and Hollis. Owen is a practical banker, has read widely upon banking, is committed to the principles of the Glass bill which he had a hand in framing, and is abundantly able to defend his position. Hitchcock is so independent that he left the Democratic caucus on the tariff measure because it would not adopt his plan of taxing the trusts. O'Gorman is playing politics all the time and playing with Tammany most of the time. The other four members are studying the bill. The Republican members are Nelson, Bristow, Crawford, McLean, and Weeks, only the last named

being able to contribute anything of value to the discussion. Outside of the committee, Hoke Smith was a student of the currency question in free silver days. John Sharp Williams sheds light on any subject he discusses. Root, Lodge, Borah, Cummins and La Follette, will have ideas of their own to express. Perhaps where there are so few shepherds, more will play the rôle of sheep, and few will act the goat. It may be, that if the bill is reported to the Senate by November 1, the refuge for ignorance will be silence, and those who will have nothing to say will say it.

## Folk

IT is fortunate that Joseph W. Folk has become associated with the Administration. He has been a notable figure in the life of the Middle West, and his work as Prosecuting Attorney in St. Louis and Governor of Missouri had no small part in creating the public spirit of today. Since he left the governorship, he has had a very hard fight in his own state, being almost universally opposed by the politicians and reactionaries. In Washington, not only will his ability and clear-sightedness be of general value, but his influence on federal appointments in his native state will inevitably make decidedly for improvement.

## Most Important

THE Secretary of Agriculture has said: "I am convinced that the biggest problem confronting us is the rural life problem, and yet it is one which in its largest aspects has been ignored." Mr. Houston made this remark in connection with the proposed School of Country Life in Nashville, Tennessee. This school is appropriately to bear the name of Seaman A. Knapp, who did so much pioneer work in connection with country life in the South, and it is to be run in connection with the George Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville. It will represent the first attempt in America to build an institution devoted exclusively to the study of rural life. Eighty-five per cent of the people in the South live in the country. This school will not only teach the principles of better farming with which Mr. Knapp's name is so closely associated, but it will also teach such subjects as the best system of buying land and equipping farms, establishing farm credits, taxing agricultural property, coöperation of various kinds, better marketing. The question of the best memorial to Dr. Knapp arose immediately after his death, two and one half years ago. A committee was organized with representatives from every Southern state, and it certainly reached the right decision in selecting a school so profoundly needed, especially by the South. The General Education Board offered to give $250,000, the interest of which is to go to running expenses. The Memorial Committee undertook to raise $150,000 for the building and the farm. The trustees of the Peabody Education Fund have given to the George Peabody College for Teachers the sum of One million dollars, concurrent with gifts of money by the State of Tennessee, the County of Davidson, and the City of Nashville, amounting to $550,000, and sixteen acres of land, with buildings and appurtenances, by the University of Nasbville. In closing the Peabody Trust and founding the College for Teachers, the Peabody fund offered to endow the college with the additional sum of Five hundred thousand dollars, *provided that by November 1, 1913, the College should raise the further sum of One million dollars.* Of that amount, eight hundred thousand dollars has been raised as we go to press, leaving two hundred thousand dollars to be raised this month. It seems impossible that so much money for such a noble purpose could be lost through a failure to raise an additional two hundred thousand dollars, and we have the utmost confidence that the money will be found. There is no possible way in which it could be used to more profound advantage.

## Celebrating Perry

THE centennial celebration to Perry is thoroughly deserved by the historical importance of what that Commodore did, but it is impossible to think that Buffalo was fortunate in the way it was carried out. When that city undertook to raise money, enthusiasm was insufficient and the credit of the city was saved by the Honorable W. J. (Fingy) Connors. On the grandstand, alternate panels depicted, first, Perry, next an advertisement, third, the ship *Niagara*, fourth, an advertisement, fifth, the battle on Lake Erie, sixth, an advertisement, and so on. The side shows flanking the grand stand may have been thoroughly appropriate in their place, but they hardly added much to the celebration of a significant event. In the evening, there was a banquet, the reputed cost of which was fifteen dollars a plate, at which five hundred persons enjoyed the hospitality of the state at no expense to themselves. Such things certainly might be handled better.

## Mr. Lane's Idea

WHEN the Secretary of the Interior refused a banquet in Denver because it was to cost seven and one-half dollars a plate, and accepted when the cost was reduced to fifty cents a plate, he took a stand of importance. We cannot work out democracy without applying it to simple, fundamental, essential things. False money standards reach in every direction. One of the great causes of Mr. Taft's failure as president was that he was inclined to conclude that a man who gave an excellent dinner was an excellent man, and when he went to the Pacific coast, he saw all the members of the chambers of commerce and none of the other people. Mr. Lane is on the right track. He is showing it in the whole conduct of his Department, and he showed it no less significantly in the little episode at Denver.

## Cheer Up, Walt!

THE *Emporia Gazette* is one of the most admirable newspapers in the United States,—honest, able, diverting, a regular institution in the country which it ornaments. To be chastised by such a paper is a pleasure. The distinguished

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poet who has written most of the editorials since Mr. White began to deal rather with the United States as a whole, and with the Universe, bas gone after our scalp on the feminist movement. If we started with all of his premises, we should certainly end with his conelusions. He interprets HARPER'S WEEKLY as declaring that "the feminist movement should give mother a latchkey," and goes on to say that "the feminist movement in Emporia is largely devoted to taking the latchkey from father, and throwing all latchkeys into the cistern." Now his pieturesque language leaves one a little in doubt about what he means. So astute an observer as he can searcely have overlooked the fact that, in the opinion of this WEEKLY, taking illicit liberty away from men is one of the central features of the feminist movement, properly interpreted. If women are to have a latchkey, it is only for purposes of getting in after spending an evening in such a way as even Walt might approve of.

The laureate of the prairie also alleges with praiseworthy fire: "The feminist movement in Kansas surely is a movement to put sex down and keep it in its entirely proper but secondary place in life." Now, it will take us probably a year or more to explain in all its details what we think about suppression, in this delicate but extremely important subject, and what we think about honest expansion. We certainly do not believe that the problems will be settled by a Puritan horror of considering the topic at all. If Walt was brought up in a town as small and as bad es the one we were brought up in, he probahly knows that the idea that vice exists only in big cities is a silly dream, and he also knows that the world as governed by decorous silenee is not a wholly beautiful world. Think it over, old man. Perhaps you can reaeh the conelusion that we can study this subject a little without driving the universe off of its axis.

## Men, Women and Frankness

LET not Walt, or any other philosopher, imagine that "radicalism" is the most correct word to describe the spirit of this journal. The phrase we prefer is "progressive liberalism." Radicalism suggests a more insistent doctrine or mood than ours; whereas liberalism indicates a general disposition to work for improvement rather than to defend existing things merely because they exist. HARPER'S WEEKLY will he hospitable to the new when it happens to like the new, and devoted to the old when it happens to like the old. Indeed, it will judge a thing not at all from the point of view of novelty or familiarity, but merely from the point of view of truthfulness and utility. In the general desire to represent the free and liberal thought of the community, it ipelndes the thought and desires of women as much as men, and puts a special emphasis on this because it does not believe there is in existence any powerful organ which adequately expresses the point of view of the many thousands of women, especially of young women, wbo are not entirely satisfied with civilization as it has been worked out by men.

The question of propriety, or decency, or whatever it is called, is one that we are willing to meet, although in the main it is a substitute for real thinking. While we do not wisb to over-emphasize certain questions, we mean to consider them carefully, no matter how much barking may result. Most of the complaints against this spirit come from men. The complaints from women are almost negligible. On the other hand, the enthusiastic approval we are getting from women all over the country shows the soundness of the belief we began with, that they desired a place where their point of view could be interpreted, and are most ardently welcoming it. For instance, here is a letter that has just come in:

> I have just finished reading your fine review of Dell's book and also your editorial on "Two Kinds of Mothers." I cannot express to you the comfort and feeling of peace your words have been to me. I think that aone can understand the peculiar psychological condition of women as you seem to do. That is what we most want—intelligent understanding—this cry about rights is all bosh—we do not want "rights"—any noble man or woman will give up their rights any time when it is needful—are we not doing it all the time—but we do want the right to live—to know that society was made for us—and not we for society.

That praise, of course, is much higher than we deserve, but the generous exaggeration indicates that women realize they have not had a fair interpretation. We mean to throw our columns open to the wisest thought put forth about women and by women, and especially by those younger women who feel the courage and the energy to re-shape the world to approach more nenrly their ideals. Most newspapers are run by men, and it is to be noticed that some of them describe this paper as "effeminate" because it considers the woman's point of view as important as the man's.

## The Man on the Front Porch

IN the necessarily experimental task of working out an illustration scheme that shall be sincere, strong, and expressive, and, yet at the same time one that can be digested by our public, our thoughts have been forced a good deal onto the difference between the situation in the European countries and the situation in the United States. An intellectual, satirical free-speaking publication in Austria, Germany, France or even England, receives support from a class that does not exist in this country. It is not a class which means a big eireulation, but it is a class much more cultivated than any group in this country and it means a moderate eirculation for n kind of paper that here would be called "high-brow," coarse, and plenty of other easy names. The man who sits on the front poreh in a moderate-sized town in the Middle West after a good day's work, and placidly talks over simple matters with his wife and children, is the backhone of American civilization. There are hundreds of thousands of him. He is not highly cultivated, hut he is half cultivated, and what he has is extremely healthy. This strikes us as the most interesting country in the world to live in. Much more interesting than a small, highly cultivated minority in the old country is this large, half cultivated, but sincere and ambitious element in American life. In the half cultivated, moderately prosperous class of Americans today lies the future of our country.

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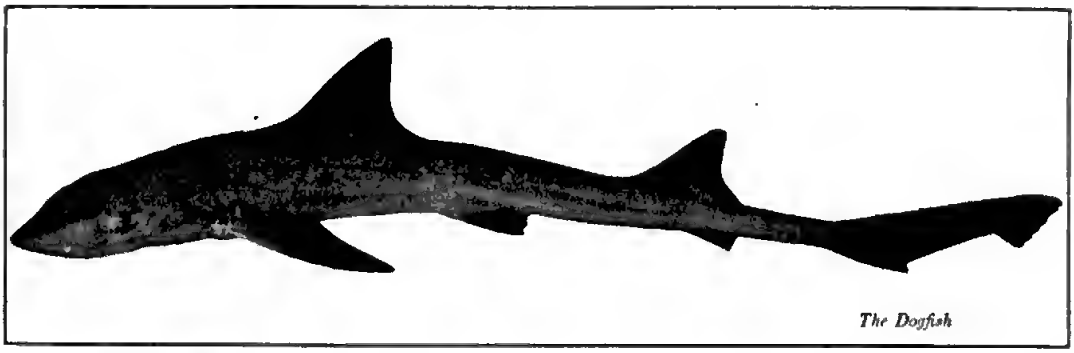


*The Dogfish*

# Fighting the

By HONORÉ

*Sea Mussel*

DR. CARL ALSBURG is young, only thirty-six. Also he is a scientist and dislikes publicity. So he was an unknown quantity to the general public when he became chief of the Bureau of Chemistry which Dr. Wiley had made famous. Nor has the public been able to gather much information about the new head since his promotion. Yet the young chief down in the little Chemistry Bureau building in Washington is putting into practical form some big dreams about feeding America.

There are two types of scientific mind. One is the investigating type, the runner-down of minute details. It sees things with the microscopic eye only. The other is the creative mind; the mind that sees details in their whole relationship, not only to each other but to universal problems. Both minds are equally valuable to the world. Dr. Alsburg's happens to be of the latter, the creative type, which is an extremely fortunate thing for the American household.

He knew that the policing of our foods is important and that the police work of the Bureau must continue to be active and efficient. But he saw, too, that policing was not enough. He saw that unless the work of the Bureau were creative and helpful as well analytic and punitive it would miss its greatest opportunity, that of finding food for this strange, crowding new century of ours. And not only must it find the food but it must train the hurried and skeptical American public to eat it.

The need in America for more food is imminent; more food and new processes for preparing foods. Any householder does not need to read the newspapers or magazines to learn that food prices are advancing rapidly. There are many causes. Undoubtedly part of the high prices is due to the middle man and to the stupid and greedy methods of preparing and handling. But, just as surely, a very important cause of the high price of some of the necessary foods is their scarcity. Of no food is this truer than of beef and of mutton.

Since the beginning of 1907, the number of beef cattle in the United States has decreased from over fifty-one millions to thirty millions and the number of sheep from fifty-three to fifty-one millions. In this same period the population has increased by ten millions.

The great ranches of the West are giving up cattle raising. Their great ranges are being cut up into farms for the crowding populace. Housekeepers have grown a little panic-stricken.

"What shall we eat," they exclaim, "when beef becomes out of the question?"

Most of the effort of people who have seen the menace has been toward inducing the farmer to raise more beef cattle. This is fundamentally a good policy. But Dr. Alsburg has viewed the problem from another angle.

"Why always beef?" he asks. "Is there no other food, easy to obtain, as valuable as a food? Why not fish?"

The visitor invariably blinks when the doctor says this. "Why—er," replies the visitor, "fish is not as nourishing as beef. It's all right as a brain food and nice to balance the roast on the menu. But I suppose that the real reason is that human instincts are safe to follow and instinct tells us we must have beef."

Being a gentleman, Dr. Alsburg's voice is not as bored as his expression. "Fish, like meat, is a nitrogenous food. Its place on the menu, like that of meat, is to supplement the vegetables."

"But how," asks the visitor, "can the Bureau of Chemistry be interested in fish? I thought fish belonged to the Bureau of Fisheries."

"The exploitation of our waters as a source of food," replies the chief, "belongs to the Bureau of Fisheries until sea food or fresh water food passes into interstate commerce. Then we over here become interested. It is then in the control of the Department of Agriculture to which our Bureau belongs.

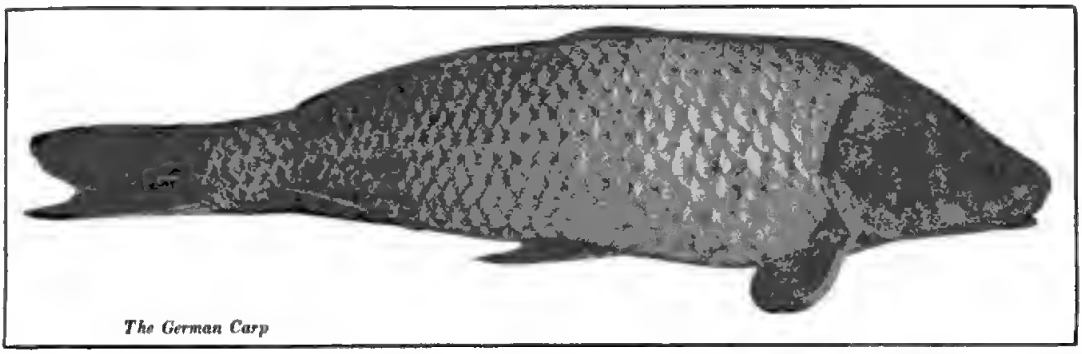
"And let me tell you that this department has a deep interest in fish food other than as an article of interstate commerce and other than as a mere edible. Every pound of food taken from the sea relieves the land of producing a corresponding amount of meat. This releases so many more acres for the production of fruit and grain. Every pound of food produced on land uses up some of our soil fertility. Sea food is a net gain to the land. And it furnishes fertilizer to the land, directly enriching the soil."

Not only the direct loss of food has been great in the decrease of our beef cattle industry but the indirect loss to the land in fertilizer has been excessive. The greatest ultimate profit to a farmer is in feeding every pound of grain and forage raised on his farm to live stock on his farm. His gain is then two-fold, in the selling of the live stock and in the fertilization of his soil. When the farmer does not raise live stock to any degree the loss is not only in food for you and for me, but for him, in the up-keep of his soil fertility.

The "fish for beef," idea is a big one. But it is new only in its application to America. The remarkable thing about the matter is that any man, particularly a man as young as Dr. Alsburg, should have recognized the fact that America has reached the point where the fish diet was becoming necessary. It took the far-seeing, the bird's vision to perceive that.

We have lived only a short time yet we have reached the fish era, long known to the economic history of other nations.

Ages ago, China reached the point where her crowded people could no longer support themselves and any great number of food animals. But there is no crowding the sea. There is no expense in raising fish. Long ago there crept into Chinese legends the story that in seasons when sea food was plentiful the god of wisdom and the goddess



*The German Carp*

# Beef Famine

**WILLSIE**

of love appeared, each riding a fish, and in those seasons, marriages were many.

Dr. Alsburg is peculiarly fitted to coöperate with the Bureau of Fisheries in this new work. He is a graduate physician. He is a bio-chemist. During the summers of 1906, 1907, 1908 he held a special appointment as investigator on the value of sea foods for the Bureau of Fisheries. The business of this Bureau is to increase the propagation of fish for food.

Dr. Alsburg's direct, practical effort will be not only to increase the popularity of fish already used for food, but at the same time to overcome our national prejudice against certain fish that are plentiful and in many cases are used freely by other countries. We have put the ban on many fish because they offend our aesthetic sense!

Just why Americans eat the oyster and spurn the sea mussel, no one knows. In Europe the sea mussel is eaten in huge quantities. It is quite as pleasant in appearance as the oyster and it should take no more courage to eat the first mussel than the first oyster. Dr. Alsburg wants America to begin to eat the sea mussel and is planning a campaign to increase its popularity as well as that of several other fish.

Take the dogfish for example. It belongs to the shark family and its favorite diet is lobster. The dogfish is probably so called because it in no way resembles a dog. It is extremely ugly, but its general features, particularly in profile, are not nearly so depressing as is the sole, one of our favorite delicacies. Nature struck a very fair balance between the lobster and the dogfish, its arch enemy. A female lobster will produce 15,000 eggs while the dogfish produces from four to twelve young. But nature did not count on man. Dogfish and man on our Atlantic coast are so enormously destructive of the lobster that the latter is threatened with extinction, unless—man can be persuaded to eat the dogfish! The flesh of the dogfish is very sweet and delicate and it will cut in steaks like the cod. The dogfish should be used as a direct food, but it so abounds on our coasts that it should be used as a fertilizer also. The oil from its liver is quite as good as that from the cod.

The sword fish looks vicious and he is notable among sea folk as a stabber of whales. But his flesh is peculiarly tender and well flavored and is eaten in Mediterranean countries. One finds a few of them in our great coast markets where our South Europeans demand them.

We may be forgiven for disliking the personal appearance of the skate, though he utterly lacks the varied ugliness of our favorite, the lobster. The skate goes against all our pre-conceived ideas of fish symmetry. He has a triangular figure and a mouth on the under side of his body. But his big pectoral fins are such good eating that great quantities of the skate are sold in England and France and Italy. We are beginning to have him in our New York markets now where the Italians demand him. He grows abundantly on our coasts.

The squid is a soul-terrifying animal, with a rolling, prominent eye, with eight or ten arms furnished with suckers and with an ink bag with which to bemurk his enemies. Yet some of the southern peoples have closed their eyes, roasted his tentacles and found them excellent.

Abalones abound on the Pacific coast. They have a huge and very lovely iridescent shell. Yet Americans do not eat them while the Chinese devour them with gusto. Denuded of his shell and served with aesthetic impartiality, the abalone is not half so repulsive as the oyster and, as a matter of fact, stands close to the oyster in food value.

The oyster is in many ways the very prince of sea foods. A quart of oysters contains about the same food value as a quart of milk or as three-quarters of a pound of beef.

In fact, as regards the relative value of sea foods and meat, the only considerable difference is in fat where meat has the advantage. They are about equally digestible. It takes about six pounds of sirloin steak to furnish a pound of protein and about an equal amount of cod-fish but cod is about sixteen cents a pound and sirloin about thirty. Herring has the same nitrogen value as pork, and mackerel nearly as much.

The popular belief that fish is a special brain food because of the phosphorus in fish is not warranted. Fish have no more phosphorus in their flesh than other food animals and physiologists say that phosphorus is no more essential to the brain than nitrogen or potassium or its other elements.

The work of the Department does not rest with the increase of our fish supply. It plans to stop the wanton destruction of fish in the spawning season. The shad industry is now entirely dependent on artificial perpetuation by the Bureau of Fisheries. Mackerel and halibut are in danger of being destroyed.

The Bureau of Chemistry will start a campaign regarding the packing, marketing and refrigeration of fish food which up to now has been very little investigated. Facts like these will be forced on fishermen and the public: fish caught by gill nets and allowed to die slowly under water decompose easily, as also do fish landed alive and allowed to die slowly. Fish killed immediately after catching keep the best and their flavor is better. Fish should not be kept in a temperature over 25° F. but oysters should not be frozen. Oysters deteriorate very rapidly when taken from the water, especially when in spawn, though they are considered to be most palatable when in spawn.

The wide-spread and growing fear that the oyster is a source of disease and is not a safe food is undoubtedly one of the many factors that adds to the high cost of living. Oysters should be plentiful, cheap and much eaten. Public opinion to the contrary, the great bulk of oysters sold are wholesome. The number of beds where pollution is even possible is relatively small.

The Department of Agriculture wants to stimulate the production of oysters and is planning a special oyster campaign. Thousands of acres of shallow waters are available all along our sea boards for oyster beds and the oyster producing possibilities of the gulf states have scarcely been touched.

"The oyster grower of the shallow reaches of the sea," says Dr. Alsburg, "is as much a producer of wealth as the breaker of new prairie land. But need for developing the new beds will come only when the present distrust of the

oyster is overcome and it is restored to the confidence its food value warrants."

The Department is planning to deal with the oyster situation in a new and constructive way. This policy differs widely from the old one under which shippers of inferior oysters were puoished but nothing was done to help producers keep oysters wholesome. Uncle Sam is about to begin a systematic, sanitary study of the entire question of oyster production. The first thing will be to learn what beds from Cape Cod to Texas are polluted. These will probably prove to be few. The Department will then control interstate shipments from these beds nnd this publicity will prevent local sales.

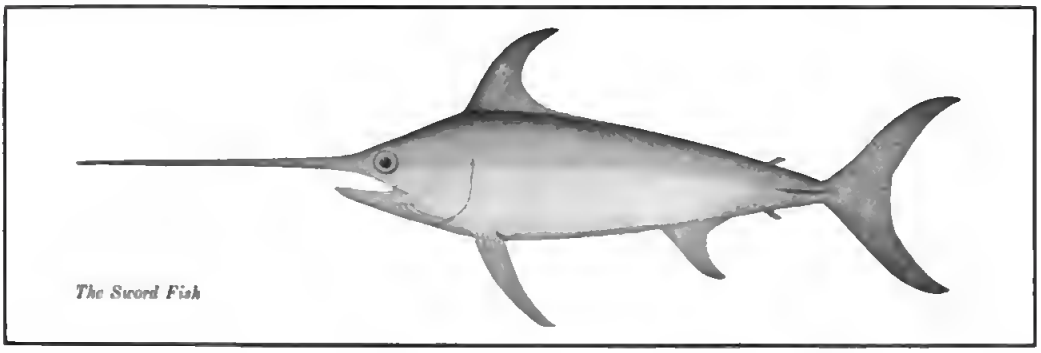
The second step will be to see that the oysters from wholesome beds are handled in a sanitary manner. These two steps should go far toward restoring public confidence in the nyster. The industry will increase and do its share toward making up for our beef loss.

Dr. Alsburg's ideal is not to stop witb punishing the offender. People must be protected, of course, from tninted oysters. But in getting after the wrongdoer, the chief proposes to aid all the producers of wholesome oysters to increase their business. This idea of helpfulness and coöperation will go a long way toward increasing not only the oyster business but the fish industry in general.

When one first watches Dr. Alsburg in his office in the Chemistry building, one wonders why a man of his type should have taken the position of chief of the Bureau of Chemistry. Dr. Alsburg does not say why. He does not talk about bimself. But he is a man whose silences are eloquent.

His days are filled with details of rottea egg seizures and stories of swill that has been bottled aud labelled "Catsup." One does aot know just where or when he does the creative work of which his Fish for Beef idea is a fair sample. His mind is inhereotly creative, yet be seems to devote his days to police duty on food malefactors. He has received a fioe training in this country and in Europe in medicine and physiological chemistry. Why should he be willing to devote his days to food?

The answer is aot far to seek. It is the thing not seen witb the eye that counts. Because we have always taken our food for granted and have looked down on the people who prepare and handle it, we are now wildly trying to account for the deterioration of our food iadustries. Dr. Alsburg's mind and the training of it have made him cupable of recognizing the significance of facts that we have not heeded. He doesn't seem to object much to his days of bad catsup and worse eggs. He knows he has his finger on tbe nation's pulse. He knows that to learn the essentials of life one must "live in corners and drudge and do chores."



*The Sword Fish*

# War Trusts

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

UNDER the head of "The War Traders" Mr. George H. Perris of London has given a very interesting analysis uf the Interlocking Directorate System as applied to the most greedy and dangerous of all corporations—those who deal in the munitions of war.

He shows that the several British firms are for the most part not real competitors but joined in a general trust, and that this trust is by no means confined to one country. The scandals in the case of the Krupp Company and the Deutsche Waffens and Munitinns Fabrik have their parallels in every country. The Nobel Dynamite Trust affords an illustration of the "cosmopolitan character which the modern war trade is assuming." "This British company with its capital of £3,285,400, its net profits for 1911–12 of £3,819,000 and its regular ten per cent dividends is a shareholding rather than a manufacturing concern. It is in hrief an Anglo-German dynamite alliance." It holds the entire capital of the Nobel Explosive Company, Ltd. and it has large holdings in the British South African Explosive Company, the Birmingham Metal and Munitions Company, the Chilworth Gunpowder Company, as well as in the Dynamite Actieu Gesellschaft of Hamburg, the Dresdner Dynamit Fabrik and two uther German firms.

With the extension of the great navies, the smaller nations have patriotically established armor plate industries and shipbuilding of their own, but this is uuly in appearance. Most ur all of these, in Russia, in Canada, in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy, in Japan are hut tentacles of the great British trust, the subsidiary being formed hy the Vickers, Armstrongs and Browns to meet the feelings of the people they roh or serve. "Time was when England bled for Portugal, now our old ally must bleed for us."

ALMOST remarkable combination is that of the Harvey United Steel Company. "Although a dividend of seven and a half per cent had been paid in 1911, it was derided last year to wind the concern up. Why, it does nnt appear. The managing directnr was Mr. Albert Vickers, chairman of Vickers, Ltd. with a holding of 2097 shares. tDther directors were Mr. Beardmore, of William Beardmore & Company, Mr. J. M. Falkner, of Armstrong-Whitworth and Mr. C. E. Ellis, with a holding of 7438 shares, representing John Brown & Company, Coventry Company and Thomas Firth & Company. The chief American partner was the Bethlehem Steel Company, holding 4301 shares. The chief French partner was the Schneidce Company with 9862 shares The combine had four French directors; two of these held 2000 shares each. This did not in any way prevent the collaboration of the two German armament firms condemned in the Reichstag by Herr Liebknecht—the Essen Company, holding 4731 shares and having two representatives on the board and the Eillinen Compauy, having one representative and holding 2731 shares. Finally the Italian Terne Steel Company held 8000 shares. Behind the managers stood the bankers, the same extraordinary amity prevailing. The house of Ernest Ruffer with 6169 shares linked hands with the Bougeres Frères of Paris (3000) on the one side and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin (1350) on the other.

"In forty years all the Peace Societies have not succeeded in effecting such a Franco-German reconciliation as this. In the share list Mr. Newbold found the names of one British General and two Major Generals, and behind these were the shadowy figures of a vast host of Princes, Peers, Ministers of the Crown, soldiers, sailors and clerics! A veritable brotherhood in arms. I cannot believe that the Harvey United Steel Company was really dead. Somewhere it has surely had a glorious resurrection. It surely lives and works to prove the pettiness of national prejudice, with ease of forgetting such sores as Alsace-Lorraine, when men have learned the golden wisdom of good business."

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

VII

HALL CAINE, I must confess I do
Not like to draw, for when I'm through,
Just which it is I am not sure,
A portrait or a caricature.

VIII

THE ways of Providence are odd.
If THEODORE means "The Gift of God,"
Let us give thanks at any rate,
The Gift was not a duplicate.

IX

GEORGE WETTIN'S every inch a king;
So after careful reckoning,
And knowing figures cannot lie,
I make him *almost* one inch high.

X

WILL SHAKESPEARE, the Baconians say
Was the Belasco of his day—
Others more plausibly maintain
He was the uncle of Hall Caine.

## Musings of Hafiz

*(The Persian Kitten)*

HUMAN people have a lot to say about the Study of Physiognomy, but what do they really know? Rather less I should say than a mole knows about astronomy. Now, in my family, the first thing one has to do is to learn to read faces, for our human companions are such wretched felinguists it is hard to make out what they really mean unless one is a face-reader.

LOOK at these two pictures —I found them on the big desk in the study. Now please tell me—judging only by the expression of the two faces—which is the nobler animal? Don't show race-prejudice. Try to forget you are a human being and that one of the portraits is that of a Man, while the other is a portrait of a kinsman of mine.

You refuse to answer?

How human!

By your very silence you admit the nobler face of the two is that of my late relative, who was a member of a royal family of West Africa. The other is the face of a well-known gunman and (as the murderer of my royal kinsman) a regicide.

HAVE you forgotten that famous crime, which is now a part of feline history? It is all recorded in *Scribner's Magazine*, with photographs of the scene of the murder, and of the victim, together with a full confession of the crime by the gunman himself. About a year ago an attempt was made to punish him by crushing him under a gigantic steam-roller. The gunman emerged unscathed. The steam-roller was dented beyond hope of repair.

The last I heard of the notorious gunman was that he had escaped to South America. If he is still carrying on the Vendetta against my race, I am glad the only relations of mine he will meet there belong to an inferior branch of the family.

Also they are very spotty and cantankerous.

# How Murphy Works

## *II. In New York City*

By HON. EDMUND R. TERRY

Member of the New York Assembly in 1908 and 1911 from the First District of Kings

Illustrated by O. E. Cesare

FOR many years it had been my ambition to be an assemblyman at Albany, but the district in which I resided, the First of Kings, was considered a hopelessly Republican district, and besides, my ambition to serve in that office had always been qualified by my determination not to put myself under obligation to get it.

In the month of September, 1907, my ambitions had been laid on the shelf as hopeless. The latter part of that month I was called up by our congressman, who, to my amazement asked me, if I would consider the Democratic nomination to the assembly from that district. I told him, that I had always been independent and always intended to be. He replied, "That is all right." "Then," I said, "I will accept with pleasure." I accepted and was, to the consternation of a number of people, elected. As a Republican leader of that district said to me later, "If we had only known that you were so strong, Quinn (my leader) would have fixed it all right. Your election was a joke on him." It was a fact. I had noticed during the campaign the lack of enthusiasm at headquarters over my running and on election night when the votes were counted, I, myself, saw in each of four different districts, over twenty otherwise Democratic ballots on each of which the name of the Democratic candidate for alderman and my own were scratched and our Republican opponents voted for instead. Now, it happened that my associate on the ticket, the candidate for alderman, was a saloon-keeper, but of a very superior type, while I represented in popular estimation, the silk-stocking element. It is easy to see why a friend of Mr. Shanahan, my fellow candidate, might have a prejudice against voting for me. It is also easy to see why some of my friends might object to voting for Mr. Shanahan, and as I was informed that this condition existed in nearly every election district in the assembly district it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that neither of us was nominated to be elected; and that the deal had been made between the Democratic and the Republican leaders of my district to defeat both Mr. Shanahan and myself. I happened to get several hundred more than he, so I pulled through. I mention this to show the treachery of the organization to its own people. It is typical of the Tammany organization as it exists outside of Manhattan; there it has at least the virtue of being true to its own.

I COULD understand then, why my statement of independence made no difference as to my nomination. There was a time when Kings County was a factor,—an independent factor in state politics. That was when we had the



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ward as a political unit and inter with the election district as the unit, it was the same. In both these systems, ordinary citizens could make their desires effective, if they chose. Under the assembly district system, the average citizen has and can have but little to say in the conduct of the party organization or in the selection of the various candidates for office. That system is the basis of the strength of Tammany Hall in New York City and its adoption in Kings County was the beginning of making Kings County a sort of second-class annex to Tammany Hall. In the assembly of 1911, the pet nickname of the Tammany men for their Kings County brethren was "Petty Larceny Grafters." All this lowering of tone was due to the fact that the assembly district was the political unit of organization. Under this system it is virtually useless to try to dislodge a crowd that once obtains control in the assembly district, as it requires much more than the usual spirit of patriotism that can be expected of the ordinary citizen.

IT is usually successful only when a "Regular," aspires to knock out some other professional politician, who will use the practical method of the practical politician in the primaries and is willing to spend a good deal more money than can legally be spent on any election, primary or otherwise. At the campaign for the election of Seth Low for Mayor of Greater New York, former Senator Coffee organized what was known as the "Brooklyn Democracy," for the support of Mr. Low in opposition to the regular Kings County organization. The feature of his campaign that gave strength to the movement was a specific promise that if the movement were successful, he would proceed to organize on the election district system. The movement won out handsomely, but Senator Coffee did not carry out his promise. The reason that he gave me for not doing so, was that "It was a mighty good thing for the people, but that it wiped out the 'boss.'" I suggested to him, that it was better to be a powerful leader than an impotent boss, as he would be under the circumstances, but he chose the latter alternative. My own leader, Sheriff Quinn, gave as his reason for opposition to the election district system, that "It would make too many statesmen." In other words that under such a system the citizens at large would take the interest that they should in politics. At the midnight conference of the Democratic members in the session of 1911, when the Hinman-Green Bill, which provided for the election district as the real political unit, Al. Smith, the Democratic leader, boldly stated, "If you pass this bill it wipes out the organization in New York City." So much for the matter theoretically, if you please. Now to consider it practically.

IN my own district, the organization consists first of men who hold offices through the organization and of others who hope to and their friends. There is also a considerable sprinkling of men representing various corporations and interests, that wish to keep in touch with the organization. While all these, as the votes on election show, are the real minority of the Democrats in the district, yet as a solid body in the district where there are between thirty-five hundred and four thousand Democratic voters, it is easy to see how their solidarity makes opposition useless.

WE did have a primary fight in 1912 under the existing law and found that an opposition, unless provided with more funds than could be honestly spent, was hopeless. All sorts of threats were made against those who signed our nominating petitions. Those who had property were immediately attacked through the tenement house commission and other offices controlled by the Tammanyized Kings County organization. Relatives of our men who were employed by the government were discharged for trivial reasons. Even children were denied such changes as would facilitate their getting to school and the reason boldly given was that of hostility to the organization. Saloon-keepers who were with the opposition were denied privileges, that their neighbors who were Regulars had without question. On primary day, the printed ballots were withheld until an order was asked for from the Supreme Court compelling the inspectors of election to carry out the law and receive as valid ballots, the circulars on which the names of the candidates for the various positions were printed. Hundreds of our people had gone to the polls and had not voted because there were no official ballots, and the election officials refused to accept anything else. These were finally given out about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. These conditions held all through the city in every district in which there was a contest. Every available office-holder was out working for the organization. At the poll at which I voted one of the Justices of Special Sessions was in attendance all the afternoon with Sheriff Quinn, the district leader. So that we all felt as if we were really contending, not against an organization representing other voters, but a sort of close corporation of a semi-secret nature.

THE methods of intimidation and otherwise to which Tammany and its allies in other counties will stoop are contemptible. Their mildest epithet for anyone opposing them is "Scalawag." The worst of it is, that even apparently respectable men connected with the organization will lend themselves to the secret dissemination of anything that will discredit their opponents, no matter whether it be true or false. When in the fall of 1911, I was running as an Independent candidate, in many other districts aside from my own, in Manhattan as well as in Brooklyn, when my name was mentioned, the response would be, "Oh, that fellow, why he was dead drunk all the time he was in Albany, an associate of the lowest women of the town and whenever he tried to say anything on the floor, made himself the laughing stock of the assembly." My friends and acquaintances of course knew to the contrary, but such foul play cannot but hurt some, and the more subtle slanders are worst of all. I heard this from so many different sources, that I cannot but believe its universal currency was inspired from headquarters. This is no aid to a man in his business. It is the same spirit that led to the impeachment proceeding against Sulzer. In other words if a man goes to Albany or holds any other position and tries to do his duty, he renders himself liable not only to criticism from those whose opinions are honestly different from his own, but also to secret and irresponsible attacks upon his character and standing, promulgated by a powerful and omnipresent organization, that he has no way of combatting nor does this end with the campaign—once down they wish to keep him there. No organization, the purpose of which is honestly to seek the welfare of the city, state or individual citizen would ever descend to the methods for the retention of power that are employed by Tammany to retain its control and its hold upon the offices and other sources of emolument of benefit to its rank and file and to its chieftains,—particularly to its chieftains.

THAT is the reason why, though we constantly hear of the number of men of respectability and standing that surround and advise the leader of Tammany Hall, none of them ever cares to occupy that position. It is much easier to have dirty work done by someone else than to be personally responsible for it. The Law of Tammany is Rule or Ruin for their own pecuniary gains. As a man prominent in the Party once said to me,

"Well, what's the use of fooling, you know and I know that all this stuff about Party principle is simply to fool the public into keeping us in office." To insure the rule of Tammany, only men who will be subservient are allowed either to be elected to positions in the party or nominated for public positions except once in a while when popular indignation gets too strong; then some man of apparent respectability is put forward in the hope that he may get the votes—and that the organization may get him later, or at least they expect him to give them the appointment of men in the different departments who will run politics after the approved Tammany plan without scruples. If they can do that on the quiet, the more the executive poses the better pleased the organization is. In Kings County there is one Democrat against whose regularity nothing can be said, than whom no one stands better with the intelligent and self-respecting Democrats (a man of not only independent mind but of independent means). He is a man who cannot be held on leading strings, consequently Mr. Murphy has no use for him, or for any other man like him. Every chance the organization has had to slap him in the face, it has taken with avidity.

WHILE Mr. Murphy and what he represents were satisfied with the control of Manhattan Island, it was bad enough, but now that he has extended his power to cover the state, the evil is not only greater in extent but intensified in degree, and the only way to kill it, is right at its home in New York City. The corrupt power grows by what it feeds upon. Is it not the very height of absurdity to claim that government by such an organization is a free government by the people?

*Next week's issue will contain "What shall we do about it!"*

*"Today, after ascents beyond number, my enjoyment of the air is undiminished."*

# Flying Ten Thousand Miles

*Part IV*

By
CLAUDE
GRAHAME-WHITE

MUCH might be written, from various points of view, about the nerve-strain of flying. Obviously there is a strain, as there must be in handling new apparatus in a new element. But the extent of it depends upon temperament, and the conditions under which one flies. Great cross-country pilots, men who make aerial history, are by disposition buoyant and combative; but they are daring only when justifiable, and show caution instantly it may be needed. One man can remain aloft many hours and climb from his machine fatigued but not exhausted; another, after a short flight, alights with nerves on edge. My rule has been never to fly when I have felt unwell: a pilot who is not fit physically may lack the power to act promptly just when it is demanded of him. Save for this precaution, and for the temporary shock of certain falls, I have flown always with pleasure; and today, after ascents beyond number, my enjoyment of the air is undiminished. Nor have I suffered in physique or nerve. The exhilaration is powerful, and there is no reaction afterwards. Some day physicians will advise it.

I recommend first flights, always, when conditions are ideal; then everything exhilarates, and nothing tries the nerves.

Apart from unpleasantness of motion, flying in a wind is tiring. An aeroplane in a calm needs the merest touch upon the controls; often it will practically fly itself; but in heavy gusts one has to work hard. At Blackpool, taking part in a duration contest, I was in the air—save for two or three short rests—from dawn till dusk; and, a tricky wind troubling me all day, I found the ache in my arms during the last few hours' flying almost unbearable. In the future, though, such fatigue will be obviated. When we have large machines, the movement of their planes will be by compressed air, or some other power, and the pilot will control his craft as easily as the helmsman of a liner twirls his wheel. But nowadays, when pulling and balancing planes against the thrust of adverse gusts, the airman needs muscular strength. Often it is not peril from the wind, but sheer fatigue, which brings a pilot down.

THE rolling and plunging of the plane may, in very rough weather, produce a form of air-sickness which is as unpleasant as *mal-de-mer;* and that a pilot should be ill is not surprising. Sometimes a monoplane, fighting an ugly wind, may drop many feet—in one sheer fall—before it can be steadied. Airmen, when flying in contests, have been compelled by sickness to alight; but, for a curious and amusing experience, I think the palm goes to a French pilot in a long-distance race.

He had lost his way—as most of us did before compasses were reliable. Descending near a village to seek information, he soon had the populace round his machine—all, in their excitement, giving directions at once. The airman shook his head; it was impossible in such confusion to understand what was said. Then he had an idea, and called:

"Will one of you ascend with me and show me the way?"

A burly rustic pushed to the front. "If I come," he asked, "what about getting back to the village?"

"I'll drop you near a railway station, and pay your fare home," said the pilot.

At this, to the admiration of his neighbors, the rustic climbed into the machine and was looking down upon his village a minute or so later, from an altitude of three hundred feet.

THEN the wind rose and the plane heeled. Rising higher, the pilot sought a steadier current, but in vain. Conditions, though, were not bad enough to compel a descent, so he turned to his passenger.

"You can see the country well, eh? which is the way to —?"—mentioning the next "control" on the flight.

But the rustic, huddled in his swaying wooden seat, and gripping the nearest upright with convulsive fingers, was beyond the power of speech. His face a chalky white, he pointed dumbly earthward. Air-sickness had him in its throes; and the pilot, fearing the man, in his distress, would roll from the machine, was compelled to glide down.

WHEN, today, I motor to an aerodrome and take a plane for flight, I know three things—not one of which the pioneer knew; and they spell confidence: 1—My machine is airworthy; 2—My engine is reliable; 3—I need not fear wind—unless abnormal.

But upon rare occasions the best of motors fail, and then one glides to a landing, casting dubious eyes on what—from a deceptive altitude—seems a field attractively smooth. Height flattens the appearance of the land, and a surface may seem level from an aeroplane, although in reality uneven. To one of my pilots, bringing a new monoplane from France by air, came engine failure just above the English coast, and he glided for a field that seemed smooth as a bowling-green. But, poised on the verge of landing, he saw what until that moment had been invisible—a steeply sloping ridge, cutting the field across its center. To alight as he had intended would mean running downhill into a wall. But was there time, before touching the ground, to turn and face the ridge? In the fraction of a second, at such a crisis, a pilot makes up his mind. Here was a choice of two evils—a wrecked craft promising in either. The airman swung short round, his planes standing almost vertical; and in nine cases out of ten, I suppose, the result would have been side-slip, and a similar fate to my encounter with a wall. This time, though, the gods were kind, and he landed as neatly as could be wished.

BUT an inability to detect small contours, when alighting unavoidably, does not add to one's joys when over strange country—as pilots, shattering gear upon golf-course bunkers, have found to their cost. Never, when landing, have I hit a bunker, but I have just missed a river with a failing motor. It was not a wide river, but most undesirable as a landing-place; and I had a lady passenger behind me. Touch-and-go it was with us—a matter merely of a few feet. All impetus gone, the biplane seemed for an instant to stand still in the air; then it fell—not in the river though, but at the very edge of the bank, where it crumpled its chassis and left us unhurt.

Naturally, I join issue now with the sceptics—those who say the navigation



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*"But this is the foundation of my faith: flying can and will be made safe."*

of the air is dangerous, and must always remain so. On the surface of the earth a vehicle, whatever it may be, has a firm and definite resting point, but in the air—should some mishap occur—nothing lies between one and a sheer fall to destruction; such is the argument. And it forms a preliminary to the general contention that, however much craft may improve, this intangibility of the air must be the barrier always, precluding the use of a large passenger machine, and confining the aeroplane to its use as a weapon of war.

HERE, obviously, there lies a great mountain of prejudice. Of course it must be moved, and it will be moved—but only by inches, and by dint of ceaseless effort. One should remember those meetings of protest, and campaigns of misrepresentation, by which it was sought to stifle the railway pioneers; and as a lesson more recent, we have the struggle waged by motorists against repression and slander. There is this inertia, either passive or obstructive, always to be faced; thus it is inevitable that aviation, from the very greatness and strangeness of its revolution, should be met by a broadside of abuse.

But this is the foundation of my faith: flying can and will be made safe—as safe as the ocean voyage of a modern liner. None who are in this new industry—builders, engineers, pilots or mechanics—have any shadow of a doubt on this score. Perils there have been, and are now, and for some time will be; but the path of progress opens clearly ahead. Aeroplanes *will* be made stable, even in a gale. What, in this regard, is the lesson of those present-type craft which, although still low-powered and small, will fly in a fifty-mile-an-hour wind? They tell us plainly that, given logical increases in power, weight, and speed, the aeroplane will conquer wind, as ships have the sea. It is absurd to be impatient, or to expect commercial aircraft to spring up, ready-made, within a day; but if I recall the slow-flying, sluggish machines upon which one ventured across country only three years ago, and contrast these with that swift, air-worthy plane in which I made quite recently the flight from Paris to London, I find this question in my mind: "If three years can show such progress, what will another three bring?"

"But," queries the sceptic, "what of the risk of passenger aircraft breaking when in flight?"

ONE might ask similar questions concerning a liner: if one broke its back, in mid-ocean, the results might be disastrous. But they do not break their backs; nor will perfected aeroplanes collapse. And, should all an aircraft's power-units fail her simultaneously, as—very rarely—the steamship's engines cease their work, she will merely glide to the surface of the sea, or to the nearest land station, and remedy the defect.

What would our forefathers have said had they been told travellers would dine, quite as a matter of course, in vehicles moving at sixty miles an hour? Their mental attitude would have been that of many folk today when one informs them that—even within the span of their own lives—men will be seated, 10,000 feet above the earth, in the saloons of an air-craft travelling 200 miles an hour.

OF the sheer delight of flying, what can one say? Of that smooth and seemingly effortless speed? Of the panorama spread forth below—passing slowly, appearing so far-distant, yet revealed in all its detail? And the triumph, above all else, of riding surely through this unseen element—spurning woods and hills and all those obstructions that bind our earthbound folk? Some joys are so deep that they are dumb; and this is one.

# New Disclosures in Medical Science

By JOHN B. HUBER, A. M., M. D.

## *I. Life Artificially Prolonged*

PARACELSUS, in Dr. Jacobi's sound opinion, "was not altogether a charlatan." He and the alchemists of his era, and before him, were constantly seeking substances, physical or chemical, by which the wasted tissues of the sick and of the aged might be restored. Faust, it would seem, was the only individual who "made good" in the premises; and even his existence has been only in legend and on the operatic stage. An elixir of life was sought also in preparations of "humors" from bodily tissues and fluids; and such latter experimentation was startlingly akin to that reported by Dr. Alexis Carrel, whose previous extraordinary researches are well known to civilization. We refer here to his paper: "Contributions to the Study of the Mechanism of the Growth of Connective Tissue" in the September number of the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*.

It should be premised that Carrel knows what Paracelsus could not know, but what Virchow, with the modern microscope for his instrument of detection, demonstrated: that all life, physical life at least, is essentially cellular and that all cells are evolved from cells (*omnis cellula e cellula*); that is to say, all physical development and growth is by cell development and multiplication.

In January last Dr. Carrel reported his success in activating the processes of repair after wounds and from disease, by the application of the pulp of organs



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known by physiologists to further tissue growth. He had found that connective tissue cells (those which are the framework of the "basement substance" in which the functionating cells of the body are imhedded) preserved and multiplying in glass jars, might be accelerated in their growth from three to forty times the normal rate, hy means of the pulp or the juices of chick embryo, of the adult fowl spleen, of muscular tissue; thyroid extract applied to a dog's wounds marvelously increased the healing process. The healing of a skin wound activated only ten times would be consummated within a day; a fracture of a long bone would be repaired within several days, instead of in six weeks, as ordinarily.

DR. CARREL has now made a coasiderable advance on his January report. He tells us that a constant relation exists between the rate of growth of tissue and the composition of the medium by which it is surrounded and penetrsted. (Herein is agaiu exemplified how genius, in whatsoever era it is manifested, is prescient of facts fundsmental to existence, knows them intuitively; Carrel's statement is essentially in accord with Herbert Spencer's, that "life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," the latter being the environment to the mass of cells which make up the living body. Claude Bernard wrote too, that life is the result of the interaction of the cells of which the body is composed, and of their interior medium. But the nature of the interactions had not in his time been ascertaiaed; in order to discover the laws hy which they are regulated it would be necessary to modify the humors of the body and to study the efrects of these modifications on the growth of the tissues. Tbis could not then be done because there lacked such technique as Carrel has now perfected.) By modifying the medium ia which, in Carrel's experiments, the normal blood plasma of the chick is basic, he can regulate, accelerate or retard cellular growth. He can foresee the extent to which a fragment of tissue will increase in a given time. He has fouad that the dynamic condition of connective tissue cells, which have been living in a given medium for some time, is not a definitely acquired characteristie hut a temporary state, and is the product or funetion of the medium in which the cells are living, and is readily modified by altering the composition of the medium.

THE fact of the constant relation stated led Dr. Carrel to the belief that the problem of multiplication, growth and seaility might now be properly investigated. He first determined that connective tissue cells taken from animals of varying ages were activated according to their age; the younger the animal supplying the juice the greater was the tissue growth. In the juice of an adult fowl the connective tissue lived several weeks, nor did its mass iacrease; but when the juice of a young fowl, or embryonie (pre-natal) juices were mixed with the medium the volume of tissue increased with greater rapidity and was so abundant that it had to be divided repeatedly. Thus, conaective tissue that had lived in vitro (in a glass jar) beyond a year could greatly increase its mass in a short time; nor in such a medium had the cells, even of old animals, lost their vigor. The question was not so much of cells and their age as of the medium in which they were growing. Dr. Carrel found also that cells which were actively developing in a medium markedly modified the latter and rendered it progressively unsuited to their life. Normal death of tissue cultivated in the laboratory he considered as "possibly brought about by tbe exhaustion of the nutritive substances contained in the medium and by the accumulation therein of certaia catabolic substances" (such as in the natural biological processes are excretory).

THUS can Dr. Carrel indefinitely multiply connective tissue cells kept alive (as maaifested hy growth and multiplication) outside the organism, the body from which they were taken. Such cells live precisely as do micro-orgaaisms —germs—which are living, multiplying cellular units. He has kept the fragments of a chick embryo heart which had been pulsating in a glass jar for 104 days, alive after sixteen months of independent existence and more than 190 passages (removals to freshly prepared mixtures of the culture medium), whilst their rate of multiplying exceeded that of fresh connective tissue taken from an eight-day-old emhryo chick. Thus time has no effect on the tissues isolated from the organism and preserved by means of Carrel's brilliant tcehuique. Nor were the tissues on which he experimented in a state merely of survival; they were indeed in a condition of real life, because the cells of which they were composed multiplied indefinitely in the medium.

IF the future can assure practical results from Dr. Carrel's great work, the psalmist's three score and ten may be extended to the years of the Pentateuchal patriarchs. The dream, far the most dreamed and most yearned in by men from time immemorial, might possibly come true; "really and truly," and not as children realize idealisms in fairy tales. Faust might conceivably become rejuvenated in this life—a realization to be viewed not without apprehension, unless that individual should become, ratber than him characterized in the Gounod work, the soul-purified Faust of the second part of Goethe's mighty epic.

## *II. A Discovery About Rabies*

DR. HIDEYO NOGUCHI, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, one of the soundest of this century's scientists, and one who, hy his researehes, has helped to prevent much human suffering, announces that he has "obtained certain results" about the mieroscopie organism essential to the existence of rabies, oae of the most dreadful of diseases. He made fifty series of cultivations with brain and medullary substance removed antiseptically (so that no other infection could complicate the experiments), from rabhits, guiuea pigs and dogs that had infected with the rabies virus. In the cultures of such substance Noguchi discovered very minute granular bodies to arise, which on subsequent transplantation, reappeared in the new cultures through maay generations. Aad "the new bodies appear to be ohtaiaed from street, passage and fixed virus." (Street virus is that of dogs naturally infected; passage virus is street virus transferred from rabic rahbits to rabbits as yet unaffeeted, until its potency remains constant, when it is fixed virus. The latter is fatal to rabbits but harmless to men and dogs; and the emulsion used in the Pasteur treatmeat is a saline solutioa of this virus.) The method by which Noguehi discovered tbe granular bodies thus found to be characteristie of rabies, is similar to that employed in cultivating the germ of relapsiag fever, which germ is a protozoön; one infers therefore that the rabies bodies are protozoa. Assuming that Noguchi's findings will pass the tests which inexorable science requires, we find his discovery most vital, for two reasons: this disease can now be absolutely identified; aad we may now hope for a cure. Up to this time the "Negri bodies", found in nerve cells of the hrain and medulla, and peculiar to this disease, have been an absolute assurance of its presence; but though pathognomoaic, they have not been considered the essential factor in rabies. Yet, when a supposedly rabid dog that has bitten a human being is killed, and the Negri bodies are identified in it, both the physician and the patient must assume that the patient has become iafected with rabies. But there have been dogs uaquestionably rabie in which the Negri bodies could not be found; so that their abseace cannot argue the absence of rabies. Noguchi's discovery provides a positive identificatioa. Here, too, is a certain differentiation between true and false rabies. False rabies (lyssophobia) has developed from the imaginatioa of those fearing they have the disease; and so great has been the psychic perturbation that victims of such fright have died exhihiting tbe phenomena of rabies. And one may now silence those sceptics who declare there is no such disease.

ALSO we may aow be sanguiae of a cure for rabies. The mortality from this disease, once it is developed beyond the iacubation period, has tbus far been practically one hundred per cent—after sufferings as awful as any kaown to medical science. The Pasteur inoculations, blessed though they are, are not a cure but a prophylaxis; they avail not at all after the invasion of the disease; but they prevent the development of rabies when iojected within a fortaight of the aaimal's bite, on the immunizing principle by whicb vaccination fends off smallpox. We have noted that the rahies germ appears to be a protozoön (an animal parasite) and aot, as most physicians have supposed, a bacterium (a vegetable parasite). One hopes then, for a cure of rabies by some such chemical compound as "606", by which syphilis (the germ of which is a protozoön) is cured; or by some such specific as quinine by which malaria (also a protozoal disease) is cured. Iadeed, some cures of rahies (one in a man, two in a dog) have beea reported; but at present it were wild indeed to look upon such reports as otherwise than *sub judice*. Should, on the other hand, Noguchi's bodies prove after all to be hacterial, we may equally hope for the elaboration of a curative serum. Nor should legal measures for the control of rabies ia dogs by muzzling, leashing and quaraatine be relaxed; more than ever, iadeed, should they be enforced, and at all seasons, since the existence of the disease is now established beyond cavil.

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# McSorley's Saloon

*An ancient landmark, a relic of one phase of American life that has passed*

By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

McSORLEY'S saloon happens to be situated in New York City, on Seventh Street, near Third Avenue, within a stone's throw of the historic Cooper Union, but it might have been, as far as its spirit is concerned, placed almost anywhere in this great country of ours.

It is the type of saloon that is passing away, but is represented by isolated examples, here, there, and everywhere, which still persist.

This famous saloon—and what old town has not its famous saloon?—is sixty years old. John McSorley, its founder, dead these three years at the age of eighty-seven, was one of the historical figures of our town. His horses were as good as those of Commodore Vanderbilt. The quaint portrait of old Peter Cooper hangs on his saloon walls, also an old play-bill announcing a comedy by Harrigan and Hart called "McSorley's Inflation". An old copy of the *New York Herald*, framed on the wall, announced the assassination of President Lincoln. The walls are covered with old New York and national reminiscences. There is a striking portrait of John McSorley, of his cabinet officers and of the members of his Chowder Club.

A one-hundred-years-old safe, an ancient slanting ice-chest, old solid chairs and tables, a sedulous care manifested to keep the place as it always was, help to establish an atmosphere of tradition and permanence. Entering the saloon one seems to leave present day New York and to find oneself in a quieter and more aesthetic place.

John McSorley's son now owns the saloon, and his one pious passion is to maintain the spirit of the place and the spirit of his father. He regards his father as one of the great moral characters of the age and he wouldn't change a thing in the old saloon, nor fail in the slightest degree in carrying out the old man's ideas. Even old John's cats are still happily basking in ancient love, and still gaily boxing for the delight of the McSorley worshippers.

OLD John McSorley walked every morning at five o'clock for thirty years to the Battery bath, and opened his saloon at seven. He drank steadily and soberly from the age of thirty to the age of fifty-five and for the last thirty odd years of his life he neither smoked nor drank. He had had enough. No one can sit quietly in his saloon and open his senses to the moral atmosphere without feeling that there is a personality there—a personality respected and cherished by McSorley, son.

Father McSorley sold ale and practically nothing else. If he sold whiskey occasionally, he insisted on its being good and taken "neat",—no mixtures for him. His ideas of drinking were as solid as his ideas of furniture. Nothing flashy for him. Son McSorley does the same, and he sells good ale, too, and a lot of it for five cents.

No woman ever passed or passes the threshold of McSorley's saloon. The dignified workingmen who sit quietly for hours over one or two mugs of ale look as if they never thought of a woman. They are maturely reflecting in purely male ways and solemnly discoursing, untroubled by skirts or domesticity.

"Drunks" have never been welcome in McSorley's saloon. They often tried and tried to brace in with a bold look, but McSorley and his son had an instinct for them and for panhandlers and always gently rejected their nickels. The old man used to sell once to some young mechanic, to whom, if he tried to be a "regular", the old man would give a lesson in deportment and then send back to his job.

The spirit of McSorley's is to welcome the drinker of a mug or two during long hours and discourage the "flash" party who spend much but seldom and drive away the quiet, constant ones. No matter how many diamonds and money a light and well-dressed stranger may possess, he cannot get a real welcome at McSorley's, and on no account is he admitted to the back room at lunch time, unless he will content himself with a sandwich and a mug of ale and not disturb the habits of the serious workingmen.

McSorley's closes always at midnight. Under the law it could be kept open till one o'clock, but old John McSorley wanted to go to bed at twelve, and so his son does, too. The tradition is as zealously maintained as in any aristocratic old French family.

RAW onions and ale—these are the staples, and both are strong and pure. Rembrandt would have delighted in McSorley's and I think that Velasquez would have found his account there, too, as our own John Sloan does. The wives of the men who go to McSorley's know where the husbands have been. There is no mistaking a McSorley onion.

Old John McSorley was, among his other qualities, a good deal of a prophet. He used solemnly to warn his brother saloon-keepers that if they yielded to the wiles of the devil, for the sake of immediate gold, the liquor license would be raised on them. And, behold, since his early time, the license has gone from $75 to $1,400 a year. The toll on the wicked is great and heavy, and unfortunately involves the good, for we are all brothers in misfortune.

Since the breweries got possession of the saloons, they exact so much of the profit that the poor saloon-keeper is often forced to do shoddy and careless and hasty; or in other words, evil things, in order to live. But McSorley, son, owns his own saloon, and, strong in the spirit of his father, maintains the ways of balance, form, and virtue.

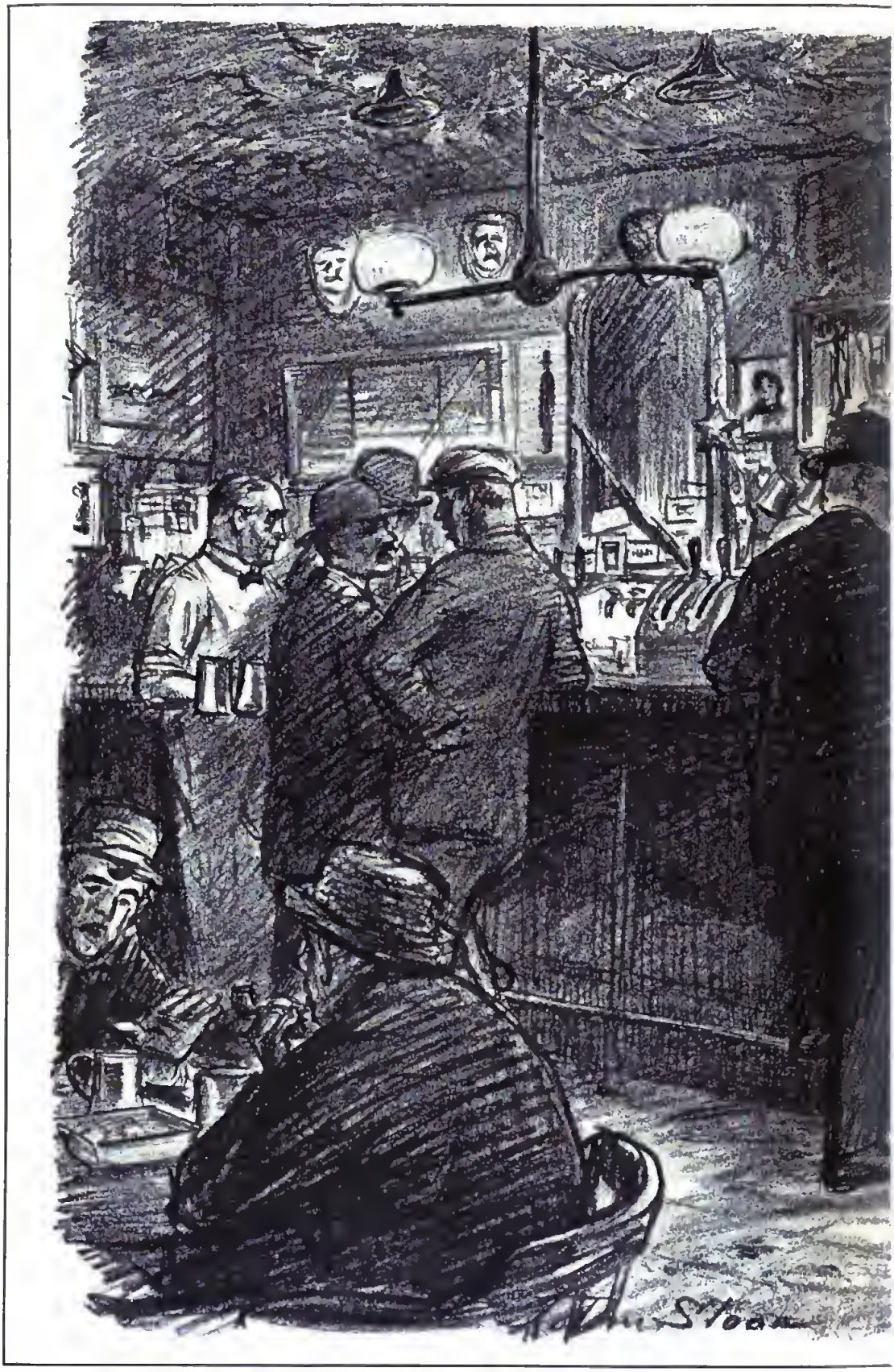
IF there were more saloons like McSorley's in the country, and fewer of the other kind, there would probably now be no strong temperance movement, attacking the price of the grape or the corn—that element of civilization recognized from Plato to Omar as emphasized by Fitzgerald and accepted as a stimulating spark kindling our poetry, our literature, our temperamental sociability, inciting our fancy, and warming the world in which we live.

McSorley's saloon is, as I have said, mainly frequented by quiet workingmen who sip their ale and look as if they are philosophizing. It is true that the saloon in general today—(good and bad) is the principal place in which ideas underlying the labor movement originate, or at any rate become consciously held. It is there where men talk over, think, and exchange feelings and ideas relating to their labor and their lives. The social philosophers take their fragmentary thoughts and construct them as to programmes and systems.

SOME of these programmes and projected systems are extreme, some unbalanced. Now, it is probable that in McSorley's saloon the thinking workingman takes more things into account than he does in a brutal, hasty and violent saloon of the more frequent type. There is a correcting conservation in the atmosphere of McSorley's which tends to eliminate from the worker's feeling and thought that which is hastily considered.

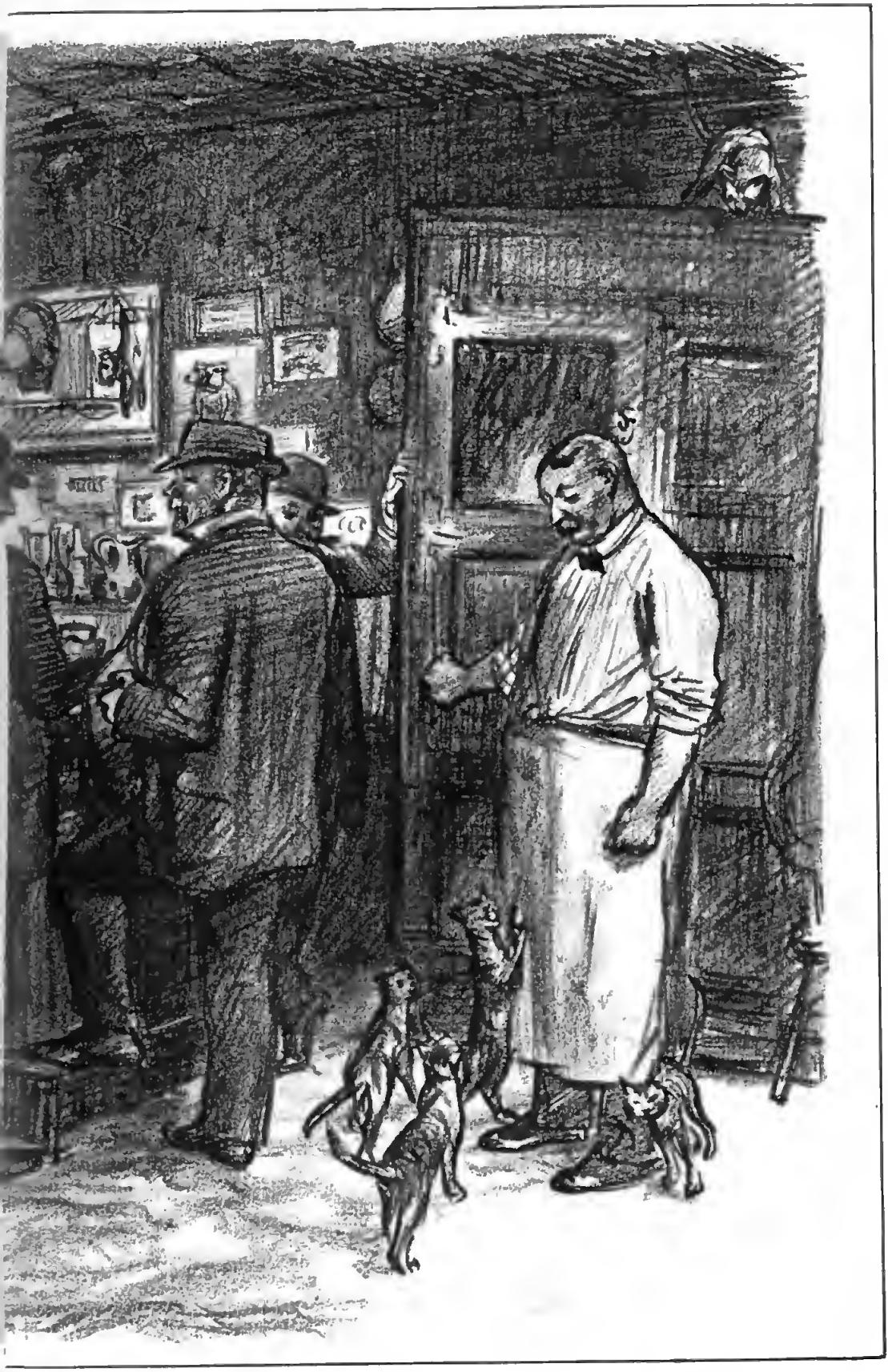
The heavy, solid chairs, the rich, dark colors, the trailing mementos of the past give pause to the headlong spirits, tending to take away what is unbalanced.

Yes, as one sits in McSorley's saloon, watching the subtle cats, conscious of the old slanting ice-chest, aware of the quiet workingmen sipping their genial ale, wrapped in the shadows of tradition, one feels a little solemn, as in a quiet retreat, though not too remote from human nature's daily luxuries.



A MUG OF ALE

By John



AT McSORLEY'S

SLOAN



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# The Woman of It

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Illustrations by the Author

"LET us be done, if you please, with this sort of hypocrisy." This line occurs in the last act of "Damaged Goods," the Brieux play that has been condemned and lauded with equal violence by an excited public. It refers to the conspiracy of silence with which custom has surrounded the facts of sex life, and invariably this line is followed by applause—the applause of women, for of the crowd that fills the theater 90 per cent. are women. They come from every class and grade, and they do not come out of idle curiosity, nor to pass judgment on a play. They do not care if the first two acts of the drama are masterpieces of construction. They are even less concerned that critics have pronounced the third act a medical treatise, and no act at all. They are there to learn, they are there to assert their right to knowledge—their right to protect themselves and to protect their children. The sight of them in serried and serious ranks gives one pause, makes one think.

THERE are many, very many, gray-haired matrons in the throng; women who, a few years ago, would have been the first to criticize a frank word or discussion of the great Taboo. Now, they are facing serious facts. They are voicing approval of the physician who cries out from the depths of sorrowful experience, "Silence is criminal!" "Would that I could cry the truth from the housetops." Courageous mothers have come, shepherding their little flock of wide-eyed daughters and growing boys. They are the pioneers who have realized that ignorance is not, and never can be, bliss, but is Danger in a passive form.

To observe these audiences closely is to be deeply touched. Tragedy plucks one by the sleeve. Courage nods to courage. "The old order passeth," carrying with it the veils of silence and negation. And the women who have dwelt for centuries curtained behind these veils, are blinking in the light that reveals to them their work, their place, their honors and dishonors in a world of realities.

A WOMAN, bent and gray, dressed in faded and antiquated black, creeps into the theater, and stands behind a pillar, watching with hunted eyes. The money wherewith to pay for her entrance ticket must have been hoarded with bitter self-denial. Why is she here? Watching her, the conviction comes that, from this play of human folly, she has slaved to witness, she seeks to learn the truth to some hideous puzzle in her own environment, a puzzle to which her ignorance could give no answer, and concerning which custom has tied her questioning tongue. She comes in and out, with pitiful apprehension of being seen. Yet who should know her? She bears the marks of service and the livery of the tenements. It seems strange that one in her walk of life should not have found foul facts a matter of everyday—then why is she here at all? She is a type, and her like is always present at these performances.

ONCE the curtain goes up and the lights are turned low in the house, the kept woman and the street walker come slinking in—alone always, never in groups—pitiful, fearful, frightened at coming, yet impelled to hear what may be a death warrant. A half defiant air about them, as if they would deny their very presence. They sit far back. In the *entre acts* they do not go out to promenade the foyer. They sit, waxen pale under the rouge, their poor painted lips twisted in agony. Slow tears have furrowed the powder on their cheeks. They do not even glance about to ascertain if some one has a newer coiffure than theirs, or is wearing a more daring gown. "The woman at the gate!" She hears herself reviled and pitied. She sees herself pictured, "at once the victim and the cause." They come out from this "place of public entertainment," haggard and absorbed in terrified contemplation.

CHEEK by jowl with these outcast sisters sit groups,—gregarious these,—of mouse-like women, one pigeon-holes as the wives and sisters of suburban clergymen. They gaze with question in their eyes, huddled together, as if for warmth—why have they come?—such daring would seem beyond their drab will powers. Well down toward the front of the house, ostentatious in manner and in the "suitableness" of their raiment, are rows of women from the various "Leagues" and "Societies" for the invention and prevention of all sorts of things. They arrive with, "wait-till-I-tell-all-the-neighbors-about-this" air, but they leave with the stricken faces of those who have gazed on Truth of Evil in all its nakedness.

THERE is hardly a face in all the crowded house that does not sooner or later take on an expression of painful reminiscent understanding. The "why" of many an illness, many a death, many a broken life is made plain. Puzzling tragedies are slowly illumined and solved. The inexorable light of fact finds and settles on them like some burning calcium, a spot-light which reveals decay and death, helpless sorrow and innocent suffering.

Yet they leave with courage in their eyes, these women; fight and determination may be seen ten times where is seen one crushed and aimless spirit.

What had been a mysterious *Thing*, has become suddenly a link in a chain of avoidable disaster.

THE first two acts of the play leave this strange audience silent and tense. They feel too deeply the human import. They follow too closely the painful story. They do not applaud a good piece of acting, nor nod intelligent approval of a well-built scene. When the curtain falls on the first act, they have applauded but once—the doctor's speech calling for publicity. After the second act, which really closes the example-story, there is but a slight outburst. The burst is all inwards—whole areas of prejudices have been dynamited.

A WORD for the submerged tenth—the masculine element in these extraordinary audiences. Curiously enough, two types are represented in overwhelming majority: The one fat, pursy, middle-aged, gross in person and manner, with a roll of fat at the back of the collar, punctuated by stubby hairs, looking for all the world like the cylinder of an old-fashioned music box. He wears glasses and stubby moustache, and smokes large cigars between the acts with an effort to appear indifferent and patronizing. His profession, whatever it is, cannot be savory—the sight of him, collectively, is revolting. The other predominant type is lean, blond, nervous and small, perhaps a professor or a school teacher. He is very intent, but seems self-conscious and annoyed when he finds himself emotionally affected. This male minority serves, in several very noticeable instances, to mark the divergence of the male and the female points of view in matters ethical. Take the episode in the first act. The unspeakable treachery of the—shall he be called "hero?"—toward his friend and the wife of his friend; his dastardly selfishness and ruthless cruelty. An appalling confession made to his physician in a spirit of self-laudation and exculpation appears to create not so much as a ripple among the men present. To the women this incident is very different. A wave of horror seems to pass over them. There is denunciation, protest, in the feminine movement that undulates every head from white-haired to henna-dyed.

AGAIN, when the grandmother calls on God to renew to her poor dried breast the life-giving stream, that she may suckle the ailing child, born with the cursed hereditary taint, the men remain unmoved. But when, in savage determination to shield her own, she proposes to sacrifice the life and welfare of the nurse or anyone else, by any means, however inhuman, there passes from man to man a surge of angry protest, a shocked astonishment at such criminal heartlessness—while in every woman's eyes, young and old, comes a glint of primitive ferocity that cries aloud, "So would I do—and more!"

The third act is presented—"medical discussion," "lecture," "clinic"—what you will; and now constantly the applause breaks forth. And therein lies the answer, the reason for the presence of these throngs of women. This is what the women are applauding. This is the common bond, "Let there be light."

THESE are the lines, marked as they met with vociferous clapping, that receive the instant approval, day after day, night after night, of these mature, determined audiences of women—they are enlightening:

*The Doctor:* "If I could, I would cry the facts aloud from the housetops."

*The Doctor:* "You made no inquiries concerning the health of your daughter's betrothed?"
*The Father:* "No."
*The Doctor:* "And why?"
*The Father:* "Because it is not the custom."
*The Doctor:* "Well, it ought to be made the custom."

*The Doctor:* "Let the manufacture of poisonous liquors be prohibited, and the number of licenses cut down."

*The Doctor* (Of tuberculosis): "The real remedy is to pay sufficient wages, and have unsanitary buildings torn down."

*The Doctor:* "As for the other—'the woman who prowls at the gate,'—perhaps some day, she will have a little attention paid to her."

*The Doctor:* "'I didn't know,' is the cry. *People ought to know!* Young men must be taught the responsibilities they assume and the misfortunes they may bring on themselves."

The applause rises, diminishes, renews itself again and again when *The Doctor* speaks: "It is the future of the race I am defending!"

## Talent and Genius

### By MABLE W. BREWER

TALENT must have clothes and food,
A place to lay his head,
A fire to warm his hearthstone,
Else he will die, instead.

Genius is naked, unashamed,
Upon himself he feeds,
Heartless, a fire burns in his breast;
Himself is all he needs.

# The Drama of the Under-Dog

By ARTHUR POLLOCK

IN one of those charming though discursive little preambles brought all too early to an end with the familiar, if not now almost classic, phrase "but that is another story," Rudyard Kipling has told of the necessity of nipping in the bud all epidemics of hysteria. He instances a girls' school, where, if she be wise, the teacher will, at the first giggling symptoms of hysterics, snap out a few stern words and so forestall a silly panic. But, unluckily or otherwise, there is no sensibly severe mentor in the world of the stage who, with a crisp word or two, can bring the culprits to their senses and stop the spread of hysteria among the producers of theatrical entertainment.

And sometimes it is just as well that there is not. Most men tell the truth, though inadvertently, when they have drunk too deep. And, similarly, the truths of life often work their way to the surface at the giddiest moments of poiselessness in the drama; the periods when it is feeling gropingly about to find itself—as American drama of today is obviously doing—are apt to be productive in the end. Therefore we have reason to expect the drama eventually to profit by the present "epidemic" of plays of the type whose advent Hugo, when he launched that greater "epidemic" of Romanticism, made inevitable—the play of the underworld.

WHEN Hugo in 1830 produced "Hernani," he set to work the wheels that were eventually to evolve our contemporary drama of the under-dog; and it has only been a question of time before *les misèrables* should receive more specific treatment on the stage.

Two things Hugo added to the drama—and to literature in general—which have paved the way for the underworld play of our time: the "sympathetic" villain,—that is, the wrongdoer for whom the author enlists the sympathies of the auditor,—and the factor of environment. *Hernani* was a bandit, *Didier* a bastard, *Lucrèce Borgia* a murderess who somehow or other, despite her infamy, called forth from us a measure of compassion. "Les Misèrables" was all that its name denoted and in the "Notre Dame de Paris," so strong is the influence of environment that the old cathedral itself becomes virtually the hero of the tale.

Making a hero of the man whose characteristics had hitherto fitted him only to be villain, aroused in his behalf the fellow-feeling of the spectators, and thereby ensured a hearing for him—for sympathy breeds understanding. The added element of environment did much toward supplying a universal solution of the great first cause of crime; by revealing what crime hattens on, it showed us why and how the villain came to be a villain. For the crook is just a product of circumstance and environment, as we have come to realize, and it was inevitable that sooner or later some one should discover that simple fact.

THE elder Dumas, too, as noticeable particularly in "Antony," depicted with characteristic gusto the deviltries of the under-dog. Dumas *fils* went further in presenting the case of the outcasts of society, at the same time evolving a dramatic form that the modern dramatiser of the underworld would do well to stick more closely to. All three seemed to like to show the common man pushing up through the crust of society.

IT is this trend that the playwright of today has taken up. "Raffles," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "The Easiest Way," "The Only Way," and, most illuminating of them all, "Kindling," have given us, with gradually increasing understanding, glimpses into the lives of the latter day *les misèrables*. They mark the modern growth of the type that has culminated in the great wave of underworld plays that broke out in the dramatic world last season and has steadily been spreading ever since. And little until lately has been done to check it. Mrs. Grundy, that austere and usually consulted—if seldom actually respected—censor, has seemed for the most part to hold herself aloof, possibly because at most of these productions the purifying influence of her presence has not been needed, more likely because she has felt that we are growing rather wisely to discard our stultifying fear of her illogical and bothersome affectations. Nor has the gentle but persistent chiding of the critics who seem to discern evils in this obsession served in the least to retard its progress. Rather has it gained force steadily, since, with "Within the Law" in the early weeks of last season, it fully seized the men of the theater in its thraldom.

THIS rapid and somewhat forced evolution of the underworld play has been called an "hysterical wave." But, unlike much of the hysteria known to the physician, seldom is hysteria in play-producing deep seated. That is the trouble. The type-play, whether it be of the underworld or merely musical comedy, when hysterically pushed, tries to outdo its rivals in novelty alone. It does not strive for depth. So it has been with the plays of the under-dog. This type is to be condemned not because it is objectionable in that it necessitates dealing with phases of life which hitherto we have liked to turn our backs upon and conspired to conceal, not because such subjects are not as proper material for the dramatist as for the sociologist, but simply for the reason that the plays made upon them are superficial. It is because so few of them succeed in getting under the skin of life or even strive to do so that they merit adverse criticism. Entertainingly their authors scratch about upon the surface only. They rarely trouble to glance underneath. They lift up a corner here and there and gain popularity. They sit back, then, supremely satisfied. That is why a play like "The Lure," though it hardly can do harm, does only a portion of the good it might do. The facts of crime need not to be paraded and exploited but illumined and explained. The present list of *les misèrable* dramas playing throughout the country is a large one, and all indications are that it will grow. But the majority of them, being plays of plot and incident primarily, topical in subject matter, and having their effectiveness enhanced by opportune newspaper revelations of the plethora of sensational current crimes, are necessarily, even were they perfectly conceived and impeccably written—which none of them is—but ephemeral concoctions for the theater. To be enduring drama they must go deeper.

THAT defect, we may hope, will be remedied by time. For when these plays have spread as far as possible, it is not foolish to forecast that they will deepen. And, doing so, even though they continue to be bad plays as drama purely, they will, by getting nearer to the roots of modern society, become the invaluable sociological demonstrations of social conditions that they should be. For it is not to the play that merely exploits the under-dog that we should look for aids to progress, but to the play that aims to tell us why the under-dog is under, why crooks are crooks, how prostitutes were lead to prostitution. We need more plays like Charles Kenyon's "Kindling," in subject matter and in spirit at least, an ideal crook play. Already we have progressed to the point where we have grown tired of seeing, melodramatically, portrayed, the criminal brought triumphantly to justice or miraculously reformed to make an effective final curtain.

WE are interested now, or ought to be, in the youth who happens to be born in the midst of crime, where crime is a virtue or at least an accomplishment, morality not even a familiar word in his ears, and the crooked way the only way within his knowledge; in the honest man brought face to face with the opportunity and the necessity for crime simultaneously; the criminal whom civilization itself has criminally oppressed and who, to live, must often be a law unto himself—the man who is a criminal because of fantastic nomenclature which confuses crime with the struggle for survival. We need to know more of the girl who goes wrong because there seems no valid reason why she shouldn't. Who has open to her no easy way, only a choice of ways to sell herself—a choice that lies between drudgery and shame, the former of which may seem to her no less prostitution than the latter since it is merely selling what she has for smaller pay. These are the under-dogs in whose case against society the profounder-minded playwright will find material for deep and enduring drama.

# Forest Fires

DURING the last few weeks, very serious forest fires have raged in many parts of the country. In the whole conservation movement, the prevention of such fires constitutes one of the most difficult problems, as one little piece of carelessness may destroy an enormous amount of our natural resources without good to anyone. These particular fires in California were not started from carelessness, however, but by lightning. When these pictures were taken, the fires had been burning a week. They were driven up the Mesa Grande and back to within eighteen miles of San Diego by changing winds. As Mesa Grande is at an elevation of about 4000 feet, it was particularly difficult to get sufficient men to fight the fire. Romona, where the pictures were taken, is at the center of the burning district. East and West, the same story is told, and the problem of how to reduce the loss to the lowest terms is seriously occupying all conservationists, including the department of agriculture.



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# Peanut Politics and the Short Ballot

By RICHARD S. CHILDS

OURS is not government-by-the-people so much as a government-by-politicians. The census has never counted the politicians as such, but it will serve our purpose to guess high and call it 3 per cent. A government that is largely under the control of 3 per cent. (or even 5 per cent. or 10 per cent.) of the population is not democracy. It is oligarchy—rule by the few—rule by a "governing class."

Of course every citizen is supposed to enter the gloomy jungle of peanut politics and learn the devious paths and byways until he becomes one of that expert 3 per cent. But he *doesn't.* Our plan of government depends for its success upon getting a certain amount of popular participation, but in the test of actual practice it fails to get it. The plan simply hasn't worked, that's all. It is just as surely oligarchy if the 97 per cent. can control but don't, as it would be if they were excluded from control by force of arms. There is no use in saying "it *ought* to work" or "it looks as if it *would* work" or "the people are to blame for not participating so as to *make* it work." To blame the people when they fail to do what a hundred lawyers in a state constitutional convention devised for them to do is like blaming the circumambient air if it fails to support your flying machine. Your flying machine is intended to be a flying machine—but it doesn't fly. The government is intended to be a democracy but it isn't.

In taking this attitude we are jolting a hoary old political superstition—the belief that "all good citizens should go into politics." No! All good citizens should *not* go into politics. Economic forces compel each man to work to his maximum efficiency in profitable occupation. The man who has time for much unpaid work in politics could better use that time in paid work at his business, so as to give his children better schooling or his wife a new hat. It is because they *are* doing their duty that our people do not go into politics. Duty to the family outweighs duty to the State in the minds of average men—and it should. A more volatile people than ours—a Latin race in a South American republic, for instance—might have responded to the frenzied calls to duty at political headquarters. The result would have been absurd excitement and demoralization, injury to industry and economic loss. And calm observers of such doings would say—"What a lack of balance! What a poor sense of proportion they have, to let an election create such an upheaval!" Really, does not the silent refusal of our people to obey that summons constitute a tribute to our sober, wholesome Anglo-Saxon good sense and stability?

SO let's not undertake to change the people! There are too many of them anyway and human nature is a rather stable institution. Let's leave the people just as they are, happily busy at their firesides or going to bed at nine o'clock just when the caucus is being called to order ten blocks away!

Let's see if a form of government cannot be devised, adapted for just such a people! If they were 97 per cent. illiterate, we would provide a system that required no knowledge of writing and reading on the part of the voter, otherwise the remaining 3 per cent. would have an improper advantage. If the 97 per cent. were too lazy to travel a mile to the polls we would not put the polls a mile away but near enough to attract a full vote. And if, as the case is, 97 per cent. are stay-at-homes who simply can't and won't "go into politics," wouldn't it be wise to provide a system that will work without such participation?

Now there are some political duties which these 97 per cent. stay-at-home voters perform very well—better perhaps than the experts at political headquarters. They can discuss Wilson with wisdom, insight and a pretty full knowledge. If they choose him instead of Roosevelt on election day they can tell you why for an hour at a time. In this matter they are in full control. The politician will all but break his neck in his haste to get on the side of these stay-at-homes and nominate the man who suits their taste. Also they generally control the selection of governors and mayors. Without going to the primaries or caucuses, just by the threat of their vote on election day, they get satisfaction (getting bunco'ed, now and then, for of course you can fool all of the people some of the time). Tammany caters to them to such an extent that when it elects its mayor and no one else, it considers its victory utterly barren.

This superior control which the people exert over the conspicuous offices is due to the fact that those are the only ones on which shines enough of the light of information and discussion to enable the people to see the nominees and develop opinions of their own about them. And to a democracy, such light is vital.

FOR the people may be the most receptive and intelligent on earth, the election conducted with the greatest care, the conditions of nomination safeguarded and every precaution taken to register with precision the will of the electorate, yet if the issue of the election is not clearly illuminated, the people will have no will to express and the answer given to the ballot's queries will not be the voice of the people but that of the interested few. The result is then not democracy but oligarchy.

It is no reflection upon the intelligence of the people of New York, for instance, to state the simple fact that they do not choose informedly between rival candidates for the obscure office of secretary of state—it is only saying that being men and not cats, they do not see in the dark! Neither is it a reflection upon them to say that they allow themselves, when voting for this office, to be led around by the nose by politicians. To accept such guidance and throw responsibility on the machine is by all odds better than to vote at random.

The peril of blind dependence upon the machine lies in the inability of the machine to protect its membership against contamination, under present notions of what constitutes correct party organization. The party by its very nature is one thing today and another tomorrow. Any man can join a party; any man by work can climb to a captaincy in it and direct its affairs. Let a party become powerful and the grafters immediately raid it. The original members may be appalled at the influx but they must not repel it. State regulation of party affairs often only makes it more certain that the original members will not be able to resist capture.

TO give such an easily-contaminated organization the privilege of recommending candidates for *conspicuous* offices is not improper or dangerous. But to allow it to put through recommendations for *obscure* offices, where there is no close and suspicious public scrutiny, is to invite the nomination of men whom the people would never elect if they knew more about them.

Now, it is not a difficult thing to remodel the organization of state, county and city and get a plan with no obscure elective offices—a plan that will bring every elective servant within the vision of all the people. In other words, we can simplify politics sufficiently to make it truly popular from end to end.

In some 289 cities we have already achieved this with the Commission plan of municipal government. This plan vests all power in a board of five men. Five names can be easily remembered by any voter without the help of roosters or eagles or stars. Each of these five is exactly as important as the others. The limelight does not focus upon the head of the ticket to the virtual exclusion or overshadowing of the rest, for the ticket has no head or tail. It is like electing a board of five mayors. Mr. Stay-at-home in those cities hears a lot about the candidates for every office and when he votes on election day he votes a ticket that is 100 per cent. of his own making. ("A crazy election," reports the politician, "with every citizen cooking up his own pet list of candidates and no two alike!") And so these commission-governed cities are now getting on very nicely, thank you, without the aid of private political machines to act as interested intermediaries between the voters and the city government. And those cities are learning, too, that these commissions, owing little or nothing to the machines, are more deferential to real public opinion and less mindful of how their acts will affect the "organization." If the number of men to be elected had been twenty instead of five, things would have worked out as of old, for Mr. Stay-at-home would decline to remember much more than five of the twenty names and would "take program" from some civic club or some party machine, as to the remainder, and the resulting administration would be one-quarter citizen-chosen and three-quarters politician-made.

THE Commission plan, or at least its vital Short Ballot feature is beginning to be applied to counties in California, the only state thus far which allows its counties to remodel their own systems of government. The privilege was conferred in 1912 and two counties have taken advantage of it. The new charter of Los Angeles County provides for an elected board of five supervisors and an elected sheriff, district attorney and auditor. The board of supervisors appoints everybody else. Formerly the county ballot carried thirteen offices. Now, as the supervisors are elected two at one time and three at another, it only carries five.

San Bernardino County (Cal.) which is larger than the State of New Jersey, by the way, has carried simplification still further by making the five county supervisors the only elective officers. They serve for five years and are elected one each year. If any rascals ever slip through that needle's eye of intensive public scrutiny, it can then at last be fairly averred that it is "the people's fault."

The application of the same principles of simplicity to the state government is an easy matter since we have a familiar model in the national constitution. The election of governor, lieutenant-governor and legislature is ample to satisfy the requirements of democracy. New Jersey is even simpler, for it elects only the governor and legislature. The succession to the governorship devolves upon the chairman of the state senate and Mr. Fielder, who is governor now through the resignation of Wilson, attained his position by that route.

NOT only are the subordinate officers of the state administration appointed but also the judiciary and the district attorneys in the counties, whence ensues the famous efficient "Jersey justice." Propose such a plan in some other state and, to hear its opponents rail against it, you would suppose that giving a governor such power would make him a self-perpetuating despot and the voters his slaves. That is what they are saying right now in Ohio where a much more moderate proposal is pending. In fact, however, our states have such small budgets and such modest administrative establishments that making the governor the real head of the administration in this way still leaves him very much weaker in patronage than the mayors of our major cities.

The legislative system, however, in New Jersey is no model. It is elected at large by counties, which makes a long ballot after all, in the populous counties, and the small rural counties hold such a disproportionate membership in the legislature that Privilege only needs to connect with a few strategic rural political powers to control the legislature. The single-member district, periodically reapportioned, as in New York and elsewhere, is better, despite the risk of gerrymander.

THE appointed judiciaries in various States and in the national government have been fully as popular in their leanings as the elective benches, but while the average layman lives quite comfortably under an appointive Federal judiciary, he would probably not think of that if faced with the question of having appointive judges in his state. An interesting compromise has been proposed in New York, the scheme of "governor's nomination" in which the governor recommends a candidate to the people and then counter-nominations may be made by petition if anybody is dissatisfied with this selection. This introduces an element of responsibility into the judicial nominations, reduces the influence of at least one machine, that of the governor's party, and would probably lead in the majority of cases to the election of the governor's nominee without opposition. In effect this would shorten the ballot, giving an appointive system, subject always to popular correction.

So, to sum it all up, we can make politics so simple that all the people would automatically and effortlessly become proficient politicians, by merely making a composite of the best parts of various existing systems—commission plan for cities, the San Bernardino plan for counties, the New Jersey State administrative system, modified if necessary as to the judiciary, and the New York single-member-district legislature. With suitable separation of elections, the schedule could easily be so arranged that the people would never be compelled to pick more than five officers at one time.

TWO states have started the march in this direction. California has recently taken off the ballot the offices of state printer, the three railroad commissioners and the clerk of the supreme court and made them appointive.

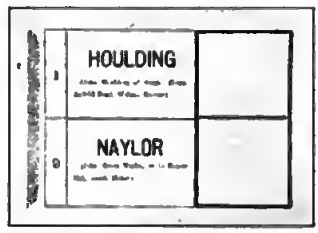
Ohio has just takes off the ballot the offices of Infirmary directors (3), dairy and food commissioner, state school commissioner, clerk of the supreme court and the public works commission (3). It has granted to the cities the right to frame their own charters and two amendments to the constitution are awaiting approval by the people in November. One of these makes appointive by the governor the now elective offices of auditor, treasurer, secretary of state and attorney-general. The other removes the requirement that all county officers must be elective and leaves future legislatures free to simplify and consolidate the county organization.

WHAT has thus been explained is described in civic circles as, "The Short Ballot Principle." Nearly 300 towns and cities have adopted the commission plan of government, crediting its mysterious success, however, to every feature of the scheme except the right one—the flood of light upon the elective offices. The coming generation in the political science classes at the colleges is learning the short ballot principle as one of the vital axioms of the science of government. Every living American political scientist is on record, in his own books or elsewhere, in support of the doctrine. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard says: "It is the gist of the whole matter—the only way to get rid of bosses and machines." Woodrow Wilson says: "I believe the short ballot is the key to the whole problem of the restoration of popular government in this country."

"Peanut politics" is a unique American institution. "Taking an interest in politics" ought to mean something higher than hanging around political headquarters or learning the names of the county committee, or getting up chowder parties. The "short ballot" would leave no basis for the further existence of peanut politics or the oligarchy which it creates.

THE JUNGLE

*The Chicago 1910 ballot (51 names—size, 16 1-2 by 21 1-4 inches)*




*The handy ballot of England; one office only to be filled, namely, councillor for the ward (two names—size, 2 3-4 by 3 3-4 inches)*

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## I

For Lo! the Bridegroom Hummeth

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. J. Pereival Brown,
(We left them, some chapters before, in a race—
Or they, rather, left *us* at as a rapid pace
As ever befluttered a new bridal gown),
When the Browns, as I say,
Being well on their way,
Had passed every car on the road for the day
In Dad-in-law Lemuel's racing machine,
Love perched on the hood
And ah! Life it seemed good—
A smooth road and plenty of fresh gasolene.

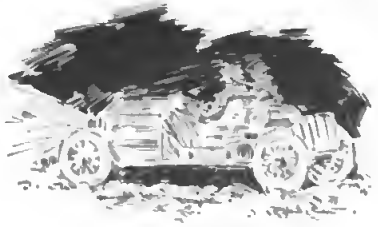
"MY joy!" spake the Bridegroom, "my dream, my delight,
O spur to my youth—here we turn to the right—
O beauty unequalled!"
Katara was thrilled;
But her growing enthusement was suddenly chilled
When she saw that her husband—it caused her a jar—
Addressed these remarks not to her but the car.
Thus being flouted
The bride rather pouted,
"You love your new auto, the fact is undouhted;
But your poor, patient bride,
Have you cast her aside
For a rival of steel to be openly flouted?"
"Oh mercy,
Dear Katty!"
Cried Percy,
"What's matty?
You know that I worship you, just as you are—"
"If you'd talk to me once as you talk to your car,
I'd feel more at ease,
Dear Sir, if you please—"
The Groom drew his auto up under the trees;
For the Engine of Love, Percy knew, when it "misses"
Runs smoothly again, if you oil it with kisses.

AND a few miles ahead, when again scorehingly madly,
The engine itself 'gan to act rather badly
And Perce, getting down
To lift up the hood,
Remarked with a frown,
"You old block of wood!
You flim-flammed and jim-jammed Colonial hack!—"
"My dear," murmured Katty, "I take it all back.
Though once I was jealous, I now put a har
On you talking to *me* as you talk to your car!"

'T WAS just after sunset, the fault was made good.
They were boding along nigh tu Sondervdle Wood
When *whizz*, from behind
A new-fangled kind
Of a road-eating dreadnought passed hy with a blind
Sort of fury.
Katury
Cried, "Don't let 'em sass us
And pass us!"
With a mutter defiant Perce hiked up the spark
And hurdled ahead through the gathering dark,
Creeping more, creeping more
On the monster before,
Like a swift-scooting sword-fish pursuing a shark.
When *bang!*
O curse!
And dang!
What worse
Could fall to a car on a road scarcely known?
She skidded, she stopped. For the front tire was "hlown."
But the worst uf it was, (and can sophistries soothe
The lover who knows that Love's road's never smooth?)
That, in hastily starting
From Lemuel's cot,
The couple departing
Had, somehow, forgot
That useful equipment which lovers require
As well as the rest—for it's called "extra tire."

THE road was deserted, the breezes grew chill
As the moon rose forlorn o'er an Easterly hill.
Katurah brought out a thambed road-book and sat
By the headlight, to find where the deuce they were "at."
She was searching in vain when, with splutter and splatter,
Clutter and clatter,
A farmer, propelling a crazy machine,
Drew up beside them, reviewing the scene.
"Need a shoe?"
"That's what!"
"I tell yew,
They got,
Up to Billing's Garage,—just a spell 'round the bend—
The finest ther is. Shall I take y' there, friend?"
Perce looked at the man in the tumble-down car
And asked, rather worried,
"Perhaps—is it far?"
"Dew tell!
Just a spell,
Forty rods, half a snack;
I'll give y' a lift and (perhaps) bring y' back."

"MY darling," said Percy, addressing his bride,
"Can you stay hy the car for a minute?" The pride
Of New England flashed hright in her optical spark.
"Yes, dearest! I'm never afraid uf the dark."
So he kissed her eight times, as the farmer repeated,
"Y' needn't be skeered, ma'am—it's only a spell."
Then Percy got in and the auto retreated
To seek the adventures which next I shall tell.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

# The Country Gods

## Lines on a Visit to Town

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I DWELL with all things great and fair,
The green earth and the lustral air;
The sacred spaces of the sea,
Day in, day out, companion me.
Pure-faced, pure-thoughted folk are mine
With whom to sit and laugh and dine.
In every sunlit room is heard
Love singing like an April bird.
And everywhere the moonlit eyes
Of beauty guard our paradise;
While, at the ending of the day,
To the kind country gods, we pray,
And dues of our fair living, pay.

So, when, reluctant, to the town
I go, with country sunshine brown,
So small and strange all seems to me—
I, the boon-fellow of the sea—
That these town-people say and be:
Their insect lives, their insect talk,
Their busy little insect walk,
Their busy little insect stings—
And, all the while, the sea-weed swings
Against the rock, and the wide roar
Rises foam-lipped along the shore.

Ah! Then how good my life I know,
How good it is each day to go
Where the great voices call, and where
The eternal rhythms flow and flow.
In that august companionship
The subtle, poisoned words that drip,
With guileless guile, from friendly lip,
The lie that flits from ear to ear,
Ye shall not speak, ye shall not bear;
Nor shall you fear your heart to say,
Lest he who listens should betray.

The man who hearkens all day long
To the sea's cosmic-thoughted song
Comes with purged ears to lesser speech;
And something of the skyey reach
Greatens the gaze that feeds on space;
The starlight writes upon his face
That bathes in starlight, and the morn
Chrisms with dew, when day is born,
The eyes that drink the holy light
Welling from the deep springs of night.

And so—how good to catch the train
Back to the country gods again!

# The Most Interesting Cities

By MARGARETTA TUTTLE

IT is the useless men that living does not change, and the most interesting thing alters with the years, sometimes with the mood. It is so with the cities of the world, and the marvel of the cities, like the marvel of life, is that there is such abundant variety. The marvel of human beings is that they can feel the distinctive note of the cities, and what this note does to *them*. Different needs at different times, "to every one according tu his need, from every one according to his ability." There are those whose sluggish emotions need rousing, whose fears of what another may say need quelling—for them, Paris. In Paris emotion is in the air, it cannot be escaped; and not only emotion but permission for it, recognition of it, arrangement for it. Nobody's eyebrows are raised when the man at the table next to your own reaches across it to take the hand of the woman dining with him; it is expected. Nor does the waiter intrude when the woman at the other table whispers, with eyes alight, to the man with her; it is customary. You may smile as a taxi twinkles past you on the Champs Elysées while within, the woman's head lies on the man's shoulder; but the Frenchman just shrugs. Indeed the French shrug originated in tolerance of another's displayed emotion. Do you hope she will say yes? Take her to Paris.

Then there are those whose emotions need curbing and pruning. For them London. London, where you enter a restaurant and hear no buzz of conversation, see no exuberance of moving hands and nodding heads; where men and women sit sedately drinking their tea and occasionally commenting thereon with restraint and discretion. It is not to be said what of enthusiasm or impulse may lie beneath; it is curbed. The great hotel men consider their profits as good as doubled when Americans begin to come to their restaurants, not only because of the money spent, but because the American talks and laughs and makes gestures and brightens the atmosphere with a variety the Englishman cannot achieve. Sobriety hovers over the streets of London and in the homes high and low. It is the city of reasonable public conduct and undramatic private procedure. The very epithets the Englishman uses display his moderation. A view is not entrancing as it probably would be in France—it is pleasing. A woman is not adorable—she is a good sort; a hat is not "ravishing on Madame" it is—"quite all right." Have you lived too hard, or played too recklessly, or talked too much, or been overwhelmed by another's sensational folly? then London for you.

WHILE Italy has been, Germany *is*. So if your mood is one of present endeavor you will like Berlin: or if you need to be roused from idle dreams to practical deeds.

But if you need to dream, if you ought to get away from the rushing present, then Florence, where color and form will lie in the breath you draw. And Rome for the days of response to past power; not for art; Rome borrowed its art, but for glory; for regal living and royal dying; for the message of builded stone and massive brick, for the palaces of Caesars and the shrines of saints. Rome in which to say good-bye to some long cherished ambition. But Naples for good-bye to the heart's desire; the beautiful bay before you, the hill-hung gardens behind you, renunciation in the air!

AND your days of moodiness gone, then New York to bring you into touch with the living, struggling, striving world; New York for knowledge of the *Zeit Gheist*, for the stimulation of the apprehension—nerves. And the importance of these cities to you lies in what *you* think of them, in the manner that they affect *you*. For William James knew when he wrote, "The cosmic objects, so far as experience yields them, are but ideal pictures of something whose existence we do not inwardly possess but only point at outwardly, whereas what we feel about them, our inner state, is our very experience itself; its reality and that of our experience are one; the motor currents of the world run through the like of it."

*"Does the Duchess buy gloves like these?"*

# Is America on the Map?

By

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Illustrated by
William H. Walker

I KNOW in Paris a shrewd old lady who keeps a little glove shop in a region seasonably resounding with the American language, at which times her business thrives and her profits are fair to her eyes. About forty years of commerce have keen-edged her powers of observation, which were good to start with.

One day, in early September, I found her alone in her bandbox of a place, and chuckling immoderately to herself. Nothing to laugh about appeared on the surface of things; the summer had been abominably cold that year and all the missing heat units had returned in a bunch and were poured out upon us in seven days that made Paris like Bombay.

"Why all the mirth?" said I, sourly.

"You Americans are funny people," says she. "There was one of you in here a moment ago — a young man. He was wearing one of those thick, dark green plush hats that make your head hot just to look at. I never saw anybody so uncomfortable. He took it off and wiped his wet forehead which was as red as fire. I said to him:

"'WHY do you wear that thing? It must be very painful on a scorching day like this.'

"'Why,' says he proudly, 'the king wears it.'

"'What king?' I say.

"'Why, King Edward,' says he.

"'He's no king of yours,' I say.

"'He's all the king we've got,' says he. 'I went all the way to Marienbad to see him and he was wearing a hat exactly like this.'

"'So that is why you feel obliged to make yourself suffer,' said I. He didn't seem to understand, he was so grave and naïve about it, and that was what I was laughing at. Of all the people I have ever known, Americans are the strangest because they are the only ones that seem to wish they were somebody else. Haven't you any country?"

"You shouldn't judge us by one specimen," said I severely. "It is not fair; besides he may have been joking."

She batted her eyes at me four times in swift succession, then tapped with her finger ends upon some long and thin green boxes that lay on her shelves.

"Joking, you think, eh?" said she. "See those?"

THEY were marked in large, plain letters, "Duchess of Marlborough," "Duchess of Manchester," and some other names of nobility that I have forgotten. "When an American woman comes in here and thinks she can't find gloves to suit her, I quietly hand down one of these boxes. No more is needed. Say the gloves are unsuitable: it is nothing. 'Does the Duchess buy gloves like these?' 'Oh, yes, madam,' I say. Then she buys. From these boxes she would buy — what is your barbarous American phrase?"

"Any old thing," I said.

"Yes, any old thing. She would buy it. It is so with all of them about gloves, about everything. I hear them talking among themselves. Therefore I know. And I ask you again what it is? You imitate? Yes? Why do you imitate? And your country is very large, is it not? And rich? And you imitate smaller countries? Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, my faith, are small countries, but the people are content to be themselves. You want to be somebody else. Is it not so? And you have nothing American, nothing of your own; but you imitate. Is it not so?"

"No, it is not," said I, with emphasis, being touched in my patriotism, which ever vibrates strongly within me. "You don't know us. You would talk very differently if you could see us on our native heath."

Yet, I fear me, some of this was on my part but patriotic bluff.

DO you know what are the most popular names for towns in America? Canton, Newport, Chester. Contemplate that fact for a time, Oh Philosopher, and then read me the riddle of it. Canton — why should any community desire to be known as Canton? The original Canton is a huge, crowded, reeking, repulsive, ill-smelling and unsanitary human warren, without one feature of beauty. Until very recent months it was the world's symbol of everything a place of habitation ought not to be. Instead of being perpetuated, the thing Canton stood for ought to have been blotted from the recollection of man. But twenty-seven towns and cities in the United States have elected to honor this horrible spot by adopting its name, and but for the government regulation that forbids more than one postoffice of the same name in the same state I believe we should be afflicted with two hundred and maybe three hundred Cantons.

There's Manchester. The Indians had a word for this spot, a beautiful, rolling musical name, that expressed an essential of its physical characteristics, a name that meant clear water stream, or bright sunshine or sunny slope or cottonwood bend, something at once native, pleasing and appropriate. We care not a rap for that. Call the place Manchester. Manchester means smoke and soot and grime and toiling, unhappy thousands. Manchester for us.

UP in beautiful Lake Minnetonka, which is near Minneapolis, is a great, handsome, wooded island that was a historic spot in Indian history and is haunted now with Indian legends. Great battles have been fought there; hundreds of warriors are buried in the mounds that still stand as monuments to valor; on a conspicuous bluff, councils were regularly held and policies decided. Every prominent feature of the island bore in the resonant Indian language a beautiful and expressive name.

Two or three years ago the place began to attract summer residents: roads were cut, cottages were built, localities were

renamed, and these were the names selected for spots around which clustered the very spirit of Indian romance and history: Pembroke, Oxford, Bedford, Avalon, Wychwood, Essex Road, Dorchester Lane, Lancashire, Somerset, Spring Park, Button.

THE great American protective system, so efficient to save us against foreign-made shirts and alien half-hose, seems to have broken down when we come to the importing of names. Here are some others among hundreds we have lugged in, and the number of communities in the United States now adorned with each: 5 Ninevehs, 6 Bagdads, 6 Westmorelands, 7 Buckinghams, 8 Falmouths, 9 Edinburghs, 9 Glasgows, 10 Londons (omitting New Londons;) 11 Baths, 12 Smyrnas, 12 Leeds, 12 Toledos, 14 Romes, 15 Uticas, 16 Athenses, 16 Spartas, 17 Albions, 17 Carlisles, 18 Avons, 18 Parises, 20 Clydes, 20 Windsors, 23 Auburns, 24 Belmonts, 24 Waverlys, 25 Oxfords, 27 Cantons, 28 Troys, 30 Newports, 32 Chesters.

Contemplating these names, your thought is that surely the choice was prompted by fond recollections of the dear old home — colonists in the new world looking back tenderly to the well-beloved scenes of youth.

The same sort of loyalty has disfigured many another fair section of the world's map. One of the most beautiful, attractive and progressive countries on earth is geographically libeled under the singularly incongruous name of New Zealand, and all because superfluous patriotism burned high in a Dutch skipper's bosom: New Zealand resembling Old Zealand as much as an apple doth an oyster. Similarly we account for a name so much out of joint as New South Wales, and fair Australia itself narrowly escaped a like horrible fate, the loyal Tasman not being restrained by Providence from dubbing it New Holland. I know not by what sudden access of good sense the early settlers revolted against such a monstrosity, but blessed be their memory for the same.

BUT the truth is, we can't work very far this defense about touching loyalty to the fatherland. Very few colonists have come to us from Canton or Pekin, and they have had nothing to do with naming anything more important than a laundry. All the colonists from Chester put together could not reasonably account for one of the thirty-two Chesters that now make sad the national map. What is it, then, that obsesses us? Nobody else seems to labor now under this peculiar affliction. Colonists from the dear old fatherland have settled also Australia and New Zealand, but for the most part they have kept their muddling fingers off the new country's nomenclature. For this is the most astounding fact of all, that in the United States of America of 2000 names of towns taken at random only 120 could be called American and of 400 similarly chosen in Australia and New Zealand only 34 were other than native. Some big cities, to be sure, Wellington, Auckland, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, allowed old country feeling to make its usual expression, but these are more than set-off by a thousand mellifluous native names that have been appropriately retained where we should be still going abroad and lugging in something by the ears.

A PART of the City of Wellington is called Te Aro. If we had the naming of it we should call it either Kenwood or Brighton, I am not sure which; both if there was a ghost of a chance.

A few years ago a new line of railroad was opened to the Pacific coast. Part of it traversed a new country, picturesque and romantic. Stations were placed, as usual, about seven miles apart. For these, all the world of appropriate names was open, names native to the localities, names bright in American history, names of great Indian chiefs that had enlivened things in that part of the world; and here are some of the names that were chosen: Harlowton, Selkirk, Ringling, Josephine, Lombard, Alcazar, Piedmont, Vendome, Cedric, Ravenna, Sorrento, Marengo, Othello, Corfu, Smyrna, Rye, Laconia.

I confess that my poor brain whirls when I contemplate this puzzle, particularly when I reflect that for all the Vendomes, Marengos, Smyrnas, Ryes, Ravennas and the rest existed in the pleasant labials of the Sioux, the Crows and the Blackfoots, alternatives that meant something, to say nothing of the possibilities in the wide range of American history.

In contrast to the foregoing list I offer the following collection of the names of New Zealand towns taken in order from the government time tables of trains between Auckland and Wellington: Oio, Mataraca, Porewa, Winiata, Te Koura, Kickic, Papakura, Waimiha, Owhango, Te Kumi, Te Horo, Tokomaru, Taihape, Okoia.

Of 164 stations on this line 131 have retained their native names.

IF we could do nothing else one would think we might occasionally think of the men and deeds that made this country; but any impartial observer would surely conclude that our story has taken but the slightest hold upon our imaginations: we are far more loyal to the great men of other nations than to our own. We have almost as many Bismarcks as Waynes; we have 21 Waterloos to 7 Bunker Hills; 9 Marengos to only 10 Saratogas; 8 Putnams to 8 Marlboroughs. De Kalb is not so much to us as Cromwell, judging from these lists. General Braddock fares about as well as Sumter, the hero of so many Revolutionary battles. If there is a figure in American history that might be supposed to appeal to American enthusiasm it is that of Stephen Decatur. But the odd fact is we care much more for the naval hero of another country: we have 14 Decaturs and 22 Nelsons. Washington might be thought one man well-remembered by his countrymen, but against the 28 Washingtons may be set 15 Wellingtons and 13 Wellesleys. General Havelock is commemorated in as many towns as Commodore Bainbridge. There is but 1 Farragut, but there are 9 Raleighs, 7 Drakes, 1 Benbow and 7 Blakes. Indian history and the great Indian chiefs are practically obliterated — 4 Blackhawks, 1 Keokuk, 3 Red Wings and a few others.

Some of this imitative habit of mind, apparently fixed upon us, has manifestations of much interest to philosophers.

DO but consider our daily bread of orthography. At one time we had developed an American system of spelling suited to our needs and customs. Being a busy people, with a sense of the value of time, we struck from many words a fine collection of old fossil letters; we spelled color, behavior, favor, flavor, honor, labor, savior, without the useless *u;* took a useless *g* from wagon and performed other laudable feats of this kind in the interest of humanity. English orthographers naturally adhered to their old established time-wasting forms. Within the last fifteen years has developed in this country a determined effort to break down the American orthography and compel us to restore the superfluous letters that we so happily excised.

IN all this would appear to be something more than natural if philosophy could find it out. One visiting from Mars, let us say, would perhaps expect another nation to look to us for guidance but would never expect us so to look to another nation. If we have a president to inaugurate, what is the fundamental reason that avowedly we strive to make the ceremonies repeat those observed in the coronation of an English king? If we desire to change the organization of our navy why do we merely adopt that of Great Britain? Or, to come to homely things and small, why do we take from abroad our cue for the fashion of our clothes, the shape of our hats, the colors of our ties and the hour of the day at which we may lawfully be seen in a claw-hammer coat? Why not legislate for ourselves about our customs? The Boston Tea Party and some things of that kind seem not to gibe perfectly with all this.

Many a foreign visitor, duly impressed with the great size, wealth, resources, energy and progress of this country has pondered in vain over these manifestations. Not long ago I was conducting a traveled German friend about a famous American university. It struck me before I had gone far that I had precious little to show him that could interest him. "That tower you recognise, of course," said I. "It is an exact duplicate of the tower of Magdalen at Oxford. This hall is an exact reproduction of the hall of Christchurch; we have even reproduced the armorial bearings of the scions of nobility that have been Christchurch undergrads. That row of buildings as you will see, repeats the architecture of Merton. In fact, I think we have everything of Oxford here except the nose of Brasenose. There goes a procession of students. See how natural they look in mortarboards and gowns? Yes, we think we have done pretty well here; you might think you were in Oxford itself."

"Well," said he, "Oxford is Oxford and this America. Now show me something American."

"There's a football game," said I.

"Rugby," said he. "I tell you what I think,—I don't believe there is anything American now except cocktails and skyscrapers and some brands of weather. Your national emblem is, I believe, an eagle. You will not think me discourteous, will you? I've looked so long for something American. It has at times seemed to me that a more strictly correct emblem would be a parrot."

"And yet," said I reproachfully, "you have traveled in our sleeping cars: you must be aware that there are no others like them in all the world."

"Thank heaven!" he gasped.

BUT what I want to know is, where is the United States of America and why we wonder at the sincere, honest belief of so many of our English friends that it is a province of the British Empire.

"Show it to me on the map," said old pop-eyed Lord North on a celebrated occasion when a question about America was agitating what he called his mind. That is about the way of it still.

*Preliminary drill at Harvard falling on the ball*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

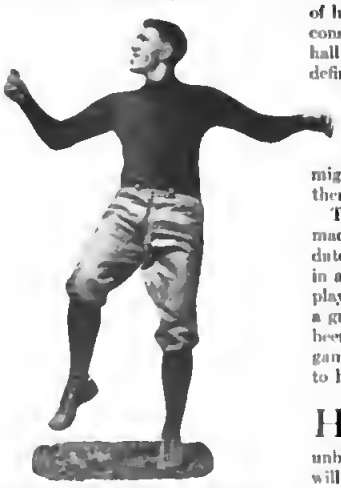
FROM the very beginnings of the game at Cambridge Harvnrd football has been inseparably connected with star backfield players. The list is as long as a man's arm. The poorest of Hnrvnrd teams has had at least one splendid hack, nnd the better teams all the wny from two to five. It is almost uncanny. While at other universities backs hnve been brought up to the front rank hy clever coaching—at work on n certain amount of nntural nbdity—the ball carriers have appeared nt Cambridge practically ready made. Not that the Crimson coaches are not among the best in developing backs. They are. But the work has been made easy for them with great frequency because of tbe npnenrance of sheer genius.

Since Freshmen nre no longer permitted to play on 'Varsity teams, the new Harvnrd backs get nn extra year of schooling nnd ripening with the first year eleven, so that when they finally nppear with the 'Vnrsity they step right in nt top speed and give n polished performance, even in the early games, rarely to be witnessed at the other great universities.

NOW in this matter of hacks the Crimson has outdone even its own remnrkable self this yenr, for there is nt Soldier's Field todny n trio tlnt, barring accident—and the men are being carefully handled by "Pooch" Donovan, the wary trainer—should outshine any trio of the past. In Hnrwick, Briekley, nnd Mnhnn, the Crimson "has everything" tlnt tbe most exacting coach eould ask—and tbey are improving nll the time. It is no disparagement of Brickley, the popular idol of last season, to say that Hardwiek was quite as good if not a better hnck, save only in kicking. This year "Tack" is being groomed for a punter under the tuition of the nblest kicking coach of them all, Percy D. Haughton, and hy the time these lines appear Hnrdwick shnuld be in the front rank in the punting game, both in distance and in placing. The drop-kicking of Brickley requires no comment, since it is finwless. But Hnrvard has n third kicker in Edwnrd Mahnn, who is both a punter and a drop-kicker—a little erratic just now, but certain to be in form for the hig gnmes.

Here is n backfield that combines weight nnd speed. Every member of it is n boro football plnyer, every member of it seems to he nble to combine fire and dash with splendid headwork and coolness in tight places, and every member of it should be better than he was a year ago. Briekley and Hardwick are heavy hncks, ideal men for tlie squnre formntion used so effectively hy the Crimson, and while Mahan looks slender in comparison with them, he is a fine figure of n foothall plnyer, and has more nntural ease nnd grace then either of his comrades. There is more sweep to his style of play, and if nny man enn run the ends this year that man should be Mahan. This latest recruit to the Harvard backfield is deadly swift nnd sure in running back kicks, and a stellar performer nt either end of the forwnrd pass, n play with which I expect to see the Crimson do well, hoth offensively and defensively. Indeed, I think Harvard has the best planned nnd individually keenest defense against the forward pass of any team I bnve seen so far, nnd I expect to find it nt its best in the big games.

COMING nnw to the line, we find conditions much as they were a year ago—a really fine first string, plentifully besprinkled with veterans, and a set of only nverage substitutes. Splendidly equipped with tackles and ends, the veterans, Capt. Storer and Hitchcock, being the pivots of both attack nnd defense, the Harvnrd line should measure up to the standard of a year ago, and perhaps even surpass that standard. There will be need of this line living right up to the brim of its reputation, I think, for, unless I am sorely mistnken, both Yale and Princeton will put fast nnd powerful forwards in the field, nnd even though the rules now permit of more variety in backfield plny and furnish opportunities unknown to the old-fashinned gnme, it is hnpelessly impossible to over-estimate even the slightest superiority in the line.



*"Edward Mahan, both a punter and a drop-kicker"*

Should Harvard meet n heavy attack in either of the big games—and there is more than a possibility that this is what will happen—there will be need of reinforcements, nnd just where these reinforcements nre coming from I do uot see at present.

Granting that in mnterial Hnrvard has all that n team could expect to have in forwards and ball carriers, whnt of the most important position of nll, the quarterback? Here I confess to disappointment, for the three quarters I saw in action at Cnmhridge would have had difficulty in finding a place on a good small college team. And there is no Charlie Daly to coach them this year. Whatever there nny be of "drive" in the mnke-up of Bradlee, Freedley nnd Lognn seems to be merely on the surface. They have plenty of lung power, and they make themselves conspicuous through waste effort when the hall is dead, but there is nnne of that quiet definnce hefore the starting signnl, none of tlnt "genring-up" of the team when it is in action, that mark the bigh class quarter, and all the young men in question will have to improve mightily if they are to make names for themselves ngainst Ynle and Princeton.

These young men nre palpably machine-made qunrters, judging by their work to dnte, and I hnve not been nble to discover in any one of them the rnal gift for the play of their positioo and the handling of a great engine of attack that should have been in evidence even in the earliest games of the season. Lognn I considered to have more promise than the others.

HARVARD is in the unenviable position of being popularly regarded as unbeatnble, and no amount of nrgument will convince nny but the keenest followers of football tlnt the path of practically an all-star tenm is not alwnys strewn

with roses. Stars frequently need as much work as raw recruits, and the trainer is usually so anxious over them that he puts in his veto just when the coaches are most anxious to polish up the combination.

The question naturally arises, Is Harvard really unbeatable this year? As football is played today there is often only a slight difference in the merits of the play between being defeated by 20 to 0 and winning by 7 to 0. The difference arises from "breaks" in the game, which are far more frequent nowadays than they used to be. One little "break" will carry a team from what appears to be a winning position on its opponents' "ten-yard line," to a defensive position on its own ten-yard line—and this not once, but frequently three or four times in the course of the game. Comes the psychological moment, and the team that seizes it instanter will sometimes turn what appears to be a perfectly even battle into something approaching a rout. It is sometimes temperamental, this sudden turn of a football tide, and even all-star teams are high-strung on the day of the big game.

THE modern generalship, if it is to succeed, must require perfect individual play of every member of the team, be he the poorest man on the eleven or the best, and a fighting defense has more than once stood off a team immeasurably superior in personnel. It has happened many times in the past that two great lines have fought each other to a standstill, and that a superior offensive backfield—robbed of the help of the line in this way—has been beaten off by backs who were failures as ball carriers, yet who were born defensive players.

WITH Harvard playing the best football of which the Crimson is capable, and making no individual mistakes, the team can be beaten, I think, only by really great football, and it is up to the Harvard forwards to do the brilliant work they did last year, to endure through the heat of the battle, and to "come on" in the last quarter faster than in the first. The type of team that stands the best chance of defeating the Crimson is the type that recks nothing of the reputation of its opponents—made up of men to whom the star Cambridge backs are just backs, and not great names. Such types Yale has turned out in the past, and although there are not the stars at New Haven that one finds at Cambridge, there should be an evenly developed, balanced team by the time the Blue faces the Crimson in the Stadium. Here, indeed, should be a great battle and an acid test for Harvard's great backfield.

HAPPY the eleven this season that makes the first score, for the psychological value of early points is very great under the present rules. Here is where the drop-kickers figure. There is nothing so disheartening to an eleven, not even a fatal fumble, as being scored upon early in the game by the drop-kick method. There were many who thought when the rules were revised so as to put more of a premium on the running game, that the day of the drop-kicker was about over. The conclusion was a hasty one, for if one studies football history at all carefully he will find that the drop-kick has been a deadly weapon at all times, and has won many a game no matter what the state of the rules at the time.

If, therefore, Harvard sticks to cannonading early in the game as the Crimson did last year, and brings either Brickley or Mahan within striking distance, the opposing eleven will have an uphill fight on its hands. The Crimson defense remains, at this writing, to be seriously tested, and I should not be surprised to see a good deal of ground made against Harvard even before the games with Princeton and Yale, but this need hardly shake the confidence of the supporters of the Cambridge men. One thing is patent, however, and that is that when another man is substituted for either Hardwick, Brickley or Mahan in the backfield, the "punch" comes out of the attack noticeably.

THE sudden departure of Tom Shevlin from New Haven came as something of a surprise to his host of followers who believe implicitly in his ability to whip a Blue eleven into shape for the big games. It need not have been a surprise, however, for no amount of shift plays can make up for the kind of shortcomings Yale showed in other directions last year. Over-emphasis on short cuts to victory I do not believe to be any part of Yale's real coaching plans this season, and while Shevlin has made a reputation as a rescuer, he found a team that was not ripe for anything fancy. Coincident with the departure of Shevlin, Capt. Ketcham was moved back to centre where he belongs, and it is to be hoped that no more experiments will be made with this remarkable player and leader.

Ketcham's position as "roving" centre is ideal for a captain and for a man of Ketcham's type—watchful, keen, having that extra sense that divines the opponent's play in its inception. In the circumstances Ketcham would never have played any other position better than the one he now occupies. If it had been intended to fit him for any other position the attempt should have been made long ago, for just now Ketcham is a centre by habit and experience, and should prove one of the greatest players the game has seen by the time the season is ended.

The Elis have been suffering more than their share of injuries, especially in the backfield, but with Knowles out again the kicking is being well cared for, and there is opportunity to try out any number of candidates. Again, there is every reason why the Yale attack can be developed slowly, since there is this year no gruelling test with the strong Army eleven.

There is plenty of time before working up new plays for the big game, and it is a certainty that new plays do not go well until the cruder coaching work is over and the team is able to play with precision the various plunges and dashes from the simpler formations. To the average follower of the game the real strength of the Blue probably will not be apparent until the team gets into action in the first big game, but if the coaching system continues to work smoothly, as I expect it will, there will be a first class lot of Yale football players on the field in the latter part of November.

BEFORE this issue of the WEEKLY is out the Carlisle-Cornell game will have been played, and the undoubtedly fine Indian attack tested against a theoretically sound defense. Next week I shall have something to say of this game, not forgetting a few diagrams of the Carlisle attack, always theoretically brilliant, and to be seen in New York against Dartmouth, November 15. At the same time I shall take up the work of both Dartmouth and Cornell.

The Red Man's Gift

When the Pilgrims came to America the chief article of food of the Indians (one of most stalwart races of men the world has ever produced) was "Indian Corn."

The women ground it in hollowed stones, and cooked it in a rude manner, but it, together with meat taken in the chase, sustained a race of muscular giants.

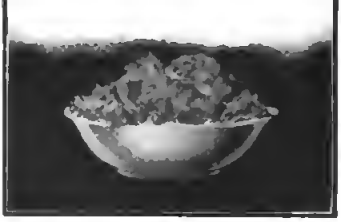
Two or three hundred years of cultivation has resulted in a very superior grade of this Indian Corn, and the food expert has produced therefrom, by skillful cooking, a food delicious beyond the comprehension of the past—

Post Toasties

"Toasties" have a flavor wonderfully tempting, and come ready to eat direct from package with cream or milk —and a little sugar, if you like.

Grocers everywhere sell

Post Toasties



# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *Facing the Music*

THE newspapers recently told of the suicide of a Col. James E. Tate, of Baltimore, a member of a distinguished Maryland family, a cousin of the late Admiral Schley, and a "former capitalist." From the news reports it appears that Col. Tate had many years ago invested $200,000 in stock of the American Express Company. When he saw the Parcels Post approaching he tried to sell this stock, but could do so only at a great sacrifice. His losses so preyed upon his mind that a self-inflicted death resulted.

Recently there was printed on this page a letter from a reader in Iowa who was surprised and pained because his holdings of government bonds showed a considerable loss as compared with the price at which he purchased them. Herewith is printed another letter of somewhat similar nature. The two letters and the reported cause of suicide all illustrate a most serious investment fallacy. Here is the letter:

"I have about $6,000, all of which is in six savings banks except $2,000 which I invested in New York State and New York City 4 per cent. bonds in 1909. These bonds are now very much depreciated, in value now about 96, although I paid 102½. Would you advise me to sell them even at the present price and put the money back into the savings bank, or in your opinion have they reached bottom, and will they go up soon?

"My sole motive in converting my money into such bonds was the greater security of them, and now I have lost say about $120, which, if I had had confidence in the banks would not have resulted. Can you suggest any better investment for the money where there is not likely to be any fluctuation."

### *Market Losses and Investment Worth*

THE alleged cause of Col. Tate's suicide and the two letters referred to point directly to a strange but persistent investment fallacy. It is one which troubles thousands of persons in these times, and while it will continue to trouble long after this magazine page has faded away I propose to do my best to attack it.

The fact that a bond, or even a share of stock, has declined in price does not necessarily mean that it is devoid of value. Take, first, the gravest and most pitiful instance, that of a man killing himself because of the great loss in American Express stock. Let it be admitted that the Parcels Post will cut deeply into express earnings. Let it be admitted that the big reduction in express rates ordered by the Interstate Commerce Commission will further reduce express profits. Admit perhaps that in time the government will drive the express companies out of business.

To begin with, there are many who believe that the express companies can engage in various operations which the Parcels Post will never be able to reach. Already Wells, Fargo & Co. has extended its operations in many useful ways. Furthermore, both this company and the American have become the European

In the November

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agents for two of the largest American railroad systems, respectively. The American already has a large and lucrative business abroad, transportation, banking aad tourist. Even assuming that the Parcels Post should reduce rates to a point where express companies should be obliged to quit, the American has at least $10,000,000 of property such as real estate and equipment wbicb it could sell at somewhere near its real value. Io addition the compaay has a surplus ia cash, bonds aad stocks of other concerns of $21,000,000. Its stock issue amounts to only $18,000,000, so that if the company were ohliged to stop business today it could liquidate at more than the par value of its stock.

No doubt that the suicide paid more than par for his stock, but on the other band the stock has paid 12 per cent. dividends eacb year for seven years, 8 per ceot. for five years before that aad 6 per cent. for very maay years. According to newspaper reports the suicide bought his stock "many years ago." Assume that it was twenty years ago. In that time he received more than 170 per cent. of the face value of his stock io dividends.

It may seem a little cruel to fiad fault with the meatal processes of a man who kills himself, but the purpose of these details should be evident to all. The real test of the value of a stock is not whether it fluctuates in market price, but the total sum of dividends it pays and the assets and earning power back of the shares. Of course the man who owns a stock on margin or who borrows on it cannot face the decline with equanimity. Banks are heartless. When stocks fall they demand more collateral. But he who owns securities outright and unencumbered can face falling prices without flinching, provided he knows there is merit behind the price.

### *Why Bonds Have Fallen*

NEW YORK City has issued such vast quantities of bonds in recent years that iovestment capacity for them has been surfeited. There is a limit to the powers of any digestive apparatus even for the best of food. That is one reasoo New York City bonds have fallen. But to assume that they are thereby in the slightest degree endangered is uodefensible. If there ever should be even the least element of daager the city could temporarily stop its vast outlay for improvements aad quickly pile up an unwieldy surplus. Indeed there are those who believe that before many years the city will be in receipt of an enormous income from its new subways. Judging from its past growth the last propbecy a far-sighted man would make for the metropolis is a lack of income.

Bonds of this city and state have fallen primarily because all other bonds bave fallen. The one outstandiag financial fact of the preseat decade is the decliae ia the purchasiag power of moaey. Expressed in other words, prices of commodities, such as food products, have risen. A man who buys a bond at $1,000, payable in cash fifty years hence at $1,000 and bearing $40 interest year eacb, must aot expect that bond to sell as higb as formerly, now that the $40 buys one third less than it used to buy. A given sum of money is worth about one third less than formerly. What is more natural than that bonds should decliae to a parity with the buyiog power af money?

Boads of this state and city are only

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It makes no difference whether there is an adding machine in your office or not. Your opinion will be valuable in either case. If there is no adding machine in your office, you can tell us whether you, personally, would like to have one in, or not, and why you would or would not. If there is an adding machine in your office, you can tell us how it helps you io your work, if it does, and to what extent it has iocreased your earning capacity, your efficiency, if it has.

We should like to know what you think, what you feel, what your experience has been, what your opinion is—whether favorable or unfavorable—to adding machines or to us.

**Why We Value Your Opinion**

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The more that bookkeepers realize how adding machines lighten labor, the more machines will we sell through their influence.

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The more that we know about bookkeepers' experiences with adding machines—about whatever advantages or disadvantages they have found in use—the better prepared are we to sell the Wales. Because we will know better what feature of the Wales will appeal most to bookkeepers, the actual users.

We take this means, therefore, of gauging the present mental attitude of bookkeepers towards adding machines—so that we may the more intelligently plan our advertising and sales work.

**How We Will Judge Your Letters**

Literary quality will not be the basis of our judgment of the letters we receive. We are not particularly concerned as to the way you express yourself.

We make no restrictions as to brevity and scope of subject matter.

What we will value most will be the letters which will give us the clearest insight into the actual present attitude of bookkeepers towards adding machines.

What we are looking for is your candid opinion.

**No Office Secrets Wanted**

Of course, we do so want you to give us any information or go into any detail that will jeopardize your employer's interests in the least.

You need not consider that you have committed yourself or your employer to the purchase of the Wales Visible Adding and Listing Machine by submitting your opinions. Should we, in the usual course of our sales work, ever approach your employer, we will not refer to you, in any way, unless you request it.

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two out of several thousands of issues in this country which have declined. Moreover if our correspondent will read the financial papers he will discover that the same thing is happening in England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Brazil, Argentine—in fact all over the civilized world. If anything Europe has felt the drop in securities more severely than this country. At least one great European country has been much nearer panic than the United States.

### *When Will the End Come?*

OUR correspondent wants to know if his bonds have reached bottom and if they will go up soon. That is too big a nut for us to crack. The man who can answer that question possesses almost infinite wisdom. But this much is certain: periods of international illness in the security markets have never lasted permanently. Similar downward movements have taken place before and they have never lasted. However, the owner of state and city bonds would be foolish to sell. The turn will come some time. He says he has lost $120. He has lost nothing unless he sells.

He wants to know whether it would be well to put his money back into the savings banks. These banks in New York State are models of sound investment institutions, but it is hard to see how our correspondent would be much better off. Savings banks invest in just the same kind of bonds that he has bought. The only difference between him and the savings bank is that the bank can buy so many different securities that the paper loss on some is partly offset by the paper gain in others. We do not see why our reader should not have had full confidence in the savings banks in the first place. There are no institutions in the world which are more carefully regulated or more strictly confined to the safest of investments. However, he would have been no better off in the savings bank, for they have suffered the same nature of paper loss that he is complaining about.

While it is true that savings banks have made up in part from real estate mortgages what they have lost on bonds, the net loss is very great, and has for several years been the subject of a never-ending technical discussion. Their surpluses, in many cases, have been eaten into because of the sinking market value of their bonds. But as the banks keep the bulk of their holdings to maturity it is hard to see that they have really lost anything.

The next time the writer of the foregoing letter wants to invest money in such a way that there will be no fluctuation let him buy a first mortgage upon real estate. But let not him or anyone else deceive themselves. Real estate mortgages do not fluctuate, it is true, but this merit they have not because they are necessarily better than equally well secured bonds, but simply because they are issued in such small units that no market exists for them. Any security which has a broad market is bound to fluctuate because countless forces play upon it. Fluctuation may be, and often is, a bad thing for the peace of mind of an investor, but it does not necessarily signify loss unless the owner sells. The security which has no market does not fluctuate to the eye, but often it cannot be sold at any price. The vital question to ask about an investment is whether it is backed by earnings and assets, not whether it fluctuates or does not fluctuate.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Mexico

MANY criticisms have been made of the administration poliey toward Mexico, hut no suggestion has been put forward for n proposition that would have been wiser. What the administration has done has met the approval of the most impartial citizens, and especially of those citizens who believe in the new attitude toward war. Gone is the day when it is accepted without question that thousands of lives should be sacrificed, millions of hard-earned dollars wasted, and the hearts of men degraded, in order to protect a few investors who knew what kind of country they were going into when they made their investments, or in order to enable Americans to live in such a country without running the risks natural to their residence. The present administration has a great constructive work to do at home. It leads and interprets the wishes of a new America. There could hardly be a greater disaster than for the attention of the country and the work of Congress and the President to be turned away from a task which will make men happier to the exciting but degrading occupation of war. That has been the President's standpoint, and he has acted throughout on the best information he could get, and with penetration, tact, and confidence in his own well-matured opinion.

## Mrs. Pankhurst

LAWS and regulations can never cover every case, and they are intended to be carried out hy officials intelligent enough not to apply restrictions and penalties to persons for whom they never were intended. In our immigration rules, we have beeu particularly unfortunate. Undertaking to exclude the lower forms of labor from the Orient, we have frequently created wholly needless annoyance for Chinese and Japanese students. The landing of Mrs. Pankhurst ought never to have been questioned for an instant. We happen to be among those who believe that the cause of woman suffrage in England was much forwarded hy her up to about two years ago, and has been held back by her activities since, but, even if that belief is well fuunded, Mrs. Pankhurst's good or had judgment has nothing whatever to do with the episode at Ellis Island. To treat her as if she belonged to the criminal classes is rough and stupid. The problem of dealing with her is for the English not an easy one, but in our case there is no problem at all. Mrs. Pankhurst did not come over to try to get American women to burn empty buildings or to smash windows, hut merely to explain why she was carrying on that kind of campaign in another country. If Mr. Haywood went to England to lecture on the methods of the I. W. W. in the United States, he certainly would not he interfered with, although if he undertook to stir up English working men to greater violence the authorities would very likely send him home. Those who are alarmed cannot suppose that Mrs. Pankhurst will do America any physical harm. They are merely aligning themselves with those who chronically fear the explosive quality of ideas, or perhaps they are antis.

## Two Men

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL has been in the service of the City of New York and the United States government for ahout seven years. Comptroller Prendergast, who knows, says that Mitchel has had the best experience to equip him for the position of Mayor of New York of any man in the history of that city who has ever run for the office, with the single exception of Seth Low. The only crimes charged against Mitchel are that he is young and that he is radical. To he thirty-four years old is not a crime, even in a candidate for mayor, provided he has had the experience that Mitchel has had, nnd has shown the same talent aud enthusiasm for economy and efficiency. To he radieal in these days is not a drawhack, provided one combines radical sympathies and beliefs with an exaet comprehension of the difficulties and the methods and restrictions of the established order. Mr. Mitchel has a very luminous understanding of the financial situation in New York City. He is a cautious man; a thorough student; a born administrator. He has been working for many years with McAneny, Prendergast, Pounds, Cromwell and Mathewson, all nominated hy the Fusion forces to serve with him on the Board of Estimate. The remarkahle economies brought about hy the present Fusion government, in spite of the preceding Tammany graft and waste for which they had to pay, have been fully set hefore the voters.

On the other hand, behold a small-minded nnd weak tool of Charlie Murphy as candidate for mayor, backed by a ticket made up almost exclusively of mere Tammany politicians. McCall's idea nf economy is to sell such parks as Dreamland and Rockaway Beach, the only places where the poor men, the poor women, and the suffering children of the congested city have any chance to enjoy the ocean air that McCall's none-too-well-gotten wealth enables him to breathe in his private summer home. Tammany's economy is to steal and to waste, and to make

up for it hy cutting off great projects of public welfare. The Fusion method is to do more, and by doing it honestly and well, to spend less.

## Newspapers in Washington

IN a letter to the editor of the *Washington Post*, President Wilson said, "Sir, I am quoted in your issue of this morning as saying that any one who does not support me is no Democrat, but a rebel. Of course, I never said any such thing." The sting in that last sentence, "of course," can be made to apply either to the habitual course of the *Post* in slandering this Administration or to the impossibility of any one, not fatally muddled in his intellectuals, supposing that the President would have said such a thing. On the same afternoon in which the *Post* thus trangressed, the *Evening Star* of Washington attributed to the President the statement that he neither expected nor wanted the support of any Republican on the Currency Measure. To this Senator Thomas replied in the Senate by saying, "I have it from the President's own lips that the statements attributed to him are without foundation."

## Underwood

HE is fifty-one years of age and looks younger. When his present term in the House expires, in 1915, he will have served there for twenty years, representing the Birmingham District. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the last Congress and of this, his position has been a far more powerful one than that of the Speaker, his committee, instead of the Speaker, now having the appointment of all the other committees of the House. With the election of a Democratic House three years ago, he had the responsibility of so guiding its action as to make victory possible in the Presidential campaign following. He has fixed political principles which he refuses to yield even for a cause that has his sympathy. For example, he refused to vote for the match-phosphorus bill, believing that it is an unwise use of the taxing power to destroy an industry. He allowed himself to be used by the reactionary party in some of the Southern states in their effort to defeat the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, and it is not to his credit that Ryan furnished more than half his campaign fund, as he did for Harmon, and as he would have done for any likely candidate after Woodrow Wilson had declined his aid. But there has not been the slightest suspicion of Underwood's disloyalty to the nominee of his party or to the President of the United States. With his fortune invested in the iron and steel industry, he insisted on sweeping reductions in those schedules in the Tariff Bill. He defied the efforts of the Steel Trust to defeat his candidacy for Congress by postponing the erection of its projected plants of enormous size in Birmingham, and there has not been a whisper of scandal about his personal management of the Tariff Bill which bears his name. With the signing of the bill by the President, he felt that he had reached the climax of his long term of service in the House.

Hobson poses as the most progressive of Alabama statesmen but has posed overmuch.

## Reinsch

THE new Minister to China is an excellent type of American citizen. Born in Milwaukee, Paul Samuel was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1892, and two years later from the Law School. After trying for a year to finance his own meal ticket, he returned to the University for post-graduate work in letters and science. He was instructor for a while in English, then studied abroad for a year and came back to the University to teach political science. He distinguished himself through his grasp of international relations. His classes were popular on account of the easy conversational way in which he exhibited his knowledge and his spirit of fairness. He had the ability to make students work and think without forcing them. Those who knew him in college think of him as an easy and natural diplomat, simple, unpretentious, comfortable as an old shoe, and substantial as Gibraltar. He has been the Roosevelt professor abroad, and the United States delegate to two Pan-American conferences and several other Pan-American meetings, and is the author of a number of books on international relations, which have been translated into other languages and have had the singular fate of bringing in some money. With part of this he made a collection of paintings to illustrate the history and development of European art, a collection now loaned for an indefinite period to the University of Wisconsin. In Wisconsin politics, he has always stood with La Follette. He is a believer in peace and a special student of the problems of the people of Asia. He ought to fill his new job with exceptional felicity.

## The Valuation of the Railroads

LA FOLLETTE won a long fight when Congress authorized the Interstate Commerce Commission to make a valuation of the actual property owned by railroads, interurban lines, steamship lines, pipe-lines and telegraph and telephone systems, coming under the jurisdiction of the Commission. A preliminary survey of the work to be done and the methods to be employed has just been made by a committee composed of Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury John Skelton Williams, Chairman, C. F. Staples of the Minnesota Railroad Commission, formerly president of the Association of Railroad Commissioners, Professor Beamis of Chicago University, Professor H. C. Adams of the University of Michigan, and O. T. Crosby, of Virginia. The committee submitted a plan for organizing a department for this particular work with a statement about the kind of experts needed. The investing public is interested in the thoroughness of this work, as are the taxing authorities and state and national public utility commissions and the general public, which is taxed upon the myriad products of soil and mine and forest and factory that enter into transportation. That the problems, although difficult, are not insoluble, such states as Wisconsin and Minnesota are indicating. The valuation of these properties in the United States will take six years to complete and will cost not less than $15,000,000. A permanent

board of valuation will then keep the work up to date. The railroads must furnish most of the data and it will be the business of the valuation board to see that the data are trustworthy. If the work had been done a generation ago, the country would be better off now.

## Social Legislation in Tennessee

THE Tennessee legislature, whose regular session was followed by an extra session, was chiefly noted for the struggle between Governor Hooper and the Regular Democrats over the law enforcement measures. These would have given the Governor the power to enforce the prohibition law in the cities. The two political groups, one consisting of Republicans and Independent Democrats and the other, the Regular Democrats, were evenly matched and were each striving for popular favor, and therefore a considerable advance in social legislation was made. Among these were a compulsory school attendance law for children between eight and fourteen—sixteen if unemployed; the Uniform Law on Vital Statistics, for the registration of births and deaths; the enlargement of the Department of Factory Inspection, with increased appropriations and an added force of inspectors; a law compelling the erection of adequate fire-escapes; the adoption of the parole system for prisoners; provision for rescue crews and first aid supplies for the mines; and the establishment of a Workmen's Compensation Commission. The Child Labor law was amended by prohibiting nightwork for children under sixteen and eliminating the exemption for the employment of children in agricultural or domestic service during the school term, while the sixty-hour week for women and children was reduced two hours this year and another hour next year. Most of these measures were advocated by the labor organizations, under wise and effective leadership.

## In The Year 1913

THE Honorable Stephen Coleridge is the son of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, strange as it may seem, as the father was a very able and a very sensible man. The Honorable Stephen Coleridge is one of the best known of the English leaders of the anti-vivisection movement, and is also familiar to Americans on account of two trips over here. Here is the latest contribution to science by Mr. Coleridge that has fallen under our eye:

"Knowledge and reason have always been, and must always be, miserable bases on which to build conduct, character, and life. It is true that Science has conferred some benefits upon mankind; it has enabled the slothful to be more slothful, the self-indulgent to be more self-indulgent, and the loquacious to be more communicative. It may have, perhaps, prolonged human life by a few years, or even have kept alive some who had better be dead. But the accumulation of knowledge has no relation to the acquisition of wisdom or the conservation of virtue; and Science has no exhortations for us on the beauty of unselfishness, on the nobility of self-sacrifice, on the splendor of patriotism, on the sanctity of honor, or on the glory of God, and these things matter more to us than the origin of the species, the excretions of earthworms, the pressure of the blood in dog's veins, or the battles of bacteria."

## New Books and Old

OF all the new books announced for publication this fall, how many do you take to be indispensable? Two or three occur to us offhand; the new volumes of the Emerson "Journals"; Charles Eliot Norton's "Letters"; John Galsworthy's "Dark Flower." Yet the literary reviews will teem with adjectives; libraries will buy, and men and women will give their time to crisply bound banalities in preference to books of tried value. The right point of view was expressed a good while ago by a British essayist—"On Reading New Books":

> When I consider the countless volumes that lie unopened, unregarded, unread, and unthought of, I cannot enter into the pathetic complaints that I hear made that Sir Walter writes no more—that the press is idle—that Lord Byron is dead. If I have not read a book before, it is, to all intents and purposes, new to me, whether it was printed yesterday or three hundred years ago. If it be urged that it has no modern, passing incidents, and is out of date and old-fashioned, then it is so much the newer; it is farther removed from other works that I have lately read, from the familiar routine of ordinary life, and makes so much more addition to my knowledge.

William Hazlitt's little sermon is all the more pointed in an age which gives too much attention to ephemeral journalism—mostly fiction. We wish there were more readers like the middle-aged gentleman we know, who took with him on his vacation for light reading last month, Balzac's "Caesar Birotteau" (some one had told him it was the first novel in which the almighty dollar is the leading character), and some of Parkman's histories of New France and of New England. The man we write of is a business man of rather more than average common sense. He must have enjoyed his vacation.

## Noblesse Oblige!

DOMESTIC servants in France who can prove that for thirty years they have been good and faithful are entitled to the right to wear tri-colored ribbons in their buttonholes. A new order instituted by laws passed this summer is now being enlisted—the Order of Distinguished Domestic Service. The plan is a credit to a nation already famous for ideas that combine practicality and sentiment. That humble service may assert a legal claim to a share of rank and distinction sounds like a corollary to *noblesse oblige*.

## One Kind of Hospitality

AMONG popular discussions, one that calls out genuine feeling is about "what is the most disagreeable of all usual experiences?" We should enter a plea for hospitable urgency at table. Reluctant glutting is a most depressing fate. Sad enough are the indigestion, auto-intoxication, and general stagnation that come from cramming in the pursuit of pleasure, or from one's own nervousness; but when one is entirely happy with sufficient food for nourishment, and wretched with more, and yet is driven by a hostess to "have just a little more" meat, or pudding, the result is a crime.

# Our Foreign Markets

By AMOS STOTE

IN the issue of October 4, of HARPER'S WEEKLY there appeared an article by Mr. C. M. Keys entitled, "Is American Business Failing?" The article quoted facts concerning several of our basic industries. It gave convincing proof that under present conditions the costs of manufacture, administration, selling and competition left no actual margin of profit. These statements related to the giant corporations of our country—most of them being such as come under the rather liberal classification of trusts—and chiefly to the railways.

Aside from the railways, and they must carry the goods to the sea ports, practically all these concerns are doing a large export business. Whether they are conducting their export business along lines best suited to the peculiar conditions of each market is another question. Just what high form of efficiency could bring about for them in the cost of manufacture, administration, selling and competition, both at home and abroad, is still another matter. Assuming, though it is not of necessity a reasonable assumption, that such concerns are already operating under the highest form of efficiency that industry has reached in our country, it would seem that export has little to offer in the way of relief.

AND that is just where we would be entirely wrong. The article referred to dealt only with basic industries; it contained a frank admission the deductions made had nothing to do with the ten thousand other branches of manufacturing, that would continue to pay so long as the country remained healthy. Mr. Keys discussed the production of staples—food, clothing, steel, transportation—the wrecking of which would mean national disaster, and the certain failure of many of the other concerns, those that will pay so long as commercial health is with us. Yet there is help in export.

Whether greater tension comes into the ranks of the staple industries or not, whether or not their costs make export as little profitable as home trade; the fact has been proven beyond peradventure that to all the countless other industries a rightly organized and conducted export business is a profitable business—and a safe and sure safety valve in case commercial depression of any kind does reduce the purchasing power of our country.

Export kept many a business alive in 1908. It kept factories running. It kept workmen employed at a time when there was little employment. Export will do more than bring relief in times of stress; it will tend to stave off periods of depression by saving the home market from over-production and by bringing money from other countries.

Our great difficulty with export is that we have been too American in our foreign dealings. We are too fond of the word *invasion*, when persuasion is a far more practical, commercial term. We like to *flood* countries with certain wares; and forget that floods always recede and leave an unhealthy deposit, which we are likely to cash in at the bank of Fadure. We please ourselves with talk of showing the foreigner how to do business; and overlook the fact that long before Mr. Christopher Columbus pulled off a big deal with Ferdinand and Isabella, whereby he got three modern ships on credit, with nothing but a few more or less imaginary countries to offer as security—I say that we neglect to take notice of the fact that long before this time some of the Caesars were letting contracts for road building that would give any railway a right of way that would take figures off upkeep expenses; and also, that during the morning hours of the world, the Ptolemy boys of Egypt were importing one-humped camels for the establishment of a fast freight line with India, while some of their predecessors had already accomplished some of the slickest jobs of construction along the pyramid line that may be found anywhere. Yes, we must get over the idea that the United States invented business.

### *How We Stand*

SO far as production is concerned we are better able to go after foreign trade than any other country. While we are weak in this branch of finance, it offers no insurmountable barrier and, even if not taken in hand at once, conditions will improve by the very increase in a trade that requires its improvement. We certainly have the goods; we can just as surely meet any fair competition, and make a profit; there are good markets abroad, fine markets, that only need to be properly handled to put our wares in the highway and byway of foreign desire. Here we must stop all self-praise—come to the question of selling, properly handling the markets. Behold us falter, stumble, fall, struggle; oh, how pitifully, futilely we struggle! If there is romance in our industry, then there is certainly tragedy in our selling abroad.

England has been so long the great distributor by sea that she has acquired a knowledge of other countries we may only equal through the most energetic and well-directed efforts. And even England makes mistakes. Germany, that within so few years has turned from an agricultural to an industrial nation, began its study of foreign markets before it had need of them. Yet Germany has its troubles. It sent out experts to investigate the attitude, requirements and conditions of other countries so as to be armed for export at all times. Many of us, on the other hand, appear hardly to realize these markets exist; or if we do realize it we are likely to take the complacent view that it will be time enough to study them when we have a surplus stock of goods taking up space in the warehouse. Later, when Experience sends in a bill of a hundred items at so much per, we feel like getting even with the foreigner by taking our wares away from him.

We are too much inclined to think we are the doctor and the foreigner our patient, and are surprised when he objects to treatment before we have diagnosed his case.

### *The Egg-Cup Error*

HAVE you ever heard how Germany took the Far-East egg-cup trade away from England? A German who was scouting for business, in the land from which the sun comes, noticed that the native egg always did a disappearing act when put in the imported egg-cup. The native hen was—and undoubtedly is—unable to compete with its English sister in size production. The German manufacturer brought out a cup to fit, and got the business.

For a good many years a number of African tribes were heavy consumers of scissors made in Sheffield. A German got hold of the information that these scissors had been the cause of considerable blood-letting at times of political and social gatherings. In fact the glistening points often proved irresistible to many a young buck possessed of an overplus of animal spirits. A German manufacturer made a specialty of blunt nosed scissors for this market, and so soon knew it so well he could call it by its first name.

As to incidents where conclusions were the other way around, we need look no further than home. When the typewriter was a novelty there was a machine manufactured in our country which, I believe, was called the Hartford. A German who saw it went wild with delight, bought one hundred and fifty of them, and hurried to his native soil to make a fortune; with a good prospect of making some considerable of a fortune for the American manufacturers, as well. So far as I know these machines are still looking for good homes. The German

letterhead is so much wider than ours it refused to enter the carriage of the machine. It was too much to ask the printers, paper dealers and consumers of commercial stationery to change the size of letterheads; so it was a case of "leave it lay" with the narrow gauge Hartford.

All the satisfaction the purchaser could get out of the American maker was something very like our present-day expression, "I should worry." And when we figure it out the American certainly was not to blame; nor could he be expected to go to the trouble of bringing out a wider carriage for so small an order. No, he could not be blamed; but he was open to the most severe criticism. That one hundred and fifty might have grown to one hundred and fifty thousand in the years which have passed. Had German requirements been met the machine would have had a running start in control of the trade. That we do hold the bulk of this business today is pleasing—but this experience has been no help in the work.

Our bicycle makers had the German market all their own way during the first years of the business. But they shipped over the flimsy framed affairs our speed ambitious cyclers demanded. The heavy German soon reduced this thing to a mass of hopelessness. German capital saw it and smiled; then it brought out an armor plate wheel you could ride down stone steps with safety—to the bicycle. Of course it won the home market away from us, and holds it now. It is still worth having. The Germans who adopted it have found the bicycle trade as effective an introduction for the automobile as have our manufacturers in this country.

### *The Peevish Agent*

UNFORTUNATELY, our share in the automobile business in Germany is not without its darker side, though our trade there is growing so rapidly it is likely the error will be lived down without any serious loss to those not involved.

The Teuton is not generally communicative concerning his business, unless he has a grievance. I was somewhat startled, therefore, when calling at the German agency of an American motor-car company, at being almost dragged into a private office and told a long tale of woe. I brought this man no introduction or credentials, so it is probable he talked in the same unrestrained manner whenever opportunity presented itself. The unfortunate part of the affair is that the American manufacturer kicked up the trouble while acting entirely within the limits of their agreement. The situation was this:

The agent had spent some twenty thousand dollars building up a trade. His introduction of the machine had been successful to such an extent that the manufacturer refused to renew the contract but decided to take over the agency when the agreement expired, and establish a branch house. The agent had been calmly told that he would be expected to turn over the good-will, offices, organization and statistics. No mention of bonus for labor and expense had been written into the contract, so none would be paid.

We are familiar with this type of contract for it is not unusual with us. But the German agent! His working knowledge of profanity was too limited to permit comprehensive expression. "I know those Americans!" he shouted, without thought for my feelings, "I know them and their ways of doing business! I have seen them in the hotels of Paris and London, and right here in Berlin. When they are not robbing each other they get together and rob their foreign agents. This company is trying to do to me just what it did to their French agent. I know them; they have millions, and we have no money to fight them!"

The contract had nearly a year to run and if the agent is still "representing" the American manufacturer to the German public as he did to me it looks like the new representatives would have some interesting experiences when they take over the business.

Misunderstandings of this kind have always proven expensive, not only to the manufacturer involved, but in a more or less direct way to all our export interests in the country where it occurred.

An appreciable number of English business men of the smaller type still look at our wares and our methods with a measure of suspicion; simply because there was a time when a great many American products sent into that country did not make good, and because our dealings with English agents were sometimes open to criticism.

Hardly does it seem necessary to dwell on the "so-many-millions" of people in England and on the Continent who form logical markets for our wares. We have been hearing statistics of this kind for so long the figures have lost their impressiveness. No manufacturer worthy the title of business man has the right to deny the value of world trade. His difficulty is in knowing how to compass it; how to establish a trade in countries where he knows nothing of the language, laws, coinage, custom and methods of business approach. Exporting through some broker or chance agent seldom brings satisfactory returns. Moreover these methods give him no control of the work, and, at best, they carry little of the feeling of true export.

There is no greater instruction and inspiration to be found in the world of international trade than may be gained through the study of our successful houses abroad. We have now, most of us, passed that period of self-sufficiency when we were inclined to look on other countries of the world as poor and unsafe markets, filled with strange peoples left over from a former age, too backward to appreciate modern productions. We have yet to learn, however, to give them due commercial appreciation. The very lack of industry so evident in some offers us all the greater opportunity through lack of competition.

### *Our Competitive Advantage*

IN the matter of competition the United States stands in a most enviable position. Our wares in England and in France, in competition with German goods, have all the advantage of popular sentiment. In Germany we hold the same handicap over French and English products. And this attitude is by no means negative nor confined to certain classes. In France the feeling is so strong against the Teuton that if a view of the Kaiser is shown in a picture-playhouse the audience will make its contempt and animosity very audible.

The English are less demonstrative in showing their feeling; but from a commercial viewpoint they are just as effective. I happened to be standing at a counter in a big, London store when a silk-hatted, frock-coated Britisher—and his wife—came in to purchase a bath robe for the husband. During the process of inspection the wife noticed the "made in Germany" label. Without saying anything she held it so the husband might read the incriminating mark. They glanced at each other; and the latter asked to see a greater variety. Without show or demonstration the label of each garment was examined. As all the robes brought out were of the same material it was soon evident they all came from the same maker. At length the husband asked if the store had any robes made in some country other than Germany, stating frankly, though placidly, that they would prefer not to patronize German industries.

These statements must not be taken as suggesting any preconcerted effort at boycott. There are probably very few people in any of these countries who would let their international feelings get the better of their judgment in a business transaction; but certainly when we have every advantage offered by that valuable asset, good-will, the odds are nothing if not in our favor.

Far too much guesswork has entered into our efforts after foreign trade. Many houses have worked seriously and with determination, have planned the export department at home and the branch organization abroad with the same care and judgment any other department has received; but they have neglected, or have not known how, to estimate the foreign influence and direction that must be understood to achieve success. The business methods of Europe, and largely so of England, are as unlike our methods as are the languages of the Continent unlike our speech.

One of the first things to do when establishing a foreign office is to learn what to uvoid. Each market must be known, intimately known, and not from an American point of view, but in the peculiar way it is considered by the native. Just as the mariner needs to know not only his course hut the hidden rocks along his course; so the man after export business must know there are hidden causes of offense as well as approved methods of attack. And the hidden things, when known, often appear of such trifling importance to us; though nothing is really trifling when it concerns our business success.

FROM our American understanding it seems absurd that serious business should be forced to recognize hahits or eustoms that have no reintion to sensible commercial operations. The young man who went to Germany, after studying the language for two years at home, to get business, did not think the consequence trifling when he lost a good order because he put his hands into his trouser pockets when talking with the head of a big German house. This act constitutes something very near an insult in Germany. It is even worse than wearing tan shoes or a Norfolk coat into the office of an English business man.

A man who is now vice-president of one of our big corporations was, several years ago, the managing director of n suhsidiary company which this concern had established in England. One Saturday afternoon, when he happened to be alone in the offices, the telephone rang. The call was from the General Postoffice; something had happened to one of the machines purchased from the American company and it was very necessary that it be repaired at once. As the managing director was well acquainted with the workings of the machine he did just what any other live American would have done; grabbed up a mechanic's tool case, jumped into a taxi, and hurried to the postoffice as fast as possible. The necessary adjustment was easily accomplished and the managing director turned to go. He was about to pass out when a man on guard at the door politely informed him that it was a government rule no visitor to the private departments of the postoffice could take out anything without leaving his name and address. The tool case brought him under that regulation. Without thought of the consequences the American drew out a card and tossed it through the doorkeeper's wicket.

Monday morning a salesman for the American house had a telephone call from a postal employee, a friend. In awe-struck tones the latter informed the salesman of what had happened on Saturday, nnd said he hoped the mnnaging director might be warned against ever doing such a thing again. The postoffice appreciated help in time of trouble; but it would have been far better to let it wnit until Monday than thnt so important a man should grossly ignore English precedent.

AN English salesman, with a drawing account of fifteen dollars a week, would have known better. He would have known that to draw off a glove, turn a screw, and so bring about n prompt resumption of service for a customer would be an unwise business move. He would have sent for a mechanic, a person whose class and training fitted him for the work, and let him turn the screw.

How laughnble, almost contemptible, these customs seem to us; yet how essential is recognition of them to successful export trade. "I hate to wear this long-tailed cont und high hat," an Americnn in London remarked, "but you have to do it to make good with the Englishman; and while I nm here for business they can prescribe pajamas and I'll be with them." This man should take one more step. He should try so determinedly to get the Englishman'a view of the matter that he will lose all feeling of antagonism townrd the frock coat and high hat.

It is folly to try and npe the foreigner with whom you wish to do business; just as it is wise to respect his peculiarities and conform to them. It's the business we want, and the best way to get it is the way that seems right to the man with whom we are dealing.

*A series by Mr. Stote on our foreign trade will follow this introductory orticle. The one next week will be called "The Crime Against the Motor"*

# Canning and the Cost of Living

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

*"I put up all our vegetubles and fruits"*

THE new Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry has some very definite ideas about the relation of his work to the cost of living in America.

It takes a complicated kind of mind to think along fundamentally simple lines. Dr. Alsburg has set himself the task of taking all the many intricate and apparently irrelevant facts of our every-day living and correlating them into a simple, *helpful* policy fur us ordinary citizens. Notice that Dr. Alsburg says *helpful* and nut *punitive*. The distinction is illuminative of the new chief's ideas.

"The Department," he says, "will dn its duty, not merely in exercising control over interstate commerce, hut also in helping food producers to bring their food up to the proper qualifications; nnd it will thus add materially to the supply of honest and safe food in the country. The great purpose of the Departmeat is a constructive one, namely, not merely to punish adulterers of food, but to help honest manufacturers to discharge their duty to the comonuoity by supplying wholesome products. The Bureau of Chemistry belongs not only to the consumer hut also to the manufacturer."

One must not understand from these remarks uf Dr. Alsburg that his idea is to lessen the vigilance of the police of his Bureau. The policing will continue to be as ardent as ever, but the new chief

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*"Canning has left the home and gone into public life"*

will endeavor to balance detective work by scientific research and practical help for the manufacturer as well as the consumer.

A man who canned asparagus was fined by the government for putting a poisonous preservative in his cans. The man paid his fine, but he was bewildered.

"My chemist told me," he said, "that he had found a perfect perservative. That it was n salt. I supposed salt was harmless and used it."

The man was honest. To him a salt is just salt! The Bureau nf Chemistry saw this and proceeded to show the man how to can asparagus in a wholesome way.

THIS was constructive work. But Dr. Alsburg does not stop here. He gets the whole relation uf canning to our civilization and to the cost of our daily living and acts upon this relationship.

Probably oo kind of food has beco before the public eye so much of late as canned food. And probably no kind uf food is used so much, yet is at the same time so much criticized. We resent canned food, but we continue and shall continue to use more and more of it. Canning processes are something over a hundred years old, yet somewhere in the back of our minds still lingers the idea that canned foods are not normal foods. We also have the feeling that if there must be canned stuffs, nothing can be sn good as the kind mother "puts up." And mother doesn't "put up" any more! And finally since 1906, when the Food and Drug Act was passed, we have found such wholesale dishonesty and uncleanliness in the methods of the canning industry that we have lost faith.

We take the attitude that canned food has been thrust upon us by the greed and business sleight-of-hand of the men who control the cnnning industry. We talk as if the demand for canned food were an artificial one created by the canner.

As a matter of fact, canned and preserved food will be one of the staples of the new century. We are becoming more and more crowded, more and more specialized in our economic functions. The time has passed when each family can rely on its own food resources. Canned food will become the great food reserve fund of the nation, the absolutely necessary national storage without which a steady flow nf supply to demand will be impossible.

On our method of handling the canning industry depends one of the most important aspects of the new century's cost of living.

The demand for canned food is a nntural one. Canning has left the home and gone into public life quite for the same reasons that boot-making and weaving and the other fine old home activities have become public utilities. Canning as a non-domestic industry is another manifestation of the new economy that is making of women bread-winners instead of bread-makers.

It is still not uncommon to hear a housewife say with pride, "I put up all our vegetables and fruits. I never buy a can of anything!"

HERS is a fine, yet mistaken enthusiasm. Even though she counts her time and labor worth nothing, a woman cannot can and preserve her vegetables and fruit, using the best of materials, and compete in price with the best of the great canneries. Moreover, you will observe that she admits the necessity of canned foods yet she fails to see that it was division of labor that begot them and that she is failing to accept her division. She is only setting her back against the current of the times which tends to lift from her the burden of dnmestic hand labor and give her an opportunity for specialization, regardless of sex, that the new century demands.

Canned goods are here to stay. But in enforcing the economic side of the Food and Drug Act we are by no means realizing the full relation of the canning and preserving industries to our new life.

IT is not enough, now, says the Bureau of Chemistry, that your can of unsweetened condensed milk is pure and correctly labelled. It ought to be, and some day will be, so canned and so labelled that the mother, buying it for her baby, can know the volume of real milk that has been reduced to the compass of the can. Dr. Alsburg wants established some standard for food quality.

It is now, says the Bureau of Chemistry, not enough that your can of tomatoes is pure. Tomatoes are a food product that can be canned without addition of other material. If you add water, you are adulterating them. Tomato pulp is not a normal ingredient of canned tomatoes, and if found in your can is adulteration. Also, if more juice is added than would be normally present, this is called adulteration. In other words, if we can get a standard of food quantities in our canned goods, we have a standard on which to base their actual cost and worth to us as food.

It is through the canning industry that one of our most important and fundamental strides toward national frugality is to be taken if Dr. Alsburg is enabled to carry out some of his ideas. We have been wanton wasters of our resources, private as well as public.

"Why not," says Dr. Albsurg, "conservation of our food as well as conservation uf our forests?"'

Why not? There are pessimists who say that fifty per cent. of what the average housewife spends for food will be found to be divided about equally between the garbage pail and the waste pipe of the kitchen sink. Nur are they so pessi-



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mistic that they do not, on this occasion, speak a large truth!

THE canning trade is an outgrowth of the kitchen. It has grown by rule of thumb and has taken with it from the kitchen the kitchen's wasteful and careless habits. The average woman tries her cake with a broom-straw because her grandmother did. The average catsup-maker lets his tomato skins go dirty and fermented because his father did. The waste that was unnoticed in the kitchen, when taken in relation to the whole canning and preserving industry, is a national detriment.

After we have made what is in the can wholesome, we still have left the waste with which we do little or nothing. This fact has a direct and indirect relation to the cost of living. The greater the waste in canning, the greater the cost of production. The greater the waste, the greater the actual loss of food to the country and also the greater the loss of by-products. If a portion of the waste may be turned to fertilizer and is not, still a further loss comes to the land by the decrease of our cattle industry, and the increase of vegetable- and fruit-canning.

No branch of the canning business shows more clearly our national wastefulness than the sardine-packing business. The attitude of the Bureau of Chemistry toward it is illuminative of the new policy.

TO re-establish the important American sardine industry and to improve the quality of the American fish product, the Department has established a special Sardine laboratory at Eastport, Maine. This field experiment station will make a thorough study of the fish caught in the Maine sardine waters, and the methods of packing them employed by the Maine canners. The object is to improve the quality and reputation of the American sardines which of late with few exceptions have been of inferior quality, and often packed when unfit for packing; or else so packed as to be a very poor article of diet. The attention of the Department was called to the situation very forcibly when it was found necessary to seize about ninety thousand cans of American sardines in Pittsburgh and two thousand cases or nearly one hundred and fifty thousand cans in Norfolk.

The American sardine industry at present, the canners themselves admit, is in a deplorable condition. The whole aim is to pack quantity and give no thought to the quality of the product. There are, of course, a few packers who maintain quality, but many, it is found, pack "feedy" fish, a condition resulting from the decomposition of certain food that the fish eat. Or they are packing soft fish or discards from other factories. These are unfit for food and are absolute ruin to the reputation of the American sardine.

Some of the packers have volunteered to allow the government specialists to use their factories for complete experiments and have expressed a desire to cooperate with the Department in all possible ways to restore the American products to favor.

The new laboratory has already discovered one important point in the packing process that causes loss. The Maine packers pack as large fish as they are able to get into a box—fish from seven to eight inches are packed in so-called ¾ mustard size. The smaller fish are packed in the small quarter size cans and many of them are too large for the good sardine size. To make the fish fit the cans the head, a small part of the tail and from ⅓ to ¼ of the best part of the fish is cut off with a pair of scissors. By actual determination, 42 per cent. of the fish goes to waste and of this, 58 per cent. is good, edible meat.

THE newly established laboratory will begin at once an investigation of the best method of packing American sardines in oil and mustard, and will give particular attention to the size of fish adapted for canning in the small sizes. It will begin at once an investigation of the best ways and means of overcoming the "red feed" condition which is a troublesome factor at certain seasons of the year, in packing American sardines. It is believed that if the fish that have been eating the "red feed," are allowed to stay in wiers until they have digested it they can be packed perfectly, and will not deteriorate if properly processed. If they are worked while this "red feed" is in their stomachs, however, they decompose rapidly before being put into the cans and make a very inferior product when they are canned.

The new laboratory will make investigations as to the best uses to which to put the part of the fish which is discarded. Whenever it is edible the government will find a way of canning it as a food that shall be cheap and wholesome as well as delicious. For the non-edible portions the government will find uses that will be profitable not only to the packer but to the public at large.

One important fact the consumer is apt to forget is that it is more expensive to produce a first-class can of goods than a poor one. After our canners are taught to use all their waste, the cost of production will be reduced and still the result of the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Act must be in many cases to increase the price to the consumer. The reduction of the cost of living will be at first brought about indirectly.

MOST of us look with horror on any but a new-laid egg with an unbroken shell, and a guaranteed date thereon. The phrase, canned eggs, brings to our minds a horrid picture of a yellow, evil-smelling mess used by unscrupulous bakers in their campaign against the public stomach.

Yet the time is coming when the canned egg will be with us as familiarly as the storage egg and far more acceptably. The fresh egg goes higher and higher in price as our population increases and the feeding of hens becomes more expensive. To can the eggs in times and localities of plenty is the next step.

Up in New York state is an egg factory where eggs are canned under sanitary conditions that approximate those of a first-class hospital. In a sterilized room are the canners dressed in white. Their hands have been made surgically clean. Before each girl is a tray of eggs at exactly the right temperature for canning. The eggs have been candled. A glass jar that has been sterilized is set by the eggs. The girl picks up an egg and breaks and inspects it. It is a perfect egg and goes into the sterilized jar. She breaks another egg. It has escaped the candler and is bad. The bad egg is rushed out, the girl washes her hands and the process goes on until she has a jar of perfect eggs which are sealed. Nothing could be cleaner or more wholesome than this completed product.

Under the inspiration of the Bureau of Chemistry and its police and creative work, a new spirit has been shown lately by the canning industry of the country. Many methods that were thought to be trade secrets have been found to be common practices and a new spirit of cooperation has appeared. Many of their methods were only partly understood by the canners themselves.

THREE years ago, because of some of the requirements of the Food and Drug Act a research committee was appointed by the National Canners' Association to bring modern scientific thought to bear on the methods and problems of the canners. The work of this committee demonstrated to the members of the association that material progress could be made if scientific men with properly equipped laboratories were to give their entire attention to the needs of the industry. So, recently, a research laboratory has been established at Washington for the purpose of studying the broad questions of the National Canners' Association.

The work of the Association has shown that spinach packed tightly and with a good exhaust is a superior article to spinach that is loosely packed and only partly filled. In many cases the proper amount of sugar to add to different kinds of fruit has not been known and the work of the new laboratory may result in classified information regarding the effects of varying amounts of sugar on the flavor of fruits.

Not the least interesting to note of the many results of the activities of the Bureau of Chemistry is the fact that so many of our food manufacturers have come to realize the value of coöperation in working out the scientific problems that the government has forced on them. There was a time when the power of a man to meet the cost of living depended almost entirely on himself. Now, in our new century of specialization, of overcrowded cities and under-worked lands, the power of any one of us to meet the cost of living depends on the cooperation not of our neighbors alone, but on that of the whole nation.

It is just another instance of the curious relation of everyday living to the whole of life that an industry that has been abused by the manufacturers and resented by the consumer should prove to be a vital factor in the new century's cost of living.

And it is curiously comforting to observe that while we humans produce men capable of poisoning our daily food, we produce just as surely men capable of detecting and counter-acting not only the poison but the economic stupidity that produced it.

# The Gauntlet

By GEORGE CREEL

INSTEAD of walking a shaded highway leading to the pleasant places, the honest official runs a gauntlet as cruel as any ever devised hy the savages of the primeval forests. It is not enough that he keeps the faith as far as his position is concerned and discharges his duties with an eye single to bis oath and to the best interests of the people. In addition to absolute official probity, the faithful public servant must be prepared to repel slanderous assaults upon his private life, personal habits, family relations, business affairs and social record.

Sulzer is not a pleasing illustration. It cannot be truly said that the man ever lifted his head above the drab level of mediocrity, while at times he plumbed the depths of absurdity with his Henry Clay grotesqueries and Thomas Jefferson posturings. But had it not been for his determination to serve the people there would have been no impeachment proceedings.

Special Privilege was never in douht as to Sulzer's character. Where tools are concerned it takes no chances. It knew him for what be was during the eighteen years it kept him in Congress, and stood grinningly at his shoulder throughout the stock gambling, "panhandling" days of the gubernatorial campaign.

It was only when Sulzer commenced to believe his own speeches that the System fround him unfit. Not until he revolted against corrupt domination and refused to let grimy hands bury themselves in the people's money did the Interests scourge their traitor servant the gauntlet's length. But for the dream of freedom that took shape in his muddy hrain—intoxicating him with its pictures of adoring multitudes and a fulsome press—William Sulzer wuuld have served his term in honor and glory, and, in all likelihood, would have been Tammany's candidate for the presidency in 1916.

FROM coast to coast the gauntlet stretehes. It runs through eities, states and the nation. Franchise seekers, liquor interests, masters of monopolies, "kept" papers, professional politicians, vice syndicates, grafting contractors, possessors of special privileges of all kinds go to form the parallel lines between which the honest official must run.

In nothing has Special Privilege been more cunning than in its insistence upon the personal note in every reform movement. In nothing have the people been more stupid than in permitting principles to be subordinated by these personal attacks of the enemy.

Is there anything in the honest official's past life that may be unearthed to his discredit? Has he ever figured in any "woman scrape"? Was be ever seen in a saloon or caught in a condition resembling intoxication? Can he be sued on a note? Does he play cards or gamhle on the stock market? Is it possible to twist some of his utterances or actions into Socialism or Anarchism? Did he ever speak slightingly of the flag? Has he ever had any trouhle with his wife, mother, sister, aunt or hrother? Is there a skeleton in the family closet?

Only the boldest and the cleanest may dare to protect the people from rapacity or take part in a movement that has for its object any radical change in the established order. Even then there is no assurance that reputation will not be lost and career ruined, for some of the slanders of the System are so insidious that the community takes them in with the air that it breathes.

There is the case of Francis J. Heney, for instance. Here was a man who gave up a practice of $50,000 a year to fight for the people against the San Francisco graft ring, and who, in tbe course of that fight received a bullet wound that hrought him to the grave's edge. Yet when be ran for the small-salaried office of district attorney in order to be able to finish his work, be was defeated.

TWO lies accomplished this rejection of a faithful servant by the sovereign voter. One was to the effect that Heney had raped a young girl and had steadfastly refused to support the child. This amazing falsehood was circulated secretly and systematically hy the eminently respectable gentlemen who were of the opinion that Mr. Heney's election would hurt business.

The other slander was with regard to Heney's would-be assassin. This creature was made to appear as a hard-working shopkeeper who had lived duwn a "past," and who when the brutal Heney ruthlessly disclosed the fact that he had served a sentence in the penitentiary, went mad with grief and attempted the death of his cruel persecutor.

The man, in point of fact, was the keeper of a low groggery, a dissolute person who had boasted openly that his fortune would be made could he but get on the Ruef jury, and who was not heard of for seven months after his failure to be accepted. Then, plied with drink and encouraged hy promises uf speedy pardon and rich reward, the murderous wretch crept into the court room during Ruef's second trial, and spent two weeks waiting for an opportunity to place his revolver against Heney's head.

Judge William P. Lawlor presided at the graft trials. He was far and away the ablest and the most popular jurist in San Francisco and it was generally agreed that be would soon be elevated to the supreme bench of the state. But when Judge Lawlor refused to invent technicalities, protect pettifoggery and lend himself and his office to the grafters, that minute the System commenced to whip him up and down the gauntlet.

Traps were laid for him, lies were told about him, pressure was hrought to bear that robbed him of friends and pleasant associations aud secured his practical ostracism by social clubs and business urganizations. That be wun last November, being reelected by a scant majority, was due to the vote of the women.

THROUGHOUT the years in wbich Francis Heney and Judge Lawlor knew isolation, loneliness, heartbreak and struggle, there was never one single moment in which those whnm they fought in the name of law were compelled to undergo like penalties or privations. Even today, when the two faithful servants are still feeling the effects of the gauntlet, the corruptionists themselves lead in society, and head the principal civic organizations.

Sulzer, the mediocre, kept in Congress for eighteen years, tossed the governorship of the greatest state in the Union, and ruined only when he showed signs of wanting to become a faithful public servant! McCall, another prince of commonplace, given promotion after promotion for no other reason than his complacence! And men like Heney and Lawlor forced to fight for every political hreath they draw and compelled to walk unceasingly the bitter way of sacrifice!

Can it be denied that Joseph W. Folk was a faithful servant? At any time during his term as circuit attorney of St. Louis he could have had wealth and honor, had he chosen to abate the violence of his assaults on intrenched corruption. In 1908, when he left the governor's office, it was the money gained from the sale of carriage horses that paid his railroad fare to St. Louis.

AS in the cases of Lawlor and Heney, isolation, loneliness and practical ostracism were penalties that Special Privilege made Folk pay for his devotion. As for the men be prosecuted—the rich traffickers in official honor—it cannot be said that they ever suffered anything save the loss of the money that went for attorneys' fees.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, however, is the man most properly entitled to be tagged Exhibit A in this case against the Grateful People superstition. For fifteen years the "kids' judge" has been made to run a gauntlet that is without parallel for cruel malignancy. Special Privilege has accused him of every imaginable crime aud subjected him to every conceivable persecution. He has been charged with falsehood, larceny, insanity, beating his mother, blackmail, gross immorality and a myriad other things, each more fantastic than the last.

The latest attack upon Judge Lindsey—for even after fifteen years the gauntlet is still doing business at the old stand—is to the effect that he is the protector of rape fiends and that he is going to be recalled. The Woman's Protective League is a fake organization with headquarters in the office of the street car monopoly and as for a recall, no petition has even been framed nor could they huy a thousand signatures if one were circulated.

Many worthy souls have said, "It seems to me they'd get tired of telling lies on Judge Lindsey and quit."

THERE you have the secret of the gauntlet! Exhaustion! Not on the part uf Special Privilege—it never gets tired—but on the part of the people, or on the part of the victim himself. It takes money, time, mental and physical effort to keep on refuting slanders.

Judge Lindsey, for instance, is impoverished by his generosities, philanthropies and practical support of the Equal Justice campaign in Colorado. He is ill, for hay fever and asthma make his summers terrible, and he is exhausted because his small body is too frail for the giant energy that propels him. This last attack, with rare chivalry, was launched by his enemies while he lay on an operating table.

The men who bought officials and dealt

in Denver's public servants as though they had been merchandise—base creatures who made the $75 a month clerks in their employ commit forgery and perjury under penalty of discharge—are now lickspittled by the civic organizations that have been most active in denouncing Judge Lindsey as an "ill bird."

Seattle is a more recent recruit to the gauntlet class than Denver or San Francisco. Mayor George F. Cotterill, as the inevitable consequence of his bold stand against the usual community combination of Privilege, Vice and Liquor, has had the blood drawn at every step.

It was in 1911 that Mayor "Hi" Gill was recalled. The women, who had just been given the vote, were of the opinion that they did not want a chief executive who built municipal brothels in the public streets. Wappenstein, Gill's chief of police, was convicted of collecting tribute from women of the underworld, and many "higher-ups" would have followed him but for that bold abuse of the judicial power which is fast making Seattle notorious.

EVERYTHING that "Hi" Gill was, George Cotterill is not. Gill considered prostitution an indispensable adjunct to metropolitanism; Cotterill disputes the theory of necessary evil, has abolished the red-light district and is making Seattle one of the cleanest, most wholesome cities in the country. Gill championed the saloon; Cotterill loathes the entire liquor traffic; Gill was the tool of the franchise-grabbing public service corporations: Cotterill is a firm believer in municipal ownership of public utilities. Under his efficient handling, the municipal water plant is giving greater satisfaction than ever before, the municipal electric plant has brought about a reduction of one half in the rates, over four miles of municipal street-car trackage is under construction, and in his last message he advanced an attractive plan for a municipal telephone plant in connection with other cities and independent systems.

Shortly after his election he was given a delicate intimation of the treatment that a people's mayor might expect. It was during an interview in the office of Alden J. Blethen, owner of the *Seattle Times*, the friend and champion of Gill and Wappenstein, and one of those whose indictment had been quashed on a technicality. It is well to use the printed words of Mr. Cotterill himself in relating the incident:

"At that time Alden J. Blethen was bitter in his denunciations of Dr. Matthews (a clergyman), Prosecuting-Attorney Murphy, and others connected with the grand jury that had indicted him. With singular boldness he forced upon my attention two disgraceful photographs bearing the heads of the two gentlemen above named upon human figures in indescribably loathsome relations. He—Alden J. Blethen—explained in detail how and why he had conceived the idea of these vile photographs, securing foundation pictures by searching out some indecencies from a Paris collection, engaged one of the best Seattle artists to combine them with perfect photographic skill with the heads and faces of Dr. Matthews and Prosecuting-Attorney Murphy."

Sweet-scented little attentions like these were not original with Seattle. A St. Louis lobbyist first conceived the idea of blackmail by photographs, and used to get his material after he had entertained rustic members of the legislature at wine suppers. Nor was there anything very new or interesting in the various traps and pits that were meant to prove Mayor Cotterill a "moral leper."

THE "red flag" furore, however, had a distinct creative value. This rather clever attack was made possible by Mayor Cotterill's Free Speech policy that permitted all sorts and conditions of street meetings without other restrictions than those imposed by the law relating to individual conduct. His refusal to throw Socialists, Labor leaders and Syndicalists into jail gave his enemies the opportunity they desired.

Of a sudden the *Times* sweated red ink in a frenzied announcement that a red-flag parade had thrown the American colors in the dust and trampled upon them. There is not the slightest doubt in the world that the men responsible for the outrage were hired thugs, as many of them were recognized, but with this as a foundation, Privilege ran the gamut of frenzied demand that Cotterill be recalled, and that every "undesirable citizen" be jailed or deported.

The climax came in the July riots in which soldiers and sailors were supposed to have risen in defense of the flag against I. W. W. members. As a matter of fact, according to thorough and impartial investigations, the first trouble arose when three or four drunken sailors attacked a Mrs. Miller who was making a "votes for women" speech. They took away her stand, insulted her, and were soundly thrashed by the crowd that gathered.

Seemingly commanded to riot by false reports, and led by ward heelers and tools of the vice ring, the soldiers and sailors on shore leave burned a Socialist bookstore and might have started a general conflagration but for the police.

This is the sort of life that Seattle's "best mayor in history" leads. As for Blethen, outside of the fact that the student body of the state university voted to reject his proffered chimes on the ground that they were bought with loathsome money, he has suffered no loss of social or business prestige, and ranks with Bullinger as "leading citizen."

Look where one will, and the gauntlet may be seen. In Toledo, Brand Whitlock, three times elected mayor and one of the world's great souls, is hounded from one campaign to another as "the idol of the criminal classes," and leader of "the element that is fighting for the privilege of debauching your boys and girls."

In Wisconsin the fight is on La Follette. It was whispered, "Didn't you know that he had lost his mind?" In Philadelphia the old MacNichol gang is using every effort to damn Blankenburg. Down in Atlanta, Chief Beavers, who abolished the red-light district is hounded by detectives. In Colorado the enemies of Lindsey take time enough to lie viciously and persistently about "Tom" Tynan, the great warden whose "honor and trust" idea has revolutionized American penal methods. In Los Angeles the attack is on Chief of Police Sebastian who stands for a clean town. In Minneapolis the gauntlet is arranged for the benefit of A. S. Stockwell, the "crank" and "busybody" who has made a twenty years' struggle against Privilege.

Of a certainty, the wonder is not that we have so few honest men in public office but that we have any.

# New York Restaurants

By HARRISON RHODES

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

IT is not merely that New York is our largest town; proportionately more people eat there, as it were, in the open than anywhere else in the country—it is the great restaurant city of the land. People who do not live in the metropolis understand the reason of this easily; they have always read in the newspapers that New Yorkers have no homes. And New Yorkers also understand—they, too, read the papers,—that people—especially west of the Alleghanies—have no homes the charms of which can keep their possessors from the Broadway restaurants. It is intended in this article to assume that no one wants to eat at home, and that, in consequence, information, gossip and philosophy dealing with the eating-houses of Manhattan will be, if tastily cooked and seasoned, welcome to all.

Strangers may think what they like of the metropolis as a center of civilization, as a matter of fact they *do* think of it, when they are here, almost wholly as a cooking center. It is our privilege to know a Philadelphia gentleman of such pride of birth that socially he does not even admit New York's existence, considering it an upstart town peopled by vulgarly and newly rich, whom it might be doubted whether even people living in North Broad Street would care to know. It is his boast that he has never broken bread in any private house upon Manhattan Island! But in any, almost every restaurant of any importance in the same area he is like a fish in water. New York is his playground; it doubtless helps him to realize, more satisfactorily and profoundly, that he is a Philadelphian. As for Bostonians, the writer had the pleasure of introducing one of them to the delights of supper at the Knickerbocker Grill Room, which was pronounced by the New Englander noisy, vulgar and New Yorkishly distasteful. Unhappily for his reputation for consistency he was discovered the following night, nearly cut in two by the crimson velvet rope which was excluding those who wished for but had not reserved supper tables! The country's heart may be—we hope it is—where the home is, but the national stomach is not far from where Forty-second Street crosses Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

There are, of course, other American cuisines. There is Baltimore, offering in profusion all the fish and oysters and crabs which inhabit her great bay of Chesapeake, and quarreling forever with Philadelphia as to how to cook terrapin. There is New Orleans, cherishing the secrets of the Parisian cookery—which modern Paris has forgotten. There is Chicago, where they first planked the

white fish and even now occasionally provide the prairie-chicken, the lovely queen of western game-birds, under the quaintly unappetizing name of "young owl." There is San Francisco, where, according to its enthusiastic inhabitants (who have traveled across the continent to dine in New York) living is so good and cheap that they almost pay you if you will eat an exquisite *table d'hôte* repast, *vin compris*. There is the pie-belt. And there is, though the fact is reluctantly set down, Boston, profferiog her baked bean. But it is New York that sets the best table, to employ a humble phrase. She is the place to which the provincial resorts to get fresh ideas, new gastronomical inspirations,—and indigestion.

NO complete catalogue of restaurants can of course be attempted. Indeed such a thing would be an insult to the well-fed reader; he knows them all. But he certainly will at least allow a few of the more luscious names to be rulled once again beneath the tongue. This mentioniag of real names is, by the way, more than the ordinary magazine editor will allow in his columns. The present writer had printed once, in a best-selliag periodical, a story in which the hero, in the course of his infatuated pursuit of the heroine, offered her a dinner party at Sherry's. She was a lady of the very highest fashion, and Sherry's was, in that remote year of grace, the only restaurant at which such a festivity could suitably have taken place. That is the plain fact, neither then nor now, had or has the writer any special reason to wish to advertise Mr. Sherry. The magazine editor's conscience was not so clear; he corrected the proofs. The dinner took place at "Madeira's!"

THIS, it is submitted, was just silly. Furthermore, it hid nothing, being the kind of blue-pencil change in a manuscript which an ostrich might make with the off claw while its head was hid in the sand. If real concealment is to be aimed at, something much better could be accomplished. For example, it might be asserted that the one agreeable gastronomic function of this past summer, the life-saviag event of the heated spell, was the openiag of the roof-gardens restaurant of the Adlercron. One might describe its tent-like roof of striped green and white, its hanging baskets of pink and scarlet flowers, green trailing vines and electric lights, its tiny enclosing hedge of clipped box. One might describe the magnificent table of *plats froids* by the entrance. One might praise the restaurant's coolness, and grow lyric over the loveliness of the ladies who frequent it. One might assert truly that its clientele was almost like a club, in the sense that if anyone is in town you are sure to see him or her "on the roof." One might add that Antonio, who used to be at the Cosmopolitan and François, who was at Madeira's, have come to be head waiters at the Adlercron. But, unless the reader happens to know, this would put him to a great deal of trouble and confusion. It is much easier to say that Pierre from Sherry's is now at the Ritz-Carlton, and Luigi, who was in the down-stairs Grill Room of the Knickerbocker Hotel, is there too, and now says, rather wittily, that he is always either in the cellar or on the roof. Equipped with this information, the reader knows perfectly where to dine the first hot night he is in New York.

THE places where one can dine out-of-doors are lamentably few in New York, but they are in consequence easier to deal with. There is the Ritz roof, as per description above, where everybody goes. There is the Astor roof, where many more people go, only—nobody. The Astor roof the more closely of the two resembles the famous hanging gardens of Babylon. The view indeed is fantastically lovely in the most modern way;—once even in Venice the writer was arrested, pleased, and then made homesick by a painting of this in-

*"Excluding those who wished but had not reserved supper tables."*

credible night view of the summer Broadway. Delmonico's roof is agreeable, but, like Delmonico's always, it rests on a solid culinary foundation more than upon any adventitious charms or gaiety. The new McAlpin has an alleged roof garden; a pleasant enough room, up twenty or forty stories, but scarcely a garden. After any meal except breakfast at the McAlpin you can dance, but that is still another story. There is now a class of restaurant in New York where eating is a mere pretext for dancing. Fortunately the McAlpin food is a fairly convincing excuse. The Waldorf-Astoria has a roof too, a pleasant, small, old-fashioned place, but no report has come of anyone dining there, it being devoted to cooling drinks, cigarettes, and contemplative conversation.

Where hotels and restaurants have no special "gardens" they transform rooms. The Knickerbocker at the approach of hot weather opens its "d'Armenonville restaurant," so pleasantly (at least in name) reminiscent of summer days in Paris. A series of rooms facing north with a narrow terrace upon the street hints at the Bois de Boulogne: there are lattices covering the walls, many flowers, cool wicker chairs, and magnificent sculpture in ice blocks adorning the "*buffet froid*." And the admirable Charles, himself always cool and collected as befits a summer *maitre d'hôtel*, ushers you to your table. The Plaza's main room puts on a cooler dress, also latticed, this being much the mode for summer wear for restaurants. And a little terrace protected by heavy awning curtains allows a few to eat in the actual open air of the Plaza. Just across, the Savoy puts forth a kind of flowery fringe of tables upon its narrow terrace and balcony, and people obviously dine there.

OF the real open-air, half-country eating places Claremont of course has long reigned supreme. The lovely historic old house, sitting above the Hudson, with a long view north of that lordly stream coming down from the Adirondacks and the Catskills, is one of the town's very prettiest sights. In winter even the glass-enclosed veranda is agreeable. And finally, with summer, the gardens that surround the mansion are all white with tables, and in a great confusion many waiters carry very good food and very high bills to a replete and contented clientele. The Casino in Central Park ought to be one of the most agreeable restaurants this side the Atlantic, but it is not quite that. The food is passable and the waiters do fetch it to you, though in a stern and somewhat forbidding Teutonic fashion. And the air on the terrace is as open as open air almost invariably is. The haunting charm of the Casino is, however, the legend which has existed from time immemorial that it is "not a place where ladies really ought to go." It is, of course, as a matter of fact, one of the last refuges of respectability;—prolific German families from the upper East Side give it its most characteristic note. But one may always, over a stein of beer or a cup of moselle, sentimentally indulge the hope of seeing one of these lovely legendary birds of too brilliant plumage whose presence perhaps made the place doubtful for correct mid-nineteenth century ladies.

SO much for summer. With winter, eating becomes a more serious problem, and high-minded epicures turn their attention to the great question of where the best food in New York is to be found. It is a question, fortunately, which must be constantly restudied. For food varies; with the years it runs good or bad, like wine or women. Last year all the New York restaurants were a little below the standard; this year they may be marvelous. Delmonico's is a very steady restaurant, and so perhaps a little dull. But it is the resort year in and year out of some of the most thoughtful eaters. Sherry's and the Ritz-Carlton are like fashionable ladies, temperamental and uneven. The Knickerbocker three or four years ago set

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a new pace; it had, first in the town, hansom-cabs, and great silver *roulants* for the the *plats du jour* and amazing vintage champagnes and free toast for everybody—all the latest European "wrinkles." Now, its chefs seem to be for the moment resting a little too easily on fragrant beds of roses—or parsley. The Plaza has food that one can eat. The Holland House too, if you can submit to the head waiter's domineering ways. "Joe" is famous for knowing a good lunch and forcing his regular clients to eat one. But of food that one can eat so have at least a thousand other places, one hastens to add, so that one may not seem silly. There are people of no despicable gastronomic taste but of no snobbish standards who will tell you that the Athens Hotel in Forty-second Street has the best cooking in town. The reader shall judge for himself.

*"It somehow manages something of a Parisian air."*

THIS is still no catalogue, but one must continue to name names. Thirty-sixth Street is all chop-houses which, though largely conducted by Germans, have a thoroughly English air, as that is understood outside England. There are whole quarters of the town, like the West Twenties, and perhaps even more the streets so elegantly termed the "roaring Forties" which are all restaurants. There are a million French table d'hôtes, and half that number Italian. There are "kosher" restaurants innumerable, and a pest of Chinese eating-places all over the town. There is an excellent Armenian restaurant in the East Twentieth Streets and occasionally one in Lexington Avenue, both frequented by the best rug-buyers for the purpose of eating fried meat strung on what appear to be umbrella ribs. There is a Syrian café in Washington Street. In fact the strangest foods lurk around each New York corner waiting for the unwary or the romantic eater.

There are at least two famous Hungarian places. The Café Boulevard on Second Avenue is to move to Broadway, a municipal scandal, no less. The dinner was just edible, but the band, refreshed, if you could manage it, with a little red Hungarian wine, really gave you a trip to Buda-Pesth. Little Hungary in Houston Street is, if you are to measure gayety by noise, the gayest place in the world—on a Saturday or Sunday winter night. It is earnestly recommended that everyone dine there, at least once in a life-time.

If among the Italians one mentions Guffanti's in Seventh Avenue it is because it is in one way unique in the whole world—the whole of this writer's world, he only means. The menu for dinner is unvaried, each day of each month of each year it is exactly the same. And good! And cheap! Seventh Avenue is a dining center in fact, for across the street is Castle Cave, a fantastic place where you may eat your dinner in what appears to be a dooryard in a little village street—and be glad that you are in no other village than New York.

Mouquin's, domiciled in one of the few historic relics of Sixth Avenue, is one of the best known of the French restaurants where a meal does not necessarily cost a fortune. It somehow manages, in a low room filled with intolerable clatter of the street, something of a Parisian air, even a touch of that literary atmosphere which is so eagerly sought for by strangers and even by New York's own *haute Bohème*.

ALAS, that a passage upon literary restaurants should be almost cynically sad. The Brevoort and the Lafayette (*ci-devant* Martin's) are near Washington Square, the *Quartier Latin* of our fiction writers; there is that to be said for their picturesqueness. And a covey of poets has been flushed in the café of the Lafayette as late as a year ago. But Literary Bohemia dines at home a good deal—two men helping the butler to serve. The part which does not feast in such splendor is alleged to dine in little restaurants which display no sign upon the street and are approached by basement doors where a proper introduction and a sworn statement that you like

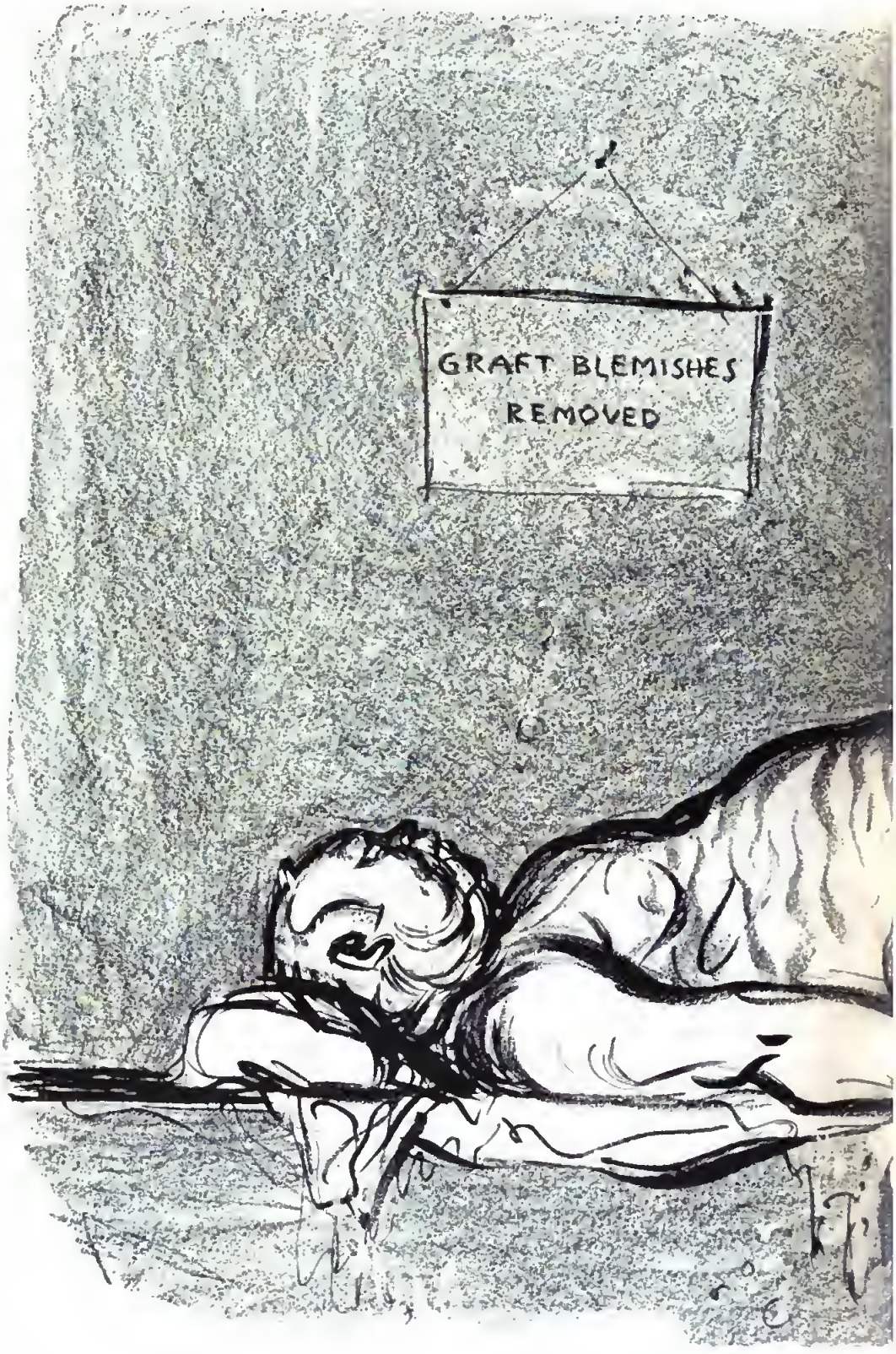
neither Robert W. Chambers' work nor that of any of the best sellers are essential before the proprietor at the iron grating will admit you. Something very like this does exist—let the reader find it—in West Tenth and in West Forty-seventh Streets. If you can find and enter Pogliani's you will find excellent Italian food and, at least at lunch, people excellent in their various ways to look at.

Supper places—at the mention of them the pen should shed fireworks! But supper places are no longer especially eating places; they are devoted rather to drinking, dancing and seeing vaudeville. Their names are legion. (For a catalogue consult an evening paper or the driver of a taxicab.) They seem perpetually changing proprietors and the various Rectors and Martins move gradually northward toward Columbus Circle, where that famous "night-life" of New York seems likely soon to be centered. Rector's, by the way, induces philosophic reflection. It had gained a fortune as a "gay" restaurant. It lost one as a hotel of sober and dignified splendor. The gay people no longer wanted to go there and the ungay still did not dare to. Enough about supper; the writer advises against it and the reader knows he had much better be in bed.

SOME female readers may think that too much has been said about food. When they are in New York they want to go to restaurants not to eat, but to see the people they read about in the society news. In short, Mr. Baedeker, writing of New York, must "three-star" and indicate the resorts of fashion. The Ritz-Carlton still leads, at present; so many people in the very best society own stock in it that it will hold its own for some time. But it is very dignified to go to Delmonico's or the Plaza if you happen to be near there. And it is coming to be rather the thing to go back to Sherry's, it is *chic* to say you find the Ritz a little crowded and vulgar, although of course you *do* see all your friends. Then there are special places for lunch. It is probable, for example, that that meal will often be taken this winter in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt Hotel, largely because Umberto will be in charge there. You remember him at Martin's in the old days, sleek, smiling, kind and efficient. If you don't remember, try to. His whereabouts is a real item of gastronomic news. Let the reader be assured that although an acquaintance with head waiters is not—as some people lately removed to New York seem to think it—the same as an entrée into society, it is probably a step.

THE writer dreams sometimes of organising this eating in New York restaurants into something more definitely civilizing to the country, gastronomically elevating to the whole land. He would like to organize an eating school, a conducted tour with explanatory lectures, by some great authority. He would especially like the lovely ladies of the country to learn what a man's meal is, for he believes you should eat neither at soda water fountains nor "dainty" tea-shops, but unblushingly at restaurants, where the food is. He can pose as no great authority, but his enthusiasm and interest are authentic and he would entertain proposals from ladies, however beautiful and fashionable, planning to take a course of restaurant study in the metropolis this season.

*"But supper places are no longer especially eating-places; they are devoted rather to drinking, dancing, and seeing vaudeville."*




Exhausted attendant—"I'se rubbed an' rubbed, Massa !

By O.

lcCall, but I'se afraid dem tiger stains am bred in de bone"

E. CESARE



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# Stripes on McCall

By N. H.

THE Tammany issue is not a local issue. It is, to be sure, of the greatest importance to the welfare of the four million people living in New York City and the more than twice that number who live in New York State, hut it also has an immediate bearing on government throughout the United States. Tammany Hall is so powerful that it has often exercised preponderating influence in presidential conventions and in controlling legislation in Washington. Mr. Fitzgerald, of the House of Representatives, made himself famous by siding with Uncle Joe Cannon when Cannon was making his last fight to perpetuate the old régime. This was a perfectly logical performance, as a certain element in the Democratic Party and a certain element in the Republican Party belong naturally together, and in a crisis can always be trusted to act together. Regarding the contest for Mayor of New York now going on, Fitzgerald declared in the House:

> A campaign of momentous importance to the Democratic Party is being waged. All the enemies of Democracy in the city and in the country are aligned in an effort to overthrow the organized Democracy in their attempt to place Democratic officials in power

It will be noticed that Mr. Fitzgerald is rather sweeping in his language. Who is the "Democratic Party," and who are its enemies? His speech proceeded as follows:

> The candidate of those enemies of the Democratic Party is a Democratic official appointed by a Democratic president and confirmed by a Democratic senate.

In other words, Mr. Mitchel, Mr. Woodrow Wilson and the members of the Senate are not properly "Democrats" hut regenades and enemies to their party. There is no douht that Mr. Fitzgerald is right in recognizing that there is nothing whatever in common between what he calls the Democracy (namely, Tammany Hall in New York and similar machines in Indiana, Illinois and certain other states) and the Democrat Party as it is represented by Woodrow Wilson, William J. Bryan, William G. McAdoo, Secretary Lane, Secretary Houston, and the many others who are energetically endeavoring to serve their country, and not their private purses or the purses uf corporations that keep machines alive. How will the voters of New York look upon this question raised hy Mr. Fitzgerald, and raised a few weeks earlier by Mr. Croker in only a slightly different form?

SUPPOSE you are a Republican. Will you vote to strengthen Tammany Hall, and thereby to continue a situation in which a compact body, headed hy thugs, is able to win elections often where other nominees would win on anything like a fair expression of opinion?

Suppose you are a Democrat. Will you vote that when there is a Democratic victory it shall he a sad day for the community, or will you so vote that the Democratic Party in New York may ultimately be made worthy of its present leadership in the nation?

The most tiresome statement that has obtained wide currency during the present campaign in New York City is that Mr. McCall is a respectable candidate, his greatest weakness coming from the fact that he is lending his name to the service of a crooked organization. Mr. McCall is nothing of the sort. He is a rough-necked product of the organization. He may be a little ahler than Augustus Van Wyck, hut he certainly is not superior to him in independence or political morality.

IT seems impossihle that the husiness men of this city should be fooled hy the principal argument that Mr. McCall is putting forth, namely economy. He is trying to make them believe that the economy issue is the same as the question of how much the city shall undertake to do. Of course, the question of the scope of the city's activities does have an ultimate bearing on the cost of city government, hut, in the first place, many of our greatest and most needless expenses have been forced upon us hy mandatory legislation brought about in Albany hy Tammany influence in order to increase patronage; and, in the second place, the great and pressing question of economy just now has little to do with the scope of the city's undertakings. It has everything to do with the manner of carrying out the contracts to which the city is already committed. During the next four years, the city has to spend for rapid transit extension about three hundred and thirty million dollars. The economy question now pressing is whether that three hundred and thirty million dollars will be spent under the supervision of Mr. Mitchel or Mr. Murphy. Which is the more honest? Which will see that in the carrying out of those contracts there are no favors, no trifling with specifications, no enrichment of insiders?

Mr. McCall's connection with the insurance scandal has already been fully narrated in this WEEKLY. Commenting on that connection, Charles Edward Russell says:

> "When a degree of public attention was called to Andy Hamilton's operations, that astute person departed in haste for Europe, where subpoenas of the State of New York are not valid. Subsequent proceedings established the fact that Mr. Hamilton's judgment as to the relative healthfulness of climates at that particular time was exceedingly good. Here in New York the temperature was much too high for one of his florid habit. There is an Edward E. McCall, now a candidate for the office of Mayor of New York, and what many citizens that have not forgotten their history would like to know is whether this Edward E. McCall is the Edward E. McCall that made those notes and was alleged to have been connected with Andy Hamilton in certain of Hamilton's activities. Because, if it is the same Edward E. McCall, he would seem to be of a nerve too colossal for practical use in puhlic affairs."

NOW, let us take up this question of whether McCall himself is a respectable individual. We showed in our issue of October 11 several things. 1. That he had been picked out at least as early as February by the inside leaders of Tammany to be their candidate for Mayor, and had been put on the Public Service Commission in order to groom him for that place. 2. That he was smirched hy the Insurance Report drawn up hy Charles E. Hughes. Now let us go a little further into what was meant hy Mayor Gaynor when he said, "They are all of one stripe." Cesare's picture, immediately preceding this article, indicates the principal question of the campaign—whether anybody can successfully ruh the tiger stripes off of McCall. When Gaynor said they were all of one stripe, he meant these men:

CHARLES F. MURPHY,
EDWARD E. McCALL,
JOHN H. McCOOEY,
THOMAS FOLEY,
PHILIP DONAHUE,
JOHN C. FITZGERALD,
ARTHER MURPHY,
JOHN GALVIN.

It is generally believed that when the rank and file of Tammany Hall raised a howl over the prospect of Gaynor's being turned down hy the leaders, the man who was most firm in insisting that the Mayor should be set aside and McCall put in was "Big Tom" Foley. Foley was once indicted as a dive-keeper, and he is well known for his red-light career. When he was seventeen years old, he was a hanger-on at a dive in Brooklyn. A year later, he was part owner of a dive, and three years later he was arrested when his dive was raided, was indicted for running a disorderly place, and, when he was released on bail, fled the country. A year after that, he joined Tammany Hall, working in a saloon and making himself useful at the polls. Three years later, he was a saloon-keeper himself, and ultimately the keeper of several saloons. Another year found him captain of an election district. Tammany men, however, when they become useful, graduate from such occupations into lines of husiness where they have opportunities for investment. In 1903, Foley opened a "real estate" office, and has been doing a large bail-bonding husiness ever since. It was Foley who was quoted, about the time the eight men met at Delmonico's (and he had never denied the statement) as saying: "he is one of our own kind," and "McCall is my gladistor."

NEXT to Foley in his energetic determination that Gaynor should be put aside and McCall substituted is supposed to have been Mr. John H. McCooey. McCooey is now the boss of the crooked Democratic machine in Brooklyn, being successor to Pat McCarren. Everything that Murphy is on one side of the River, McCooey is on the other.

Another of these gentlemen is a notorious member of the Gas Lobby at Albany; hut there is really not much use in wasting time discussing them, as none of them has done anything wurse than McCall himself did when he abetted Murphy in his attempt to use the facts he had against Sulzer as a weapon to induce the governor to turn over the whole State to Murphy and his friends.

The eight men, as Gaynor said, are not only of "one stripe," but of a stripe "fit even to cast lots on the garments of the city." Further light on whether McCall is a respectable citizen merely working with Tammany Hall, or one of the innermost gang himself can easily be found hy considering certain of his appointments.

WHEN Tammany put McCall on the Bench, it was up to him to make good. One of the ways he did it was to appoint as his personal attendant John J. Mackin, who was at that time a district captain for Murphy. The amount which the community had to pay Mackin, however, for helping to don McCall's robe was not sufficient for Mackin's needs and so McCall made him a receiver in sixty-five cases.

McCall, after being raised to the Bench by Tammany, selected as his private clerk Charles A. Hickey. As his salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year was not enough for Hickey, McCall made him a receiver in twenty-two cases, although it is not looked upon hy the bar as desirable for a justice to appoint his own clerk to receiverships.

One of the men McCall selected as a referee was John F. Roesch, generally known as "Red-light Roesch" because in the Lexow investigation it had been shown that he acted as counsel for the managers of disreputable houses. The appointment hy McCall was made after the Bar Association had denounced Roesch as an unfit candidate for the position of City Court Judge.

Another appointment was that of J. Sidney Bernstein, who shares his office with former Alderman Samuel Marks, known through the scandal in the purchase of fireworks for the city, and Bernstein himself was removed hy Justice Page for demanding an advance payment of five hundred dollars on a fee as referee.

John V. Coggey, Tammany district leader, was also on the McCall list of appointments. In the legislative inquiry of December 10, 1907, Coggey, it developed, had been running the Correction Department as a patronage machine to such an extent that after the Kings County penitentiary was abolished, he transferred the warden and head keeper, as well as all the rest of his staff, to Blackwell's Island, thus duplicating the force in order to make as many positions as possible, and he also appointed forty new orderlies "on the advice of friends." This is a typical instance of the kind of economy we always get from Tammany Hall.

OTHER appointees hy McCall include two of the Cohalan brothers: Daniel F. Cohalan, who was whitewashed hy the state legislature before which he was tried on charges, and Dennis O'Leary Cohalan, who was in the bonding business with State Senator Frawley, who was head of the committee that made the charges against Governor Sulzer.

Asa Bird Gardiner, who got two appointments from McCall, is now one of his chief advisers. Gardiner was once a Tammany district attorney, hut was removed hy Governor Roosevelt, and his fame really rests on his classic remark: "To Hell with reform."

Richard Croker's lieutenant, Thomas F. Donnelly, had forty references from McCall. Sullivan's henchman, George M. Engel, had four. Vincent T. Coughlin, a thoroughly undesirahle Tammany Assemblyman, received six. Thomas T. Grady, the late silver-tongued Tammany orator, received three. Emanuel Blumenstahl, one of Big Tim's closest advisers, received three. One of the worst of the Foley and Sullivan henchmen, Max S. Levine, received one receivership and three references.

On June 18 last, McCall, on the recommendation of some Brooklyn politicians appointed, as Assistant Electrical Engineer, Abraham L. Fennell, a man who had never had anything to do with electricity.

THESE are but samples. The list could be made three times as long. If the people want a dyed-in-the-wool, crooked, wasteful Tammany administration in New York city, with an increased Tammany control in the state, and an increased Tammany influence in Washington, they know how to get it; but there is no sense in telling anybody hut a child or a defective that McCall is in any way superior to the rest of the bunch with whom he works. Since he went onto the Public Service Commission, he has had, himself, at least six receiverships, and every one of the six was given to him hy a Tammany judge. He is at the present writing refusing to resign from his $15,000 job, while he is spending all of his time campaigning. Tammany knows that, if elected, he will pay back many fold. He is no Sulzer, to attempt foolishly to reform and rebel. He is no Gaynor, too hig to he satisfactory to the hunch of eight. He is, as Foley put it, "one of our own kind."

# President Wilson and Publicity

By L. AMES BROWN

ON a Monday morning at ten o'clock a score or more newspaper men come bustling in the entrance to the executive offices at the White House at Washington, primed with the questions they intend to ask, and with glowing ideas which they have evolved from reading the morning papers.

It is the time for their semi-weekly interview with the President, at which the "big" news stories of the Capitol originate. This conference is one of the new institutions President Wilson has brought to Washington and he regards it as an important one.

They gather in the lobby to await a signal from Patrick McKenna, the President's doorman, that Mr. Wilson has come over from the White House. Soon the signal is given and they file into the President's office. Mr. Wilson is found standing at his desk and greets them smilingly. Probably if the number is unusually large or small, he advances a humorous explanation for this fact and then, hy a submissive gesture, signifies that the field guns of curiosity may be unlimbered.

The questions come in rapid succession. First, there is: "Mr. President, will you tell us something about the Mexican situation;" or "Mr. President, is a reply soon to be made to Ambassador Chinda's last note on the Japanese land controversy." Then somebody wants to know if there are any Illinois appointments pending. Follow questions about the President's position on the wool tariff, on the suggestion of the American Bankers Association for changes in the Administration Currency Bill, as to whether Mr. Wilson really expects to get down to the Panama Canal this fall.

Mr. Wilson is somewhat in the position of a baseball catcher receiving balls from all the basemen and the shortstop coincidentally. He handles his mit with precision, however, and makes returns in every case where he thinks it wise.

IN these conferences, Mr. Wilson reveals his character perhaps with greater frankness than at any other time in the routine of his official day. The President thinks quickly and accurately and always he lets his answers stand once they are made. He shows himself a precisionist in the use of words. Also he is somewhat quick-tempered. At the time when Secretary of State Bryan was on the Chautauqua Circuit along with certain Swiss yodlers and such, a correspondent submitted this question:

"Mr. President, would you tell us what your attitude is toward the criticisms of Mr. Bryan's literary efforts which have been made in foreign newspapers?"

The President replied that his attitude was that which he maintained towards all statements made hy persons who "could not mind their own business." His face was flushed and plainly he was angry.

The serious questions and answers are interspersed with humorous incidents of the President's making, however. One of these resulted from his desire to evade a question as to what he wanted the Senate to do about hearings on the tariff. For the President to have answered directly would have suggested that he was seeking to dictate to the Senate.

Mr. Wilson recalled a saying of Artemus Ward:—"Whenever I see a snake's hole, I say to myself, 'that's the snake's hole,' and I leave it alone."

Mr. Wilson said the Senate's attitude was the Senate's business. This time he was smiling.

The President shows fine skill in choosing words for his answers and he demands, most of the time, that his questioners phrase their questions with nicety. Indeed, this leaning toward precision more than once has given a correspondent the wrong idea of what was in the President's mind and opened the way for his writing a story giving exactly the opposite impression from that the President really meant to convey.

AN illustration of this was furnished hy the President's discussion of the plan brought forward hy Attorney-General McReynolds in June for taxing the giant tobacco corporations so heavily that it would be impossible for them to operate profitably at monopoly size. Mr. McReynolds had advanced this idea at a Cabinet meeting and had been advised to confer with Senate leaders with regard to it. Notwithstanding these facts, when a correspondent subsequently asked the President: "What is your attitude toward Mr. McReynolds' tobacco tax plan?" the President replied:

"As far as I know, Mr. McReynolds has no tobacco tax plan."

The correspondents were taken aback, for they had been informed of Mr. McReynolds' submission of his idea hy a high official of the Administration.

Afterward, a questioner who knew of the President's partiality for precision asked about the Attorney-General's "suggestion" and the desired information was forthcoming from the President. It developed that the President considered

that the McReynolds idea was merely a suggestion, which had not been formulated into a plan.

President Wilson has played no favorites among the newspaper correspondents in Washington since his inauguration. No "special privileges" in news matters have been granted because of their loyalty, to the men who stood by him when he was a candidate for the nomination or for the Presidency.

Mr. Wilson and his secretary, Mr. Tumulty, have played fair and when they had any confidence to make on Administration affairs, these have been placed in the newspaper men as a body. Unlike previous administrations, this one has chosen to give the inside of the "big" news story that happened to hold the boards at Washington to all correspondents of established reputation who sought the information. Other administrations relied upon a few trusted correspondents to receive such confidences.

THE President has trusted a greater number of newspaper men than has any previous President.

Mr. Wilson has met the newspaper correspondents twice weekly since his inauguration and submitted to questioning by them upon important current events. His secretary has "seen" them each morning and afternoon. The big stories that have come out of the White House since March have resulted from these conferences.

Mr. Wilson's experience and study have brought him to a full realization of the important part the newspapers play in the success or failure of an Administration. He has gone about procuring publicity in businesslike fashion and his program has been singularly successful.

His "open door" policy has been vindicated by the treatment he has received from the newspaper men of Washington and from the newspapers of the country.

The second week of his Administration Mr. Wilson had the correspondents meet him in the East Room at the White House and there addressed to them some remarks on his purposes and the way he wanted them to help him consummate these purposes. These remarks were made in the strictest confidence and no word of them was printed.

I am authorized by the White House to make public for the first time this "speech" of the President.

At the time of its deliverance Mr. Wilson had not accomplished a single step of his program, legislative and executive. He stood on the brink of his Administration and his remarks should be interesting, measured in the light of developments since they were delivered. Today the President looks back upon the handling of the Japanese and Mexican situations—two of the most perplexing foreign difficulties that have faced this government in recent years—and upon his fight for tariff revision and currency reform.

This is what he said to the newspaper men in March:

"I FEEL that a large part of the success of public affairs depends on the newspaper men—not so much on the editorial writers, because we can live down what they say, as upon the news writers, because the news is the atmosphere of public affairs. Unless you get the right setting to affairs—disperse the right impression—things go wrong. The United States is just now at a very critical turning point in respect to public opinion; not in respect of parties, for that is not the part that is most interesting. They may go to pieces or they may hold together. So far as the United States is concerned, it does not make much difference whether they do or not, because a party has no vitality whatever, unless it is an embodiment of something real in the way of public opinion and public purpose. I am not interested in a party that is not an embodied program based upon a set of principles; and our present job is to get the people who believe in principles to stand shoulder to shoulder to do things from one side of this continent to the other.

"Now, that being the case, I can illustrate one of the bad things that the newspapers may do in order to speak of the good things they may do. If you play up every morning differences of opinion and predict difficulties, and say there are going to be so many sections to this and so many groups to that, and things will pull at such and such cross purposes, you are not so much doing an injury to an individual or to any one of the groups of individuals you are talking about as impeding the public business. Our present business is to get together, not to get divided, and to draw a line and say, 'Now, you fellows who do not believe that genuine public government will work, please stand on that side' (I choose the left because it is Scriptural); 'and you fellows who do believe that it will work, get on that side. And all the fellows who get on this side, then get together and just put these fellows to rout in such fashion that they will not stop until Doomsday.'

"In order to do that you have got to have a lot of fellows who in the news try to interpret the times and to get the momentum in things without which they will not go. I do not mean in the least to imply that any of you gentlemen are interested in making trouble. That is not the point. I would be a mighty proud man if I could get it into your imaginations that you can oblige people, almost, to get together by the atmosphere with which you surround them in the daily news. And the atmosphere has got to come, not from Washington, but from the country. You have got to write from the country in, and not from Washington out. The only way I can succeed is by not having my mind live in Washington. My body has got to live there, but my mind has got to live in the United States, or else I will fail. Now, you fellows can help me and help everybody else by just swathing my mind and other people's minds in the atmosphere of the thought of the United States. The great advantage that you enjoy is that you represent papers all over the country, and therefore you can import the opinion and the impulses of the country into Washington, and import it after a fashion that nobody else can employ. A Congressman has to import opinion according to the repairing of his fences—or, at least, he thinks he has; I do not think so. You have not got any fences to repair or to keep in order. Your interest is simply to see that the thinking of the people comes pressing in all the time on Washington. It would help me immensely, and it would help every man in public life immensely, should you do that.

"SO the thought I have in dealing with you fellows is this: that you, more than any other persons, can lubricate—quicken—the processes by which you are going to do, what? Serve the people of the United States. If we do not serve them (the 'we' now applies to politicians) then we will go out of business; and we ought to go out of business. We will go out of business with the applause of the world; because if we do not serve the people of the United States, there is going to be a radical change of venue—and it will be a new kind of trial for public men. So that I do not feel that I am engaged in a partisan enterprise or a party enterprise, or in anything except interpreting what you men ought to make it your business to bring the country. I have got to understand the country, or I will not understand my job. Therefore, I have brought you here to say to you the very simple thing, 'Please do not tell the country what Washington is thinking, for that does not make any difference. Tell Washington what the country is thinking,' and then we will get things with a move on, we will get them so refreshed, so shocked through with airs from every wholesome part of the country, that they can not go stale, they can not go rotten, and men will stand up and take notice, and know that they have got to vote according to the purposes of the country, and the needs of the country, and the interpreted general interests of the country, and in no other way.

"I sent for you, therefore, to ask that you go into partnership with me, that you lend me your assistance as nobody else can, and then after you have brought this precious freight of opinion into Washington, let us try and make true gold here that will go out from Washington. Because nothing better will go out than comes in. It is the old law of compensation, the law of equivalence. In proportion that Washington is enriched, so will the fruition in Washington itself be rich. Now, all this is obvious enough to you gentlemen. I am not telling you anything that you did not know before, but I did want you to feel that I was depending upon you, and from what I can learn of you, I think I have a reason to depend with confidence on you to do this thing, not for me, but for the United States, for the people of the United States, and so bring about a day which will be a little better than the days that have gone before us. I think we can cooperate with enthusiasm along that line, and if you agree with me, I shall be very happy."

THE President and Secretary Tumulty have established that they believe in the widest sort of publicity. They have taken pains to get the White House viewpoint before the country on all important questions, "not from the bat." At times it has been deemed wise by them that this viewpoint should be described to the newspaper men and incorporated in news stories without being formalized by an official statement from the White House.

In no case, however, has the White House been far behind its critics in getting its side of a case into print.

The president's semi-weekly conference with the newspaper men was one of the

*"The confidences are strange-looking spectacles to the old timers here in Washington"*

new institutions which the President brought to Washington with him in March and which, like many another of his belongings was declared to be unworkable by conservative old-timers.

It has "worked" through that stage of the Japanese negotiations when the Japanese public mind was inflamed at what was considered a violation of the national honor; a Mexican embroglio wherein a war-like ultimatum was given at Mexico City and then recalled; through the early stages of the special session of Congress when President Wilson was counselling zealously with his "legislative colleagues" at the Capitol on the tariff and currency revision, with the strong desire that his efforts should not be prejudiced by the idea among the members of Congress that he was attempting to dictate to them.

The new institution has survived and flourished because both the President and the newspaper correspondents have recognized their responsibilities and accounted for them. The President has been frank whenever possible. He has spoken freely at times for publication and at others with the strict understanding that what he said should never get into print. He has discussed "between ourselves" matters so ticklish that his statements might have brought on international complications had they been published.

The newspaper men have appreciated the President's confidence in them and have vindicated it. In only one instance has a story been printed containing information which the President expressly conditioned should be regarded as confidential. The only effect of this incident was the turning away of one newspaper man from the conference. The President maintained unimpaired his belief in the others who had consistently respected his confidences.

The confidences are strange looking spectacles to old-timers here in Washington and many never have been able to become accustomed to them.

# The House of the Nations

By CHARLES CAMPBELL JONES

ALL the busy street could have seen that the Dutchman was broad of face, big-bodied, and slow moving. His mustache and imperial seemed as out of place upon his ruddy countenance as his periodical outbursts of choler seemed out of sympathy with his placid disposition. He wore a blue suit, a wide gray hat, and shiny shoes; he was clean with the glow and polish of a scoured kettle; his independence was to be observed in every look and action; he moved as if he knew well where he wanted to go, what he wanted to go for, and could be just stubborn enough to carry out his intention in spite of any or all circumstances.

Now that he was not so young as once, and since he had made and saved something upon which to live in his own unassuming manner, the Dutchman did not attempt to continue in business. All the work he felt called upon to do was the necessary pottering about his yard and cottage, the cultivation of what he hoped would prove a good, new kitchen garden, and the careful tending of innumerable old-fashioned flowers. To these light labors he gave—as befitted an honest, thrifty citizen of a hustling republic—his strict attention. In his times of idleness he sat, summer or winter, puffing meditatively at a long-stemmed pipe,—in summer under the long, dim-vistaed grape-arbor: in winter before the pleasantly crackling kitchen fire. And since he had no regular occupation, and more time to think of things in general, his temper was growing just a bit more peppery and he was wont to remember longer.

He was giving little heed to the tumultuous clanging and clattering that surged about him now. He was bent upon the spending of not more than twenty-five cents,—an adventure to be considered gravely and performed with some caution.

The spending of this particular money was of more than ordinary importance to the Dutchman's temper. He wanted some green stuff: and whenever he thought of green stuff, he straightway grew ruddier of face and neck and wished fervently that he might have a pet Italian of his own to kick and pummel whenever his feelings upon the subject needed a safety vent.

In the yard about the neat little cottage there had been a strip reserved for a kitchen garden ever since the lot was first



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laid out. A wrinkled, jabbering Italian had builded a flat building on the next lot to the south, thereby spoiling the strip as far as its regular use was concerned.

AT times the Dutchman believed he saw something radically askew in the conduct of a country that allowed an Italian to own rentable flats, while he owned nothing but the cottage that sheltered him. Much slow reflection in the shade of the grape arbor, with the red bricks of the flat building in plain sight, had given him what he was pleased to suppose a fixed opinion. He spoke with open contempt of those who seemed willing to live in a manner quite beneath the dignity of a first-class citizen, to sleep and live several in a room, to clutter already over-crowded quarters with the stock-in-trade of a huckster,—and all just to be able, after many laborious years, to build and rent flats. He felt that he had excellent reason to dislike all manner of "Dagoes"; and, if possible, he would not buy his green stuff from one of them. But he meant to get value for his money—above everything, best value for the money was the thing to be considered.

The city market was nearly a full block long, and about one hundred feet wide; a low, dingy-raftered, musty structure with a passage straight down the long center and a row of stalls on either side. There was an atmosphere of bluster and hurry and a scent of stale vegetables; the floor was dirty, tracked with street mud and trodden, discarded produce, yet in the hollows still damp with the usual early morning attempt at cleanliness.

Through the long space between the stalls passed and repassed a variegated confusion of races,—all the motley population of a city come to morning market. Most of the people were very poor; all wanted the value in full for their scarce dimes.

At a fat butcher's stall a tall Chinaman, impassive and unemotional, discussed the price of a picked roast with the meat cutter. The bargaining was sharp, and the two men, as inwardly intent and alert, as outwardly calm and uninterested, paid no real heed to anything else.

Beyond, at an Italian greengrocer's, a white-eyed, shiny-faced negress cast a scornful glance at the insolent clerk, waved her large hand in a gesture conveying utter annihilation, and, nose-in-air, shouldered her disdainful way through the unheeding crowd to another stall.

The negress, still shaking her head and muttering, over at the other stall bumped against a Jewess—lean, harsh featured, and stooped wearily with the three-fold burden of child-bearing, years, and labor.

THE black woman strove to gain the attention of the stall attendant, in spite of the patent transaction going on between the man and the Jewess. The lean featured bargainer, exhibiting a swift readiness to fight for her privilege of precedence, accepted the attempt quite as a matter of course. She could understand people who ignored the rights of others, people who wanted the best of it for themselves; she was of that turn herself. From the racket of the vociferous tradesmen, from the bullying clang of gongs, the hoot of horns, and clatter of wheels outside, and from the pushing unmannerly throng about her, she drew justification of her philosophy.

As the Dutchman, his methodical mind upon the green stuff, entered the market, he inadvertently jostled a swart, slit-eyed Sicilian woman, heavy with child. She was squat, grimy of clothes and skin, and the Dutchman instinctively moved his immaculately clean person away. It could not have seemed to him that he could possibly have anything in common with her. He was not interested in her, nor in her kind, except to wish that these aliens, these late comers, these scum and scourings of that part of Europe not to be blessed with the beloved title of Vaterland, might, firmly and without delay, be kept out of this rapidly becoming too free country.

THE woman, in her turn, swept the Dutchman with hot black eyes, snapped something in the searing anger speech of the sun-lands, hated the man for a fat, clumsy pig of a foreigner, and battled on into the seething mob ahead.

Over at one of the middle stalls—a greengrocer's—a flat-eared, wide mouthed, cosmopolite—by courtesy "American"—suddenly and aggressively began to cry cheap produce.

There was an instinctive movement toward the crier; as the marketers came closer and packed tighter they caught, one from another, a certain contagion of fierce eagerness. Every unit of this working, squirming mass wanted to get nearest the same stall; not altogether for the bargains which they well knew were not at all likely to prove such wonderful values, but because the wide-mouthed man had succeeded in directing the combative selfishness that existed in all of them. The wide-mouthed man pretended to offer the first comers—strongest, or luckiest, it mattered nothing—the best of it for themselves; it was every one for the best of it, and whatever might be left for the hindmost.

IN the press of the crowd the Dutchman found himself jammed against the Sicilian woman. He had the same feeling of aversion that had been his at the entrance, only intensified now as he was crowded closer. Sourly, he wondered why the woman did not choose to buy from one of her own kind, instead of from this American; then he grunted and considered that she probably wanted the best of it from wherever it was to be had, that maybe she wanted a bargain so that her man might in time, with such slowly accumulated savings, build ugly, red brick flats next door to some more deserving person. He strove to get away, but gave it up after one or two grumblingly ineffectual attempts. The crowd was too dense, too eager, and quite too careless of the interests of anyone.

The Sicilian woman was being roughly jostled. She was just recognizing the Dutchman for the fat pig of a foreigner when a strange expression, slowly and oddly beginning, passed across her face. There was in the look something that was old when the first of life was young. It left the swart face holy, and lit with the high glow of endeavor.

The woman swayed uncertainly, put out her crooked hands against the unyielding backs in front, and, with an inarticulate "An—aa—aa—a!" sank down to the refuse strewn pavement.

The Dutchman paused in blinking consternation. His mind, like his body, moved slowly. Then, in a stunned instant, he knew. He did not bother about the things he had thought back there at the entrance: he did not appreciate that he had been trying strongly to reach the stall beyond to spend, maybe, the whole twenty-five cents, and not with an alien—a long hated Italian; he did not recall or consider that he had struggled—as he supposed at the time, to the best of his ability and power,—to increase the distance between himself and this very person.

THERE was a sense of awful need upon him. Something that dwelt in a far recess of being, untroubled by the oldest, most cherished racial differences and animosities, stirred him. He braced his thick legs to the solid floor, heaved his broad back, and cleared a space.

He reached the stall nearest him—the one next to the American greengrocer's—and a place was made for the woman. The wide-mouthed man still bawled loudly of bargains to be had; the crowd gave to him the greater share of its attention. Between a fighting chance for the best of it, and the attraction offered by some unknown disturbance in which a fat, flustered Dutchy seemed to be interested, there could be, in reason, but one choice. The big man turned his red and sober face to a negress and a lean Jewess, who, side by side and equally eager but not now warring for precedence, came silently forward on the one errand.

Above the market noises the waiting Dutchman heard, three times repeated, a faint wailing cry that thrilled him as the first cry of little Rudolph in that intense morning hour, long ago. Once again he stood at the sacred gate, and heard, thin-toned and holy, the echo of God's voice where lately He passed by. As he remembered that it had not been given the little Rudolph to laugh and thrive and immeasurably gladden the lives of himself and the patient wife, the imperial lost something of its stiff fierceness, quivered strangely, and a clicking roughness caught in his old throat.

In a dull wonder of vision he saw again the awful years before the little girl came to make a strange house in a strange land—home.

He wondered if "it" would live and laugh and thrive; if it was a first born, and a soldier of hope; if they, its father and mother, had ever lost a little pledge and proof of a new nationality—a race—constituted, yet ever mutable, member of a great, human, native family. A sense of cosmopolitan kinship, a newborn understanding of brotherhood with all these peoples,—snow-land or sun-land, flat-buying and cottage-dwelling—followed the sunset memory of little Rudolph.

THE Dutchman was not much of a philosopher, but he remembered his first sight of the maternal statue of liberty. He recollected what the new world, shouldering up out of the western deep, had meant to him; and he realized that it must mean the same to all—even as the light in the grasp of the heroic figure was meant to shine for all. He pictured the face that, even though so little understanding then, must have been rapt and glowing as he looked; and he felt again the reverent, brotherly thrill.

Over the heads of the silence-stricken, slowly apprehending crowd he looked into the slant, quiet eyes of the tall Chinaman and surprised there a flicker of the same sympathetic understanding that was warm in his own soul.

The Dutchman felt that he must talk with somebody. He drew out a blue figured handkerchief, and mopped his sweat gemmed forehead, scowling darkly and anxiously:

"Mein Gott!" he blurted in heavy confusion, "budt I vouldt hate to half me in this place a liddle baby. Hey?"

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# Aunt Suzanne

By CORNELIA L. F. BROWN

MY great-aunt Suzanne had twenty-one children. I only learned this on a recent visit to the old home where the original brothers and sisters founded our people and where Aunt Suzanne did at least her share. I was astounded at this record of Aunt Suzanne, whose name I do not remember ever having heard before. Such an amazing woman! Incredible that I could grow to be thirty years old without ever hearing her unusual story. Twenty-one children! Not seven or eight or ten nor even seventeen! But twenty-one!

Once my senses rallied from the shock of this news I tried to consider Aunt Suzanne more calmly, to ponder on the sort of woman she must have been. A most remarkable soul! Infinite resources must have flowed to her straight from the Source of all Good.

"Tell me something about Aunt Suzanne," I asked my uncles and aunts, of their aunt.

"Did you never know that she had twenty-one children?" they said.

"Yes, yes, I have just learned that, hut what *else* about her? What was she *like*? What *kind* of a woman?"

"Oh, hless you, she was a *busy* woman."

"I know, hut . . ."

"Well, you see Uncle Lawler was a very peculiar man. He quarreled with all the relations and wouldn't even let Aunt Suzanoe come to her own father's funeral. There was a funeral way back before that in the family. And it seems Uncle Lawler's carriage wasn't as far front in the procession as he thought it ought to have been on account of Aunt Suzanne's being the *oldest* sister. He took it as a serious slight to him. We never saw much of any of them after that. He drew them out of the relationship. They sort of harbored his grudge and handed it on, that is, those that are left of the twenty-one."

"Oh, then they didn't all grow up?"

"No. There were six of them till a few years ago, and now I believe there ure only four left. You see some were twins, delicate, lots of care and then died early. Some went with the regular diseases of childhood. The rest dropped off in the teens. One boy ran away."

"But of the four that are left? What are *they* like?"

"Well, you see Uncle Lawler was as queer as Dick's hat band. The children were pure Lawler—the whole tribe!"

"Were they smart, hrainy you know, at all?"

"IT'S hard to say. You see, Uncle Lawler was educated in Ireland to be a lawyer or a poet or something way up iu the classics. He was laying for a big career. Then when he came to this country he thought he saw hig money in farming. But he never was cut out for farming and never made much of a go of it. So he turned against learning. He said it was his undoing and noue of his children should ever waste their time as he had. Nothing hut the devil's snare, he called it. Noue of the children were ever allowed near a school. All the learning they ever got was what Aunt Suzanne could manage to give them."

"Well, what about Aunt Suzanne, then? What became of her?"

"Oh, you see, she was a husy woman, and I suppose when the last child grew np there was nothing more to do for a moment, the machinery had time to stop and it did. Just stopped ruoning is all."

"I see. The process of relaxing was too much for it."

SO that is the last that history has to say of Aunt Suzanne! Alas! Where is the Conan Doyle of such a heroine? Surely she must have left at least a finger print on a window sill! Is her story said in the fact that she was a "*busy*" woman? Is it uowhere written that she was *happy* or that she was *sad*? That *she* felt that her life was a glorious work, or that she saw it to be a tragedy? Was she a victim of Nature's extravagant fertility? Or did she believe she could outdo Cornelia in being the mother of many Gracchi? Was her work a welcome field for the expression of many talents? Or was the expression of those particular talents merely a courageous meeting of demands put upon her hy the twenty-one? Better say twenty-two, for it seems evident that Uncle Lawler counted.

Whatever her belief, when all of her great work was done there were only foor children left, just an average sized modern family, four humdrum country folk with a grudge in their hearts. And Aunt Suzanne had still left no record of herself.

Yet Aunt Suzanne's talents numbered vastly more than the child-bearing one. And they were just such talents as you and I make into a neat income, a revenue of inspiration and a heritage of happiness for our children!

I HAVE borne four children, so I can vaguely, impressionistically, catch a glimmering of what it must have meant to give birth to five times as many and the one more, who might have been christened Last Straw. A woman of no mean vitality was Aunt Suzanne! Such a physique would bear up well under the tests that are breaking down Mrs. Pankhurst in her fight for her fellow-women.

But, in bearing the babies, only the first great talent has been called forth from its latency. Even backwoods babies must be clothed. Aunt Suzanne must have been an unconscious forerunner of those clever girls who are now telling mothers the world over, on attractive pages, how to cut the manyest little garments from the least cloth. If necessity was the mother of invention, in those days, I dare say Aunt Suzanne invented this idea that young, fresh women of a hrighter, more hopeful era are taking advantage of. Girls, you are tucking away money Anot Suzanne should have had. But women who have twenty-one children are not heard from.

With twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three hungers to satisfy Aunt Suzanne was douhtless an excellent cook, and knew as much about huying food to advantage as the women who have made a reputatioo telling the same helpful information to-day. I fancy she could cut up a beef into its proper divisions, make soap of all superfluous grease; and of the left-overs—Ah yes, but Mrs. Rorer and Marion Harland, there were no leftovers on Aunt Suzanne's pantry shelves!

The good woman came before the day of Montessori and child study. But, if abundance of material argues anything, she may have been an unknown, unappreciated pioneer in the study of child nature. Some manner of kindergarten she must have run, even a private-district school to compass Uncle Lawler's prejudice.

AND if Uncle Lawler was the sort of man the relations say he was, Aunt Suzanne must have had quaint reflections on married life that would make interesting reading to us today, if she had had time to jnt them down. But whatever the message of Aunt Suzanne, it does not come to us. Unless it be that the son who ran away carried her whispered secret of revenge and went to be the founder of the Race Suicide movement.

You and I are no less productive than women of the old school. That we have unanimously agreed against large families does not mean that we have wearied of producing. On the contrary, it is in the cause of better production that we limit the number to those born of strength and gladness. Then, to get more work out of the machine, we give that set of muscles a rest and take up the work of creation with a fresh set. For there is the possihility that another generation may think that my progeny are like Uncle Lawler, as queer as Dick's hat band.

YOU and I do not put all our eggs in one basket. I do not feel flowing in my veins all the talents my hlessed Aunt Suzanne must have had. But I am strong and I have some of the talents—and I, too, yes, you may never believe it, hut I too, I am not a shirk, want to have twenty-one children! But oh! dear shade of Aunt Suzanne! not the same *kind* of children. I have as many of the flesh and blood kind as Auot Suzanne saved. And the spirit of creatioo is not all spent. I hope to create something that shall last, something hy which the next generation shall know me for more than a "husy" woman. I must yield at least one little dream child of thought whn can gn forth to further the perfection of the world. Most of us have as much energy as Aunt Suzanne. We must not stop expressing the spirit of reproduction when we stop bearing physical children. We have much to do and much to think about before we go on to compare notes with Aunt Suzanne.

We have put ourselves out of Aunt Suzanne's class forever. But she has left in the figure 21 an arithmetical sign of the estimate of woman's physical capacity.

During the twilight time when Aunt Suzanne pumped water and heated it on the kitchen range to hathe the twenty-one, you and I have a pause that could be called the hour of opportunity.

"THE kingdom of heaven will not come till your women stop bearing children."

The simple heaven of everyday life will not come till we mothers stop bearing more babies than we can do justice to and give birth to ideas that shall help not only oor immediate families bot our fellow-men.



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# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## II.

### The Bridegroom Seeketh

THROUGH hye-ways
And shy-ways,
Down valleys, 'cross highways
The farmer-chauffeur bore the Bridegroom who, worried,
Tried to keep tab on the road as it varied.
Meanwhile the farmer, a genial old cove,
Boasted the worth of the car that he drove.
"This little huggy
May sound kind o' chuggy—
Never mind that, Mr. Man! She's a prize.
Hark! Somethin's boilin'—
Guess she needs oilin'—
Nevertheless, she's the best of 'er size."
As Billing's Garage showed its marvelous front
The farmer's machine "died away" with a grunt,
And Brown left the rustic repairing his shay,
Fumbling inside in a dazed sort of way.

FROM honest Jeb Billings Brown purchased a tire
For five dollars more
Than the best city store
Would ask for the same. But the city man's ire
Had no room to expand; for his mind ill forbode
Concerning his bride, out alone on the road.
Brown paid down the money and carried his tire
Out to the street, where he hoped he could hire
The farmer-mechanic to carry him back;
But he groaned in his heart when he noticed, alack!
That the rustic had fled
With the car, and instead
The road lay deserted, a desolate track.
Mr. Jeb Billings, a soul sympathetic,
Pitied Brown's autoplight peripatetic,
Remarking, "Too bad! I could help ye, no doubt,
But my cars is all out.
I think, though, I know where yer auto is stuck.
It's down by Hoyt's Crossin'—Ye're sort of in luck.
Jest a leetle, short stroll, though that tire *is* some heft—
Walk to the schoolhouse, then
turn to yer left,
Turn again
At the Main
Marked Mehitabel's Stile
Take the South Fork and proceed 'bout a mile,
Then bear through the grave-yard a piece till y' strike
The road—y' can't miss it—it's Kittyville Pike."

TELL me, kind reader, hast ever yet tried,
In the midst of the night, on a strange country road,
To carry a tire and go seek a lost bride
Through infinite lanes, while each moment your load
Weighs more and more, till your bruised, weary shoulder
Feels like old Atlas's, bearing its boulder?
If you've ever experienced such a delight
You'll know how poor Percival, lost in the night,
Stumbled
And tumbled
Through thoroughfares jumbled;
Once he was proud, but now thoroughly humbled.
He questioned each passer with modest inflections
And got from each one a new set of directions:
"Kittyville Pike? It's just over the hill."
Or "Follow the railroad," or "Turn at the Mill."
Not a car was in sight.
The moon, shining bright,
Should have charmed the romantic;
But the Bridegroom, in pain,
Found his efforts so vain
The moon drove him frantic.
He was half in a swound
When the grave-yard he found
Where he tripped on a headstone
and falling, a wreck,
That dash-bingled tire bounded
twice on his neck,
Broke loose with a sort of
demoniac skill
And rolled o'er the mounds to the
foot of the hill;
And once. . . . .
But why dwell on that
tortuous stroll.
More painful and slow than a dash
to the Pole,
More footless and vague than a
Cook expedition?

Poor Brown, on a grave, in reclining position,
Looked at his watch, cursed all species of cars,
And lifted his plaint to the pitiless stars.
"If I was a kiddie, by Juve, I would blubber!"
So saying, he took up his burden of rubber,
Drew up his chest
And continued his quest.

THE moon was reclining when Percy could see
A ruby-red light 'neath a far distant tree.
"Bright star,
It's my car!
O gee!"
Dead beat as he was, he outspeeded the deer
As he leaped to his Love, to his Car—drawing near
Something or other looked awfully queer.
"Katurah!" he cried,
"Speak, my Bride!"
But on peeking inside,
The Truth chilled his brain like a
serpent's vile hissing:
The car was deserted—Katurah
was missing!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# How Murphy Works

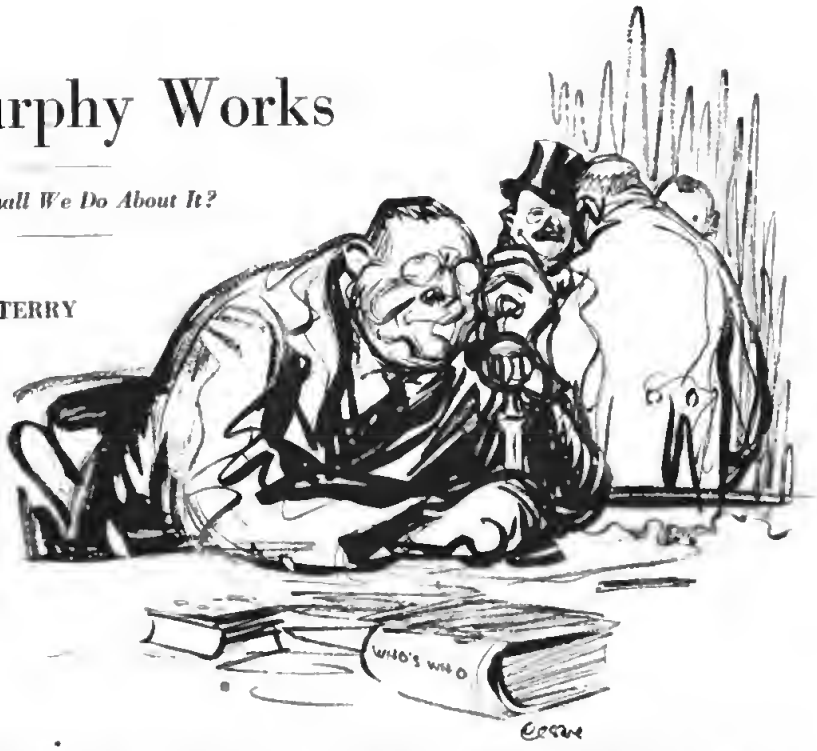
*What Shall We Do About It?*

By

HON. EDMUND R. TERRY

Member of the New York Assembly in 1908 and 1911 from the First District of Kings

Illustrated by O. E. Cesare



SOMETIMES the people wonder why after a sustained and intelligent campaign to elect n better type of officials, the results are not more lasting, for presently the body politic is back again in the old slough.

The reason is very simple. We may elect reform governors, reform mayors and I have even known of n successful movement to elect a reform register, hut thnt does not reach the source of bad goverament. The wily professional politician is like the astute soldier who draws the enemies' fire hy thrusting above the ramparts a hat perched upon n stiek. The hnt may be riddled through and through, hut the wily soldier escapes. People desirous of better things in government elect their executive officers in vain unless they control the legislature; for all these executive offices, including thnt of governor, nre under the strict control of the legislatures and their every effort for good is easily thwarted hy a legislature controlled hy the organization. The Bosses can smile nt the election of other officials so long as they control the legislature.

The ignorance of the ordinary citizen as to the power inherent in the legislnture is not shared hy the Party Boss. He knows thnt the legislature is the controlling force in our government. Every law that is passed, to be effective, must have with it the enacting clause; thnt clause reads: "The People of the State of New York, represented in the Sennte and Assembly, do enact as follows:" That clause distinetly sets forth the relation of the legislature to the state and all in it, for the people constitute the government and the legishture is that one of the coördinate branebes of the state guvernment, which represents the real power,—that is, "The People." The best mayor that ever lived may be thwarted in every eodeavor he makes hy n legislature under improper control. The same is true of the Governor and of every official under the state government. The charter under which the Mayor and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment act can be changed at any time hy the legislature. In the session of 1911, it was only the refusal to wear Mr. Murphy's collar hy n few determined men in the legislature that prevented radical changes in the city charter, thnt would practically have eliminated the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, as an effective part of the city government.

WITHIN the last few months the power of the Assembly has been signally shown in the impeachmeot of Governor Sulzer. No power on earth can remove the Governor, except the Court of Impeachment, and no power on earth can bring the impeachment proceedings except the Assemhly, and the only power thnt can remove a Senator or an Assemblyman from his seat is the House to which he belongs. The Constitution specifically preseribes,—"Each House shall determine the rules of its own proceedings and be the judge of the election returns and qualifications of its own members." Of course a member of either House convicted of n felouy loses nll rights as a citizen and that ineludes the right to sit as n member of the legislature. The present Assembly has also given another instance of tbe enormous power inherent in that body. They have arrested a citizen of tbe state for contempt and imprisoned him for the balance of the legislative term. By the Constitution no power outside of the Assembly can release him. The courts are powerless against that body. These enormous powers would be all right if our legislature were composed of men who really and individually represented their constituents; but when the legislature, hy the control of n majority of its members, is simply a tool of Mr. Murphy's or of any other boss, these powers are tremendously dangerous. As it is under ideal orgnnization rule, the Assemblymnn obeys his district leader, except in small matters that have no political significance whatever, or that affect some part of the state other than his own district or county. The district leader obeys the county leader and the county leader obeys the hig chief on Fourteenth street. Is there anyone that pretends thnt the hig chief in Fourteenth street receives his orders from the people?

The average citizen does not sufficiently realize that perhaps the most important man to him personally nnd as n citizeo is the man who is to represent him in the Assembly at Albany. Aside from all the laws of n political complexion, the laws that prescribe the conduct of husiness throughout the state are in the hands of the legislature. While it takes both Houses to agree on n hill, either House can kill it and the influence of an intelligent, honest and capable member io the Assemhly is very great. Now suppose an average citizen wnkes up some morning and finds an unjust measure is proposed, thnt is likely to injure if not destroy the particulnr business in which he hnppens to be engaged, or a hill thnt, while it may be good generally, yet requires amendment to make it n just measure. If he has an Assemhlyman who is a fit man for his position his remedy is easy. He can see him nnd lay it before him. If his representative, however, has been elected simply beenuse be is a good fellow, faithful in his party work, hut otherwise of no particular force, the Lord help the injured citizen.

THE most efficient Assemblymen are not those who introduce the grentest number of hills, hut those who hy enreful reading and careful consideration of the letters they receive from their constitutents determine what hills are good nnd whnt hnd nnd vote and work accordingly,—particularly work. An Assemblyman is un fewer committees than n Senntor and consequently has less of routine work nnd more time to arrive at a wise discriminantion as to the hills that come before the House.

The fact that the Assemblymnn receives a salary of only fifteen huodred dollars and that his name is wny, way down at the bottom of the list of the

candidates on the ballot partly accounts for the almost total lack of understanding on the part of the public as to the real functions and powers of the body to which they elect their Assemblyman. Every Assemblyman in New York State represents a constituency of over sixty thousand people. Voters seem to realize this in the country districts, but not in the big cities. The functions of an Assemblyman are tremendously important and it makes an enormous difference to the people of the state whether those functions be exercised by an intelligent and fit man from each of the hundred and fifty Assembly districts or whether the majority of them are merely rubber stamps in the hands of a "Boss," who exercises their functions for them.

THE sphere of influence of an individual Assemblyman is as great as the state, and concerns every individual in it. The laws that he has a say in passing affect the individual inhabitants of the state from the time they are born until the day of their death,—yes, even before they are born and after they die, in every relation of business and social life. I am speaking of the powers that are inherent in the office. Those powers are exercised by some one; if by intelligent and conscientious representatives, it would be all right, but if exercised by a Boss, using the representatives merely as rubber stamps, the result always has been and always must be to the injury of the state and of its people. In other words, we cannot have the government we should have in this state until its citizens come to a realizing sense of what their legislature means to them, and select their representatives accordingly.

The purpose of this article is only to draw attention to the source from which improvement in our political methods must come, if it comes at all. Only the legislature can give us a real Direct Nominations Bill, which should also make the election district the real political unit. What we need is such a bill.

THE Recall and Referendum are, if necessary at all, only necessary because we have not today a real representative government. If we attain that, and the Recall and Referendum are found then to be necessary, the voters have in their hands the power so to enact. Tammany had control of the legislature to a large extent in 1911 and has full control in 1913 and we cannot expect that organization to commit political suicide, no matter how beneficial to the party such an act might be. It is useless, therefore, to vote, except in rare cases, for a candidate of that party for the Assembly with any expectation of his voting or working for any measure that would take the control away from the organization and place it with the voters. Anyone who knows the workings of the Assembly district system, which is the basis of the present organization of the Democratic Party, in whatever counties Tammany controls, can only be amused at the assertion that the candidates put forward represent the real desires of the voters of the party in the district. These desires have been so long held in abeyance that to a large extent they are atrophied and the voters have no recourse, but simply to accept the man who is selected by their candidate. Should an attempt be made to run an independent candidate by those citizens dissatisfied with the nominees of the regular party, the way is beset with great difficulties. In the first place, it is necessary to have a petition to which five hundred voters of the district have affixed their names and acknowledged before a notary that they have done so. The only safe way in which this can be done, is to have each petitioner have both his signature and acknowledgement, before a notary on a separate sheet. The reason for this is the lovely joker in the existing law by which any sheet on which five per cent. of the names are fraudulent or forged must be discarded, though every other name on that sheet may be genuine and legal. When my petition was presented, I fondly imagined that I had some five hundred and sixty petitioners, but on different sheets forged and fraudulent names were shown, which knocked out so many genuine ones that were on the same sheets, that the number was brought down below the five hundred limit, and I was out. Nor is it easy to get men to sign a petition. There are eighteen or twenty men who will vote for an independent candidate on election day who will not sign a petition to one who will do so. The ballot is secret and unless he sees fit to proclaim his vote no one knows how he has voted. Signing a petition, however, is coming right out in the open and any one who does so renders himself at once liable to all the little, petty persecutions and annoyances that every district leader knows very well how to inflict through his satellites in various city departments. Everyone knows how the regular candidate is chosen. He really represents nothing except the will of the leader. The designating committee consisting of fairly reputable citizens who have been selected the previous year on account of their respectability and ductility are called together by the leader, and either he or one of the number known to represent him tells the others whom to vote for. The man so selected becomes the regular candidate at the primary and with all the force behind him, is usually made the party candidate.

OPPOSITION at the primaries is almost useless because the odds against the men engaged in the movement are entirely too great. While there are fewer names demanded on the independent petitions for contest in the primary, nevertheless, every name must be that of an enrolled voter in the Party. This makes it difficult; for the number to draw from is comparatively limited and as in the case of the petitions for an independent candidate at the regular election, the lists are made public and every man who signs is subject to all sorts of urging, treaty, abuse and, where it is practicable coercion. The regular forces are so organized, and most of them have such a personal interest in the outcome, that they would do almost anything to maintain the supremacy of the regular organization, not in the interests of good government, but for the complete protection of those who are nourished at the public crib. This is perfectly natural, but is not a good thing for the interests of the public at large; who after all are more interested in their government than they seem to realize.

In my own case in the fall of 1911, a contest in the primaries might possibly have carried, but I was attending to my duties in Albany up to and beyond the date of the primaries. My chances in the primaries might have been good. On election day five hundred and sixty-five voters wrote my name on the ballot, as provided for by law, more than two hundred others wrote my name on the ballot, but owing to intricacies of the ballot law their votes could not be counted and their entire ballots were thrown out as irregular or void. This showed strength with the voters.

With the election district as the unit, the story would probably have been different. There, each election district is a law unto itself and is not governed so much by the Assembly District Association. For instance, as the law is at present a man may represent my district in the general committee or on the designating committee who might not be able to get a dozen votes in the district. He is elected by the voters of the Assembly district at large, and so with every other election district,—neither of them have anything to say for themselves, but the choice for each is merely the echo of the wishes of the crowd—or rather the leader—that controls the Assembly district.

WE had at one time in Kings County a real election-district system. Each election district elected its own representative to the various conventions and any attempt made on the party of any central power to coerce the choice of an election district only assured the success of the opposition. An election district unit is so small that the majority of the voters of any party in it come to know each other, and know each other so well that ten or twelve men of character and standing can, without expenditure of any money or of much time, carry the election district as they please. Some election districts, of course, in an Assembly district, will be carried by the regular organization at first, but through the district at large, it will usually be found that those districts that are a law unto themselves would be in the majority, and so control and be the regular organization of that district: but it will be an organization in which there is no room for an absolute boss, as at present. If, in addition to that, we have a reasonable system of direct nominations, the representatives in the general committee throughout the Assembly district being in thorough touch with the people voting in their respective districts, will be in a position to suggest for the party nomination for Assembly. For instance, a candidate, that will be acceptable to the majority of the voters of that party in the district, and where the officials of the Assembly district are the selection of the real representatives of various election districts, their selection of candidates at the Primary for Congress and other offices will be made intelligently and in conformity with the desires of the voters.

THE government by organization, as it is at present, is neither Democratic nor Republican, nor has it even the virtues of a despotic monarchy. There are things to be said in favor of even oligarchy, that cannot be urged in favor of organization rule, as we have it under Tammany. Whomever else you vote for, vote for Assemblymen that are really competent for the great office of representatives in the State Assembly, who are honest in the belief that this should be a government really by the People. Elect such Assemblymen and the other things that every good citizen desires will follow as a matter of course, and if the success we all expect follows the present effort to elect capable, efficient, honest and independent city officials, we will not suffer the mortification later of seeing their efforts nullified by the higher power of Murphy working through the legislature.

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# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

XI

IF you should ask me, whether Dante
Drank Benedictine or Chianti,
I should reply, "I cannot say,
But I can draw him either way."

XII

I'M told the Artist who aspires
To draw Forbes-Robertson requires
A Sargent's brush. Dear me! how sad!
I've lost the only one I had.

XIII

I LOVE to picture Daniel Frohman
In costume of a noble Roman.
For Dan has just the style of hair,
That Julius Caesar used to wear.

XIV

I ONCE called Bernard Shaw, in rhyme
"The Greatest Playwright of his time."
Next day he called "Incorrect,
For 'his' read 'all,'" signed Shaw—Collect.

## The Secret of the Skimpy Skirt

WHEN King Solomon in all his boredom exclaimed, "There is no new thing under the sun," he was only expressing a sentiment as old as the sun itself.

Eve said the very same thing many years before in the ennui of Paradise. "Tell me something new!" she wailed, and the Serpent—he had never seen a lady cry before—was deeply moved (the Serpent has always been misjudged) and—there being no National Board of Censors—told her everything he knew.

When he had finished, Eve looked bored-er than ever. "Is *that* all?" she said.

OUR own Alan Dale asks the same hopeless question on the first night of every new play. "Will there never be an end of these crook plays," he moans, pondering darkly the while how he may butcher the title to make a Roman headline.

Father Time has nothing to say on the matter. If you ask him to show you a new thing, he shrugs his wings and says, "You can search me." Things old and things new are all alike to Father Time.

Peradventure, in the uttermost recess of the Sphinx lies a hair of an oakaowa color, or a blueprint of the fourth dimension, or better still the Ms. of a new play, or a joke that has never been cracked.

WHEN a Roman bath is unearthed in Kent or a milliner's shop in Pompeii we wait breathless to hear of the discovery of a new story, or a new dress pattern, but always it is the same old skull, the same old amphora.

Even the newness of Fashion is a jest of antiquity.

In an Italian book printed in the sixteenth century is a story (says "The Lounger" in the *London Sketch*) of a fool "who went about the streets asked, carrying a piece of cloth upon his shoulders. He was asked by some one why he did not dress himself, since he had the materials. 'Because,' replied he, 'I wait to see in what manner the fashions will end. I do not like to use my cloth for a dress which in a little time will be of no use to me, on account of some new fashion.'"

There may be a newer version of this story in the ashes of the Alexandrian library or beneath the ruins of Babylon, but this has at least the freshness and luster of its four-hundred years. Also it throws a light, a very searchlight, on the translucent demoiselles of today (see them shyly run to cover at the mere mention of a searchlight).

NOW we know their guilty secret. Each of them has, hoarded away in a secret drawer (as money in panicky times) a roll of fine silk or voile, or paane velvet, or crepe de chine which she is sparing from the scissors till the Wheel of Fashion shall oscillate with less fury. Then she will put away the skimpy, flimsy makeshift garments of transformed window curtains and bath towels, converted *robes de nuit* and remnants of net or chiffon she has been vainly trying to hide behind—and then—then alas, we shall see her no more!



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CORNELL'S ATTACK AGAINST CARLISLE

*A wide opening was made just outside of tackle and the runner made good gains in midfield. The Cornell attack foiled, however, when set in motion under the shadow of the Carlisle goal*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

CARLISLE and Cornell were among the first of the Eastern elevens to show an advanced form of attack, and in defeating the Ithacans at Percy Field the Indians disclosed certain formations that were based largely on sheer power. Warner's pupils had been expected to play a wide-open game, with a plentiful sprinkling of forward passes and wide end runs, but they surprised the Cornellians by making a heavy assault on the guard positions and upon center, using the remarkable Guyon to carry the ball much of the time. The result was that the Ithaca line, playing entirely too high, was swept off its feet in the first quarter, and the secondary defense, on guard for open play, was chary about coming up to support the line.

Neither team's defense was up to the best Eastern standards, and although from the conclusion of the first quarter to the finish of the game Carlisle's attack was pretty well bottled up, the Indians gave evidence of strength at all times, save on the ends, where Warner's charges seem to be weaker than they have been in several years. In running back kicks and in handling the ball generally Captain Welch of Carlisle did not live up to last year's reputation, and with the exception of Guyon it was the line that earned the honors of the day. The Indian team is much heavier than the figures sent out from Carlisle would indicate, and the weight is close to the ground. The Indians charge very hard, very fast and very low, and it was this splendid charging as much as anything else that gave them the whip hand in the first quarter.

MOST of Carlisle's play was based on three formations, shown in the accompanying diagrams. The quick dash from the always dangerous kick formation is found in Fig. 1. In this play two ends were sent over to take care of the defensive Cornell end on one side, a method frequently employed by Fielding H. Yost at Michigan, and successfully

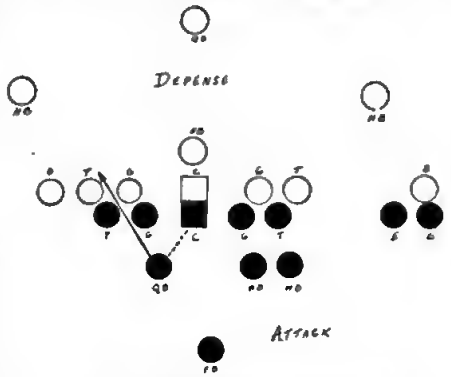


*Fig. 1.—Quick defense from kick formation*

met again and again by Pennsylvania. The defense against this manoeuver is usually a simple mathematical problem. Cornell's defensive end simply carried the two men "paired" against him as wide as possible, the defense thus losing only one man to two for the attack, with the possibility that the end may be able to get into the play after all. I doubt if this offensive system will work well against Dartmouth, a team equipped with unusually good ends this year. Latest advices from Hanover lead one to believe that although the material is not nearly as husky as last year, there will not be the same tendency toward high charging that made so much trouble for the Green against Princeton last year.

Carlisle's wide tackle run, shown in Fig. 2 is one of the best built plays I have seen used this year, the serious flaw in it being that it is a trifle slow and cumbersome, so that it is possible at times for the defense to break it up with only one man. There is a wall of interference, but in this play, as is the case with the one first mentioned, there is a "pairing" of the ends on attack. The formation shown in Fig. 3 deals with the much debated problem of "false attack" and is apparently effective October football. It is extremely doubtful if the formation will be so effective against Dartmouth when the teams meet in New York.

THE Indians made less effort beyond the line of scrimmage than former Carlisle teams have done, and the Indian defense is none too strong, especially against the kicking game, a type of play that Dartmouth probably will use to the limit against the Redskins.

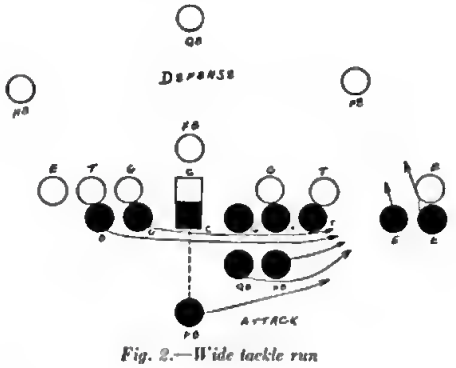


*Fig. 2.—Wide tackle run*

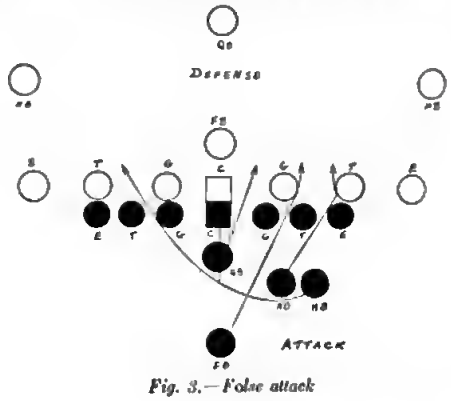


*Fig. 3.—False attack*



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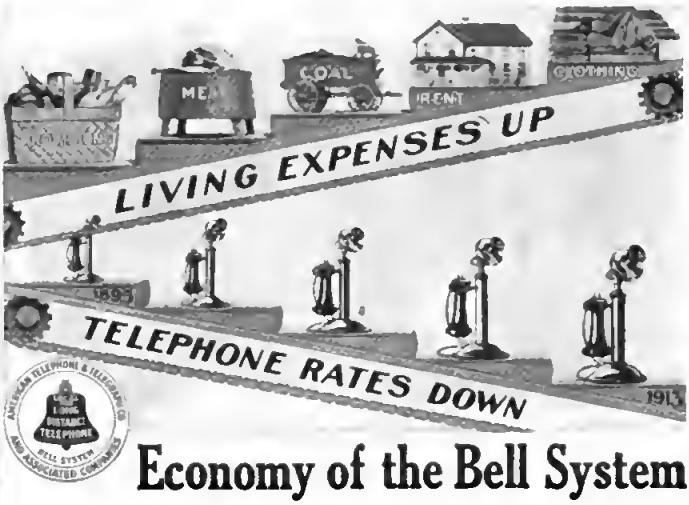
Against Cornell Welsh repeatedly signalled for a fair catch when facing the good punting of Barrett, and there was no sign of the quick formation around the catcher that has marked Carlisle elevens in the past.

But for the initial bad play of the line, and serious mistakes in generalship, such, for instance, as throwing away a strong kicking game in favor of a running attack in defensive territory, Cornell might well have made a far better showing. It is difficult to understand why it is necessary for any team to give the ball to its opponents on fourth down, and why, if the forward pass is to be used at all, it should be brought out only as an emergency measure. Cornell's ability to draw the secondary defense away from the territory of the pass was so noticeable that it seemed a pity the play was not used extensively on first or second down. It seems difficult to make the average football follower, and in some cases the coach, realize that the threat of the forward pass is almost as valuable as its successful execution, and that this threat must go hand in hand with any well planned running game.

FROM what I can learn of Dartmouth's system this year it seems certain that the Indians will have to face some excellent forward passing engineered by good quarterbacks and unusually good ends. In Captain Hogsett and in Louden the Green seems to be as well equipped on the wings as almost any eleven in the East. Dartmouth men who are close to the team are not expecting to see a star aggregation in the field, but they pin their faith to the speed and versatility of the Hanoverians. Dartmouth is equipped with a good punter in Curtis, and a good placement and drop-kicker in Captain Hogsett. Under the existing rules the kicking game is at a premium, and when Dartmouth and the Indians meet, the Hanover kicking game will hardly suffer by comparison, I think. Earlier in the season the odds against Dartmouth in this important game might well have been heavy, but even if the Green suffers reverses before meeting Carlisle I expect to see a well-coached eleven of better than average individual strength on the big day in New York.

All scores aside, most of the big Eastern elevens seem to average better this year than a year ago, and while the advantage of prestige still lies with Harvard, the Crimson, to be successful, will have to beat better teams, I think, than was the case in 1912. At this writing there is little to choose among the leaders, save in individual positions. Then, too, while the Navy seems quite up to the standard of a year ago, there is every evidence that Lieut. Daly is building up a high-class eleven at West Point. The Army-Navy game this year should be a fitting climax to the season.

THE Cornell-Carlisle game emphasized the faults of the direct pass from center to the backs. Cornell's tackle plays were well conceived, and well executed, so far as the opening was concerned, but there were many times when the back failed to come up promptly to the opening, having been slowed up by the direct pass. There is no blinking the fact that the back who has to make a plunge into the line anywhere between the two tackles must have his mind relieved of all thought of the ball, and to this extent I believe that the direct pass is a failure. I know that some of the best coaches in the country use it constantly,




# Economy of the Bell System

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Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*

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hut the testimony of the stop-watch is against it, and the line coaches who are teaching forwards to make quick openings are almost to a man against the pass. Cornell made many quick openings against Carlisle, only to find that the backs could oot get up to them in a pinch.

It must be remembered that even in the ten-yard zone behind the goal line the defensive backs can come up very fast, and unless they have beeo pulled out of their position by the threat of the forward pass are always ripe to choke a quick opening. With the direct pass in action, save when it is used for runs from kick formation and wide end runs in general, the backs start entirely too far behind the line of scrimmage, and no matter how well protected hy interference their work is hampered through having to slow up to take the ball and through having to do coosiderable running before they reach the line.

SOME years ago Yale showed what could be done in the way of quick openings, sending Chadwick through them twice in the Princeton game for runs of half the length of the field, and it seems strange that only a few of the coaches have wurked on the theory of starting their backs very close to the linc.

To get back to the Cornell-Carlisle game for a moment. There were so many serious mistakes in generalship in this contest that it will be interesting to see how much Cornell improves in headwurk before the season is over, for a team handled as was the Carnelian and Wbite the other day will hardly beat Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day. In the first half Cornell three times lost the ball to Carlisle through poor judgment io the selection of plays. Poor passing from the center was another stumhling block for the Ithacans for with the direct pass the center has a serious hurden to carry. Extreme care in his passing, necessary when a man has to shoot the ball to three or four different spots, helps to spoil the center's charge on attack, and this charge is of the utmost importance. One more word about the generalship, or lack of it, against the Indians. Barrett, running the eleven, and a man who before the season is over probahly will rank with the best, sent too many of his plays into the strongest triangle of the Iodian defense at critical stages, and having wasted the downs on which he might well have done his experimenting, was practically forced to the use of the forward pass.

The Yale prospects at this writing are far better than they were two weeks ago. More men without reputations but with plenty of promise have been out with the team, and it is a safe guess that the Elis will put a first-class eleven in the field for the hig games. There will be more difficulty than usual in gettiog a line on the respective merits of Yale and Harvard, since Brown, the standby as a "trial horse", seems to be below the standard this season. In years gone hy the opinion of the Brown players has been extremely valuable on the eve of the Harvard-Yale game. This year the entire season of both the Blue and the Crimson will have to be studied before the followers of the gridiron game will be able to work out a reasonable comparison of the two.

# What They Think of Us

*Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo* (Ohio)

I have been up in the woods of Michigan for several weeks, and while I was there I used to think, in the intervals of golf and dancing and writing the concludiog chapters of a book, that one of the things I most wished to do was to write and tell you that I was glad you were the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. For I am glad, and I wish to congratulate you on the numbers that have appeared thus far. For me they have the interest of a publicatioo that is inspired hy and expressive of your personality, aod aside from your own work I have found great pleasure in the cartoons. They are quite the biggest thing of that sort that has been dooe in America, and I am glad that in them and in the attitude you have assumed toward public questions there is evidence that we are at last to have a literature and an art in America for minds that have been developed beyond a merely childish range of interest in intellectual affairs.

*Jenks Cameron*, Seattle (Washington)

You err in addressing anyone as a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY. There are no such readers; there is no such weekly. There is a thing that calls itself that, but then there was once an ass that acquired a lion's skin—by purchase perhaps. We all know about that ass. His roarings fooled nobody.

*George M. Irwin*, Colorado Springs (Colo.)

It seems to me indeed a sad commentary if Americao people uf sense and taste can prefer the stuff in writing and so-called cartoons which now fill HARPER'S WEEKLY to the very brilliant commeot of Mr. Harvey and the pictures and other cootents so long iocluded in the old and real "Journal uf Civilization."

*Hon. Josephus Daniels*, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

I wish to congratulate you upon the artistic appearance of HARPER'S WEEKLY. In its new dress it is a "thiog of beauty." Though I feel you may not be spared as long as your friends would like so as to make it "a joy forever," its weekly visits will be warmly welcomed hy thousands of Americans who have come to oeed the weekly tonic which your writings always impart.

*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*

If these issues are to be considered a foretaste of what is to come, as well as a demonstration of what he has already accomplished, there would seem to be every reason to assume that this venerable weekly has resumed its earlier vigor and popularity

*New York Tribune*

Guess Norman will recover his balance, once he gets used to the excitement out yonder on the floor. Otherwise, won't he catch the dingbats.

*Manchester* (N. H.) *Leader*

We congratulate Mr. Hapgood upon his success in so completely, and so acceptably, changing HARPER'S, both as to contents and physical appearance.

*Eau Claire* (Wis.) *Leader*

No one will ever recognize the old WEEKLY in the new garb. The cartoons

are striking enough to be puzzling, the articles are clean cut, up to date and quite fearless on different lines than of yore. It will be a leader in the feminist movement, which it says is "a poor name for a big thing." The paper, no doubt, will be successful and deserves success.

*Worcester* (Mass.) *Gazette*

People will soon be wondering what Hapgood will have to offer next.

*T. F. Vickers, in the "Plumbing News."* Pittsburgh (Pa.)

It is a pleasure to note the attractive new form of HARPER'S WEEKLY. You are to be congratulated for providing such an interesting and valuable weekly in the new form.

Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald*

The editorial pages are scintillating. Hapgood's pen is at its best, and every article is not only readable, but it is full of snap and vigor.

*Eustace Hale Ball,* (President the Historical Film Company, New York City)

HARPER'S WEEKLY, in this one edition, is certainly better than any other magazine I have seen in many years.

Long may it wave!

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Evening Post*

Friday is going to be a black day for husbands. Friday is the day upon which Mr. Norman Hapgood publishes HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The immediate effect of this event seems to be to excite a large number of feminine readers of the "Journal of Civilization" to hold their husbands guilty of cherishing the "feminist" views therein set forth and to punish them therefor in the various ways known to the mind of woman from Eve down.

"It makes 'em mad as wet hens," is the report conveyed to us from a depot news agent, who says, incidentally, that he is now selling 150 copies of the WEEKLY where he used to sell ten.

*The Sacramento* (Cal.) *Bee*

It is particularly to be hoped that Norman Hapgood, who has done such yeoman work in an effort to emancipate humanity, will not give aid to his revivified effort to shame womanhood under the lying banner of emancipation—to exalt the courtesan and to degrade the wife.

And it is even more to be hoped that he has misunderstood entirely the feminist movement; that as a whole it stands for purity and not for adultery; that Ellen Key nowise represents it, but is merely the mouthpiece of her own personal erotic ideas.

*Council Bluffs* (Ia.) *Nonpareil*

The magazine ought to find a large clientèle of readers, in spite of its old title. There is an increasing number of people in the country who want to know the truth which the new editor has an established reputation for telling.

*Frederick H. Robinson, "Medical Review of Reviews"*

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# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

## *An Unripe Melon*

FINANCE and Investment are supposed to be dry, matter-of-fact subjects. But along with the investment of hard-earned savings goes a "take a chance", audacious spirit. It has been well said that many unwise investments are due to the desire of the lonely and humble to shine and be significant, to ally themselves with mystery, to become identified with a marvelously productive tropical fruit orchard in a far-away dreamy land, or with the untamable oil-gusher in the new state hut lately roamed by noble red men.

The true story of Harriman's life would be far more "romantic" than the most thrilling tale of adventure that goes by the name of fiction. In 1893 the Union Pacific had hut $8,000,000 of net earnings to pay $12,000,000 of charges. The little, unknown Wall Street broker forced his then none too welcome person into the councils of this company and expanded the property physically, geographically and financially until it reached from Puget Sound to the Golf of Mexico, with a $50,000,000 lap over into old Mexico, and developed such an overflowing treasury that for several years past the one recurring subject which most excites Wall Street's imagination is whether and when the Union Pacific directors will declare a "melon".

## *Melons and Lemons*

MELONS are the exact reverse of lemons. One is sweet in the mouth and the other is sour. "When a company makes a large extra distribution to its stockholders in cash or stock", says Smith's Financial Dictionary, "the act is colloquially described as cutting a melon".

It has always been the fortune, or misfortune, of Harriman and his successors, to fire the imagination. That is, no company has been surrounded with a larger body of favorable and glowing rumors than the Union Pacific. Union Pacific stock has for years galvanized a jaded stock market. The company became under Harriman's wizard like management, and still remains, fully as much of a banking and investment institution as a railroad. Now there has just ended another period of melon rumors and corresponding speculation, and a complete damper on the whole affair by Judge Levett's cold blooded denial. But let us look at the melon itself.

## *Fruit from Many Trees*

WHEN Harriman took a hold of the broken-down Union Pacific line between Omaha and Salt Lake City he went about strengthening it in every possible way. One of the first things he did was to buy the Southern Pacific, which the United States Supreme Court has just pried apart from Union. This purchase was not for investment purposes at all, hut none the less it has netted the Union Pacific a profit of at least $30,000,000. Then Harriman tried to get an interest in the Burlington road and when it was refused him he took sweet revenge by purchasing a great interest in the Northern Pacific, also a James J. Hill enterprise. Later, when Harriman found he could not control the Hill properties he sold the stock purchased at a profit of $58,000,000. With this huge sum and other monies the Union Pacific then bought:

| | |
|---|---|
| Illinois Central stock | $32,900,000 |
| Baltimore and Ohio common | 32,334,200 |
| Baltimore & Ohio preferred | 17,206,400 |
| St. Paul preferred | 18,450,000 |
| Northwestern common | 4,013,700 |
| New York Central | 17,857,100 |
| Chicago & Alton preferred | 10,343,100 |

Now it is true there has been a loss in market values on these latter stocks of more than $30,000,000, although the shares net a fair average income return. But the company has put back into its property in the last twelve or thirteen years about $150,000,000 out of earnings. Although dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid on the stock since 1906 there has been a surplus each year after dividends as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1906 | $14,292,240 | 1910 | $13,618,824 |
| 1907 | 12,646,985 | 1911 | 14,544,443 |
| 1908 | 12,188,752 | 1912 | 8,393,511 |
| 1909 | 17,938,450 | | |

## *What to Do With the Cash*

IN addition to this showing everyone knows that early this summer the Union Pacific was compelled to sell more than $88,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock to a syndicate. This stock was sold at 92 (or 88 including 4 per cent. of accumulated dividends). It is true that Union Pacific had to borrow to buy Southern Pacific originally. It sold its own convertible bonds for the purpose, but nearly all of these have been exchanged for stock so that now there are practically no fixed charges representing the investment in Southern Pacific. For its Southern Pacific stock Union Pacific received about $80,000,000 in cash, which added to the $63,000,000 in cash which it had on June 30, 1912 (1913 report has not yet been issued) makes more than $143,000,000 in cash. Moreover, for all its Southern Pacific stock Union paid an average of only about two-thirds of its par value, whereas the selling price was for about nine-tenths of par value.

One thing is clear then, without further painful analysis: Union Pacific is a very rich railroad company, with enormous assets, not unlike the old Standard Oil Company.

Early last summer when plans were perfected for the sale of $88,000,000 Southern Pacific stock Wall Street gradually awoke to the fact that Union Pacific would be richer in cash than ever. Rumors of a ripe melon-cutting grew to fabulous proportions. It was the only relief in a summer of pessimism. On June 13, Union Pacific, a seasoned 10 per cent. stock, sold as low as 137¾. Fanned by the melon rumors it had risen to 162¼ by September 30, a gain of nearly 25 points. Then mysteriously the stock began to slide back. By Wednesday, October 8, it had fallen to 153¼ and the next day Robert S. Lovett, chairman of the board of directors, announced there would be no extra distribution at present and even if the directors had decided upon one they would have reduced the regular 10 per cent. dividend to correspond, so he said. By Saturday, October 11, the stock had fallen to 150¾, and is now at 147.

## *Inside Opportunities*

UNION PACIFIC has always been a stock which afforded great opportunities to the "insider". I do not mean to say the directors and their associates have availed themselves of what lay in their path. Once the Interstate Commerce Commission tried to find out about big inside Union Pacific deals hut it was able to get so far and no farther. There were questions which directors refused to answer, and the courts upheld their silence.

Whether advantage was taken of the decided up and down movements in Union Pacific in the last few months by "insiders" I do not know. But the stock at 147, yielding 6.80 per cent., is by no means an unattractive semi-speculative investment. Perhaps it is unfair to call it "semi-speculative", so great are the assets behind it. But its market behavior is often so speculative that in a sense it is removed from conservative securities despite the wealth back of the paper certificates. In the eleven years from 1901 to 1911 inclusive Union Pacific furnished 11.57 per cent. of the total trading in stocks on the New York Exchange, slightly more than the nearest second, Reading. It is distinctly a speculative "leader".

Union Pacific is one of those stocks in which money is made and lost in large chunks. It is ideal as a quick road to fortune, or the reverse. But suppose the stock goes to 137¾ again, as it surely will if there is another real flurry in the market. At that price it returns 7.25 per cent. on the investment, a real, true enough bargain.

## *Keeping the Cake*

CAREFUL students believe Union Pacific is worth as an investment as much as 160 or 165, which is probably about as close as one can come to it. Of course if the $80,000,000 of cash obtained from Southern Pacific were given away dividends would have to be reduced. Moreover the company has many necessary extensions to make in Oregon and Washington and not long ago announced a $75,000,000 improvement program. If it gave away its assets the company would be giving away its capital in large part, which it has no right to do. Possibly the company would be justified in striking an actual balance on its investment profits and declaring an extra dividend to correspond to those profits.

Attorney-General McReynolds will bring a suit to compel the Southern Pacific to give up the Central Pacific, a line which both the Southern and Union Pacific desire to own. Union Pacific needs cash to buy in case it has the opportunity. Of course no railroad is warranted in keeping $140,000,000 in cash indefinitely. But there will be plenty of legitimate uses to which Union Pacific can put this money. One thing is certain: there does not appear to be any good reason why this company should not continue to pay 10 per cent. dividends or its equivalent for some time to come—a remarkable achievement in these days of supposed railroad poverty.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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NOVEMBER 8, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

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by

James Montgomery Flagg

and

## A SOLUTION OF THE TRUST PROBLEM

by

Louis D. Brandeis

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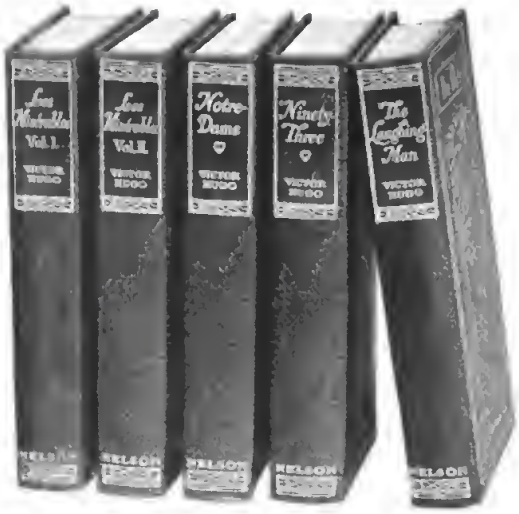


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HIS FORMER SCHOOL TEACHER

By John Sloan



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Prices, Trusts, and Credit

THE relations between monopoly of credit and monopoly in production are extremely close. We have already announced a series of nine articles by Mr. Brandeis discussing various aspects of monopoly of credit, of the so-called Money Trust, and proposed specific remedies. Since the President has announced that trust legislation will be the principal business of Congress as soon as the money bill has passed, Mr. Brandeis has decided to precede his Money Trust articles with two articles on the general trust situation. One of them outlines a program for legislation and the other discusses price maintenance, explaining how, rightly conducted, it works against monopoly and not for it. The first of these two articles appears in this issue; the other will be printed next week; and then the Money Trust articles will follow, beginning with November 22d.

## How Their Minds Work

SPEAKING of Mr. Brandeis, we are reminded of the standpat view of him and of his influence. While he is appearing to progressive minds as the most penetrating and constructive thinker at present studying industrial needs, to the reactionary he looks like the power denoted by horns, tail and hoofs. Discussing the latest wreck on the New Haven railway soon after Mr. Brandeis's "Banker-Management" appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, a group of conservative business men were trying to explain the latest terrible wreck on the New Haven. They decided it was due to a general demoralization of the personnel, caused by investigations and criticisms. In other words, the wrecks were caused by Mr. Brandeis. Wherever any unfortunate condition is shown up, and any step ahead prepared for, that is the way the standpat mind works. It blames the doctor for the existence of the disease.

## Morals of Christabel

SAVAGE attacks have been made in some of the British papers, and in some American papers, on the articles which Christabel Pankhurst has been running in *The Suffragette* on the dangers of marriage. They have been accused of immorality and indecency. Certainly they are neither immoral nor indecent. They are perfectly straightforward, and also, in substance they are entirely true, constitute a needed and valuable warning, and increase the pressure on men to improve in sympathy with women and in restraint. The criticism to which they are fairly open is that they resemble somewhat the articles on drink which the early prohibitionist used to have printed. They are shrill and they exaggerate.

## Fashionable Diseases

COMPLAINTS of the body have their social standing. There is a hierarchy of disease, and in it are many surprises. Tuberculosis, for instance, to which no obloquy really attaches, is usually concealed, at least in its earlier stages, and called by some other name. Locomotor ataxia, on the other hand, in spite of its usually discreditable origin, has been one of the diseases in the highest social standing. People almost boast of it. Probably, as the cause becomes more generally known, it will lose its glory. We change most slowly in little things. This is one of the absurdities that has survived since the days of aristocracies, in spite of our theories on the dignity of poverty and the disgracefulness of vice.

## The Arkansas Idea

TWO constitutional amendments were recently submitted to the Arkansas electorate. One disfranchised the mass of illiterate voters and was aimed especially at the negroes. The other outlawed the saloon. Either would have been adopted if submitted alone, but the Anti-Prohibitionists combined with the negroes, saw that they were registered and voted, and both amendments were defeated. The legislature was elected by the white voters and was overwhelmingly for state prohibition. A new expedient was adopted. A law was enacted providing that liquor licenses should be granted by city officials only upon a petition signed by a majority of the white residents, men and women. The law has just been declared constitutional by the state Supreme Court. By national law, we prohibit the sale of liquor to Indians, and by international agreement to the South Sea Islanders, and it is a matter of common knowledge that whiskey is as demoralizing to the negroes in the South as fire-water ever was to the Indians. Arkansas lawyers contend that this form of petition is not an exercise of the suffrage, and that the matter is one relating solely to the exercise of the police power of the State for the good of society. The law aims at the protection of the negro population from its chief curse. It is unique in recognizing the interest of the women in the abolition of the saloon. If the Supreme Court upholds the Arkansas Court, not a saloon license can be granted in a single city in that state, and Arkansas will join the ranks of the Prohibition states of the South.

## Aftermaths

THERE was an obvious coanectioa between the votes in the Senate against free lumber, in the Payne-Aldrich tariff hill, and the votes for the acquittal of Lorimer, and there has also been a singular fatality for those who voted tbus. Bailey refused to entrust himself again to the suffrages of the Texans. Paynter did not long contest the issuc with Ollic Jnmes in Kentucky. Simmons voted for Lorimer the first time and against him the second, because of additional evidence, and in his campaign for re-election, which was successful, a good part of his time was taken up explaiaing his votes. John Walter Smitb of Maryland and Flctcber of Floridn bnve tbeir explaining yet to do, and there is strong opposition to their re-election. Tbe Lorimer issue did not come up in the House, of course, but free lumber was an issue, and Underwood gave a body blow to Hobson, in their recent war of words on the floor, by reminding him of his votc against free lumber, in violation of his party platform, because of the lumber interests of his congressional district, nnd Hobson will liave to explain.

Hobson is an amusing character, but like others of the oratorical type, his thinking is frequently marked by somewhat more heat than light.

## How to Whiten the Seas

CONGRESSIONAL discussion about our merchant mnrine alwnys begins with the statemeat that once our sails "whitened the seas," nn expression that occurs more often in the *Congressional Record*, thnn "lenving no stonc unturned." The Panama Canal Act, passed last year, adopted the free-sbip policy, yet not a single ship has thus far been added to American registry. In the present Tariff Bill the House tried tbe old plan of discriminatory duties for goods carried in ships of American registry, but that involved treaty relations and the Senate rejected it. John Sbarp Williams gave a terse description of the cause of the disappearance of the merchant marine. After showing how the "sails of our ships whitened the seas" up to 1860, because of the abundance and excellence of the live-oak shipbuilding materinl nnd the efficieney of our shipbuilders, giving us a marked advantage over Great Britain, be said:

"Just about that time it was discovered that you could make a ship out of iron nnd that it would float. So the *Virginia*, which had been the *Merrimac*, was clothed witb railroad iron, and then that little cockleshell of a cbeese-box camc down and they had their fight, and nfter that time thc sbip-building husiness was revolutionized. They first began to build iron ships and tben they began to build steel ships, and the position between us and Great Britain was reversed. Great Britain nt tbat timc produced iroa and steel at one-half in the onc case aud one-third in tbe other case, the price nt which we could produce them."

Has not the time arrived when we can compete again with the nations of the world in building steel ships, considering the fact that we can compete in the manufacture of so many other products of our steel mills? It is a subject that President Wilson has very much at heart.

## Kent of California

LISTEN to his picturesque description of United States currency: "Our preseat currency system is a crazy-qudt of mutual and reciprocal profanities—gold, silver at a false ratio, gold certificates, silver certificates calling for fifty cents on the dollnr's worth of metal, Treasury certificates redeemable in coin, a few outstanding blood-stained and pensioned greenbacks, and bank notes which in tbeir basic cbaracter remind onc of the struggle of the bankrupt to live on the interest of his debts."

As to compelling national banks to come into the new bnnking system: "I do not object to the mandatory feature, for the bill will prove a source of profit to legitimate banking, and those aot wdling to necept its provisions should not claim the federal brand, but, as we cowmen say, 'should be vented and re-branded.' Banks cannot claim the federal good-will and the federal nnme without complying with the federal law. They can take their little dishes aad play in the state yards, if they see fit."

The most completely indcpendent men in tbe House; a progressive Republican who voted for Roosevelt and for the first two great measures of the Wdson Administrntion; wbo opposed interveation in Mexico, because he would not have n drop of blood sbed to protect his investments there, who does his thinking under his own bat, wears no party shackles upon his wrists, and never prostitutes bis tongue or pen to the support of what he does not believe in, that is Kent. Yale helped to start his ideals, Chicago gave his training in the fight for efficiency in government, nnd the Pacific Coast is now rejoicing in bis wide aad tolerant outlook upon life.

## Freedom in Massachusetts

THE *Boston Journal* deserves a good boost for the fight it is making for free journalism, and, at the same time, a great, strong boost ought to be given to George W. Anderson, the new Public Service Commissioner. For three years, Mr. Brandeis bas heen trying in various proceedings to get an itemized accouat of the expenditures of the New Haven for lobbying and publicity, but this nttempt, until recently, has been unsuccessful. In connection with the proposed sixty-seven-million-dollar bond issue, he suggested to the counsel for the Public Service Commission that that Commission should call for such n statement. In response to the call for information by the Commission, the railroad filed a statement whicb has created consternation, because it discloses not only payments to many lobbyists nnd some legislators but also to newspaper writers. The *Journal* has been particularly fearless in uncovering the amounts paid, not only to such sbeets as the *Boston News Bureau*, but to many reporters on the newspapers of Boston and other Massachnsetts towns.

The press is truly a mighty power and one newspaper which sets out to accomplish its real duty of remaining free and telling the whole truth on matters of importance can make itself the spokesman of those working for progress and count very seriously in the history of even so large a city as Boston.

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## Fidelity

LOVE that varies in its object may be fine in quality; but it is not the type; it is not the norm; it departs from what is instinctively demanded by the passion of love itself, when most completely developed; and it also fails to help the development of the stable family unit, which is the most satisfactory unit of civilization, because it gives to children the warmth they crave and the individual attention they need, and because it encourages the virtues of devotion, self-control, sobriety, and the social spirit.

George Sand was an example of the high soul that is yet unfitted for constancy. Her changeableness in love was part of her unceasing search for material. She said:

> To great minds the entire universe is necessary: the works of God and the works of man. The fountain of pure water invites and charms you, but not for an instant do you repose there. You must exhaust Michelangelo and Raphael before you linger on the wayside; and when you have washed off the dust of the journey in the waters of the spring, you pass on, saying: "Let us see what more there is under the sun."

Even the poets and artists, however, who naturally seek what gives intellectual stimulation more than what helps the usual conduct of life, have, on the whole, praised permanence in love. Shakespeare says:

> Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.
> Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken.
> It is the star to any wandering bark
> Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

Shakespeare's is the nobler ideal, as it is the nobler poetry. Women are more steadily imbued with this ideal than men, perhaps because fidelity in woman means that her burdens are shared by another. Naturally, therefore, it is in her an instinct. In man, on the contrary, faithfulness means the assumption of burdens that he might escape. It calls, therefore, for training, for imaginative realization of others. We need, for the working out of civilization, the creation of a new man—one less predatory, less cruel, more tender, more just. Women must help. These lines of Stephen Phillips' must cease to be true:

> What is the love of men that women seek?
> In its beginning pale with cruelty,
> But having sipped of beauty, negligent,
> And full of languor and distaste.

Under the sole rule of man, the differences between himself and woman have been exaggerated. When she is no longer encouraged to be without one set of virtues, and he is no longer excused for being without another set, there will be a new world. It will be a world with more freedom, but it will be a world in which ethical standards are not lower or looser than they are today, but higher and more exacting; made more welcome because they are more just.

## Prose and Verse

THOSE larger conventions, as long as they are fresh and true, are a true stimulus to genius, which literalism seldom is. Thomas Hardy says: "The shortest way to good prose is by the route of good verse." Nietzsche has written:

"One writes good prose only face to face with poetry. . . . Apart from Goethe, who is justly claimed by the century that produced him, I reguard only Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Mérimée, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor, author of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' as worthy to be called masters of prose."

Nietzsche was writing of the nineteenth century. Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson, and Meredith, in our day, although better known in prose, have written verse, as did Hazlitt, Lamb, and De Quincey in their century. Lafcadio Hearn, Edith Wharton, George Santayana, are among those of our contemporaries who have written good verse, although their reputation is mostly in prose. Will the rule hold of the future? It is not an era of verse, and, the realistic movement having spent its greatest force, the time may well be near when there will be a return to the language of the larger conventions.

## Facing the Music

A SECTION man shoveling dirt nine hours a day, and taking his nine or ten dollars a week home to his family, is not doing that work because he loves it. He would like to run away from it; he would love to go fishing, idle a month, do a thousand things. But he faces the music, because of the wife and children at home, to pay his debts, to earn the bread he eats, to be a self-respecting man. On the railroads, in the mines, in the big woods, wherever men toil, they risk their lives, spend their strength, face drudgery, and most of them face the music with a song.

## Progress

ARISTOTLE, who defended slavery as a necessity, said that if every instrument would work by itself, if the shuttle would weave alone, the manufacturer would dispense with workmen and the master with slaves. Aristotle had a real thought, and the time which he conceived of as imaginary promises in effect to arrive. The advance in machinery means not only so great an increase in production that everybody ought to enjoy ordinary comfort and education; it means also that the rough, heavy work of the world will practically all be done by instruments. The scientific foundation has been laid. Nothing is required now except social and political intelligence to bring about a time when there will be no large class of men engaged in the kind of labor that requires no skill.

## Age Then and Now

THERE were no spectacles, no ear-trumpets, no dentists, and no occupations that did not require bodily agility, none of the simple medical devices by which we check some of the internal results of sedentary life. After youth, it was no snap to live in the "good old days."

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# Mr. Rockefeller's Dilemma

By LOUIS WALLIS

MR. ROCKERFELLER'S dilemma is bound to grow more serious every year, so long as the tension between rich and poor increases at its present rate. We trust that the Standard Oil magnate is renewing his youth. He plays golf, takes auto rides, cats imported cheese, and does many other things that are sure to lengthen life. We hope that he will live to he one hundred. This will give him over a quarter of a century yet. And think where the trusts, and corporations, and rich and poor will be hy that time! It is quite possihle that when Mr. Rockefeller is one hundred he will he tolerahly "set" in his ways; ahd hy that time he will probably have made a permanent choice of one or the other horn of his great dilemma.

Everybody is supposed to know that Mr. Rockefeller's personal representative on the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago has left the Board permanently, and that Mr. Rockefeller's personal connection with the University has thus been severed. Also, that be has, of late years, given to various other philanthropies amounts large enough to create several universities equal in size to the Chicago institution. A number of years ago, one of the newspapers puhlished a cartoon showing President Harper sitting astride a college huilding marked "U. of C.," and looking in alarm toward another college huilding marked "Yale," while Mr. Rockerfeller was in the act of giving a million dollars to the rival institution. The cartoon had more significance than many people realized. President Harper was widely quoted as declaring that a successful university should have an annual deficit. Dr. Harper was a very great man—one of the greatest educators in human history. His virtues will he remembered long after his follies have been forgotten. He was a man of whom nny nation could be proud; and nothing can detract from the hrightness of his fame. But all great men have their weaknesses; and one of Dr. Harper's weaknesses was his remark about successful universities and yearly deficits. It irritated Mr. Rockefeller; and nobody can blame him for being irritated. He is accustomed to administer enterprises on other principles. Dr. Harper would have wrecked the United States Treasury, if he could have got at it—not dishonestly, of course, but in the same naïve fashion in which a small boy innocently smashes a plate-glass window. Now, there is nothing that Mr. Rockefeller dislikes more than being "worked." It gets on his nerves. If he has the remotest suspicion that he is being made the ohject of some scheme—watch out! In this case, what Mr. Rockefeller said to President Harper can be summarized, ahridged, and hoiled down into the following sentence: "William, I simply won't stand for it!" And notice that it wasn't "can't," but "won't."

UNDOUBTEDLY, Dr. Harper was exactly the man to he the first presidential administrator of the great University of Chicago. He was like an engineer who climbs into the cab of his locomotive, pulls the throttle wide open, and says, "Clear the road, boys; and we'll travel under a full head of steam!" Such a policy makes a record, and attracts attention—which was precisely what Harper wanted. He was a first-rate advertiser; and he got things coming his way. But the full-head-of-steam policy ate up money as fast as an express locomotive eats up coal. Harper's death, coming when it did, was the best thing for his fame. He was ody fifty-one; and his constitution was wrecked hy the strenuous life. Everybody who came within the range of his influence felt the tension; and it's no wonder that Mr. Rockefeller called a halt. Nobody likes to be tied to an express train. Dr. Harper was succeeded in the presidency hy an administrator of a different stamp, who knows how to plan a hudget and live up to it with the consistency of the head of a great husiness enterprise.

Mr. Rockefeller says, and believes, that he dissolved partnership with the University of Chicago because he had succeeded in putting it on a business basis, where it would run itself, on its own stated resources, without a yearly deficit. If he were pressed further, he might possibly admit that he wanted to show that no university managed on wide-open principles could look to him for support. But even the grilling of the Day of Judgment would fail to draw from him anything more than a personal explanation of some kind—because the founder of the University of Chicago thinks in personal terms and avoids abstractions, as far as possihle. Nevertheless, it is not difficult to point to certain facts which carry the suggestion that the University of Chicago is a powerful impersonal influence upon the course of Rockefeller philanthropy.

EVERYBODY knows that the big institution on the Midway has the reputation of being one of the most all-round radical centers of learning in existence. Radicalism, a few centuries ago, touched the world only at one point—in its conceptions of the physical universe. People thought the sun rose in the east, set in the west, and sailed round the earth every day. Then the astronomers came along and turned this idea topsy-turvy. But radicalism today touches life at three points—in the domains of hiology, of theology, and of sociology. And at all of these points, the University of Chicago is in the vanguard. Evolution is presupposed in the departments of hiology. Miracles, in the older sense of the word, have been eliminated from the departments of theology, where higher criticism reigns with undisputed sway, one of the professors having recently said that the older conceptions of the authority and infallihility of the Bible are "hopelessly shattered." In sociology, the head of the department—who was a close friend of Dr. Harper, and who has been with the University from its early years—has just come out witb a startling new book, which is the most radical arraignment of the present social order since the days of Karl Marx and Henry George, containing chapters on "The Superstition of Property" and "The Illusion of Capitalism."

FOR our present purposes, it makes no difference whether other schools have professors who are as radical as those of Chicago or not. That consideration counts for nothing, either with the general public or with Mr. Rockefeller. But the fact that cannot fnil to count is, that Mr. Rockefeller turns out to have set up an institution which teaches things contrary to what he himself believes. For he has "ideas" on sociology and theology. According to his opinion, property and capitalism are just exactly as sacred, in their way, as his mother's Bible.

Not being a college man, Mr. Rockefeller knew little about colleges and universities when he began to found the Univerşity of Chicago. (We say "began," because the founding process took time.) He pictured to himself a great institution where people could learn mathematics, and Latin, and Greek, and physiology, and history, and law, and medicine, nnd all sorts of *conventional* knowledge; and also where young men could come and study the Bihle, and learn to he ministers and missionaries. He was especially particular about religion. He had heard youthful Professor Harper talk about the Bible; and he thought the aspiring pedagogue looked pretty good. In those days, Harper discoursed on the "J, E, D, and P documents" with varying emphasis, according to his audience. But he was always strong on the Prophets and the New Testament; and he had enough to do in teaching Hebrew by mail and fighting Professor W. H. Green of Princeton, without raising uncomfortahle issues about "miracles." While as for the great principle that a successful university should have a deficit every year—it's a fact that Professor Harper never mentioned it to anybody in those days. So we see that when Mr. Rockefeller began to found the University



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of Chicago, he didn't know much about universities, nor much about Harper.

To a big business man, it may look like a small matter to start a school. A man who has organized a giant corporation may think it isn't much of a job to put up a few buildings and pay the salaries of a hunch of professors. While there isn't much use in prophesying after the event, nor in trying to figure out what "might" have happened if something else hadn't happened, it's a fair guess that if Mr. Rockefeller had known a little more about the inside of the great process of education—not a great deal more, hut just a little—he would never have been the founder of the University of Chicago, but would have confined his philanthropies to more conventional enterprises. Because after he had committed himself, nnd put his hand to the plow, he became nware that he had hrought into existence an institution which wouldn't stand still and be conventional. But after he had *begun*, he couldn't let go very well without doing something fairly handsome. In the struggle between the founder and the first president, Mr. Rockefeller won out on the question of organization; hut Harper won a spiritual victory by impressing upon the institution a radical, democratie tendency which it will always retain.

THE outlines of Mr. Rockefeller's dilemma now begin to loom up more clearly. He isn't fully conscious of the dilemma. Few great philanthropists of the present day *are* conscious of it. But he is instinctively aware of it. All wealthy men who go into philanthropy are more and more subject to the tug and pull of two huge forces, one of which tends to perpetuate the existing order of society, while the other tends to modify the present social system in the interests of the future. If the wealthy man puts his benefactions in "safe and sane" enterprises, which nre calculated not to revolutionize the *status quo*, he is applauded by his friends and criticized by his enemies. But if he puts his money where it fertilizes the unconventional, then his enemies become friendly, while his wealthy acquaintances raise their eyebrows and begin to cool off. He is between the horns of this dilemma; and he cannot help making a choice. Take the "Sage Foundation," for example. It paid the expeoses of the now famous "Pittsburgh Survey," which resulted in sensational disclosures about the housing prohlem in the Smoky City. Workers in the big, steel metropolis have to live in wretehed slums, because land is held out of use on speculatioo at such high figures that the laboring people cannot afford to pay rent enough to get a healthy amount of light and air. The "Survey" has opened the eyes of Pittshurgh; and now the city administration, the civic commission, and the real estate board have put through the state legislature a law permitting the taxation of lnnd values nt a rate double the rate on buildings—with the object of making hard the way of the land speculator. The wisdom of this measure doesn't concern us here in the least. What we are emphasizing is, that the "Sage Foundation" is a force that has led up to a radical proposal to modify the existing social order.

A STILL more striking illustration of our point is furnished hy Joseph Fels, the Jewish millionaire who helped to finance the British Liberal Party in its fight for the Budget which imposed heavier taxes on land values, and which was indirectly the means of depriving the House of Lords of its immemorial veto power over legislation. This is Fels' conception of philanthropy—the modification of the social mechanism itself. All of which goes to prove that a man cannot go into philanthropy without doing something either to confirm or to change the *status quo*.

Mr. Rockefeller got his start at a time when America did its thinking in terms of "individualism," and when the "self-made" man could worship his maker in some comfort. But we have lighted on other days; and instead of agreeing, as we used to, that a man "makes" his fortune, we say that wealth is "a social product," in the making of which the wealthy man is a kind of superintendent, acting under the forms of individual, private property, but not really "producing" all of the goods to which the laws of private property entitle him. All of our new talk about "graft," and "exploitation of labor," and the like, is merely a loose, popular, inexact way of trying to adjust our mental vision to a new insight into the process of wealth-production. If everybody (millionaires and laborers included) will keep cool while the subject is under discussion, there will be no danger of aoother French Revolution.

IN the meanwhile, we should take note that the Standard Oil magnate is founding no new philanthropies that lead away from his inherited individualistic views of the world. Since he began to draw in the reins on the University of Chicago, his aid goes into purely conventional undertakings, designed to help the world by helping individuals, hut not hy modifying the social system. Rockefeller money goes into the endowment of hookworm research in the South, and medical research in the North; it helps mission schools in Chinn, nnd fallen women in America; it goes judiciously through the pipelines of "The General Education Board" to the help of safe and sane colleges; and last, hut not least, it goes into the recently established "Rockefeller Foundation for the Improvement of Mankind," administered by a board having the Rockefeller point of view. All these things do good, of course. Nobody disputes that. Moreover, we all ought to admit that Mr. Rockefeller has only the nohlest and most disinterested ainis. He isn't trying to buy us up. Nevertheless, all of his philanthropies are only one horn of the rich man's dilemma! The more Mr. Rockefeller gives, the more he raises the insistent question how one man can have so *much* to give. The situation has been very neatly struck off by one of the most popular clergymen that have preached in the University of Chicago, Bishop Charles D. Williams, of Michigan.

"Twenty years ago," says the Bishop, "when a man made us a present of a university, we said, 'Thank you! How kind you are!' But today, when a man makes us a present of a university, we say, 'Thank you! Where did you get it?'"

THUS we return to the point where we hegan—the rieh man's knowledge of the process hy which wealth is created. Mr. Rockefeller, up to date, has acted on the view that his fortune is a personal creation; that the disposition of it is a purely private matter; and that his money should go into projects of individunl relief and improvement. His official advisers tell him to hold fast to the regular forms of philanthropy; so that his hands and his heart are full in helping humanity forward along universally accepted lines of progress; and he is deftly steered away from all projects that look unconventional. We write, not to quarrel with the underlying logie of Mr. Rockefeller's benefactions, but to emphasize that no philanthropist, however good his intentions, can escape the prohlem here pointed out. We cherish no dark design to put an economic treatise over on the unsuspecting reader; so we elose hy throwing on the screen a picture of two millionaires tightly perched on the opposite horns of the rieh man's dilemma. Both have their critics and enemies. We don't ask wlich is right, or which is wrong. Comparisons are odious. We merely call attention to these men as interesting factors in a contrast whicb marks the present age.

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THE ETERNAL FEMININE

By Wallace Morgan



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*"The man of science and not the business man is showing the nation how to economize"*

# Waste in Food Shipping

By

HONORÉ WILLSIE

WE always, as individuals, have had a fairly good idea of how to economize on food. By buying a little more here and a little less there, by "raising things," ourselves, we always have managed to keep our personal food costs pretty well under control. And, diet cranks to the contrary, we have instinctively chosen a well-balanced ration.

The fact that has fretted and confused us of late has been that all our old economies have gone for little or nothing. Try as we will, one after another, all our cherished methods of retrenchment, handed down from our greatest great grandparents, we have not been able to head off the steady rise of our food expense.

Most of us continue to make our economies individual. Therein lies the root of our failure. The time has come when we must think of our food, kinds and costs both, in terms that are nation-wide. In protesting on the price of broilers, we must think not of the individual chicken we bought yesterday, but of American Dressed Poultry and its whole relation, as a food industry, to the new century. Then only shall we begin to lay our fingers on the weak spots in poultry prices.

It is quite as difficult to get away from the personal outlook on food as it is on any other vital matter. You cannot make me transfer my anger from my butcher and his extortions on my own private purse, to the nation-wide ignorance of shipper and consumer until you have made me understand that the wider application of my wrath will ultimately ease my flattened pocket-book.

Yet this is the difficult task to which the Department of Agriculture has addressed itself. National wastes—where are they?—what do they do to you and to me?—how shall they be stopped? It is a matter of vital import to the cost of living, the Department believes, to discover where are our great national wastes and how to stop them. And in order that real help may come from the government's investigations, it is necessary that the consumer shall understand the national scope of the work, shall get the new idea of national food waste as a personal loss.

CANNING alone cannot equalize seasonal over- and under-production! As our populace grows more and more crowded, we tend more and more to regional specializing in food products. Certain sections of the country, especially adapted to raising certain kinds of crops, raise to the limit of their soil capacity and send their surplus to sections of non-production or shortage. This tendency leads more and more to the lengthening of the time between production and consumption, and has developed our complicated system of storage and shipping.

The shipping of perishable food thousands of miles to market has become an established fact of our living today. The Department of Agriculture wants to know if our methods of shipping some of our most important staples of food are the best to be had. The study of handling perishable food to prevent wastes is a new science. The department has had to invent its own methods, interpret its results without the aid of precedents. But it is making its way slowly and surely toward practical facts.

The price of eggs is almost prohibitively high. The Department says that a large part of this is due to poor methods of shipping. Over eleven million dozens of eggs shipped to New York City in a year arrived there broken and unfit for food. The losses are so great that railroads are complaining that egg-shipping is not a profitable business. And the consumer pays!

THE Bureau of Chemistry is carrying on experiments on how to ship an egg. No detail has been too small or apparently too trivial for their observation. The study has included not only how to chill the egg, but also the best type of carton to use, the best kind of wood and nails to use for cases, and the number and placing of nails for each case. To test the amount and kind of jarring that an egg receives in a freight car, the Bureau adapted a machine used to measure earthquake shocks and sent it across the country with a carload of eggs. It studied carefully the nice problem as to whether an egg should be packed standing on end or lying down, and if the latter, whether lengthwise or crosswise of the car. Infinitesimal details. Too small for the great mind. And yet, the demonstration car which the Department sent to the great producing centers this summer will save the egg industry thousands of dollars in waste.

There is other waste than breakage in shipping eggs. An enormous number of eggs spoil between the producer and the consumer. The shipper sends a great number of eggs that are not fit to stand the railroad handling. Often so many eggs spoil *en route* that the shipper gets back nothing on his shipment. The tendency has been for the trade to develop a method of getting spoiled eggs into use as food. This is a fundamentally wrong solution, a beginning at the wrong end of the trouble, and is demoralizing to the shipper, to the consumer and



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to the new economic principle for which America must stand if it is to have food enough for its crowding population.

As little waste as possible, says the Department and that waste returned to productive uses. The Department's study of freezing and drying eggs shows that these methods will be more and more used for eggs intended for cooking purposes; and such methods are economically desirable so long as the centers of egg production and consumption are so far apart, and so long as the poor handling methods bring to the concentrators of the producing centers such an enormous number of eggs that are wholesome but not available for long hauls.

WE are going to use the chicken more and more as beef grows scarcer. The time may come when we will all raise chickens, even when hard pressed for room, allowing them to share our beds with us as do the Sicilians! But at present the great poultry producing districts of the United States center about the Mississippi Valley, where the fowl has range and feed. The Department wants to know if there is waste in poultry shipping, and it has been studying the situation. We all know the still too popular method of shipping dressed poultry—a barrel containing alternate layers of chickens and ice, with a gunny sack tied over the top and only the earnest wish of the shipper to keep the mess sweet. The soaking of the birds in the melted ice, the dirty heads and feet, and the gradual dissolving out of the soluble parts of the flesh, causes, in actual decay, a great loss in eating quality and in food value. The barrel thus packed was put into a freight car and "rushed" to its destination.

The Food Research Laboratory of the Bureau of Chemistry is carrying on extensive investigations as to the least wasteful and most sanitary methods of killing, packing and dressing poultry. The Laboratory is trying to cooperate with the shipper and educate the consumer—a large undertaking. Every householder ought to know the things that the Laboratory is saying. It says that chicken should be starved, except for plenty of water, for twenty-four hours before killing. This does away with the necessity of eviscerating which gives such great opportunity for pollution. When a chicken is killed it should be properly bled. At least thirty per cent. of all chickens coming to the New York market have been improperly bled. These chickens lose in flavor and keep ill. A careful study is being made in the Laboratory of the relative keeping qualities of well- and ill-bled fowls. This is being determined for every phase of their marketing—their condition after chilling in the packing house, at the end of the railroad haul, and when they have passed through the various channels of a great city to the consumer.

WHEN the bird is killed the portion of the brain tissue that controls the muscles holding the feathers in place must be destroyed so that dry picking is easy. After packing, chilling. When chickens are alive their temperature is 103° F. This must be reduced to 32° F. or less before the birds can be packed for the long, hard haul in the refrigerator car. But the range of temperature permitted is small. Below 30° F. the flesh is frosted.

The Laboratory says that good refrigeration is necessary from start to finish of the chicken's journey to the consumer. We are to become as dependent on our refrigerator cars for our food supply as England is upon her ships. The modern refrigerator car must become a chill room on wheels, says the Laboratory, if it is to serve the public satisfactorily and bring financial profit to the railroads. It ought to have good insulation. The same car with its unbroken load must not vary in temperature over five degrees, stoves must be used in one part of such a journey and ice in others. A great many experimental shipments of poultry have been made by the Laboratory to learn the best available way of conducting the handling. It has devised a refrigerator car which meets the requirements found in its investigation and it has found first-class packers glad to profit by the suggestions it makes.

The specialists of the Department have found another type of waste that is very large. In several particulars, they say, the systems used by shippers in the United States are far less economical than those employed by foreign shippers, notably those in Germany. As a result, the specialists find that certain kinds of food are started on long journeys in such condition that heavy freight charges must be paid on elements that have to be taken out of the food at the end of the trip, before it can be used as food.

ONE of the heaviest waste freight-items is that paid for transporting excessive moisture in corn and in potatoes to be used for stock food or in the manufacture of starch. In Germany, the culls and faulty potatoes, which in this country are thrown away, are dried so as to remove all excess water and then shipped to various points for stock-feed purposes. This practice of drying potatoes for stock-feed and uses in the arts is little known in America. As a result, here the culls are thrown away and starch is made from potatoes when excess crops make a cheap price encouraging shipment to the factories.

Potatoes in their natural state contain upwards of 70 per cent. of water which has no nutritive value. Long shipments of potatoes, therefore, in their natural state are not practicable, whereas the Germans who dry out the excessive water find it practicable to ship the dried product.

THE waste water now being shipped in corn in the United States has, according to the Department specialists, a serious bearing on the cost of corn and also is one cause for the shortage of cars at the corn-shipping seasons. The specialists find, for example, that the American people are paying freight on 436,682 tons of water each year in shipping their corn from the producing sections to the market. This means that at a time when there is annually a great shortage of cars, there is the equivalent of nearly 15,000 freight cars loaded with water. This water is responsible for the deterioration of shelled corn before it is finally consumed.

The specialists have figured this loss in several ways. Every year, they say, a train over 110 miles long, not counting locomotives, is engaged in nothing more profitable than in hauling water from a few miles up to a thousand miles, from the corn producing states to the seaboard or the mountain districts. Exactly how much excess freight cost this represents cannot be accurately determined but it can be seen that as the freight rate on corn is about one cent per mile this hauling of useless water in corn adds materially to the cost of product before it reaches the consumer. The excess of water shipped amounts to the equivalent in weight for about 16 million bushels of corn.

THE waste in shipping moist corn is not alone in freight charges on water, which add to the net cost of the corn after it is delivered, but the producer who ships corn over the moisture limit has the grade of his corn lowered and with this the price for his produce.

Still another cost is added when many corn dealers, on receipt of the corn, have to dry out the excessive water although many store the moist corn and do not dry it out until it begins to show signs of deterioration.

Many of the big elevators in the central corn markets now have machinery for drying out excessive moisture. But very few of the smaller collecting elevators have these drying machines and the only method of drying corn used by most producers is that of storing it in cribs. Corn shipped in the summer months has a chance to dry out in the cribs but in the cold and wet months crib-drying is not effective and corn shipped at this time has a heavy moisture content.

This question of moisture content and the tremendous waste it brings about at every point, with the consumer paying the ultimate cost for all, has not, the specialists insist, received the attention its very great importance demands. The annual shortage of cars at the great shipping points in the corn-moving seasons alone should have made a change in methods long ago, they claim.

They want the farmers to pay more attention to the growing of earlier maturing varieties of corn. They want all corn dried to a minimum amount of moisture content. Corn would then bulk less and weigh more per volume so that more actual corn could be packed in each freight car of any given capacity. This they figure would make available each year, throughout the period when excessive moisture is shipped, nearly fifteen thousand additional freight cars for moving corn or other freight. This would lift another common cause of expense. The wet corn, when shipped, frequently spoils *en route* and leads to claims and expensive lawsuits between shipper and railroads arising from such losses. The consumer pays the claims in the ultimate price of the corn.

THE Department is investigating the moisture content of flour and meal. It is carrying on extensive experiments with the packing and shipping of fruits. As in the case of its work with poultry and with corn no detail escapes notice. It is uncovering expense items of which the consumer has never dreamed. The men who are doing a great part of the work of investigation are chemists, men who work habitually with minute details. It is an exceedingly interesting comment on modern life that it should be the man of science and not the business man who is showing the nation how to economize.

It is a new idea, that of asking a chemist to tell us why it is impossible for our pocket-books to keep up with the cost of living. It is a new idea to the chemist that his marvelous capacity for observation can be made to encompass the nation. And it is a new idea to all of us that much of our over-cost of living may come, not from under-production, but from over-waste, even in so common a thing as shipping food.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## The Land of the Free

Ten little Gothamites sitting over wine; one sat after one o'clock, then there were nine.

Nine little Gothamites at the Subway wait; one lighted a cigar, then there were eight.

Eight little Gothamites gazing up at heaven; one wouldn't "move on," then there were seven.

Seven little Gothamites playing rowdy tricks; one asked the cop his name, then there were six.

Six little Gothamites out for a drive; one broke a traffic rule, then there were five.

Five little Gothamites watched the baseball score; one made a little bet, then there were four.

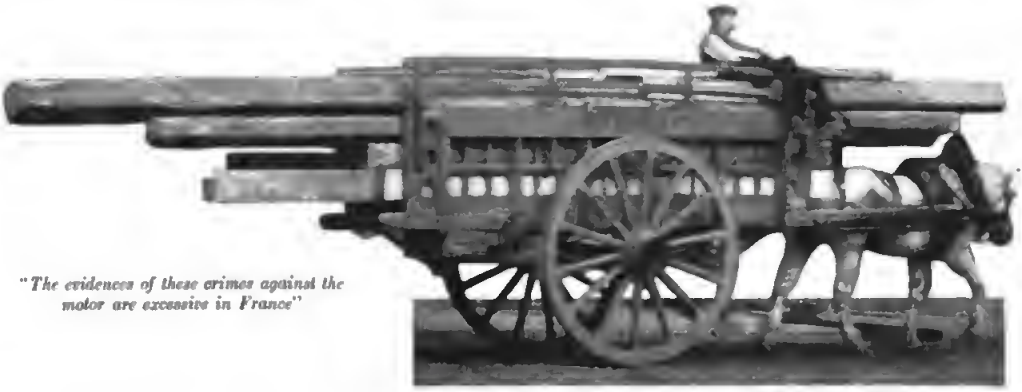
Four little Gothamites bathing in the sea; one forgot his bathing suit, then there were three.

Three little Gothamites don't know what to do; one slept upon a bench, then there were two.

Two little Gothamites strolling in the sun; one expectorated, then there was one.

One little Gothamite went to City Hall; told the Mayor what he thought, now there's none at all.

G. V.



*"The evidences of these crimes against the motor are excessive in France"*

# The Crime Against the Motor

By AMOS STOTE

LABORING up the gentle slope of the Boulevard Raspail to where it crosses the Boulevard Montparnasse came a string of horses, five deep, straining at the burden of the cart they drew. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour when the streets of Paris, away from the shopping districts, are more idle than at any other time of day. It was fortunate that such was the case, for, as the caravan attempted to negotiate an *S*-shaped turning, a front wheel of the wagon slipped into the depression some cobble stones had left when removed for the repairing of a street car track. Perhaps the driver should be blamed for the accident, but as he was walking on the other side of the wagon the hole was not visible to him; and, even had he seen it, could hardly have been in time to change the course of the lead horse, which plodded along nearly fifty feet in advance of the driver's position.

ONLY five minutes were required to swing the horses to an angle and release the load. But during that time the four lines of street-car tracks traversing the two boulevards were blocked at the point of their intersection, omnibuses covering the same routes were stalled, and other vehicles of all descriptions gathered to make the congestion as complete and voluble as could be reasonably expected from the united efforts of fifty excited Frenchmen. When the seventy-five feet of horse flesh, harness and wagon got on its way again the remaining tangle of traffic spent another minute or two unloosing its own snarl.

The load on that wagon had left a stone-cutter's yard, outside the walls of Paris, beyond Montmartre, between ten and eleven o'clock that morning. The driver, with his six horses and wagon, had waited for nearly two hours because three other loads had to be first gotten under way, and four such outfits in a stone-yard are capable of considerable delay without any outside help. When at last the start was made the route had to be lengthened somewhat, to avoid the extremely congested districts, yet even with the best calculations five important street intersections had to be crossed, and each time the traffic held up.

At nine o'clock that night the weary driver and six tired horses had finished their day's work—consisting of the delivery of one stone six feet long and not quite so high or wide—and had returned to the stables.

To contrast such an effort with that of a motor-truck is more unfair than to compare the efficiency of an old sailing vessel with that of the modern liner. The loaded stone wagon can make little more than two miles an hour, and to carry a stone six feet long will occupy seventy-five feet of roadway. The driver always walks beside his cart, so it is as impossible for him to command a view of both sides of the street as it is to watch properly the crossings.

WITH motor-trucks in the stone-yard, instead of twenty-four horses and four wagons to be manipulated before the loading derrick of mornings, there would be four motor-trucks, occupying no more space than one of the horse-drawn vehicles, so that each could stand beside its load without delay. As to delivery comparisons, while trying to let the horse save its face, it must be confessed that one motor would have time to loaf along the way, and still do more work than two wagons and twelve horses.

The congestion of traffic these and other horse-drawn vehicles are constantly creating in all parts of Paris is practically beyond the understanding of one who has not seen it. Paris is very active these days, and it is not unusual to see several of the long-drawn-out conveyances, on the way to a new building, trailing one another through some busy street, paralyzing traffic for blocks at a time. And I have yet to see a motor-truck employed in any branch of the building trades. There seem as many varieties of vehicles used in delivering building wares as there are materials used in construction.

ELECTRICAL houses contracting to do the installation work in a new apartment building may deliver all the tools and equipment, from wire to chandeliers, in assorted sizes of pushcarts. Equally up-to-date methods are followed by painters, paper-hangers, glass companies—even the wood for interior trim may come by pushcart.

A climax in strictly hand-made deliveries is reached when the building is completed and tenants begin to move in. The victim who is about to transplant his hearth-stone goes about among the dear, old, friendly furniture after the manner of one who bids good-bye. It was my questionable pleasure to witness one act of the removal of an American family from one French flat to another. The accumulation of seven years had to be uprooted. According to an unvarying, international custom the people who had agreed to undertake the work were a half day late in making their initial appearance. The first thirty minutes after their officially tardy arrival I spent in the flat. Curiosity then compelled me to force an exit and see what was happening in the street. The entry-hall and sidewalk were festooned with all manner of household wares.

Drawn up at the curb were three sturdy pushcarts, resting on two wheels and a wooden prop. The French are experts at balancing a load on one of these vehicles. And they need to be, for if the cart is moved in any direction the prop will drop, giving the load whatever impetus it may receive from the rapid swing of a quarter arc. I stayed in the street long enough to see a piano, hoisted by four men, actually placed on a cart which was being steadied by two others. It was a novel scene, but one inclined to leave an unfavorable impression of French methods of locomotion.

THE evidences of these crimes against the motor, found all over Europe and in England, are excessive in France. Both the English and the French continue to do homage to that old juggernaut of bygone road traffic, the traction-engine. It continues to be heard and felt and seen; as it roars at fifty miles an hour while making a pace of five, as it shakes the pavements and rattles the windows whenever its huge hulk looms into view. In England the traction-engine introduced the nearest approach to the long haul, which the motor-truck has since developed, that has been possible since the establishment of railways. The fact that they have proven the economy in both time and money in road transportation proves nothing so emphatically as it does the efficiency of the motor-truck. The traction-engine is as far behind the motor-truck as it is ahead of the horse. Their system of locomotion is slow, expensive, requires an excess of dead weight and space, and the services of two men to operate; yet it wins over the horse in this service, even while abdicating to the modern power van.

While England and Germany are remarkable for their backwardness in merchandise delivery, they are both ahead of France. England offers us a wonderful market for the lighter type of



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automobile wagons that may be sold at a moderate price, something that will duplicate in the commercial car the low priced American-made pleasure machines that have found in the Britisher so ready a buyer. The largest stores have already adopted the motor-wagon to a considerable extent, but they are so far in the minority that, instead of the cream of the business being gone, it has only been dipped into enough to bring up examples of the value of motor methods.

Germany is without doubt the most advanced of the European countries in the use of the power vehicle for business. Moreover, the conditions bringing this about are also the best evidences of the healthy future of the trade. The German is quick to see and eager to accept any proposition that promises to give practical aid to his business. He has money to spend, is not hampered by precedent as are those of so many other countries, and has already adopted many of our innovations. An equally important influence is that the German government is ready to share the expense of private corporations in the purchase of automobile delivery wagons, for the use of the latter in times of peace—and for the service of the Fatherland in times of war.

But to return to the French situation. The American who is impressed with the costliness and antiquated methods of delivery in Germany and in England, is aghast at the mediæval efforts of France. In this country, where the expeditious travel of the individual is provided for in so extraordinary a manner by the taxicab, which may be hired at an initial cost of fifteen cents, the lack of proper facilities for merchandise delivery is almost inconceivable.

THE great public service corporations of Paris, alone, were there no other selling opportunities in the whole of France, offer a fruitful field well worth an American invasion. To see the millionaire organization controlling the gas interests of the French capital represented on the pavements by four or five men harnessed to a two-wheeled cart, struggling along at a couple of miles an hour! The contrast of its own modern appliances, associated with transportation methods of a hundred years ago, puts a powerful argument into the hands of the motor-truck salesman.

Similar conditions exist in the organizations of the water and electrical corporations. They apparently make a wild endeavor to carry on their commerce by man power, just as far as possible; but when the load becomes too great for the toiling efforts of a half dozen men they appeal to the horse. London is planning a clearing house for the delivery of goods so that there may be no empty vehicles on the return trip. Paris must first secure some adequate means of merchandise delivery before it can consider plans for its concentration. The over-burdened

*"The loaded stone wagon can make little more than two miles an hour"*

man and the heavily-laden horse require the relief that comes from having nothing but the empty vehicle to propel on the homeward journey.

As to the street railways, they seem to realize their limitations. Instead of using men for the hauling of their repair wagons, these ambulating towers employed in overhead-wire emergencies engage the services of a horse. The Normandy draught horse is a wonder when it comes to walking off with a load, but that is all there is to it; it is as difficult to urge these massive animals to anything faster than a two-mile gait as it would be to persuade a rooster to lay eggs.

THE French government, in some branches of its service, is inclined to set a worthy example to the business men of the country. As a matter of fact it has been rather keen to adopt many of our most modern, labor-saving devices. You will find a number of American houses in France which have long accounts with the State. In the matter of motor deliveries, the postal service offers a fine example with their big, speedy auto-vans. The city of Paris, however, gives a picturesque contrast to these modern methods in the army of men it employs, in the work of the municipality, to trundle pushcarts of all descriptions. You will frequently see four or five workmen sweating up a slight grade, pulling and pushing at a double-decked cart, loaded with potted flowers in bloom, on the way to some public garden. It is hardly likely the officials attempt to keep any record of the amount of work these men accomplish under such conditions. To wheel, *by hand*, many dozen plants set in heavy, damp earth, and to keep this up for several miles, requires time—but it would look like a pitifully small performance to set down on record to the score of five strong men.

HOWEVER cheap labor may be it can never be less than excessive when such transportation is used where the motor-truck is available. In a sense, where labor is cheap time is of equally small value; but the fact remains that while cheap labor may produce cheap time—and it certainly will in at least one sense—expedition in the matter of delivery may yet hold good value from the viewpoint of offering prompt service. It is the habit of cities to look with a lenient eye on incompetence—but a business house has to keep an eye open toward economy.

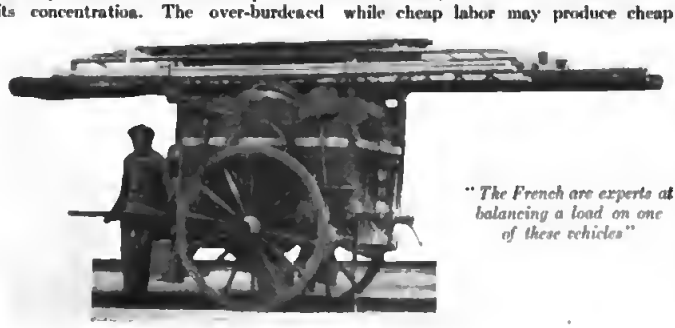
France is waiting for us to come over with the motor-wagon to put a new phase on competition—the competition of service.

At the present time the pushcart practice is almost a passion with the Frenchman. You will see a line of these vehiclettes in front of a big bakeshop, frequently eight or ten at one time. Each requires human power, of one sex or the other—and yet the tasks of them all could be placed on the strong shoulders of one small motor-wagon, and still leave time to take on the increasing territory of a growing trade.

The cousin to the pushcart, once removed, is seen in the cycle-cart. Grocery stores of dimensions and grandeur as may hardly be equalled in our capital cities; grocery stores with palm-decorated tea rooms, where the lady of fashion may be refreshed while giving her orders; stores with luxuries from all parts of the world, even green corn on the cob and watermelon; stores with perfect telephone-order service and every modern internal equipment—wealthy corporations with branches in various parts of the city—these will have their curb lined with a whole battery of cycle-carts and pushcarts. It is a strange sight to view the vehicles of commerce standing beside the luxurious pleasure car of the wealthy patron who chooses to do her own marketing.

IN the lines of heavier trade-delivery operations are just as backward. Coal, ice, wood, they all travel by push-cart or two-wheeled affairs engaging the services of from one to three horses. Though many of the streets of Paris, and in fact of all French cities, are so narrow and so winding that it is necessary to drive any number of horses tandem, the motor-truck seldom puts in an appearance, notwithstanding the fact that they could do so much to relieve these endless chains of traffic.

The lack of the commercial automobile in France is so marked, the observer immediately wonders just what the insurmountable reasons must be for this neglect of opportunity. The always ready suggestion of lack of money may, in this case, be just as readily laid aside, for France is too notoriously rich to need to hesitate over anything it desires or deems practical. The business men are good buyers of all other kinds of modern conveniences, so we may not lay this to either indifference or thickheadedness.



*"The French are experts at balancing a load on one of these vehicles"*

Of course some one is going to say things about the French tariff placing a barrier in the way of our entrance. But no one who has looked into the matter, and really made a study of it, will pay any attention to that perfectly invisible ghost. That our passenger automobiles are doing an increasing business in France, the very country that once held this market anchored fore and aft, is enough to show that American-made machines are not without favor in the eyes of Frenchmen. It also indicates that tariff rates, rather than making their price prohibitive, even on a sharp competitive market, are permitting our manufacturers to take over the business on a strictly price-quality standard.

TO lay any further doubt on this question, for it must be confessed that the French government has great variety and division in its classification of imports, an examination of these schedules will show that rates are all in favor of the merchandise automobile. Where chassis, motor and body are shipped complete, or where the chassis is shipped separately, the greater the weight the less the duty. On automobile bodies, the tariff on cars for transporting merchandise is less than one-sixth of that for the carrying of passengers.

That their own manufacturers are not in a position to meet the golden opportunity stands without contradiction. France seems to have overlooked the commercial car. When the whole question is sifted to the bottom, the fault lies right here in the industrial states of America. We, who wear the commercial-car market as a decoration, gained through the excellence of our products, have a blot on the escutcheon—it's France.

When the American manufacturer opens up the French market for this commodity he will certainly strip the country of some of the scenes that are most picturesque to the visitor. But this phase of French picturesqueness is just about as suited to the rest of the landscape as would be, with us, a vision of Wall Street brokers going gaily to their offices in sedan chairs—or a western farmer cutting his thousand-acre wheat field with a scythe.

And besides that—we need the business.

# Out O' Doors

By WILLARD A. WATTLES

FAR have I wandered from the wide and sunny prairie-land;
Far on the mountain-side, down to the sea;
With the ringing road beneath me and a briar in hand
I have trailed the white Sierras into Laramie;
From where Seattle sets her foot upon the silver ocean sand,
California to the Lakes and down to Tennessee,
From New Hampshire's hooded hills to the shining Rio Grande,
But everywhere I wandered was my own country.

Everywhere I wandered there was song and jest and story;
There was love in lordly midnights when the day was done;
Then the stars went reeling drunken, till the east awoke in glory
And I leaped to meet the welcome of the great red sun.
There is time to creep to shelter when the clutch of life is hoary
And the walls begin to tremble, then good-bye to fun.
But it's up with the sails, boy, and right about the dory,
Out to the broad sea the rivers run.

Out to the broad sea! Who could stay the hurrying
White-footed freshet from the April moon?
Down the empty shingle-bar the little waves are scurrying
And the sea-weed settles on the naked dune.
Oh, there's thunder in the surges where the giddy keel is furrowing,
Where whirling waters are with foam-flecks strewn;
There is time to hunt the harbor when the winter winds are worrying
And you sniff the message of the white typhoon.

There is time to hunt the harbor and to anchor where the ripples lie
Soft on the bosom of the warm sea sand.
Snug in a cove while the great clean winds go roaring by
Snug in a cove in a quiet land.
But it's just the joy of swinging feet, sweet air, and seeing eye,
Sleeping at night by the white stars spanned,
So it's out to the broad sea, high hills, and open sky,
With the clean wind, the strong wind, hand in hand.

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## III

### The Bridegroom Continueth to Seek and Maketh Strange Findings

CHANGING a tire
Is a task we admire
When surroundings are calm and there's someone else doing it.
But to tackle the job
When one's soul is athrob
With grief is so painful there's no use pursuing it.
Yet Percy the Bridegroom attempted the task
With all the fine courage a martyr could ask,
Fitting the inner tube, starting to pumping
In rhythmical time to his heart's troubled jumping.
"Angels above,
Where is my Love?"
"Squeak-squeak!" the air-pump responded in brief.

"GODS!" Percy muttered—
And just then there fluttered
A message of hope which gave instant relief;
For Katurah, it seems, had attached to the seat
This short, scribbled message which fell at Brown's feet:
"Dear—Don't be worried. I got quite a chill
And went in a car with a nice Mr. Hill
To Johnson's Hotel, which is near here, they say.
I'm awfully frightened. So hurry up.
K."
Brown set his teeth down and cursed with a will
The virulent nerve of that "nice Mr. Hill."
And where in the Dickens was Johnson's Hotel?
He looked for the Road Guide and found, as he thought,
The volume was lost. Maddened, Percival fell
To cranking the engine, as though it had wrought
This doubtsome,
Troublesome,
Automobubblesome
Sort of a bad-fairy-godmother spell.
He flew to the wheel. With demoniac yawn
The strenuous car, like some dragon's fierce spawn,
Shot through the grayness that heralded dawn,
Swallowing leagues at a gulp as it tore,
Spitting explosions and growling for more.

MAD, baffled Bridegroom! Why speed, can you tell,
If you don't know the road to this Johnson's Hotel?
This thought, 'twas a mercy,
Came sudden to Percy
Who dwindled his speed as he lessened his ire.
"I'll waken some farmer," he thought, "and enquire."
He throttled the song of the valves to *piano*—
Then he cocked up his ear,
For he plainly could hear
A feminine cry in appealing soprano,
Musical plaint of some ladylike witch,
It rose from the shrubbery hard by a ditch.
"Oh me!
It is she!"
Percy called loud and clear,
"Are you there, honey dear?"
From the shrubbery near
Came the coldly distinctive reply, "Yes, I'm here!"
And out of the dawn glode a vision of danger—
It wasn't his bride, but a beautiful stranger!

HER hair it was yellow,
Her lips rather nice;
A girl any fellow
Would look at, say, twice.
She was clad in diaphanous motor attire;
And—fact which lit Percival's chivalrous fire—
She'd plainly been weeping
While others were sleeping;
And, e'en as she paused, as though aid to require,
She blubbered, "Boo-hoo!
O take me, please do!"
"Certainly, Miss! But where to, can you tell?"
Answered the Vision
With some indecision,
"Take me to—take me to Johnson's Hotel!"
Hope rose again
In Percival's brain.
"Johnson's Hotel! Do you know where it is?"
"No. I am lost.
Never been to the place."
Perce threw on speed with a desperate whizz
And started again at a desperate pace.

SHE sat in the seat which belonged to his bride—
Was ever a wandering hero more tried?
Distracted and lone,
In search of his Own,
He was acting Sir Knight to a lovely Unknown.
And the deed of its valorous aspect was robbed,
For the faster he drove her the harder she sobbed.
The lovely Unknown lapsed to silence at last
As desolate moors in the dawn-light they passed,
And Percival ooted with air rather cheap
Her golden head nod. She was falling asleep,
And a fact quite satanic
Alarmed him to panic
As one who sits close to the Furies that smoulder;
For the deeper she slept
The closer she crept
Till her head dropped at last in the notch of his shoulder.

"O MERCY!"
Cried Percy,
"I can't bear to wake her,
Plague take her!
But this would be nice if——"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

American "Patriot" (with investments in X

By O



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lexico): "If you don't, Mr. President, they will"

E. CESARE

# The Solution of the Trust Problem

## *A Program*

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THE trust problem was, perhaps, the leading issue in the Presidential campaign. The recent letter of President Wilson to Congressman Clayton indicates that the solution of this problem will be made the principal task of the coming session of Congress. Much valuable preliminary work has already been done. The main facts concerniag the Moaey Trust have been collected by the Pujo Committee; and the report proposes certaia remedies. The facts concerning industrial moaopolies have been developed in n series of iavestigations, the list of which is so long that it remiads one of Homer's "Catalogue of Ships." The Industrial Commission made its report oa Trusts and Iadustrial Combinations in 1901. It has been followed by separate reports of the Commissioaer of Corporations on the Beef Trust, the Oil Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Steel Trust, the Harvester Trust, and the Lumber Trust. The Commissioner of Labor has reported on coaditions of eaployees in the steel mills. Different committees of Congress have investigated tha Steel Trust, the Sugar Trust, aad the Shippiag Trust. There was some discussion of the Shoe Machinery Trust before the Judiciary Committee. And the Patent Committee considered, to some extent, the relation of trusts to the patent lnw. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce conducted n prolonged inquiry into metbods of dealing witb trusts, the record of which fills 2782 pnges. In the last Congress, trust bills were reported to the House by the Stanley Committee and by tbe Oldfield Committee; Congressman Lenroot also introduced an important hill. Senator Newlaads and Senator Cummias introduced bills to establish an Interstate Trade Commission, and two bills dealing comprehensively witb the subject of trusts were introduced by Senator La Follette. Several of these have been reintroduced ia tbe present Congress nnd are now pending.

### *The Issue Drawn*

THE decision in the Standard Oil case, Mny, 1911, led to an active discussion oa the trust question throughout the country; nnd this discussion, whieb was continued until the ead of the presidential campaign, served to clarify thought. The issue was distinctly drawn between two economic policies whieb differ fundamentally, namely: Are the admitted evils incident to trusts to be prevented by "regulnting monopoly" or by "regulnting competitioa?" Tbose who advocate "regulatioa of moaopoly" insist that private monopoly may be desirable in some branches of industry, or is, at all events, inevitable; and that existing trusts should not be dismembered aor forcibly dislodged from those branches of busiaess in which they have already acquired a moaopoly, but should be made "good" by regulntion. The advocates of this view do not fear commercial power, however great, if only methods for regulation nre provided. Those who advocate "regulation of competition" insist tlnt competitiou can be and should be maintained in every branch of private industry; and that competition can be and should be restored in those branebes of industry in whieh it bas been suppressed by the trusts. They believe that no methods of regulation ever have been or can be devised to remove the menace inherent in privnte monopoly and overweening financial power; and that if, nt any future time, monopoly should appear to be desirable in any branch of industry, the monopoly should be n public one—a monopoly owned by the people, and not by the capitalists. The difference between these two economic policies is fundamental and irreconcilable. It is the difference between industrial liberty and iadustrial absolutism.

### *Regulating Competition*

DEMOCRATIC leaders and Senator La Follette alike advocate "regulation of competition." They believe that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act has in tbe past been little more than n declaration of our economic policy; but that the experience gained in the twenty-three years since the Act was passed has served some useful purpose. It has estsblished the soundaess of the economic policy which it embodied, and it has taught us some of the defects in the Statute which prevented, in large part, its effective operation. These leaders agreed that ndditional and comprehensive legislatioa is necessary to make the Sherman law n controlling force—to preserve competitiou where it now exists, nnd to restore competition wbere it has been suppressed; that to this end the prohibition of combination contained in the Act must be made more definite; that methods for eaforcing the prohibition by the Court must he improved; and tlnt the judicial remedies must be supplemented by other adequate machinery to be administered by a federal board or n commission.

As Coagress is to resume now its coasideratioa of the trust problem, it may be valuable to re-state the general character of the trust legislation which has been advocated by those who favor the "regulation of competition," although there are many differences in mntters of detail.

### *First: Remove the Uncertainties in the Sherman Law*

THIS can be accomplished, in large measure, by making the prohibitions upon combinatioas more definite, somewhat as the La Follette-Stanley Aati-Trust hills propose, and the recent New Jersey legislation has to some extent done. The Sherman law, as interpreted by the Uaited States Supreme Court, probibits monopolies and combinations "unreasonably" in restraint of trade. Experienee has taught us, ia the main, what comhinntions are thus "nareasonable." They are the combinntions which suppress competitioa. And experience has also taught us tlnt competition is never suppressed by the greater efficieacy of one concern. It is suppressed either by agreemeat to form a monopoly or by those excesses of competition whieb are designed to erush a rival. And experience bas taugbt us likewise many of the specific methods or means by wbich the great trusts, utilizing their buge resources or particularly favored positions, commonly erush rivals; for instance, "cut throat" competition; discrimination against customers who would not deal exclusively with the combination; excluding competitors from access to essential raw material; espionage; doiag business under false names; and as "fake independents;" securing uafair advantage through railroad rebates; or acquiring, otherwise than through efficieney, such a control over the market as to dominate the trade. The time has come to utilize tlnt experience and to embody its dictates iato rules of positive law, which will instruct the many business men who desire to obey the statute, what they should nvoid—nnd admonish those less conscientious what tbey must nvoid. In the course of deciding Sherman law cases, the Supreme Court has specified many illegal methods, but by making the prohibitions upon combinations thus defiuite, the uncertainty of the Act, about whieb business men most complain, will be still further removed, and the eoforcement of the law will become much simpler and more effective.

### *Second: Facilitate the Enforcement of the Law by the Courts*

A GREAT advance in regulating competition nnd preventing monopoly will result from making the judicial machinery efficient; and several measures, wisely framed to further this end are nlso embodied in the La Follette-Stanley anti-trust bills. Efficient judicial machinery will give relief to the people by effecting n real disintegration of those trusts which have heretofore suppressed competition nad will also enable individuals who have suffered from illegal acts to secure adequate compeasation. Efficient judicial machinery will be even more potent as n deterrent than as n cure; for inefficient judicial processes nre the greatest encouragement to law-breaking. Despite the tolerance of trusts heretofore exhibited by the government, it is hardly conceivable that private monopoly would bave acquired its present sway in America, if the judicial machinery for eaforcing the prohibitions of the Sherman lnw bad been adequate; and it is certain tlnt the lamentable failure of the proceedings against tbe Standard Oil could bnve been averted. For the fnilure of those proceedings was not due primarily to inabidity of courts to prevent or to disintegrnte illegal combinations. It was due to defects in judicial machinery or methods, or to a failure of the courts to recognize or apply existing powers.

The Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust suits present, among other things, this glaring defect in judicial processes; namely, the failure to afford redress for wrongs done in tbe past. Each of these trusts had extorted hundreds of millions of dollars from the public and in the process bad ruthlessly crushed hundreds of independent business concerns. Upon

the admitted facts the Supreme Court declared unanimously that the combinations and their acts were illegal; but the corporations were left in undisputed possession of their ill-gotten gains, and no reparation was made to anyone for the great wrongs so profitably pursued by the trusts,—obviously a failure of justice destined to bring into disrepute not only the Sherman law, but all law.

This failure is not inherent in judicial processes. It is due wholly to a surprising lack of effective legal methods and machinery. The judicial determination of the illegality of the combination and its practices should result, under any proper system of law, as a matter of course, in compensation to the injured, the restoration to the public in some form of the profits wrongfully obtained. The Sherman law contemplated in part such a result; for it provided that anyone injured by an illegal combination might recover three times the damages actually suffered. But that provision has been practically a dead letter; because under the general rules of law the decisions in proceedings instituted by the government do not inure in any respect to the individual benefit of those who have been injured. In order to get redress, the injured person or corporation would have to institute an entirely independent suit, proceeding exactly as if the government had never acted. In other words the private litigant would derive no legal aid from the decree in favor of the government.

THIS rule of general law has afforded to the trusts immunity for wrong done. Few injured individuals or concerns could afford to conduct the expensive litigation necessary to establish the illegality of the trusts. Few could, regardless of expense, obtain the evidence required for that purpose until it was disclosed in the proceeding instituted by the government. But before the government's protracted litigation closed, the Statute of Limitation would ordinarily bar any suits of individual concerns to recover compensation for the wrongs done.

The bills now pending in Congress supply these gross defects in the judicial machinery by a very simple device. They provide in substance, that whenever in a proceeding instituted by the government a final judgment is rendered declaring that the defendant has entered into a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade, that finding shall be conclusive as against the defendant in any other proceeding brought against the defendant by any one, so that the injured person would thereafter merely have to establish the amount of the loss suffered; and the danger of losing the right to compensation while awaiting the results of the government suit is averted by the further simple device of providing that the Statute of Limitations shall not run while the government suit is pending.

THESE are a few of the many improvements in judicial machinery which, if adopted, would go far toward making the Sherman law a controlling force. It is largely by similar improvements in our judicial machinery that the inefficiency of our courts will be overcome, a just administration of law be attained, and respect for the courts be restored.

### *Third: Create a Board or Commission to Aid in Administering the Sherman Law*

THE functions of government should not be limited to the enactment of wise rules of action, and the providing of efficient judicial machinery, by which those guilty of breaking the law may be punished, and those injured, secure compensation. The government, at least where the general public is concerned, is charged with securing, also, compliance with the law. We need the inspector and the policeman, even more than we need the prosecuting attorney; and we need for the enforcement of the Sherman law and regulation of competition, an administrative board with broad powers. What the precise powers of such a board should be is a subject which will require the most careful consideration of Congress. The bill introduced by Senator Newlands, and Senator LaFollette's Federal Trade Commission bill contain many suggestions of great value. It is clear that the scope of the duties of any board that may be created, should be broad; and it is probable that whatever powers are conferred upon the board at the outset, will be increased from time to time as we learn from experience what powers may be safely conferred upon the board. There is, however, little room for difference of opinion on the following:

1: The board should have ample powers of investigation, not only as mainly for the purpose of detecting and exposing lawless business but in order to foster and build up law-abiding business. In the complicated questions involved in dealing with "Big Business" the first requisite is knowledge,—comprehensive, accurate, and up-to-date,—of the details of business operations.

The Bureau of Corporations has, to a slight extent, collected such information in the past, and a part of it has been published with much benefit to the public. The current collection and prompt publication of such information concerning the various branches of business would prove of great value in preserving competition. The methods of destructive competition will not bear the light of day. The mere substitution of knowledge for ignorance —of publicity for secrecy—will go far toward preventing monopoly. But aside from the questions bearing specifically upon the Sherman law, the collection of this data would prove of inestimable advantage to business.

2: The Board should coöperate with the Department of Justice in securing compliance with the Sherman law. The comprehensive knowledge of the different branches of business systematically acquired by the board would greatly facilitate and expedite the work of the Department of Justice and would enable it to supply the Court with that detailed and expert knowledge required to deal intelligently with the intricate commercial problems involved in administering the Sherman law.

3: The board should be empowered to aid in securing compliance with the law, not only in the interests of the general public, but at the request and for the benefit of those particular individuals or concerns who have been injured or fear injury by infractions of the law by others. The inequality between the great corporations with huge resources and the small competitor and others is such that equality before the law will no longer be secured merely by supplying adequate machinery for enforcing the law. To prevent oppression and injustice the government must be prepared to lend its aid.

### *Fourth: Trade Agreements*

WHILE we have acquired much information concerning the great monopolistic trusts like the oil, tobacco, steel, sugar, and beef trusts, which have been investigated by the Bureau of Corporations or congressional committees, little data have been collected and made public concerning the many competitive concerns engaged in many different lines of business, and which have entered into some sort of agreement with one another to limit prices or output, or concerning trade rules and practices. Some of these agreements are doubtless reasonable and beneficent restraints upon trade and should be permitted—others are doubtless vicious and should be abrogated. But in the absence of comprehensive and detailed knowledge of the subjects, we are not in a position to lay down general rules or to legislate intelligently concerning them.

The trade commission should be empowered and directed to obtain such detailed and comprehensive knowledge, and to that end all those competitive concerns now parties to such agreements should be directed to file the same with the commission and also to furnish other relevant information concerning their business. Upon so doing, these concerns should be relieved from any criminal liability for having entered into such agreements in the past and should not be liable criminally for continuing such existing agreements or arrangements, unless they are continued after the department of justice or the trade commission shall have given notice that it deems the same to be in contravention of law.

THIS would not involve giving immunity for any civil liability that may exist, nor the making of any decision by the commission or the department of justice as to whether a liability, criminal or civil, existed. It merely prescribes a means of securing, in aid of justice, and of further necessary legislation, full, comprehensive and detailed information concerning existing trade agreements relating to competitive business, knowledge of which is essential to wise and just action by Congress, the Department of Justice and the proposed trade commission. Of course, any concern which failed to furnish the required information or made a false return would remain subject to criminal liability for the past, as well as for the future.

When all this information shall have been collected, published, and opportunity for its due consideration shall have been presented, we shall be able to deal intelligently with the problem of the extent to which trade agreements among competitors should be permitted. We cannot do it now. Our present duty is to put ourselves into a position to deal with it wisely hereafter.

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# The Children in the Corridors

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE seen children playing in the corridors of great hotels—
Pathetic, lonely little creatures,
Surrounded by rich velvet curtains and disinterested nurses,
Trying to play hide-and-seek quietly in the hushed hallways,
Behind shining pillars, as country children play behind trees;
Or teasing the bell-boys, for lack of other companionship,
As the bell-boys hurry about their duties.

These are the children that seldom see their parents;
They are, sadly enough, the product of accident,
And their parents are indifferent to them.
They are tragic little beings;
I am sorry for them with as much pity
As one can retain who lives forever in a crowded metropolis.
In the afternoons I have seen their nurses take them
Out of the silent corridors of the big hotels
Into the noisy stone corridors of the streets,
And parade them solemnly up and down, up and down,
As if they were mere wooden images instead of human beings.
And always the wise little children's eyes follow other little children
Who are in a like predicament,
As if to say, if they could, "We are all one Masonic breed,
And we understand one another."

They are led to the broader corridor of the Avenue,
And toward the park, with its pitiful spaces of green,
Its gravel walks, and its inhospitable signs
That warn them from the grass. They are always surrounded by walls;
There is never any real freedom, even in the park,
And the gray, great buildings, the immaculate hotels,
Are visible in the near distance, and seem to say,
"You cannot escape us! Our windows are eyes that watch you,
And we shall call you back soon."

These children have never learned to play;
They have never learned the wonder of real companionship
With someone who loves them. I pity them more than I pity
The children of poorer people, for the children of poorer people are loved,
And these are cast out because they are in the way,
And given into the keeping of paid servants
Who slight them or secretly frighten them.
They live forever in a state of semi-neglect,
And they will grow up—God pity them!—
Selfish, inconsequential men and women;
For their characters are formed in corridors,
And corridors are narrow, dim places.

# The Last Laugh

By CARLYLE ELLIS

"AW, 'twas a kind of a joke," said Gunner Dave Shackles soothingly, as he turned some canned beef stew into a plate for me.

But I was beyond soothing. Something had happened—something big and significant. And I had missed it. In consequence my paper had been scooped and, as I half fell from my tired horse beside Dave's camp-fire, my refuge through all the weary campaign, I still held in my hand the wire that fired me.

"It was serious enough to lose me my job," I answered bitterly, but eating ravenously the while.

"Joh, is it?" replied Dave cheerfully. "Well, it's likely to lose all of us our jobs, from the General up, and for good at that. If you ask me, this fool killin'-match is over."

"But what did we do?" I begged weakly.

"Just ran down into the valley," said he, "and shook hands and said, 'Hello, mates, let's have a drink,' same as we used to do before we'd shot eight thousand of 'em—peaceful-abidin' white men talking our lingo and mostly pals—full of hungholes."

"Surrendered!" I gasped, my whirling head confused by Dave's hyperbole.

"Surrendered nawthin'!" roared Dave indignantly. "Ain't I tellin' you, we just turned human being and forgot we were soldiers, as we ought to have done when they began this sickenin' target-practice—to feed the maw of a hoggish trust that has a damn sight too much already.

"I've fit benighted and fanatical heathens of all colors in my time and it was real fighting, for they hated us worse'n soap. But this— Hell! And they call it war! Man-shootin' under scientifical management—three-platoon system and hourly reports to the board of directors—shifts change when the whistle blows (thank God!) and scale and a half for over-time. The General 'phones wireless to his opponent (ain't no more enemies in the war game): 'What was your score today, General?' Answer real polite: 'Only five hundred and fifty-six, not countin' woundeds. What's yours?' 'Oh, you've beaten us by ten today.' 'Sorry, General. Better luck tomorrow.' 'Good-bye, old chap. See you at the bally club soon.'"

THUS these men had jested while they killed—and gone to their own deaths cursing horribly.

"Tell me what has happened," I begged again, abjectly, and Dave stretched himself out on his blankets, leered lazily at me, waved his arm above his head and began theatrically—a trick of his:

"The enemy's rapid-fire rifles had been pouring a rain of lead into us all day long.

With ranges corrected to the last inch, the slaughter was terrific. And hot——"

"Dave," I interrupted, "I didn't ask you to dictate a dispatch. It's too late for that. All I want is a few cold, salient facts."

"Gosh!" grumbled the gunner. "You're an ungrateful cuss. Them were salient and, what's more, they're true. It was a right disagreeable day.

"And yet, somehow, we couldn't get mad at them—just sick inside and all over—for we knew the States boys over the way hated the devilish job as much as we did. But there were black looks and mutterings all over the shop—lots more than there ought to be among regulars—more than I'd ever seen in action before, and I didn't like it. Somethin' not nice seemed to be getting ready to happen—you could fairly feel the air growin' tight and heady. It wasn't the States and it wasn't our off'cers we were muttering at, either. It was them lily-white old ginks pulling the wires at roll-top desks up country. We knew about them. Now, it's duty to obey off'cers' orders, but is it duty, says we, to kill ourselves doin' a trust magnate's dirty work just because he's rich, when we don't owe him nothing?

"At four o'clock the new-fangled gun relief came on and Hy Briggs edged in beside me.

"'Mike Brown's gone,' he shouted in my ear. 'That wipes out the old twenty-eighth. A sweet-smelling score for old Securities Consolidated! And I'm the guy that voted for *their* president. Bought and paid for, by God!'

"Powerful lot of real thinkin' goin' on in them trenches that day, believe me, son!

"I turned to drop to the rear and there stood the General—yes, sir, the Old Man himself and his frightened aides twenty yards back. He was on a knoll above the trench, very straight and still, a choice mark for sharp-shooters—just like the old dare-devil! That tight mouth of his was drawn down hard and his face was pasty-gray, but it wasn't fear that made 'em so. He was looking along at the boys in the first ditch as if he was feelin' darn sorry for 'em. You could tell he was thinkin' hard, too, and not so very different from the rest of us.

"I SAW him raise his binoculars and study the firing line across the valley and it was as if he was trying to see what they over there were *thinkin'*. He pointed them kind of absent-mindedly down into the valley, back and forth. Then they stopped and he kind of stiffened. He looked hard a long time, wiped his eyes, wiped the glasses and tried again. No go. He turned to call an aide, saw that he was practically alone and looked around kind of foolish. It was the queerest performance I ever saw under fire and I've seen a trifle of fighting.

"I was the nearest man to him, and as I was passing back, gol-durned if he didn't spot me and signal me up—always acted as if a general was bigger than the regulations—built that way, I reckon.

"'Gunner,' says he, handing me the glasses, 'what is that white spot in the garden just to the right of the red cabin?'

"I took one good look.

"'My God, sir,' says I, scared stiff, 'it's a kid.'

"I'd expect to feel that way about it in the city if I saw a baby in front of a trolley-car but out in that bloody battlefield what was one youngster more or less? At least, that's the way I tried to feel about it in front of the General, for I was some ashamed. But it wouldn't work that way. Some fool twist in my head—what with the strain and the dyin' and the thinkin'—made it seem as if saving that kid was more important than all the damned wars on earth.

"But the General snapped me up quick.

"'Well, what of it?' says he, with a sharp, fierce look as if I had touched him on the raw.

"'It—it'll be killed, sir,' I stammered like a fool.

"'Not an unusual thing on a battlefield,' he said dryly, but a shade slower.

"I answered him right back this time. 'Yes, sir,' I says, 'but this somehow seems a lot different.'

"'Perhaps it is,' he says, looking at me sharp and keen. And then he turned away. Just then an aide and a bugler rode up. The General studied that white spot for quite a spell, the tight muscles in his face lettin' go one by one. Then they all screwed up again. He nodded short to himself and ripped out an order:

"'Sound *Cease firing*. Raise a truce flag and ask Captain Foster to report here to me with six cavalrymen at once.'

"WHEN the aide had gone I stepped up to hand the General his glasses, but he waved them off and his hand wasn't steady.

"'See, gunner,' said he, 'if it is—a boy or a girl.'

"And him thirty-two years in the service!

"I picked out the little bobbing figure in the flower garden, and watched it through the dust clouds.

"'It seems, sir,' says I, 'to be a girl—about four, in a white dress, and lookin' for something she's lost, sir.'

"Just then a queer thing happened. We hadn't quit firing thirty seconds before the States guns quit too, and there was the whole, bloomin' beautiful valley in the deadest silence you ever heard—not a bird-call, of course, nor even a cricket. And we hadn't more than got the white flag out of its tin case before up went one on the other side. And Captain Foster had no more than got his orders (staring and smiling like mad, but wholesome) to ride out for the kiddie and anything living that belonged to it, than out from the other side rode a corporal's guard and an officer and headed straight for the little red cabin.

"Our rescue party was off at a trot and when it saw the other party coming at a gallop it lifted to a gallop too, and the pace stiffened.

"'It's a race!' shouted a voice in the first trench, and tousled heads and grimy bodies and legs rose up like ten thousand gophers. Bets were being laid before the runners were a hundred yards off, and I noticed men's heads along the line turning rear and front, telling the cripples down there in the trenches how it was going.

"The General (horse-flesh is his soft spot, you know) was leaning forward still as stone. He seemed to have forgotten all about being a general with a job of killing on, but then so had everyone else forgotten. Now what do you know about that? I mean, seriously. Wallace, they say, called it *reaction*, whatever that is. I say we were just over-trained. But it felt like a sort of comin' to life.

"Anyway the General was certainly happy—for him. I could hear him talkin' to himself:

"'Good riding! Good riding!—Ah, nearly a cropper! Lift her, man, lift her! Steady now!—Good!'

"A breeze had cleared the air and we could see plain into the valley. Both parties were spurring now and gosh! how those boys were scooting down the slopes and raising the dust! Looked like two sure-enough whirlwinds in a tournament. That's what it was, a tournament, and the 'way-down-deep sporting instinct in every mother's son of us was on top. Twenty thousand men were yellin' their heads off around us and wavin' anything they could lay hands on. One guy to the left was swinging a long, blood-red bandage in circles over his head and reeling at every swing.

"NOW they were getting close to the cabin and it seemed an even break between our men and theirs. Our cheering stopped suddenly—all at the same second, as if we'd been turned off at the main switch. Then the low roar of the cheering army on the other side came across like a challenge. It wasn't a raw war challenge either, but a big, warm, good-fellow challenge and we yelled back like demons, climbing over the trenches regardless.

"Now our boys had hit the road and wheeled right. The others were cutting across lots on a slant and they hurdled two fences as we looked. In front of the cabin there's a big clear farmyard. That was the goal. The little speck of white had retreated to the doorway, frightened by the horsemen. Into the yard they dashed from opposite sides at the same instant—and turned into one mass of men and horse in a cloud of dust. It looked bad. For five seconds nobody breathed. Then the dust blew off—and everybody was shaking hands.

"The General threw up his arm and called sharply for his horse with some wild notion, I reckon, of stopping things himself before they went so far that they couldn't be stopped. Then he changed his mind and stood his ground with the rest of us as the next act in the big ring began.

"The twenty men in the valley dismounted and walked together to the door of the cabin where that blessed mite was standing her ground like a regular, but scared white.

"'I frightened,' she whimpered (as Dinny told us afterward), before any of them big gawks could think of a word to say to her.

"'Mustn't be frightened,' says Big Bob Scott, as soft as his foghorn voice would let him. 'We've come to show you our nice horsies.' Hell of a line of talk for a case-hardened cavalryman, what? But the kid came right out to Bob and took his hand, him blushing like a real lady. I'd give a year in clink to have seen it.

"'Naughty Joe runned away,' says Missy next. 'He must come back.'

"'Who's Joe?' asks Bob.

"'Joe's my doggie,' says she lookin' surprised that he didn't know.

"'We'll find him for you,' promises reckless Bob, forgetting he wasn't quite the commander-in-chief.

"'Now?' she asks.

"BOB looked at Captain Foster and he looked at the States officer and everyone looked at everyone else and grinned like sin.

"'I want him now!' says the Kid imperative.

"'All right,' says Captain Foster, kneeling down beside her. 'But first tell me where Daddy is.' And they all gathered 'round while the two had a heart-to-heart.

"In a minute or two the wntching armies saw the men in front of the red cabin mount and instead of starting back for the lines they began to scatter all over the valley. Big Bob and a States man went tearing off down the road together and another pair raced the other way.

"'Whnt in—' says the General, and ntepped to his horse and mounted in n flash, while his staff, which had ridden in from the rear, gnthered around open-mouthed.

"'Most extraordinary conduct,' says the General, important, just as if it wasn't his doing. 'A most serious matter. I consider it advisable to investignte it in person. Forward, gentlemen!'

"And out he rode beyond the lines, very dignified and slow, with the whole bloomin' staff trailin' behind.

"Then out of the lines across the valley came another mounted party and it was ridin' slow and dignified too. Well, you can guess them trenches buzzed some.

"But I got to thinking about the time when we'd have to go back to the killing again—like you keep thinking nbout the shop when you're off on a picnic—and I liked it less than ever.

"The two bunches of officers met in front of the red cabin, and nt first they just saluted very stiffly; lnt in n minute they were shaking hands too, and dismounting and talking to the Kid.

"THEN up through the silence came something that went to our heads like liquor nnd set us crazy. It was the deep laughing of men, free and strong and hearty. Now, why should that have got to us so hard?

"Of course it was the Kid that did it. She shook her finger at the two generals, they say, and piped up:

"'You go find my doggie.'

"Just then there was n long 'Eeeeeeow!'—Bob's ear-splitting cowboy yell—from away down the valley, and a little puff of dust began to come back up the road. The call was answered from somewhere else and n cavalryman began racing in from the other side. Then faint across the valley came the yell again, this time all multiplied up. We answered, and in n jiffy the noise was worse than a million coyotes.

"I don't recollect exactly what did happen next but I have a confused notiou of seeing more men coming from the States lines nnd it seemed as if everything in the landscape was headed for the red cabin. Suddenly I found myself sprinting down the rough hillside faster than if seventeen hundred devils were after me, which, you might say, there was and more, too. But I didn't know that, for the air was thick with humau yell nnd excitement and the only thing in life seemed to be to get first to the hottom of that valley.

"You've seen a crowd gather to n street accident, closing in on the run from all sides like n lot of crazy sheep. This was like that, only a million times bigger and wilder and crazier. All the officers in commission couldn't have stopped that stampede if they had tried—which they may have, for all I know, Nothing but n hullet would have stopped me.

"I had almost reached the road nnd was pretty well winded when Big Bob Scott—he's only six foot three—came riding by like the devil himself, and in one hand, held high over his head, was a little yelping, yellow mut.

"'Make way for the queen's messenger,' he sang out as he went hy, and at that I got to laughing like n fool—and I couldn't stop. I had to quit running, though, nad lie down to have it out. Then I heard the air full of laugh instead of yells. At least it was still yell, but a different sort. And there all around me was one army running plumb into the arms of another and rolling on the ground together and busting their sides something shameless. Then they'd shake hands and start to say something and go off again like n lot of girls.

"BUT gosh, thnt lnugh was n comfort! It just seemed to wipe the whole world clean. It made everything look entirely different, from religion to politics, and it made the wnr game seem the most useless, senseless dam-foolishness ever inventeff. There was a message from the Almighty in that laugh if there ever was one since the world began.

"When I could get to my feet I looked around and there were acres and acres of soldiers as thick as peas and all laughing and chinning like mad. A great crowd was in front of the red cabin and I was wondering how I was going to butt in, when I raised my haud to shade my eyes and then I saw I was still carrying the General's binoculars. That settled it. Those glasses must go back, and off I went.

"That was a gay crowd of soldier boys. In the middle, above the level of khaki caps, was the Kid, sitting on a shoulder aud hugging the recovered mut to her like a doll. And highly pleased with the world she was, the minx, and laughin' and chatterin' and shakin' her taffy curls nt everytbing in a uniform that could get near her. It was her thnt had them all holding thcir selves tight to keep from aching in two.

"A space had been cleared around the cabin and the two generals were standing in the doorway alone, their staffs together n little to one side. I slipped hy the guard and walked up as bold as brass, holding the glasses in plain sight.

"The look on the faces of the two old fighting men made me remember what they were up against—boards of strategy, and presidents, courts-martial, trust magnates and hell generally. It made me glad to be only n private. They didn't see me nt first and I couldn't help hearing something that wasn't meant for me.

"'IT can't be done,' said the States chief. 'The private soldier is a thinking human being in this day and age and he's just seen a big white light. All hell won't make him go back to the guns in this temper. We must find some other way.'

"'If my death,' said the Old Man, very solemn nnd slow, 'would end this wretched business and save what's left of my men I'd go gladly. That's strange talk to you, sir. But these are strange times.'

"Then he saw me there, with the glasses in my hand, and turning to the other general with a dry sort of smile, he said, 'This is the man, General, who is likely to be the death of me.' And turning to me with n twinkle in his eye that I could hardly helieve, says he:

"'Gunner, you're the man who helped to get us into this. Now, as man to man, bow are you going to get us out?'

"'As man to man, General, since you ask it,' says I, thinking hard, 'I'm afraid we're all in it to stay. But if we all stick together down here (I'm a union man back home, sir) and keep the peace like law-abidin' citizens, so to speak, somebody up there will have to find another way than killin' to settle what we were sent here to settle, and the war (God save the mark, sir!) will be dead nnd done for.'

"'Gunner,' says the States general, laughing, 'you're a philosopher after my own heart, but you're n queer sort of soldier.'

"'There's a lot of old-fashioned hnman nature, sir, been croppin' out of uniforms in these parts lately,' says I.

"Just then in comes an officer with word to the generals that things were warming up between us and the States men over which side was entitled to keep the Kid. Of course we were all wild to have the darlin'.

"'WHAT has our Solomon here to suggest,' says the States general, looking nt me. He meant it for n joke and laughed, but the Old Man turned to me real kindly, and waited to see if I had anything to say.

"'Askin' your pardon, sir,' says I. 'How would another tournament do?'

"'Another tournament?' says they, lookin' puzzled.

"'Sure,' says I. 'More horse races and foot races and boxing and wrestling for points and the best army wins the Kid. It'll keep the boys out of devilment for a day or two, anyhow.'

"'Thank you, gunner,' said the Old Man, nodding fast, and blamed if he didn't hold out his hand to me, and he looked mighty happy over something.

"'We may, gunner, have done some service in the world today, this gentleman and you and I,' he says, 'and we must not count the cost. I am ready, sir (turning to the other general), if you are, to place my stake.'

"That's what happened to your Uncle Dave, son, only yesterday—to me, Dave Shackles, gunner.

"Well, the tournaments are on for tomorrow morning, and the boyn have been training like fury. The General's still sealed np nt headquarters keeping the wire to the capital hot (God pity him!); takin' the brunt of it all, as they say, and waiting for the worst to happen. Lordy, I wish we knew what was going on back home."

Dnve gazed into the fire in silence, biting awny on his pipe-stem, and I got up stiffly and stumbled away through the dark camp to headquarters. On the bulletin board of the correspondents' tent an orderly was pinning some fresh flimsy from the wireless, and my confrères were gathered around, too absorbed to see me. The first read:

"A dispatch from London to the *Tribune* says: The nmazing and laughable collapse of the Federated States campaign on the field of Little Valley has drawn an echo of mirth from all England. The press is unanimous in declaring it to be the greatest single hlow for world-peace ever struck, if it can be said to have been struck at all. 'Henceforth,' the *Times* will say editorially tomorrow, 'a war between English-speaking nntions, and probably between any of the world-powers will be virtually impossible. In n day, wnr has been changed from a tragic and nwful menace to a monstrous absurdity. It has been lnughed out of court. It is as dead as dueling.'"

# A Ballad of Woman

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

*THIS poem, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY under its former management, is republished now because it is real poetry and because it is an appropriate greeting to the visiting Englishwoman. Even those Americans who believe that, like many crusaders, Mrs. Pankhurst has in the last year or two let her enthusiasm run away with her judgment, may well pay tribute to her devotion, her courage and her pioneer spirit.*

*(Respectfully, Admiringly, and Gratefully*
*Dedicated to Mrs. Pankhurst)*

SHE bore us in her dreaming womb,
And laughed into the face of Death;
She laughed, in her strange agony,—
To give her little baby breath.

Then, by some holy mystery,
She fed us from her sacred breast,
Soothed us with little birdlike words—
To rest—to rest—to rest—to rest;

Yea, softly, fed us with her life—
Her bosom like the world in May:
Can it be true that men, thus fed,
Feed women—as I hear them say?

Long ere we grew to girl and boy,
She sewed the little things we wore,
And smiled unto herself for joy—
Mysterious Portress of the Door.

Shall she who bore the son of God,
And made the rose of Sappho's song,
She who saved France, and beat the drum
Of freedom, brook this vulgar wrong?

I wonder if such men as these
Had once a sister with blue eyes,
Kind as the soothing hand of God,
And, as the quiet heaven, wise.

I wonder if they ever saw
A soldier lying on a bed
On some lone battle-field, and watched
Some holy woman bind his head.

I wonder if they ever walked
Lost in a black and weary land,
And suddenly a flower came
And took them softly by the hand.

I wonder if they ever heard
The silver scream, in some gray morn,
High in a lit and listening tower,
Because a man-child then was born.

I wonder if they ever saw
A woman's hair, or in her eye
Read the eternal mystery—
Or ever saw a woman die.

I wonder, when all friends had gone—
The gay companions, the brave men—
If in some fragile girl they found
Their only stay and comrade then.

She who thus went through flaming hell
To make us, put into our clay
All that there is of heaven, shall she—
Mother and sister, wife and fay—

Have no part in the world she made—
Serf of the rainbow, vassal flower—
Save knitting in the afternoon,
And rocking cradles, hour by hour!



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MRS. PANKHURST

# Looking at Mrs. Pankhurst

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A LITTLE gray mouse defying the lion. Tying fancy knots in his wrinkled old tail and slapping his sagging chops. What part of that frail little body showed the sublime courage she surely had? That was the question that interested me, as I knew that some line or contour, however subtle, must inevitably indicate it.

Her whole appearance was that of a slender, tiny gentlewoman, a sheltered woman with small bones. The rather middle-aged slump of her shoulders and the small neck and the sweetness of her expression were misleading, as were the weak feminine gestures.

But in examining more closely I found two physical signs of her spirit—her jaw—although I hesitate to use the term—indicating the fighter, and I rather fancied the fearless straight line of the back of her neck was another indication.

Her confession of a portion of Irish blood in her veins accounted for a number of qualities, including the human.

Her clear, simple and eloquent speech was in marked contrast to that of the solemnly fumbled rhetoric of the gentleman who introduced her. The impression was strong that here was a good woman, and a great spirit. A spirit that seemed to regard humorously her puny body. It didn't matter. There was nothing hysterical or self-conscious in her. There was no false modesty, on the other hand. She knew that she stood for a big idea—that she was a leader, and said so, but not with self-aggrandizement. I could not help feeling that she had what some call "the vision." When she said that the reason she and they in England were resorting to militancy was because every other means had been tried, you felt that she spoke bitter truth.

When she compared her coming to America for sympathy and money for the war chest with Benjamin Franklin's journey to Paris, there was something so beautifully appealing and whimsically pathetic about it all that it brought tears to my eyes. She spoke truth when she called the men the sentimental and unpractical sex!

She said she was naturally law-abiding. You felt sure of it.

And if any lout had laughed I knew I should walk right over thousands of respectable ladies' laps and kick a portion of his face in! Sitting near me there were one or two serious suffragettes with watery eyes and blue noses and I thought to myself "I really don't give a whoop whether *you* get the vote or not"—which was silly, and so like a man to confound issues with personalities! But although Mrs. Pankhurst is far from beautiful—although she has only a certain piquant prettiness—I knew that if it were in my power to give her the vote I should be glad to, for the simple reason that she wanted it so much—and so sweetly!

# The Rebellion in China

*Being an extract from a private letter to the editor of Harper's Weekly from a Chinese friend*

I CAN assure you that living as I do among the people it has been astonishing to see how rapidly the empty pretensions of the so-called "people's party," Kuo ming tang, have been rated at their true worth.

Two years ago, at the revolution against the Manchu government, they were welcomed from the south and followed so obsequiously, and deferred to so much as being liberal and enlightened. Now to a man, with the exception of their own paid party and a few enthusiasts, everyone who has anything to lose, whether business, land, or money, declares that the country, collectively and individually, has had enough of them, and desires now to settle down to straightening out financial and business matters and state organization: but alas, alack, and well-a-day, we have some neighbors whose last desire is that we shall be consolidated. They keep up and fan the flame of party strife, both openly and secretly, till the President is often driven to take a very different stand from what he would wish and it is really now a fight with Japan using the discontented elements of the country as her weapon, the same old game that she played in Korea, which the southerners are forwarding for personal reasons without regard to the good of the country at large.

The unfortunate part is that while the Kuo Ming tong are not able to substantiate their own claim to regard, they are loud mouthed and cast much suspicion on those who would bring law and order to the country.

It is quite true that some of the means are not exactly what would meet with approval from the sentimentalists, but I think that if one should ask any American who had had the actual burden of administration in the Philippines, he would agree that Yuan has been patient to the verge of weakness in dealing with the refractory elements. He knows his own people, and also some of the Europeans with whom he has to deal, better than they would like to acknowledge at all times. No one who has had to govern an oriental country but realizes that it is not as easy as to manage a European population. Yet I dare say your own president will declare that his office is no sinecure.

For example, just now, Nanking city is fallen into the hands of the government troops and is undergoing all the horror inseparable from war. I send you a slip published some days ago telling of what they suffered from the "republican" troops. Now it is somewhat worse under Chang hsun and his coadjutor Feng Kuo chang is having his own troubles with him, as well as in restraining his own troops. This man, Chang hsun, is a man of the old type of troops under the dynasties that have prevailed in China, and I cannot give a better idea than to say he might stand for the original Poo-bah of Mikado fame, only realistically, which is not always so picturesque as in a play. His followers never expect or give quarter, and while they are in a sense loyal to him would feel grievously wronged out of their immemorial rights and privileges, were they not allowed to loot and pillage a fallen city. Yet the man is loyal to Yuan and in all the fighting his troops have stood the brunt of the fight, so that out of the ten thousand that started, it is said there are but seven left. And people say they ought to be killed too!

Europeans say why send such a man to fight? In the first place, he had a private grudge to pay off, as he was driven out of Nanking with the revolution two years ago, because he did not obey Yuan's orders to stop fighting and come out when the peace between the north and the south was declared. One of his secondary wives, who fell into the hands of the "People's Party," they made a display of in various cities and houses and after using her as they pleased sent her back. Now Chang hsun would never rest till he had been given a chance to pay off old scores and regain his face, so it would have been an impossible matter to have kept him from going if there was to be fighting in Nanking, since the rebels had taken it for their headquarters. Next it ensured Yuan the fact that he would have some one who would fight with a will, if the resistance offered by the rebels should amount to anything. To keep hold of the doings Feng Kuo chang, who is on the new order with the new troops, was sent down too. This is a fine man, straightforward and business-like and since he is just as kindly, and a good administrator, his troops have been welcomed in the districts that they have gone into. Some differences have arisen between the two sets but the president will settle them after he has disposed of the more refractory ones. You will say what a loss of life, in one sense, yes, yet is another, no. The Americans have found in their dealing with the Moros for example, there is nothing else to do. It is not possible to tame some people any more than one can teach a panther to plough.

Sentimentalists will make an outcry at this statement, but you and I know that there is nothing like actual experience to teach people facts. Moreover, with us the most imperative need is not the preservation of a lot of banditti, but restoration of peace and order as rapidly as possible. Our population increases fast enough to replace the loss. The banditti do some good in putting down the refractory rebels, and it is something on the order of the fighting Kilkenny cats, but it leaves the world rid of the whole lot of them and that is about the only use I can see for war.



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END OF A FAKE KICK PLAY

*Robinson of Colgate stopped by the Army tacklers after a good gain*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

THERE is promise of a better Army-Navy game this year than in many a long season. The sailors have at command a formidable list of veterans, while at West Point there is a wealth of high-class material at work under unusually competent coaching. The loss of the Yale game undoubtedly has proved a good thing for the Army for this year at least, as the team has not been brought along too fast, and there is every evidence of careful building for the big date. The Colgate game, which for thrills has seldom had an equal, was taken in the regular stride, although toward the close of that stiff contest the Army uncovered a series of forward passes that probably were not intended for use until later in the season.

One of the outstanding features of the season to date is the prominence of certain of the smaller college teams—elevens that are giving the best in the country, hard battles through sheer good football. Colgate was no exception. Here was a team for whom the Army team's prestige had no terrors, and which was probably two weeks ahead of the soldiers in the matter of development. There were many veterans on the eleven, and the new material measured close to their standard. For sheer speed no team that I had seen up to that time could match the men from Northern New York. The offensive play was founded on a nice combination of deception and power and the handling of the ball in the criss-crosses and delayed passes would have done credit to any eleven in the country.

This small college team proved that what is known among the coaches as "old stuff" is still valuable, and although later in the season it will be harder to fool the defense, smart passing behind the line is still a factor in up-to-date football. Coach Bankhart's team caught the West Pointers off guard, and proceeded to make the most of the situation, so that, although ultimately defeated, the team provided just the test for the Army players that was badly needed.

One form of the play that earned a touchdown for Colgate is shown in the diagram. (Figure 1). This play was originated by Harvard three years ago, and has been adopted with good results by many other elevens East and West. The quarter takes a direct pass from the center and poises the ball above his shoulder as if to make a forward pass. Two men go down the field to complete the bluff, while the end comes around from his position and takes the ball while in full stride. Colgate used a back to take the ball, but in other respects the play was the same for all practical purposes as its Harvard predecessor, and much like the play used successfully by Dartmouth against Princeton last year. A variation of the play, built on the same principle, however, was used seven times on the same day that Colgate was using it for a touchdown at West Point.

THIS game, like many others, notably the Harvard-Holy Cross contest, proved, if proof were needed, the value of the run from kick formation. A sample run of the kind is shown in the diagram (Figure 2). There is an excellent chance to get a tackle into the interference, and indeed, some elevens swing a guard around from his position. Since the run starts from well back of the line of scrimmage there is plenty of room for line men to swing around into the play.

Little by little, many coaches are coming to believe in the value of the simple backfield shift combined with the starting signal. With this shift used behind a balanced line as Colgate used it and as the Navy used it a couple of years ago, the backs have little difficulty in finishing their places, and the play is off like a flash. Sliding the line in the defence or dropping back a tackle, effective against line shifts, do not seem to work so well in meeting the simple back shift. With the starting signal in use the forwards do not have to keep their eyes on the ball, and there is every chance to beat the leather—a process that is noticeable from the topmost row of the grandstand but that is difficult for the official on the field to detect.

The development at West Point this year seems to have been somewhat slower than usual, but the team under Lieut. Charles D. Daly is undoubtedly being coached on sound lines. The backs have been running from the square form so familiar at Cambridge, the famous Harvard wheel-shift has been used with good results, and indeed throughout the work of the team, especially in details, there is evidence of adherence to the Harvard system. Close judges of football have come to believe that the Harvard system of coaching may well be copied with profit, and Daly who always has been a thinker in football and is also thoroughly conversant with Haughton's methods, makes almost an ideal coach. There is every reason to believe that when the soldiers meet the sailors in New York on November 29, the black, gold and gray will have on the field an eleven up to the standard of the best of former Army teams. Especially impressive is the

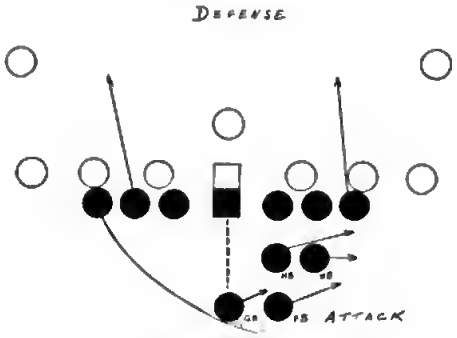


*Fig.—1: Fake forward pass*

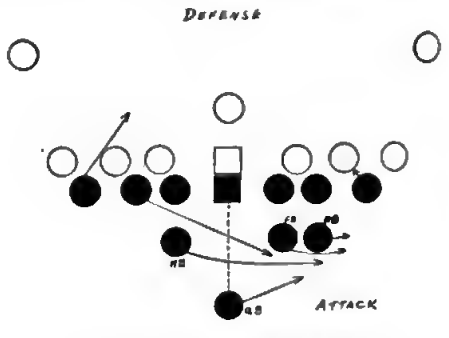


*Fig.—2: Run from kick formation*

development of the kicking game, although against Colgate it was not as effective as the army coaches had hoped it would be.

THE West Point theory seems to be the development of an entire backfield of kickers, who can punt both for distance and direction, can drop-kick and also shift at the goal from placement. When this style of game has reached the zenith of efficiency it should be extremely dangerous in any part of the field. Against Colgate the Army was plainly in the throes of a mid-season falling off from form, but in the end the game was won largely through the maximum of individual interference. When this interference becomes a habit as has been the case of Harvard it should provide more than one opportunity to score, besides being the bulwark of down-field work and running back kicks. The Army did less kicking in its first really hard game than one would have expected but the handling of the ball was not clean through the first half, and the running game was used to make up the ground lost in the punting duel.

On the attack, ball in hand, there is every promise of coming power, and no doubt the necessary deception will be added to the play later in the season, to make the soldiers' running game extremely formidable. In the meantime the Navy eleven, boasting a lot of husky veterans, has had smooth sailing to date, and it is doubtful if the midshipmen's full hand will be shown until the team tackles the rival government institution. In a general way the type of game played by the two service schools is noticeably similar. The two coaching systems have been drawing closer and closer together in the last five years.

It has been said of the Army-Navy game that it provided more thrills and less good football than any of the big games. In their over-anxiety to get at each other, the players of the two teams have frequently forgotten much that they had been taught. This year, however, both elevens have veterans who have been under fire on Franklin Field, and who are extremely unlikely to lose their heads. Furthermore, there is a coolness in the attitude of this year's Army team that is rather unusual. The men know the rules thoroughly, and seem to have the gift of thinking on the field. The defence against Colgate was not as alert as it might have been, but I think that is a fault that will not be in evidence on the day of the big game. In the Colgate game, the Army team found its first opportunity to tackle a very shifty and very fast type of fairly open play, and should benefit mightily by the experience.

*Ghee, Dartmouth's fast quarterback, about to throw the ball for a forward pass*

NEW YORK will have its first opportunity in many years to witness a high-class football game within the city limits when Dartmouth and Carlisle clash on November 15. The Indians are always popular in all sections of the country, but they seem to have an unusually enthusiastic following in New York. Whatever may have happened to both these teams by the time these lines appear, both will probably play up-to-date football when they get together. Curiously enough, Dartmouth was founded as an Indian school, and the redskins are still welcomed there, although Carlisle will put in the field more Indians than have appeared at Dartmouth in many years. This year's Indian eleven boasts of five members of the Chippewa tribe, a tribe already made famous in all forms of athletics. The right tackle and right end are both members of this tribe, as are also Welch, the quarterback and Guion, one of the half-backs. Brocklan, another Chippewa, is also a half-back. Other tribes represented on the team are the Colville from Washington, the Mission from California, the Tuscarora from New York, the Pomo from California, the Sac and Fox from Oklahoma, and the Shoshone from Wyoming. The star of the team is Guion, the big back who raised so much havoc with Cornell, and who was a terror in the tackle position last year. Guion is one of the hardest backs to stop on the field this year. He runs low and hard, keeps his feet well, and is hardly to be brought down by a single tackler. Welch, the captain and quarter-back, has yet to live up to his reputation of a year ago. He was then a veteran, while Guion was just beginning to learn the game. Glenn Warner, Carlisle's athletic director, and head coach, bemoans the Indian tendency toward carelessness on defence in the backfield, and attributes to this more than any other factor the frequent scores against Carlisle even when the Indians have triumphed, but in spite of this, there has been some splendid handling of the ball on kicks, and when the redskins are not troubled by vagaries of the wind on a strange field, they are apt to give any pair of ends an extremely busy afternoon. While Warner up to this time has clung to the closer style of attack, he is known to be a master of the open game, was one of the first coaches, indeed, if memory serves, the very first, to develop the shifts, and when he sends his team against the Green, it is fairly certain that he will use every resource at his command. By the date of that game, Dartmouth will have been put to the acid test against Princeton, and whatever the outcome of that match (fought out before this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY appears) the Hanover eleven should be close to the top of its form, although a defeat at the hands of the Indians would hardly be considered as a serious blot on the Dartmouth escutcheon. One of the interesting features of the game should be the probable sharp contrast in style of attack, the Indians still clinging to the use of the direct pass from center, while Dartmouth makes use of the quarterback in most of the Green's best plays.

*Capt. Hogsett, Dartmouth's star end, who has been kicking in fine form all season*

# Telling the Truth to Mike Smith

By PAUL E. TRIEM

ALTHOUGH it was neither noon nor a holiday, the great wheels and shafts, with their intricate interlacing of belts, were still; men in greasy overalls and jumpers lounged uneasily about, some of them leaning against the massive machinery, some standing stiffly on guard against—against what? The men didn't know.

Then a man in a plain business suit of gray mounted briskly to the top of a rough little stand that had been erected near the door of the great room, and instantly the attention of the crowd was focused upon him. Something unusual was about to happen—for the wheels were stopped, and eleven hundred "hands" had been given a half hour off to listen to this man in the gray suit. Eleven hundred half hours—nearly seventy days of eight hours each! And the company, a great, steel-hearted, conscienceless corporation, had given this time! Certainly there must be a "joker" hidden in the thing, somewhere.

Then the man on the rostrum began to speak. He was one of those strong-faced, keen-eyed, unhurried individuals who can look a crowd in the face and talk to it as he would talk man to man. And he began to speak of that old, old subject which has been hidden in a garment of mystery since Adam and Eve left the garden.

HE spoke slowly, telling of the dangers to which the animal in man subjects the angel in man when he dictates the path of action. And as he spoke, his eyes wandered over the audience, and he seemed to be seeking something. Presently his glance paused, resting on a grimy face; a young face, in spite of the grime, from which the innocence of youth seemed not to have departed. And suddenly the speaker's voice thrilled, and he was speaking directly to that one man in the audience.

"I know men," the voice of the speaker declared, "and I know that many of you at this very moment are saying, 'A lad must have his fling—it never hurt anyone to sow his wild oats!' And I tell you frankly that I don't care what you do; you're welcome to go this very night and seek the path that goes down to death—but I intend that you shall know. You have heard that your souls would suffer for your sinning; but I tell you that every time you take this chance, you are risking a life of suffering, of insanity and heart disease, of corruption such as you cannot even imagine. I see that some of you are smiling; that you think I am trying to scare you with statements that are not true. Now let me read to you from this book, which was written by a physician for physicians; remember, it was not written to scare you, but was written by a specialist, for others in his profession."

By this time the smiles were gone, and the audience was still. They listened breathlessly as the man on the platform read from the medical book before him. And he read the old, miserable story, divested as far as might be of technical language, of the man who had sinned and who was paying the price.

So it is that the "Society of Social and Moral Hygiene of Seattle" works. This lecture took place in the machine-shop of one of the largest construction firms on the coast. The physician who delivered the lecture was a member of the society. He gave his time, while the corporation gave the time of the men. The lecturer went on to tell his audience of the odds against them if they insisted on trying to beat the devil at his own game, where the dice are always loaded. And he told them of three typical sufferers from one of these diseases, which is ignorantly supposed to be of little significance.

THE first admitted that he had been infected, but that it had amounted to "little more than a cold"—had left him in a little while, none the worse in mind or body.

The second told of having been infected; he admitted that the trouble had persisted longer than he liked, but that it had left him in good health.

The third had also been infected; he had been disordered for months, but finally he had been "cured."

"Now, all those men thought they were telling the truth," the physician on the rostrum admitted. "But what they did not tell, because they did not connect it with the taint which had come and apparently had gone, was the fact that a wife had been operated on, repeatedly, and had escaped death from an abdominal trouble by a miracle; or that a child had been born later, into whose life the light of the sun would never shine—for he was blind. But I can tell you what the family physician knew: that the repeated operations, with death narrowly averted, and the little sightless eyes—these things were among the consequences of the infection that was 'no worse than a cold.'"

THE lecture was finished, and the men filed silently back to their work. And the result? What has been the actual result from this campaign of education?

Every school-house in Seattle, with two exceptions, was used; a physician and a layman speaker presided over each meeting. The physician talked to the parents. He told them that it was not enough to go to the polls and vote the "reform" ticket; they must get down to more serious work; must care for their sons and daughters while they were still in the shelter of the home, must build up healthy bodies and clean minds.

At these meetings, booklets were distributed, setting forth in detail the message of the society.

THE lectures in factories and mills and mines were undertaken later. At first some employers objected to giving the necessary time, but as the nature and purpose of the campaign became known, this resistance ceased.

Other members were taken into the organization, paying a membership fee to help cover the actual expenses, such as the printing of booklets, etc.

And now, once more, that old American question of results: Did the campaign "make good"? Well, it is only begun, in the first place; and in the second, it must be remembered that when a fly-wheel has been revolving as long as has this fly-wheel of reticence and wilful blindness which surrounds all sex questions, it can not be stopped or reversed in a moment. One of the physicians with whom I talked, frankly admitted that the lectures to parents had seemed less successful and productive than had those with the working men. On about half the faces in the school-house audiences, a certain intolerant hostility had been evident; the others were interested, some of them perhaps convinced. Of this part of the campaign it may be said that it is an investment in the community's future, it will bear fruit, but it is impossible to say how many fold.

THE lectures to the men were more unmistakably productive. In the first place, there was no prejudice against discussing these things; in the second place, the appeal was a more direct, and if it must be admitted, a more selfish one. When you tell a woman that her youngsters may be corrupted by corrupt children around the corner, no matter how tactfully you make the statement, you are pretty apt to arouse her opposition. She knows her children "aren't that kind." But when you tell Mike Smith, down at the mill, that his sins are sure to find him out, and then follow the argument up by showing him in just what percentage of cases the devil wins his stakes, and just how heavy his hand is on those who lose, Mike isn't in shape to offer any such argument. He knows that he is guilty; but he has never heard anyone state, authoritatively, the penalty. Now, when he is told that he is playing with the terrors of death and insanity and life-long suffering, first for himself and afterwards for the innocent wife and child who may sometime come to share his name, he has to stop and think.

And when you make a man think, you've got him, provided your cause is a good one. A certain number of Mike Smiths will go to the devil in spite of all the warning in the world; but a good many will not go, if they have to go with the bandage of ignorance torn from their eyes. Ignorance is the devil's greatest weapon.

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *Telephone Securities and Government Ownership*

RUMORS from Washington that the Administration has been considering the advisability of government ownership of telegraph and long-distance telephone lines have been distinctly annerving to owners of telephone and telegraph securities. Following the news despatches, stock of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, which, in addition to owning the Western Union Telegraph, is the central organization of all the Bell telephone companies, fell 11¾ points in fifteen days. Usually Tel. and Tel. holds as steady as a rock in any stock market and its decline from 131⅜ on September 29 to 119⅝ on October 14 was of direct concern to fifty thousand owners.

The government has recently entered into competition with the express companies, and talk of government ownership of telegraph lines is no new thing. But this is the first occasinn on which any serious proposal has been made for government ownership of telephone lines. Naturally many stockholders have been aroused by the suggestion. The capital stock, bonds and notes payable of the Bell system in the hands of the investing public on December 31 last, amounted to no less than $725,900,000. The number of shareholders of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company alone stood at 50,297, of whom a majority were women; 13,533 held 100 shares or less, and 31,953 held 25 shares or less. This does not take into account the thousands of owners and bondholders, other than the Tel. & Tel., in the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Mackay Companies (which own the Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cables) or of the 20,000 independent telephone companies.

### *A Gigantic Task*

ONE thing is clear. If the government attempts to enter the telephone field the number of citizens whose pecuniary interests will be involved is very great indeed. The following letter from one of them, in Holyoke, Mass., is typical:

> "I wish to inquire into American Telephone stock and its outlook. I have about $2,000 to invest for my father, who, in years to come, must depend somewhat upon the income derived. American Telephone has long been one of my favorites. Within the past week or two this stock has dropped considerable, due, no doubt, to government agitation against the company, and naturally I wish to inquire what, in your opinion, will be the outcome? Do you think that the company can pay 8 per cent. in years to come? Do you think the government can find the company guilty of restraint of trade? I read in the papers that the Postmaster-General has made suggestions that the government operate telegraph wires of its own in competition with the Tel. & Tel."

Our Holyoke reader can form his own opinion after reading this article. In the first place the present Postmaster-General has not reported in favor of government ownership of telegraph and telephone lines, as far as is generally known. Frank Hitchcock, who was Postmaster-General under President Taft, did tentatively suggest government ownership of telegraphs, but no action of any sort was taken. The suggestion was not a new one in this country. It had been brought up before many times in the last forty years. David J. Lewis, a Congressman from Maryland, who was active in the discussions which preceded the adoption of a Parcel Post, has been studying the advisability of government ownership of both telegraphs and telephones, and he has probably conferred with Postmaster-General Burleson and others. No doubt in time Lewis will introduce a bill looking toward government ownership.

### *Unlike the Parcel Post*

THERE is a certain consistency in maintaining that if the government operates all postal communications it should likewise operate all wire communications. But it must be remembered that the government already had plant and machinery for parcel post. Indeed there are numerous students who maintain that the American government never intended private express companies to spring up, and that only carelessness permitted it. Certainly there is grave doubt whether the founders of the Post-Office ever intended it to be other than a monopoly. Thus the express companies have been interlopers, as it were. For more than half a century there has been an expensive duplication of postal facilities. The government had one post-office and three or four closely related private concerns ran another post-office. Finally the absurdity of this duplication of functions became evident—the more evident because express rates had long been outrageously high, and further because there had not been any cash investment to speak of, in these companies. They had grown fat solely through their charges upon the public.

Now telephone rates have never been subject to anything like the complaint and dissatisfaction which express rates caused. Moreover the telephone companies while making large profits have not done business wholly on surplus profits like the express companies. Within a generation investors have actually put several hundred millions of their savings into telephone plants. Thus the telephone companies cannot be regarded, like express companies, as in a sense parasites upon the public post roads (railroads). And the government, to enter the telephone business, would not merely employ machinery which it already has, but would either have to buy the present plant or build a new one to compete with the existing system.

### *Local and Long Distance*

WASHINGTON reports say the prevailing idea is to take over only the long-distance wires. This is not practical. The government would have to take over the whole system or nothing.

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THERE'S many a man who has built a rare reputation as a mixologist who lets us do his mixing for him and keeps his sideboard stocked with **Club Cocktails.**

Made from better materials than a bar cocktail is apt to be.

Mixed to measure:—not to guess work—as a bar cocktail always is.

Softened by aging before bottling—as no bar cocktail can be.

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## What better way of living up to the full meaning of Christmas Time?

Buy Red Cross Christmas Seals to seal your Christmas mail and packages and help the fight against tuberculosis in your community. One cent.

If the seals are not on sale in your town, write to Red Cross Seal Headquarters, 715 Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*


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Local and long-distance service are too closely related to separate them. A man in Boston wishes to talk with a man in New York, and then desires to 'phone his wife in Newton (a few miles away) that he will be home late for dinner. Do not suppose for a moment that different machinery is used for the two conversations. The Bostonian in both cases calls up the same "central." The long-distance wire is the least of the mechanism employed. If the government took over the long-distance wires it would have to make an arrangement with the company to utilize all of its local facilities, take over the local facilities themselves, or duplicate them.

Total assets of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company stand on the company's books at $924,000,000. (It is reported that Congressman Lewis has said it would cost the government $900,000,000 to take over the system.) But an unprejudiced appraisal of the company's plant recently showed that to reproduce, it would cost $61,000,000 more, or a total of $985,000,000. The total debts of every conceivable kind are $366,000,000, leaving a physical reproduction value of $619,000,000 to care for $393,000,000 of stock, owned, as we have seen, mostly by women and small investors in general. But to be generous let us write off 20 per cent. or $160,000,000, for depreciation, or possible error of the engineers. That still leaves $459,000,000, or $117 on each share of stock, without taking into consideration any intangible assets, such as good-will, patents, franchises, cost of developing the business, or going concern values. It may also be said that some of the company's investment holdings are worth more than they are carried on the books.

### *What the Government Can Do*

YET no one should dodge the fact that the government *could* injure the company if it really set out to do so. Governments do not have to compete with private industries on a business basis, for they can raise money by taxation to make up the deficit. That the government should enter into competition with the telephone system is almost incredible. It would take twenty years, probably, to build up a plant and organization as efficient as the private one now in existence.

Suppose the government takes over the telephone system at a fair price for all concerned. It would probably take Congress years to decide upon such an expensive step. But suppose such action is taken, where do the 20,000 independent companies and the Postal Telegraph stand? Either they will have to be ruthlessly and cold-bloodedly driven out of business, or bought out. The problem, it may be seen, is one not easily to be settled.

Then there is the question of whether the telephone company is a trust. Mr. Wickersham, President Taft's Attorney-General, took up that subject and decided after a prolonged study that suits against the company would be inadvisable. He suggested that the Interstate Commerce Commission make an exhaustive study of the industry and regulate it thoroughly. This the Commission is now doing. The present Attorney-General has brought one suit against one portion of the telephone system. Whether other suits will be brought is not known. In many respects the business is logically a monopoly. It cannot be broken up into segments as the tobacco, oil and steel bus-

inesses might conceivably be. It is in a wholly different class from all manufacturing enterprises. It is a public service company. There are only two logical lines of procedure, strict government regulation or government ownership. The breaking up of the system into many small, privately owned and managed units is inconceivably absurd. That is the one thing which assuredly will not be brought about.

### *A Strong Financial Position*

I AM not competent to act as a prophet. I cannot tell what the people or the government of this country will do in decades to come. But I do know that a corporation which is sound and financially strong is in a better position to dicker with other private parties or with the people at large than one which is weak.

The American Telephone & Telegraph Company is in an enviable financial position. In the first place it is not overburdened with debt. Its debts are relatively small. It has a third more stock than bonds. And of its debt, a large amount consists of bonds which are convertible into stock, and are being so exchanged every day. In the last five years, interest payments on debt have increased less than $4,000,000, while dividends have increased more than $11,000,000. In five years assets have grown $311,000,000, while all capital obligations have increased slightly less than $200,000,000.

### *Maintaining 8 per cent. Dividends*

WILL the company continue to earn 8 per cent. dividends? Of course no one can predict years ahead what any business will earn. The uncertainties of human affairs are too great for that. But the telephone business is a steady one. It fluctuates as little as any important industry. It resembles the post-office in stability of revenue. Earnings do not fall off in panics. Its revenues never stop. They come in with far more certainty than even the receipts of the largest and most firmly established steam railroads. Telephone companies extend very little credit. Their business is practically on a cash basis, and they deal in a commodity which is being used in all parts of the country and shows every sign of being used more as time goes on.

The outstanding obligations of the Tel. & Tel. are so low in comparison with the actual plant that the company has to earn only 5 per cent. on that plant to pay its 8 per cent. dividends. There is certainly little traceable water in the stock. Of course, if telephone rates the country over were reduced materially, it might not be as easy as now to pay the 8 per cent. But there is a lot of room between the present earnings and the 8 per cent. dividend. In 1912 the combined operating companies after setting aside $35,000,000 for depreciation, and paying interest and dividends, had surplus earnings of more than $13,000,000. There is room here for considerable reduction in rates without making the stockholders forego dividends, and the best part of it is that for a good many years past the same wise policy has been followed.

No one can undertake to say just what the future has in store for the telephone system, but judging by its present condition it ought to be able to weather some severe storms.

# What They Think of Us

*Judge Ben B. Lindsey*, Denver (Colo.)

I have been following HARPER'S WEEKLY with the greatest interest. I am delighted at some of the subjects you are taking up. That recent article on unmarried mothers is the finest thing I have seen in a long time.

*Joseph R. Rhoads*, Overbrook (Pa.)

Your reading matter is, I think, very poor and very wild.

*Helen Ring Robinson*, Denver (Colo.)

It is late, I know, to congratulate you on the article "What Women Are After," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 16—but I have just discovered it.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies."

[Mrs. Robinson is a member of the Senate in the suffrage state of Colorado.—Ed. HARPER'S WEEKLY.]

*H. S. Warwick, Secretary of the Ohio State University Association*, Columbus (Ohio)

Now I read HARPER'S WEEKLY. It has the PIPP, which being interpreted, signifies, Pep, Interest, Personality and Power.

*Wausau* (Wis.) *Daily Record-Herald*

The only thing that is really regrettable is that the WEEKLY was not permitted to die outright. The real tragedy is the spectacle of the poor, puling, saffron-tinted thing that now calls itself HARPER'S WEEKLY, wallowing, like a bastard half-breed, under the shadow of a great name.

*Richmond* (Va.) *Virginian*

Comes a critic who says that Norman's editorials are the weakest thing about the publication. Nevertheless, Hapgood is getting out an interesting publication. He is usually wrong, and his grammar may be slightly off color, his editorials are not to be compared with Colonel Harvey's, its cartoons run the editorial policy a close race for the badge of [illegible]ism, but the magazine is different from the others, is interesting in form and make-up, and everything in it is interesting. Norman is getting out an interesting, entertaining, and valuable weekly. Otherwise people would not take the trouble to criticize it.

*Detroit* (Mich.) *Evening News*

What Hapgood has done with HARPER'S WEEKLY is a fright to the old readers who were young fifty years ago, before the invention of art, industry, organization, and ideas.

*San Diego* (Cal.) *Union*

The other day the Century Club of San Francisco, an organization of women blue stockings, burned Brieux because he wrote "Damaged Goods. "Maternity," and "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont." Fortunately there was no Strindberg in the Century Club library or there would have been a conflagration to rival the disaster of 1906. Brieux merely offended the modesty of these *precieuses ridicules;* Strindberg would have shocked their womanhood to its uttermost foundations. Largely in consequence of the Strindberg assault, there is no more feminism in Norway, or, for that matter, in Northern Europe. The feminists of America don't know that. Even Norman Hapgood doesn't know that feminism is a back number fad in Europe. It is like feminine fashions—out of fashion in the place of its origin when it is just coming into fashion here.

*New York Evening Sun*

A West Virginia school boy is puzzling the doctors because he persists in writing upside down. The little chap should not be discouraged. He may yet grow up to become an editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

*Youngstown* (Ohio) *Vindicator*

While the paper has lost the distinction of thought and expression which George Harvey gave it, nevertheless it's filled with "stuff" we all want to see. He is devoting himself chiefly to the Wilson administration and to the sex problem. Of this last, he writes and permits his contributors to write with a frankness which will startle the old ladies among his readers, but will swell his subscription lists, and yet there's not a prurient word in it all, and it's sound to the core. The sketches by T. P. O'Connor, M.P., of "Orators Who Have Influenced Me," are delightfully interesting and informing and the cartoons are surely "different,"—they're coarse and most of the women subjects are vulgar, but the pictures are haunting in the impression they must create for the typical "Broadway Girl" and her pale reflection to be seen in the grill rooms of every city.

*Youngstown* (N. C.) *Telegram*

You will enjoy the new HARPER'S WEEKLY if you sit in the farthest corner of the room and have someone read it to you.

*Harry Edward Freund, Editor "The Musical Age,"* New York City

HARPER'S WEEKLY with Norman Hapgood as editor has opened a new field of really great journalism, and that class of journalism that leads the way to true civilization.

The American people must appreciate the new HARPER'S WEEKLY as today the minds of people of all Nations are being educated to the higher phases of life and of natural living.

*San Francisco* (Cal.) *Star*

Many readers have waited to see what Hapgood (and the McClures) can do with HARPER'S WEEKLY. Well, they appear to aim at the masterword of these modern days: "Service," for the good of all of us. No off-color stories here—things which too many publications still think profitable. It will prove otherwise; sex questions are not omnipresent and eternal in the average normal human being; toil, knowledge, friendship, the things of the spirit and the intellect and love as life's ally and helper, not as its tyrant; such is the healthy way to put it. Sincere literary artists found this out ages ago. HARPER'S WEEKLY is on the right track.

*Stratford Lee Morton, General Agent, The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford*, St. Louis (Mo.)

Keep up the good work and give us more of your "shredded wheat" illustrations.

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*Molly promptly seized the rope in both hands and fastened the ends together in a secure knot*

# A Knot-Tying Orang-Utan

By GEORGE GLADDEN

*The clever ape needed no particular urging to attempt the feat of untying the knot she had tied*

IT has been my great good fortune, during the past eight months, to be able to observe almost daily the remarkable group of anthropoid apes included in the collection of that splendid institution, the New York Zoölogical Park. The group comprises five orang-utans, and four chimpanzees, all perfect specimens, usually in excellent health and spirits, and constituting an exhibit far superior, I believe, to any other of the kind in this country or in Europe.

Apes and monkeys of all kinds furnish an inexhaustible supply of mere amusement for all ages of humans, and I, for one, hope that I shall never grow too old to laugh at their antics, and the practical jokes they play on one another. At the same time, I am often surprised by the apparent failure of seemingly intelligent adults to note the real *understanding* which much of this play involves, especially in the case of the anthropoid apes.

One day I joined a group of about twenty persons, who were gazing into the cage occupied by the orangs, "Mimi" and "Molly," both remarkably fine specimens, and both females, though "Molly" is frequently called "Mike," for facial reasons which show in the accompanying illustrations. Both are approximately the same age—about eight years—and have been in the Park since they were about a year old. But Mimi is much the heavier, her weight being 124 pounds, her height about forty-two inches, and her reach six feet, eight and one-half inches, while Molly's weight is ninety-eight pounds, and her height about the same as Mimi's, and her reach six feet, seven and one-half inches.

Molly was sitting on the ledge in the rear of the cage, holding in one foot the bar of the trapeze, which hangs normally five or six feet from, and about on a level with the ledge. In the one hand, she held a piece of heavy manila twine, which evidently she had just found in the straw. As I watched her, she passed the twine over the trapeze bar, and then deliberately *tied the ends together in a hard knot.*

That it was a hard knot became apparent, because immediately it was fashioned, Molly put her long hand through the loop, and swung herself off the ledge, to which she held with the free hand, carefully testing the strength of the cord and the knot with more and more of her weight, until she was hanging free of the ledge. The knot held.

HER next performance displayed another kind of intelligence. Apparently satisfied as to the strength of the twine and the security of the knot, she dropped to the floor, seized two *footfulls* of straw, and climbed back to the ledge, pulling the trapeze bar along. She then twisted the straw closely about the twine, and again swung off from the ledge, hanging by one hand from the straw covered loop. Is there any room for speculation as to why the straw was used in this way?

Subsequently I saw Molly tie a knot under conditions which indicated a pretty clear idea of its utility in an emergency. On this occasion, Keeper Fred Engelhalm (who has charge of the Primates' House), threw a piece of clothesline, about twenty feet long, to Molly who sat near the wall in the open cage, part of which is shown in the accompanying illustrations. In the cage at the time were the other orangs, Mimi, Sam, Babe and Lewie, and the chimpanzees, Dick and Susie. All of these apes, and especially Dick and Susie, love to get hold of a rope and drag each other around with it, and in this instance the chimpanzees promptly pounced on the rope and tried to pull it away from Mike. Now, Molly is a very powerful ape, and much more than a match for Dick and Susie combined. But she is neither as aggressive nor as active as the chimpanzees, and furthermore she doesn't care much for their rough and tumble methods of getting what they want.

SO when Dick and Susie made common cause, and hauled away on the line, like a couple of sailors on a mainsail sheet, Molly, making two or three turns of the rope around her powerful arm, calmly backed up to the wall, easily pulling along the tugging little chimpanzees. Once under the rail (shown in the illustrations) she deliberately passed the line over it, and made it fast with a double square knot. Then she sat down and, with what I fancied was a grin on her usually impassive countenance, watched the frantic but futile efforts of Dick and Susie, as they danced about and tugged on the line. But the knot held, and Keeper Engelhalm was obliged to go into the cage and untie it, which he did only with considerable effort.

Molly's knot-tying accomplishment so interested me, that I resolved to catch and record her in the very act. This I have been able to do. The photographs from which the accompanying illustrations were made, were taken in the large outside cage (used in summer by the anthropoid apes), with Molly as the performer, and Keeper Engelhalm and Mimi as audience. Under these conditions, although the light is much dimmed by the roof and bars of the cage, necessitating the use of a very slow shutter speed in my camera, I managed to get the accompanying photographs of Molly in the very act of tying and untying knots.

The clever ape needed no particular urging to induce her to attempt the feats. Keeper Engelhalm looped the rope double over the trapeze bar, as it is shown in the illustrations, and then simply said:

"Go ahead, now, Molly, and tie your knot."

Molly promptly ambled over underneath the trapeze, seized the rope in both hands, and with a few deliberate motions, fastened the ends together in a secure knot. One of the accompanying illustrations shows the beginning of the operation. In the other photograph, she is untying a knot which she herself had tied.

In reply to my questions as to how Molly learned to perform this feat, I have been assured by Keeper Engelhalm and his assistants that she had no instruction from any of them, and that she must have studied out the act on her own initiative. This, of course, makes the performance the more remarkable. Lacking a more plausible explanation of how she got the idea of a knot at all, I am inclined to think that she must have noticed one in a cord which came into her possession accidentally or otherwise, that her natural curiosity prompted her to untie it, and that this, in turn, suggested the reverse operation. In this connection, I may add that the orangs frequently twist straw into a sort of rope, which they loop over the trapeze bar, tie, and then swing on until it breaks.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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NOVEMBER 15, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

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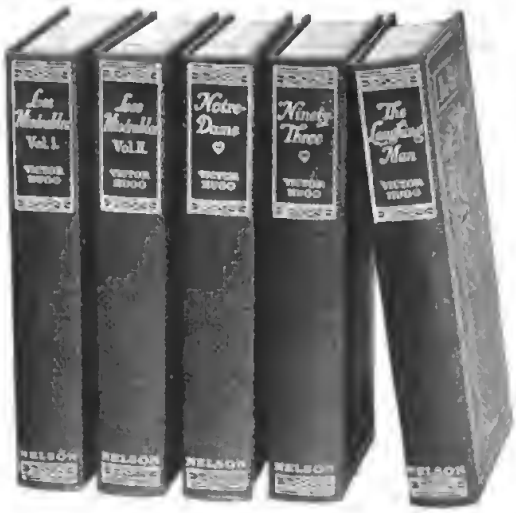


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GROCER TO ASSISTANT: "AN' LOOK HERE—ALWAYS PUT THE DATE SO YUH CAN ADD IT UP WIT' THE REST O' THE BILL"

By John Sloan

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## The Way They Do It

THE expression "Invisible Government" to denote the quiet but effective methods of financial influence came into immediate favor because of its accuracy. The power of the concentrated money interests is as great as it is hidden and smooth. A hint is given and all the forces act together. Take an example in the recent attack of Mr. Aldrich on Mr. Bryan and the Currency Bill. Mr. Bryan has long been a red rag to the large property interests, and Mr. Aldrich is an expert in giving the signals. When his speech was made, word was sent out at once by many of the large financial institutions to small banks everywhere to cut down credit to the utmost. They were to give it to merchants when they deemed it absolutely necessary, but they were at the same time to create a stringency in their neighborhood. A person would come into a country bank with abundant security and the bank officials would say: "Yes, your security is ample. Yes, we have plenty of money, but we are not making loans. We are afraid the Currency Bill is going to plunge the country into ruin, and very likely this bank itself may be destroyed." No wonder, with this policy pursued all over the country, Congressmen and Senators were deluged with letters.

Making a reform against the wishes of the money power is no joke; it is not a buggy ride; it requires persistence, courage and knowledge. It will be a dire misfortune for the country if the money powers win this straight fight against the President. For our part, we think the Currency Bill does not go far enough, but we think it is an extremely valuable step forward, doubly valuable because it is a test of strength between a progressive government and a hard-fighting financial opposition. Just what we think ought to be done in addition will be made clear in the series of articles on the money trust by Mr. Brandeis which begins next week.

## Coördination

REACTIONARY newspapers and the class whom they represent call the President a boss because he tries to induce Congress to live up to its pledges and to the principles on which it was chosen. The same charge against him was made when he was Governor of New Jersey. The same charge is now being made against most efficient governors; for instance, against Governor Cox of Ohio, who is following the same determination to see that pledges are carried out. This kind of coördination is absolutely necessary if our scheme of government is to work. It is the method by which the people, the legislative department, and the executive department work smoothly together. If such coördination were interfered with, our system would break down. If Mr. Taft had understood this situation fully, and had undertaken to force Congress to carry out strictly the principles of legislation to which it was committed, the Progressive Party would never have been born. The Constitution of the United States was beyond doubt one of the most brilliant and adequate documents ever produced, but the state of mind that regards it as unchangeable can only exist in a brain that does not realize that life and growth are inseparable.

## Morals and Sense

HOW quickly the spirit of a country, and even of a civilized world, may change! Only a few weeks ago, when Woodrow Wilson declared his intention of following out simple altruistic rules in his Mexican policy, a jeer went up from the investing classes in this country, and from several of the nations in Europe. He stood calmly by his policy, however, and when a little later, before the Southern Commercial Congress, he declared that never again would the United States seek to obtain one additional foot of territory by conquest, and prophesied the end of the policy of material interest, there was scarcely a dissenting voice. He pointed out acutely why we do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They may be invited to make investments, but we do not grant them concessions. "The work is ours though they are welcome to invest in it." With sympathy, he pointed out that in those States which are forced to grant concessions, foreign interests are likely to dominate domestic affairs, which is a condition always dangerous and likely to become intolerable. In saying that the Latin-American States had had harder bargains driven with them in the matter of loans than any other people in the world, he indicated a characteristic of his mind,—that his sympathy, general and ethical as it is, is concrete and business-like, as when he added, "Interest has been exacted of them that was not exacted of anybody else, because the risk was said to be greater, and then securities were taken that destroyed the risks. An admirable arrangement, for those who were forcing the terms!" It is exciting to have in the White House a man capable of focusing the most progressive moral principles of the time and applying them successfully to the most complicated situations,—fearless of mere conventional criticism, and confident of the triumph of right ideas.



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## The Rights of Seamen

FOR twenty yenrs the International Seamen's Union of America has been asking for changes in the law which would release them from a position akin to peonage. Andrew Fureseth, the President of the Union, has passed many years in Washington, suhsisting on a seaman's wages, and working to secure this seaman's hill.

Last winter a seamen's bill which was satisfactory to Mr. Fureseth passed the House; hut it was much vetoed by President Taft. Mr. Fureseth feared the seamen would lose all bope of baving their wrongs righted hy Congress, hastened to attend n Convention of the Seamen's Union that he might urge tbem to renewed patience and effort for lawful redress of their wrongs. The morning of bis departure he came to bid good-bye to Senator La Follette, who had championed his bill, and he took from the Senator a message to the seamen that he would renew his efforts on their behalf, in the incoming Congress. "I don't know a man I *love* more than Andrew Fureseth. He is the very soul of loyalty," was the Senator's remark as the seaman went downstairs.

When Congress came to sitting in Special Session, Senator La Follette, true to his word, introduced the senman's bill. The Senate took fnvorable action upon it on October 23. As this hill is identical with the bill that passed the House last session, it is confidently expected that it will pass again, and so become law.

Besides the provisions for the protection of the men, the La Follette bill provides for a standard of efficiency, certainly not unreasonable, since it is equal only to the lowest standard allowed foreign countries. It requires that two "ahle seamen" shall be provided for each lifeboat, and that seventy-five per cent. of the crew must be ahle to understand the officers.

It is probable tbnt the low standnrd of efficiency in the crews is responsible for the henvy loss of life in a long list of sea disasters. The passage of the La Follette bill in the Senate is justly claimed hy Fureseth "as n victory for the safekeeping of lives at sea, and the making of American seamen again free men."

## The Turk on Atkins

A COMMENTARY on the ups and downs of human affairs is the report hy the Turkish attaché at the recent British military manoeuvres, in which he condemns in unmeasured terms Thomas Atkins' lack of efficiency in the field. Most of the books which nppeared in flocks during and after the Turko-Balkan war were of British authorship. Almost all of them smote the supposedly beaten Turk. Such also was the tenor of the correspondence from military and other observers at the front, or as near as they could get to the front, printed in British journals during the war. A few of these critics admitted extenuating circumstances, but all of them exposed the glaring inefficiency of the Turk in all his military departments, artillery, infantry, commissariat, and field-hospitals. Some put the blame on Von der Goltz and his German system; others accused Abdullah and poor old martyred Nazim Pasha. Too much politics in the nrmy, said some; too much army in the government, said others. But one and all they found the Turk no longer terrible, except terribly inefficient.

And now the irony. Facing the efficient Bulgar the inefficient Turk is back almost where he was before the war hegan, while it is hy no means certain that he has permanently lost all hold on Macedonia and Albania. Finally bere is the Turkish nttaché, hardened by many months of actual campaigning, trim in his German-mnde uniform, superbly at ease on a horse, and requiring next to nothing in camp, surveying with something like scorn the flustered evolutions of regiments softened hy town harracks and accustomed to pnrade.

Just as there was much exaggeration in the reports of Turkish inefficiency developed in the stress of war, so in the reported unreadiness for war, which peace-time manoeuvres bave more than once developed in the British army, there is more than a grain of truth.

## The Christian Associations

A RECENT enmpaign of the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association has served to sbow the tremendous hacking behind those organizations, hoth in numbers interested nnd in wealth accessible. The two associations have undertaken to obtain in New York City, in the two weeks beginning November 10, four million dollars for new huildings. Miss Grace H. Dodge, well known for ber support of educational and progressive causes here and abroad, bas pledged $250,000. Mrs. James S. Cushman, Mrs. Wm. Fellowes Morgan, Mr. George W. Perkins, Mr. Henry P. Davidson nnd may other men and women of wealth have taken energetic interest in the cnuse. Some idea of the backing of this work mny be obtained from the fact that Mr. Charles S. Ward has raised $20,000,000 in the last eight years, and raised a million dollars on one effort alone in London. Women are to get the larger share of the present $4,000,000 fund. Three million is to go to them for buildings.

One reason that the work of these associations has so strong a hold on the loyalty of so many people is that it is closely connected with the actual material welfare of the poor. This is true not only of citizens but of new arrivals. Last July, Y. M. C. A. secretaries met sixty-seven ships in eleven European ports, distrihuting literature, giving two thousand cards of introduction and writing four hundred and twenty-two letters for the new-comers. In August, the secretaries on Ellis Island, or on New York piers and in Quebec met one hundred and six ships, distributing fifteen bundred and eighty-one explanatory cards, wrote one hundred and sixty-seven letters nnd gave assistanee to thirteen hundred and sixty persons. The Association follows the work to the point of ultimate destination. It is made clear to the immigrant tbnt Associntion workers are interested in his material welfare, his safety and industrial progress, and that he will be helped if be needs help. His wife is trained in various domestic hrnnehes. His children nre taught many things, including safe-guarding life and limh against street nnd factory accidents. It is no wonder that so needed a work receives such remarkable support.

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## Irony and Time

SOUTHEY wrote this note on Leland's "History of Ireland":

Plantation of Ulster by James. *Ireland must gratefully acknowledge that here were the first foundations laid of its affluence and security.*

Time is the best ironist. What would Southey say in the light of the Irish situation of today? It is not an easy situation, and England is naturally timid because of foreign complications and the fear of having as her immediate neighbor a nation which might coöperate with her enemies on the continent. Nevertheless the only solution is toward more and more self-government for Ireland, and until that self-government is secured, Ireland will be extremely unlikely gratefully to acknowledge the services of James.

## A Triumph

AN easy stone's throw from the heart of the city of Portland, Maine, has been built the new City Hall to replace the old, destroyed by fire in 1908. The new building is a striking expression of the public life of this peculiarly representative New England city. The two wings and the basement are given up to municipal offices and chambers. Connecting these wings is the auditorium with its seating capacity of 3,051. It was planned and built particularly to accommodate a municipal organ, the second largest in the United States and the fourth largest in the world, a gift to the city from Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia, a native of Portland, as a memorial to Professor Hermann Kotzschmar, who, in the words of Mr. Curtis, "did something to make us better men and women and to appreciate that indefinable something that is an expression of the soul." Here every afternoon in the large auditorium occurs a municipal organ recital, executed by a municipal organist, Mr. Will C. Macfarlane of New York. Here for a nominal sum anyone may wander in and enjoy a peaceful hour or half hour of inspiring music. Here, too, the citizens of Portland have a hall capable of accommodating all municipal gatherings, a people's union. This conservative New England city has been broad enough to recognize some of the fundamental principles of government: that society and government are one; that society is an association of individuals for mutual aid to self-development; and that the object of administration is to help society forward to its ends. By this interrelation of recreation and municipal matters a more personal interest in the various departments of city government will be excited among Portland's 36,000 people, and by diffusion in the citizens of other towns. Under the same roof with this pealing organ will be heard, discussed, and perhaps solved, problems of public welfare and even of nation-wide import. In contemplating the breadth and grandeur of this instrument we are reminded of the words of Washington Irving in his impressions in Westminster Abbey: "Suddenly the notes of the deep, laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building."

## A Loss

FOR many years William Garrott Brown was a sound and earnest thinker and writer about public affairs in the United States. He was a valued editorial contributor to this WEEKLY. For a long time before he died, he suffered much, and the way he accepted life endeared him to his friends as much as the enthusiasm and thoroughness with which he always did his work. He was one of a group of men who have recently so well represented the progressive spirit of the South. President Wilson wrote, after his death: "It is really an irreparable loss to the scholarship and thought of the country."

## Standardizing City Improvements

WITH commission government overcoming graft, and city-planning preventing ugliness, the American municipality is wiping out its stain of incompetence. Illinois University is of service in the movement by establishing a chair of civic design, and by appointing Charles Mulford Robinson as professor. Harvard and the University of Michigan have given courses in the subject for some years. Columbia has had an outside lecturer on the subject, and Cornell and Wisconsin have recognized it in their work, respectively, of Landscape Architecture and Engineering. But Illinois is the first American University to make it a distinct chair, and to establish a professorship, which is a step ahead.

## Ben Remains

THE attacks on Ben Lindsey in Denver have subsided. His enemies thought he was sicker than he was. When they found he was able to present his own case, the probabilities of attempting a recall vanished. There never was anything in it but oppression. There never was any doubt in the mind of the awakened and free part of the population of Denver that Ben Lindsey has done more for the welfare of that city and of its inhabitants, and of generations to come, than the city can ever repay. Those who attack him are those who think they profit from a system iniquitous in its essence.

## Puritans and Greeks

THE reader of the Scarlet Letter gets a vivid idea of the Puritan conscience; it had its strength, but that book principally shows its narrowness and its cruelty. What a different thing was the attitude toward life of the most gifted people in history. The Greeks in their great period had nothing of what we call a sense of sin. When they did anything wrong, they called it "a bad shot"—something that was bound to happen from time to time and was best forgotten. As Livingston puts it, it was useless to spend thought and remorse on bad shots; it was better to go forward and improve the aim for next time. Many a person of Puritan descent, tortured needlessly by remorse, could gain much by acquiring the habit of looking at any transgression as a defective aim, and making up his mind to get nearer the bull's-eye next time.

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WITH ALL THE WORLD BEFORE HER

By Ben Ali Haggin



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# The Books I Read Now

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IT has been my custom all my life to carry a book with me, as I carry a cane, or as other men wear a flower in their button-holes. As I grow older, it might be well taken as a badge of my servitude—to pen and ink. Am I not a scrivener, and thus, naturally, go about carrying the tools of my trade? Simple folk, observing me thus accompanied,—as an Italian with his shovel—in train or trolley, doubtless conceive of me as a profound student, eternally with nose in book. Would that I were! The book, I fear, is carried all too thoughtlessly—actually indeed like a cane or a flower. For I am seldom caught reading it. But, doubtless, others who also carry books—and I sometimes observe them with a thrill of comradeship—will understand. It is not an insatiable thirst for wisdom or useful information that prompts us to this, I trust, pardonable eccentricity; but it is the sense the book in hand gives us of being invisibly companioned by some engaging personality, some distinguished and delightful presence, some "shape of beauty," some inspiring form of thought, of whom, though we may not visibly confer with them, in the form of reading, we are agreeably and magnetically conscious. Usually they are books we know well, and scarcely need to read again. To hold them by the hand is enough, as with old friends—or a word or two now and again of the old converse, lighting up whole vistas of familiar spiritual territory, familiar yet never to be staled, as we turn our eyes to the stars. Amid the many small interests and worries that perforce make up so much of our day's work, their mere names or titles are silent remembrancers of the universal and the eternal. Or, to open them at random, say, as our morning train approaches the Grand Central, and we are unconsciously squaring our shoulders for the day before us, or as we speed in the subway to keep an appointment, how strange, in the heart of roar and jostle, suddenly to come on:

> That's the appropriate country—there, man's thought,
> Rarer, intenser,
> Self-gathered for an outbreak,
> Chafes in the censer!
> Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;
> Seek we sepulture
> On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
> Crowded with culture?
> Thither our path lies—wind we up the heights—
> Wait ye the warning!
> Our low life was the level's and the night's;
> He's for the morning!
> Step to a tune, square chests, erect the head,
> 'Ware the beholders!
> This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
> Borne on our shoulders—
> Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
> Safe from the weather!
> He, whom we convey to his grave aloft,
> Singing together,
> He was a man born with thy face and throat,
> Lyric Apollo!

And so on with the grand climbing march of it. I tell you it is great to come suddenly on such a passage in the subway—there is no such place to make such splendid breathless contrasts in—like a rift of blue, like a cup of spring water brimming with starlight.

OF course, you run a risk in carrying such old books along with you. Some one may catch you at it—say, "What's the book?" and, when you have shown it to him, exclaim, "Browning?" with raised eyebrows, and a surprised, rather pitying, look at you. You are very evidently entering the period of fossilization, to be reading Browning at this time of day? Now, if it had been Bergson, or Sudermann, or Shaw or Brieux! Sorry! but it was Browning. The other day I was caught with a volume of Gibbon, still another day with Boswell, and yet again with Scott! Can there be any doubt that a hardening of the mental arteries is setting in, and that I shall soon be joining the superannuated old gentlemen who drink nothing but port and read nothing but Horace? Well, I can conceive of worse drinking, and worse reading; and I know no modern company to match either.

I SUPPOSE that to be caught red-handed with Scott is most incriminating of all. Dickens and Thackeray a man may still read and escape the suspicion of second childhood. But Scott! Well, I suppose that there was a period when we all felt like that. Probably it was what we might call our Meredith period—generally our formative, fermenting period, when we were busy finding ourselves spiritually and mentally, impatiently shattering the scheme of things in which we had been reared, and feverishly rebuilding another, nearer to the heart's desire. Scott is not for such periods. He is for the boy, and the grown man. For the intermediate evolutionary and revolutionary adolescent, he seems wingless, flameless, lacking in sidereal fire. The romanticism which charmed the boy seems a plaything and the humanity which holds the man seems earth-born, earth-limited. Here, says the young impatient, is nothing for my soul; and flies off somewhere in search of the thrill, the ache, the rapture of life. He reads the fashionable doctors of the soul, inevitably fascinated by sundry brilliant quacks of the mind, drawn, as is natural, by flashing novelty in utterance, which he fondly takes for newly sounded profundities. All is so new, so amazing. Because he is living life for the first time, it never occurs to him that it has been lived before; yes, and lived in almost precisely the same manner by that old fogy, who, in a world of radium and aeroplanes, not to speak of "eugenics," is discovered in the criminal enjoyment of Scott. But I must not sound too superior. It is comparatively only the other day that I re-discovered Scott for myself. I had come to the end of Dumas for the third or fourth time; and, happening to face a set of Scott on my bookshelves, I had asked myself—"Is it possible to read Scott nowadays?" I determined to try, and, for the good fortune of my experiment, I lighted on the "Fortunes of Nigel." It was, indeed, a fortunate movement. What a vivid, real world I found myself in! What character, what movement, what genuine romance! Then I tried "Quentin Durward," then "Rob Roy." We are supposed to have improved on the historical novel since Scott's day. In certain minor matters of artistry, doubtless, we have. Yet, I should like to know what we have to match those three full-blooded, high-mettled, wise-hearted books I have named; and I own myself Mr. Maurice Hewlett's willing slave. But, after all, whatever class of book we are dealing with, it is the man behind the book that counts, that finally decides its relative caliber.

IT is easy to grant a certain heaviness occasionally in Scott's style, though our feeling of that comes, I am inclined to think, less of any fault in him than in our own vitiated tastes, grown too accustomed to over-pungent, highly-sauced, effect-at-any-price, styles. His English is too good, too much of "the center," for our paradox-fed, Meredithized generation. He is deficient in fireworks, and the fantastic-foreible. But the fullness of the man! How one is struck at every turn by the careless wealth of his mind, the depth and breadth of his experience, the stores of his observation, the range of his reading! With the majority of writers, even writers of real stamina, one feels that one can gauge the depths of the soil. It is thus and thus deep, and then rock. Much has been done with it. But its fertility has a limit. With Scott, on the contrary, every page seems to suggest a rich loam incalculably deep and fertile. His writing suggests the inexhaustibility of life itself. In this, of all English writers, he is nearest of kin to Shakespeare, as perhaps

no other novelist approaches Shakespeare in the absolutely concrete humanity of his characters. Where, out of Shakespeare, will we find such a character as Bailey Nicol Jarire in "Roh Roy" and those who have admired Mr. Hewlett's Captain Brazenhead, and the numerous other imitations of Captain Dalgetty, let them seek that great original in "The Legend of Montrose" and acknowledge the joyous open-handed master, to whom the careless creation of such figures was, after all, only part of the activity of a life, whose other daily business was more than enough for one himful existence. And, as if all his activity as lawyer, novelist and poet, was not suffieient, the pen that never tired must needs overflow, just for fun, into that "Journal" where we can look right into the great nohle, simple heart of the man himself; and if we are right-minded, feel dwarfed and ashamed, puny "moderns" as we are, before that revelation of a great and generous ehild-hearted nature, that was a great genius as well.

YES, as I said, it is the man behind the books that makes them great and keeps them alive, and that is always the determining difference between the great talent and the work of genius. But I am not writing an essay on Scott, else I might proceed further to illustrate his many-sidedness, ask whether, in the matter of heroines, "A Meredith woman" is more than a match for Di Vernon, or if the romantie passion of our modern novels is more truly passionate for its sexual outspokenness, compared with the hard-won self-control of Scott. What I am most concerned with here is Scott's possession of that quality which one might call human homeliness, which is common to most of those great writers, to whom, when our period of *sturm und drang* is past, we find ourselves instinetively returning. As a rule, great writers set us at our ease hy making us feel, or letting us imagine, that they are like beings with ourselves. Even when they take us on starry journeys, it is as companions, presumahly with the same starry inclinations as themselves. Their first effort is to make themselves understood hy the reader, to enlist him on their side. The present-day fashion seems to be precisely the reverse. A writer's chief aim seems to be to impress his reader with his own superior eleverness, to dazzle, to dumfound him; to cluh him into bewildered agreement, and to humiliate him with a sense of his pitiful mediocrity. But nothing goes to so early n doom as mere eleverness. There is nothing of which we so rapidly weary. The merely clever fellow is one to whom we soon learn to say, "O Pshaw!" So many elever fellows have gone down into the darkness—the reason being that they are usually the fiashy purveyors of stolen goods, the pert popularizers of the deeply meditated thoughts of serious, individual natures; often the real, misunderstood men of a generation or two before.

> All can raise the flower now
> For all have got the seed.

THERE is a great deal of such flowering at the present moment, and, for all the excitement in this and that direction, very little original will have been missed by a man who has not opened a book printed within the last twenty years. All the motifs so exuberantly repeated—rather than developed—whether in philosophy, sociology, poetry or fiction, were already formulated twenty and more years ago, either in masterpieces, or works of hrilliant talent. But this flowering is, of course, all to the good, as illustrating the vitality of the sowing. Mueh that was sowed in tears is coming up in joy; a matter surely for profound rejoicing. But, for that very reason, we may still go about earrying the old seminal books, leaving their merely disseminating offspring to do the good work of sending the voracious younger generation back to their originals. With Emerson in my hand, I can forego Bergson, or even James. With Ihsen and Grant Allen, I enn forego Shaw—who indeed snid all he had to say twenty years ago, and whose later antics are merely galvanizations of his young dust. With Meredith and Pater and Wilde—well, there is no need tn specify what multitudinous illegitimate progeny of theirs it is possihle to forego; while, so long as you leave me a copy of William Morris's "The Well at the World's End," you can keep all the novels of the last twenty years. Poetry is different, nnd there are one or twoyoung poets, whose volumes I am to be found carrying who, however much they may derive, as all young poets must, from their greater predecessors, are still, in a fine devotion, carrying on the torches of beauty and dream.

AS for poetry in general, I wonder if my contemporaries in fogeydom find that the reading of poetry grows a more serious, I would almost say, religious, matter with them as they grow older; and, that, perhaps, for that reason they read less of it. The reading of it goes deeper with them than it did in the days when they devoured it wildly—all and sundry. It is a pleasure curiously shot through with pain nowadays, when the sorrow that wells up in all beauty has become intensified hy experience, and the sentiment of loss enters so keenly into the loveliness of things. The feeling that Burns expresses in

> You'll break my heart, you bonnie hird
> That warbles in the lift so hie,

grows more and more familiar with us face to face with emotional moments; and poetry, being the intensest expression of our intensest feelings, presents life to us with such concentrated poignancy that we almost shrink from exposing our hearts to its divine agonies. As, too, we grow less to seek it for those intellectual messages long since delivered, the poetry we read is necessarily that which is the most quintessential—and therefore, the most searehing—the poetry of pure beauty, sheer emotion, essential music, most mystic meditation. Thus we find ourselves back again—after whatsoever wanderings among minor novelties—with the few great masters rapturously divined in boyhood, hut, as manhood deepens, more and more surely known as the inspired interpreters of the holy spirit of the universe, the seers and *avant-couriers* of humanity. The verbal and lyrical gymnasts, the metaphysical contorfionists, the dainty confretioners, are there still on our shelves. We may amuse ourselves with them at times—but the poet we carry in our hand, maybe, has something to say like this:

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, to bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the being it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory—

or he may be one who sings:

> The holy time is quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration—

or, again, it may be one who tells:

> I met a lady in the meads,
> Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
> Her hair was long, her foot was light
> And her eyes were wild—

or yet, once more, it may he his song is:

> Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
> Wavy in the dusk lit hy one large star.

But the reading of poetry, as I said, grows more and more like a high religious service, or like going out to see the moonrise. It is to be feared that we too often shrink from its keen stirring up of those "thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul," and seek the fireside, instead, with some companionahle romancer, some worldly historian, some genial gossip, or some stimulating critie. As we look out on the starry night our soul, maybe, suggests Plato; hut our frailty pulls down the hlind, hinting at the pleasantness of Anatole France, and we end our evening with the epicurean wisdom of the Ahbé Jérome Coignard.

# The End of an Era

*A comparison of the recent tariff victory with the events of Cleveland's time, and McKinley's, and Taft's*

THE scene is set in the chamber of the Senate of the United States. The hour of four n'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, September 9, is approaching, when the Senate has agreed to begin voting on House hill 3321, known as the Underwood-Simmons hill, or better still, the Under-Woodrow hill. The galleries are thronged with a sympathetic audience, many of them the wives and daughters of Democratic Congressmen, while Democratic Representatives, with the privilege of the floor, line the walls of the chamber. For this is a Republican funeral and is not well attended by the members of that party, save those officially designated to take part in the obsequies. Secretary Tumulty's beaming countenance is recognized in the President's gallery. La Follette is speaking, Senator Gore, at Senator Simmons' suggestion, having terminated his speech in defense of the hill to give the Wisconsin Senator all the time he wants. He criticizes and commends the pending measure, not neglecting to pay his final respects to the Payne-Aldrich iniquity.

The tariff debate, these last few days, has begun to show the strain on the Senatorial nerves and has tended toward acrimony. La Follette has told Gallinger that there must be a few more Senatorial vacancies, of men of his type, before the Republican party can win public favor, and Senator Hollis has claimed that he and not his New Hampshire colleague represents the sentiments of that state toward tariff reform. Senator Williams has referred pointedly to the fact that the duties have been lowered on the goods which Senator Lippitt "himself manufactures," has even read Jefferson's manual to prove that "where the private interests of a member are concerned in a hill or question, he is to withdraw." *O tempora, O mores!* To be sent to the Senate, to succeed Aldrich and represent the textile interests of New England, and then to have not only his advice rejected but his very vote challenged! Senator James fires a story at Senator Bristow, to represent the Progressive attitude to the Republican Party, relating how a soldier advised his comrades: "If the enemy are too few, we'll whip 'em; if they are too many, we'll jine 'em."

LA FOLLETTE yields the floor to Senator Thornton, who sings a little swan-song to the memory of Louisiana sugar, and at four n'clock the voting on the amendments begins. A few are adopted, but only those recommended hy the Finance Committee. Other amendments break in vain against the Democratic majority. The vote is uncomfortably close on the amendment to strike free sugar from the hill, and Senator Newlands does not vote. An hour and a half is consumed in this tiresome process. Let us take the opportunity of indulging in tariff reminiscences.

When Randall, Pennsylvanian Protectionist, was Speaker of the Democratic House, *Puck* published a significant cartoon, representing Tariff Reform as a foundling infant, left midway between the doorsteps of two respectable old gentlemen, the Republican and Democratic parties, while each with violent deprecatory gestures disclaimed paternity.

Poor old General Hancock, from his retreat on Governor's Island, issued his tariff platform in saying that the tariff was "largely a local issue." And so it has too often proved. The lines were fairly drawn in the Cleveland campaign of 1884. Yet Cleveland shocked his complacent party with his vigorous tariff message of 1887, and brought about his own defeat in the campaign of 1888. Then the Republican Party went to the other extreme with the McKinley hill, boldly avowing protection as necessary for giant as well as infant industries, and Cleveland was magnificently vindicated, with the doctrine that he had made Democratic doctrine, in 1892. "The shopping women did it," was Tom Reed's comment. Most unfortunately, the country's credit had to be first established, hy the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchasing Act, on Cleveland's recommendation, and this disrupted his party and gave the opportunity for the Democratic traitors in the Senate to work their will. William L. Wilson passed a Democratic hill through the House, hut it became the Wilson-Gorman hill in the Senate.

THE scene this afternoon hrings forcihly to mind the vote on the passage of that other hill on July 5, 1894. Smith of New Jersey, now the last surviving member of the Big Four, announced that as the income tax had been changed to suit his ideas somewhat, he would support the hill. Hill, David Bennett, voted against the hill on the ground of the inclusion of the "populistic" income tax, and Populist Pettingrew helped to make up the Democratic majority of five votes. It has taken twenty-nine years, nearly a generation, to pass another income tax measure. Only three members of the present Senate vnted then, Gallinger, Lodge, and Perkins.

The tariff question was virtually shelved during the disastrous silver campaigns of 1896 and 1900. But what did William McKinley have in mind of unfulfilled purpose when he said in his last public utterance, at a World's Exposition, "The era of exclusiveness is past?" Did he foresee the reaction from the Dingley Act? And suppose that Theodore Roosevelt had chosen to accept freer trade with all the world as one of the McKinley policies which he bound himself to carry out? Would not the history of men and of parties have been different?

The demand for lower duties became insistent again in the campaign of 1908, and Mr. Taft went all over the country declaring for a revision downward. But the Payne hill was no fulfilment of that pledge, and when the Aldrich substitute was introduced Senator Lodge coolly informed the Senate that the Republican platform had indeed declared for a revision of the tariff, hut not for revision downward. Dolliver and Beveridge and Bristow and Clapp and Cummins and La Follette aroused the country to the iniquities of the Payne-Aldrich hill and cast their votes against it.

One cannot forget that last great speech of Dolliver's. "There have been two unique hoaxes practised upon the American people this year," he said, "the discovery of the North Pole hy Dr. Cook, and the revision of the tariff downward hy the Senator from Rhode Island; and each has received the highest official sanction." For President Taft signed the hill, naïvely confessing that the combination of woolgrowers and woolen manufacturers had been too much for the virtue of his party, and later he pronounced the hill "the best ever."

THE hour of half-past five finds all the amendments disposed of. The Vice-President: "The question is upon the passage of the bill as amended, and the secretary will call the roll."

Interest immediately centers upon the Republican Progressives, who have helped so largely in bringing about this political revolution. Can they find any principle to stand upon, that will justify them in voting for the only alternative, the continuance of the Payne-Aldrich tariff rates? But Borah and Bristow and Clapp and Crawford and Cummins vote "No." Gronna, absent, releases Lewis from his pair. Kenyon votes "No." The Secretary: "Mr. La Follete." And La Follette raises his head from his arm nn the desk and says: "Aye." A wave of applause breaks over the galleries and sweeps over the Democratic side of the chamber. Mr. Penrose votes "no." "Mr. Poindexter": "Aye." There is another round of applause. The young Senator from Washington, a Virginian hy birth and rearing, becoming a Progressive Republican in the Northwest, and now the only National Progressive in the Senate, thus casts the unanimous vote of the new party for the Democratic hill.

Three factors were essential to the result obtained. First, Oscar Underwood's knowledge of tariff problems, the only man in either house who could shut himself up in a room and write a tariff hill, "from Agate to Zinc," that could stand criticism. His leadership in the House will be sorely missed when he goes to the Senate from Alahama.

Second, Woodrow Wilson's influence as the representative of the whole people and the head of his party. He had the sense of the public will when he insisted nn free wool and free sugar, and the ending of the scandals connected with the sugar schedule and Schedule K, the "citadel of Protection." His timely remarks about the "insidious lobby," amply vindicated now, demolished Democratic opposition.

Third, the reorganization of the Senate for which Hoke Smith was largely responsible. The work began before the fall elections for the Senate were held. It was a delicate task to put progressives in charge without giving the older statesmen an excuse for revolt. But the Senate also has been Democratized. Otherwise, the tragedy of 1904 might have been repeated in 1913.

# Cutthroat Prices

## *The Competition That Kills*

By

**LOUIS D. BRANDEIS**

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*MR. BRANDEIS has been the most profound and brilliant defender of competition in the recent great struggle that has taken place on that subject. It is well known that his investigations and his philosophic thought greatly influenced the La Follette anti-trust bill and the Stanley anti-trust bill, and formed the basis of the attack made by Governor Wilson upon regulated monopoly in the campaign for the presidency. He has spoken incidentally of the evils of unregulated competition also, but he has not gone into that subject with any fulness. It is particularly interesting, therefore, to present that side of the question from Mr. Brandeis' own pen.*

"I CANNOT believe," said Mr. Justice Holmes, "that in the long run the public will profit by this course, permitting knaves to cut reasonable prices for mere ulterior purposes of their own, and thus to impair, if not destroy, the production and the sale of articles which it is assumed to be desirable the people should be able to get."

Such was the dissent registered by this forward-looking judge when, two years ago, the Supreme Court of the United States declared invalid contracts by which a manufacturer of trade-marked goods sought to prevent retailers from cutting the price he had established.* Shortly before, the Court had held that mere possession of a copyright did not give the maker of an article power to fix by notice the price at which it should be sold to the consumer.† And now the Court, by a five-to-four decision, has applied the same rule to patented articles, thus dealing a third blow at the practice of retailing nationally advertised goods at a uniform price throughout the country.‡

Primitive barter was a contest of wits, instead of an exchange of ascertained values. It was, indeed, an equation of two unknown quantities.

TRADING took its first great advance when money was adopted as the medium of exchange. That removed one-half of the uncertainty incident to a trade; but only one-half. The transaction of buying and selling remained still a contest of wits. The seller still gave as little in value and got as much in money as he could. And the law looked on at the contest, declaring solemnly and ominously: "Let the buyer beware." Within ample limits the seller might legally lie with impunity; and, almost without limits, he might legally deceive by silence. The law gave no redress because it deemed reliance upon sellers' talk unreasonable; and not to discover for oneself the defects in an article purchased was ordinarily proof of negligence. A good bargain meant a transaction in which one person got the better of another. Trading in the "good old days" imposed upon the seller no obligation either to tell the truth, or to give value, or to treat all customers alike. But in the last generation trade morals have made great strides. New methods essential to doing business on a large scale were introduced. They are time-saving and labor-saving; and have proved also conscience-saving devices.

THE greatest progress in this respect has been made in the retail trade; and the first important step was the introduction of the one-price store. That eliminated the constant haggling about prices, and the unjust discrimination among customers. But it did far more. It tended to secure fair prices; for it compelled the dealer to make, deliberately, prices by which he was prepared to stand or fall. It involved a publicity of prices which invited a comparison in detail with those of competitors; and it subjected all his prices to the criticism of all his customers. But while the one-price store marked a great advance, it did not bring the full assurance that the seller was giving value. The day's price of the article offered was fixed and every customer was treated alike; but there was still no adequate guarantee of value; both because there was ordinarily no recognized standard of quality for the particular article, and because there was no standard price even for the article of standard quality.

Under such conditions the purchaser had still to rely for protection on his own acumen, or on the character and judgment of the retailer; and the individual producer had little encouragement to establish or to maintain a reputation. The unscrupulous or unskilful dealer might be led to abandon his goods for cheaper and inferior substitutes. This ever present danger led to an ever widening use of trade-marks. Thereby the producer secured the reward for well doing and the consumer the desired guarantee of quality. Later the sale of trade-marked goods at retail in original packages supplied a further assurance of quality, and also the assurance that the proper quantity was delivered. The enactment of the Federal Pure Food Law and similar state legislation strengthened these guarantees.

But the standard of value in retail trade was not fully secured until a method was devised by which a uniform retail selling price was established for trade-marked articles sold in the original package. In that way, widely extended use of a trade-marked article fostered by national advertising could create both a

* Dr. Miles Medical Co. vs. Park & Sons Co. 220 U. S. 409.
† Bobbs Merrill Co. vs. Straus 213 U. S. 339.
‡ Bauer vs. O'Donnell 229 U. S. 1.

reputation for the article, and a common knowledge of its established selling price or value. With the introduction of that device the evolution of the modern purchase became complete. The ordinary retail sale—the transaction which had once been an equation of two unknown quantities—became an equation of two known quantities. Uncertainty in trade is eliminated by "A Dollar and the Ingersoll Watch," or "Five cents and the Uneeda Biscuits."

### *The Court's Prohibition*

SUCH is the one-price system to which the United States Supreme Court denied its sanction. The courts of Great Britain had recognized this method of marketing goods as legal. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts had approved it. The Supreme Court of California has wholly approved it. The system was introduced into America many years ago, and has become widely extended. To abandon it now would disturb many lines of business and seriously impair the prosperity of many concerns.

When the United States Supreme Court denied to makers of copyrighted or patented goods the power to fix by notice the prices at which the goods should be retailed, the Court merely interpreted the patent and copyright acts and declared that they do not confer any such special privilege. But when the Court denied the validity of contracts for price-maintenance of trade-marked goods, it decided a very different matter. It did not rest its decision upon the interpretation of a statute; for there is no statute which in terms prohibits price-maintenance, or, indeed, deals directly with the subject. It did not refuse to grant a special privilege to certain manufacturers; it denied a common right to all producers. Nor does the decision of the Court proceed upon any fundamental or technical rule of law. The decision rests upon general reasoning as to public policy; and that reasoning is largely from analogy.

### *The Demands of Public Policy*

WHEN a court decides a case upon grounds of public policy, the judges become, in effect, legislators. The question then involved is no longer one for lawyers only. It seems fitting, therefore, to inquire whether this judicial legislation is sound—whether the common trade practice of maintaining the price of trade-marked articles has been justly condemned. And when making that inquiry we may well bear in mind this admonition of Sir George Jessel, a very wise English judge:

"If there is one thing which more than any other public policy requires, it is that men of full age and competent understanding shall have the utmost liberty of contracting, and that their contracts, when entered into freely and voluntarily, shall be held sacred, and shall be enforced by courts of justice. Therefore, you have this paramount public policy to consider, that you are not lightly to interfere with this freedom of contract."

### *The Court's Objection*

THE Supreme Court says that a contract by which a producer binds a retailer to maintain the established selling price of his trade-marked product is void; because it prevents competition between retailers of the article and restrains trade.

Such a contract does, in a way, limit competition; but no man is bound to compete with himself. And when the same trade-marked article is sold in the same market by one dealer at a less price than by another, the producer, in effect, competes with himself. To avoid such competition, the producer of a trade-marked article often sells it to but a single dealer in a city or town; or he establishes an exclusive sales agency. No one has questioned the legal right of an independent producer to create such exclusive outlets for his product. But if exclusive selling agencies are legal, why should the individual manufacturer of a trade-marked article be prevented from establishing a marketing system under which his several agencies for distribution will sell at the same price? There is no difference, in substance, between an agent who retails the article and a dealer who retails it.

For many business concerns the policy of maintaining a standard price for a standard article is simple. The village baker readily maintained the quality and price of his product, by sale and delivery over his own counter. The great Standard Oil monopoly maintains quality and price (when it desires so to do) by selling throughout the world to the individual customer from its own tank-wagons. But for most producers the jobber and the retailer are the necessary means of distribution—as necessary as the railroad, the express, or the parcel post. The Standard Oil Company can without entering into contracts with dealers maintain the price through its dominant power. Shall the law discriminate against the lesser concerns which have not that power, and deny them the legal right to contract with dealers to accomplish a like result? For in order to insure to the small producer the ability to maintain the price of his product, the law must afford him contract protection, when he deals through the middleman.

But the Supreme Court says that a contract which prevents a dealer of trade-marked articles from cutting the established selling price, restrains trade. In a sense every contract restrains trade; for after one has entered into a contract, he is not as free in trading as he was before he bound himself. But the right to bind oneself is essential to trade development. And it is not every contract in restraint of trade, but only contracts *unreasonably* in restraint of trade, which are invalid. Whether a contract does unreasonably restrain trade is not to be determined by abstract reasoning. Facts only can be safely relied upon to teach us whether a trade practice is consistent with the general welfare. And abundant experience establishes that the one-price system which marks so important an advance in the ethics of trade, has also greatly increased the efficiency of merchandising not only for the producer, but for the dealer and the consumer as well.

### *The Producers' Plea*

IF a dealer is selling unknown goods or goods under his own name, he alone should set the price; but when a dealer has to use somebody else's name or brand in order to sell goods, then the owner of that name or brand has an interest which should be respected. The transaction is essentially one between the two principals—the maker and the user. All others are middlemen or agents; for the product is not really sold until it has been bought by the consumer. Why should one middleman have the power to depreciate in the public mind the value of the maker's brand and render it unprofitable not only for the maker but for other middlemen? Why should one middleman be allowed to indulge in a practice of price-cutting, which tends to drive the maker's goods out of the market and in the end interferes with people getting the goods at all?

### *Cut-Prices—the "Mis-leader"*

WHEN a trade-marked article is advertised to be sold at less than the standard price, it is generally done to attract persons to the particular store by the offer of an obviously extraordinary bargain. It is a bait—called by the dealers a "leader." But the cut-price article would more appropriately be termed a "mis-leader"; because ordinarily the very purpose of the cut-price is to create a false impression.

The dealer who sells the Dollar Ingersoll watch for sixty-seven cents, necessarily loses money in that particular transaction. He has no desire to sell any article on which he must lose money. He advertises the sale partly to attract customers to his store; but mainly to create in the minds of those customers the false impression, that other articles in which he deals and which are not of a standard or known value, will be sold upon like favorable terms. The customer is expected to believe that if an Ingersoll watch is sold at thirty-three and one-third per cent. less than others charge for it, a ready-to-wear suit or a gold ring will be sold as cheap. The more successful the individual producer of a trade-marked article has been in creating for it a recognized value as well as a wide sale, the greater is the temptation to the unscrupulous to cut the price. Indeed a cut-price article can ordinarily be effective as a "mis-leader" only when both the merits and the established selling price are widely known.

### *How Cut-Prices Hurt*

THE evil results of price-cutting are far-reaching. It is sometimes urged that price-cutting of a trade-marked article injures no one; that the producer is not injured, since he received his full price in the original sale to jobber or retailer; and indeed may be benefited by increased sales, since lower prices ordinarily stimulate trade; that the retailer cannot be harmed, since he has cut the price voluntarily to advance his own interests; that the consumer is surely benefited because he gets the article cheaper. But this reasoning is most superficial and misleading.

To sell a Dollar Ingersoll watch for sixty-seven cents injures both the manufacturer and the regular dealer; because it tends to make the public believe that either the manufacturer's or the dealer's profits are ordinarily exorbitant; or, in other words, that the watch is not worth a dollar. Such a cut necessarily impairs the reputation of the article and, by impairing reputation, lessens the demand. It may even destroy the manufacturer's market. A few conspicuous "cut-price sales" in any market will demoralize the trade of the regular dealers in that article. They cannot sell it at cut prices without losing money. They might be able to sell a few of the articles at the established price; but they would do so at the risk to their own reputations. The cut by others, if known, would create the impression on their own customers of having been overcharged. It is better policy for the regular dealer to drop the line altogether. On

the other hand, the demand for the article from the irregular dealer who cuts the price is short-lived. The cut-price article cannot long remain his "leader." His use for it is sporadic and temporary. One "leader" is soon discarded for another. Then the cut-price outlet is closed to the producer; and, meanwhile, the regular trade has been lost. Thus a single prominent price-cutter can ruin a market for both the producer and the regular retailer. And the loss to the retailer is serious.

ON the other hand, the consumer's gain from price-cutting is only sporadic and temporary. The few who buy a standard article for less than its value do benefit—unless they have, at the same time, been misled into buying some other article at more than its value. But the public generally is the loser; and the losses are often permanent. If the price-cutting is not stayed, and the manufacturer reduces the price to his regular customers in order to enable them to retain their market, he is tempted to deteriorate the article in order to preserve his own profits. If the manufacturer cannot or will not reduce his price to the dealer, and the regular retailers abandon the line, the consumer suffers at least the inconvenience of not being able to buy the article.

### *Price Maintenance is Not Price Fixing*

THE independent producer of an article which bears his name or trade-mark—be he manufacturer or grower—seeks no special privilege when he makes contracts to prevent retailers from cutting his established selling price. The producer says in effect: "That which I create, in which I embody my experience, to which I give my reputation, is my property. By my own effort I have created a product valuable not only to myself, but to the consumer; for I have endowed this specific article with qualities which the consumer desires, and which the consumer should be able to rely confidently upon receiving when he purchases my article in the original package. To be able to buy my article with the assurance that it possesses the desired qualities, is quite as much of value to the consumer who purchases it, as it is of value to the maker who is seeking to find customers for it. It is essential that the consumer should have confidence not only in the quality of my product, but in the fairness of the price he pays. And to accomplish a proper and adequate distribution of product guaranteed both as to quality and price, I must provide by contract against the retail price being cut."

The position of the independent producer who establishes the price at which his own trade-marked article shall be sold to the consumer must not be confused with that of a combination or trust which, controlling the market, fixes the price of a staple article. The independent producer is engaged in a business open to competition. He establishes his price at his peril—the peril that if he sets it too high, either the consumer will not buy or, if the article is, nevertheless, popular, the high profits will invite even more competition. The consumer who pays the price established by an independent producer in a competitive line of business does so voluntarily; he pays the price asked, because he deems the article worth that price as compared with the cost of other competing articles. But when a trust fixes, through its monopoly power, the price of a staple article in common use, the consumer does not pay the price voluntarily. He pays under compulsion. There being no competitor he must pay the price fixed by the trust, or be deprived of the use of the article.

Price-cutting has, naturally, played a prominent part in the history of nearly every American industrial monopoly.

Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith found after the elaborate investigation undertaken by the Federal Bureau of Corporations that:

"One of the most effective means employed by the Standard Oil Company to secure and maintain the large degree of monopoly which it possesses, is the cut in prices to the particular customers, or in the particular markets of its competitors, while maintaining them at a higher level elsewhere."

AND Chief Justice White, in delivering the opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the Tobacco Trust case, said:

" . . . the intention existed to use the power of the combination as a vantage ground to further monopolize the trade in tobacco by means of trade conflicts designed to injure others, either by driving competitors out of the business or compelling them to become parties to a combination—a purpose whose execution was illustrated by the plug war which ensued and its results, by the snuff war which followed and its results, and by the conflict which immediately followed the entry of the combination in England and the division of the world's business by the two foreign contracts which ensued."

Therefore recent legislative attempts to stay monopoly commonly include in some form prohibition against the making of cut-throat prices, with a view to suppressing competition. Such provisions will be found in the bills proposed by Senator La Follette, Congressman Stanley, and Senator Cummins to supplement the Sherman Anti-Trust law; and statutes dealing with the subject have been enacted in several States.

President Wilson urged most wisely that instead of sanctioning and regulating private monopoly, we should regulate competition. Undoubtedly statutes must be enacted to secure adequate and effective regulation; but shall our courts prohibit voluntary regulation of competition by those engaged in business? And is not the one-price system for trade-marked articles a most desirable form of regulation?

### *Price-Cutting—the Road to Monopoly*

THE competition attained by prohibiting the producer of a trade-marked article from maintaining his established price offers nothing substantial. Such competition is superficial merely. It is sporadic, temporary, delusive. It fails to protect the public where protection is needed. It is powerless to prevent the trust from fixing extortionate prices for its product. The great corporation with ample capital, a perfected organization and a large volume of business, can establish its own agencies or sell direct to the consumer, and is in no danger of having its business destroyed by price-cutting among retailers. But the prohibitina of price-maintenance imposes upon the small and independent producers a serious handicap. Some avenue of escape must be sought by them; and it may be found in combination. Independent manufacturers without the capital or the volome of business requisite for engaging alone in the retail trade, will be apt to combine with existing chains of stores, or to join with other manufacturers similarly situated in establishing new chains of retail stores through which to market their products direct to the consumer. The process of exterminating the small independent retailer already hard pressed by capitalistic combinations—the mail-order houses, existing chains of stores, and the large department stores—would be greatly accelerated by such a movement. Already the displacement of the small independent business man by the huge corporation with its myriad of employees, its absentee ownership, and its financier control, presents a grave danger to our democracy. The social loss is great; and there is an economic gain. But the process of capitalizing free Americans is not an inevitable one. It is not even in accord with the natural law of business. It is largely the result of unwise, man-made, privilege-creating law, which has stimulated existing tendencies to inequality instead of discouraging them. Shall we, under the guise of protecting competition, further foster monopoly by creating immunity for the price-cutters?

### *Monopoly's Easiest Way*

AMERICANS should be under no illusions as to the value or effect of price-cutting. It has been the most potent weapon of monopoly—a means of killing the small rival to which the great trusts have resorted most frequently. It is so simple, so effective. Far-seeing organized capital secures by this means the coöperation of the short-sighted unorganized consumer to his own undoing. Thoughtless or weak, he yields to the temptation of trifling immediate gain; and selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, becomes himself an instrument of monopoly.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

XV

HERE is the War Lord, fitly named,
For deeds of blood and valor famed.
When roused, he has been known to slay
Forty or more tame stags a day.

XVI

I'D best beware how I make free
With Brander Matthews L. L. D.
Since Prexy Wilson's paved the way
He may be President some day.

XVII

WHEN Paderewski is forgot,
Our children's children, like as not,
Will worship in the Hall of Fame,
Some great piano-maker's name.

XVIII

UNLESS I'm very much misled,
Chesterton's easier done than said.
I have not seen him, but his looks
I can imagine from his books.

# The Feminist Movement

*In Masculine Dress*

IT seemed such a little thing to put the bow at the back instead of at the side of the hat. Some of us frowned at it, but we let it pass, little dreaming that this seemingly insignificant shifting in position of a very small bow was the first tremor of a seismic upheaval that now threatens to shake the world of dress to its very foundations.

ALREADY the show windows (once so stern and manly) of the hatter are beginning to look less stern and less manly. The hard, implacable lines of the "topper" and the beetling brow of the "bowler" (by some called "derby,"—as inappropriately as if a pugilist should be christened Herbert) have disappeared, as wrinkles under the hand of a Beauty Doctor, and in its place the shimmer of an *almost* sapphire ribbon, the gleam of a very nearly emerald feather, the smirk of a bow whose dimpled fashioning tells us that the once dividing-line between the milliner and the haberdasher (the fruit and the vegetable) is no more.

FROM the green plush hats and the shirred waistcoat of last season to the accordion-pleated trousers of next season, is a small, not to say a mincing step.

AS long ago as 1797 Doctor Albrech Hulfe, of Bavaria, predicted the "modulating of the man-attire and the woman-attire into a harmonious unity." Part of the good Professor's prophecy bids fair to come true—their paths are narrowing as they converge. Soon the accordion-pleated trouser and the bifurcated skirt must meet where there will be no room to pass.

ONE or the other must give way—the result may be unity, but harmonious unity—never. Though they wear the same uniform, the war of the sexes will go on.

*Note the fish-like appearance*

THE bargain-counter rush will be more terrible than ever before. Added to its former fury will be the fury of male competition; and the fight for the front page of the *Gentlemen's Home Companion* will be even fiercer than the bargain rush.

*"Within forty years government has come to stand in an altogether new relation to the people"*

# Governmental Mothering

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

President Emeritus of Harvard University

[From the President's address to the International Congress on School Hygiene, at Buffalo]

SINCE this century opened there has taken place among thinking people a great increase of interest in preventive medicine, and in school hygiene as one branch of preventive medicine. The reason for this fresh interest is, I think, a better appreciation of the fact that modern civilization, that is, the progressive civilization of the last hundred years, has worked terribly against the health and the perpetuity of the white race. Within that time the factory system has come into common use, making multitudes tenders of machines indoors; the cities have attracted in some countries or parts of countries the majority of the population; democracy has abolished some ancient, wholesome restraints and brought in some dangerous new liberties; applied science has quickened the rate of living both at work and at play, and has brought about a high degree of nervous tension for the most intelligent and ambitious portion of the community. The consequences of this remarkable development are seen in the reduced vitality of the multitudes that inhabit closely built cities, in the diminishing size of families, in the incapacity of many women for bearing and nursing children, in the prevalence of venereal diseases, and in the disproportionate increase in the number of the insane, the defective, and the criminally inclined.

Such cities as Paris, London, Berlin, New York and Chicago bear witness to the fact that modern civilization is all the time preparing and promoting its own destruction. Urban life and easy morals bring in selfish luxury and destructive vice; and through the sheltering from hardships, the physical comfort, and the gregarious excitements and passing emotions with no sequence in action which city life supplies, the human race is enfeebled and made less resistant to the evils, new and old, which continually assault both body and soul.

The same applied sciences, however, which have made modern urban life possible, supply defenses against the evils which accompany civilization. Thus, they supply all the forces which have built up the new and wonderful structure of preventive medicine. Among defensive measures against the evils which crowded cities and the factory system have brought on mankind, School Hygiene is of first importance. The evils which result from bad housing, overcrowding, and unwholesome excitement in cities, and from the factory system which prevails in many important industries, take their worst effect on children and young people. Remedies and preventives should therefore be applied during childhood and adolescence. Moreover, the grown-up generation has already suffered the losses and damages, and the adults are in many cases beyond remedy. It is to the rising generation that preventive and remedial measures may be most hopefully applied.

AT innumerable points aristocratic government and democratic government alike, in both Europe and America, are interfering as they never did before with the individual, the family, and the industrial methods which yield a large part of the livelihood of the people. Under all forms of modern government the collective forces and resources of the people are freely used in the interest of society as a whole, against individual rights, parental rights, and what used to be considered clear business and property rights. Society as a whole means to control and does control the placing, building, ventilating, heating, and lighting of school buildings. States and provinces, as well as cities and towns, feel responsible for the health of school children, and desire to direct and enforce suitable care of that health, whether the parents and families are interested or not, or consent or not.

New kinds of instruction are being introduced into elementary and secondary schools, much of it relating to the prevention of disease. It is interesting to note that it would have been quite impossible to give much of this desired instruction twenty years ago, because the biological chemists, the physicists, and the naturalists have only discovered within that period the facts and principles they now wish to impart to children, and to the parents and teachers of children. One of the most urgent demands for the introduction of a new subject into the programmes of schools is the demand for teaching sex hygiene. It is only within about five years that any considerable amount of public attention has been directed to this subject—for this reason among others, that until recently there were no accurate tests for the latent presence of the diseases which in mankind accompany perverted sex relations. Moreover, the laws and the public hospitals took no cognizance of the worst of contagious diseases; and State, Church, and family were silent about the worst of human vices.

DOCTORS and teachers are studying the effects of modern urban civilization on the nervous and mental diseases of children. These experts are inclined to attack on medical grounds some long-standing practices in schools, such as frequent examinations, lessons at home, and keen competitions. They are also interested in the causes of fatigue. It is to be hoped that these researches in the interests of school children will yield results applicable to adults engaged in professional, business, or industrial life; for the phenomena of strain and fatigue are common in all the modern industries and occupations, and the efficiency of society as a whole would be greatly promoted if such disorders and sufferings would be prevented. They are commonly attributed to over-work, whether they occur in children or adults; but it may be doubted whether they are caused by too much work. Most probably they are caused by uninteresting and worrisome work done without cheerful motives and therefore without enjoyment. Children, especially, need free and keen interest in their work, and can hardly be strained in work which they enjoy. The same is true of adults in all occupations. It is hard to hurt any person, man or woman, by work, provided he or she enjoy the work and observe the simplest rules of healthy living. The factory system with minute division of labor needs short hours, or a short working day, because close attention has to be given to a small task incessantly repeated, the performance of which has often become almost automatic, and success in which yields but little pleasure. Factory labor is therefore peculiarly unsuitable for children and any school work which at all resembles factory work may safely be condemned on that ground alone.

MUCH has been written against competition in schools, but no one has yet proposed a satisfactory alternative for competition with its two great merits. First, competition with one's own peers and superiors seems thus far to be the

only way in which any one can arrive at a reasonable understanding of his own powers. Now an understanding of one's own powers and confidence in the powers understood are necessary to the continuous development of any human being during the whole period of active life. Secondly, it has been abundantly demonstrated in the industries of all civilized countries that competition is necessary to progress in any industry large or small, old or new, personal or corporate. When competition is killed, progress ceases. That is the history of monopoly the world over, and the past and the present alike prophesy in no doubtful tones the future. Thus, any industry which rests upon patents stands still for the period of the patent, unless it is forced to buy and adopt new patents. In this country, though not in Europe, such a business may stand still in spite of buying new patents, because the patents purchased may be pigeon-holed.

AGAINST fatigue during school work two prescriptions have already proved effective—variety in work, and short periods for strenuous attention. The same prescriptions will go far to prevent fatigue in the occupation of adults, and it is also to be observed that both children and adults are greatly helped by feeling a personal interest in whatever work they do, whether by the minute, the hour, or the day. An adult will be much sooner fatigued by work in which he takes no interest than by work which interests him; although an enthusiast's passion may of course carry him to unwholesome extremes. No professional man, mechanic, or operative can do his best work unless he feels a personal interest in it, or enjoy work without loyalty to his calling or trade, and to his employer, whether that employer be the nation, the state, the city, a corporation, a firm, or a person. In school work, and in the later earning of a livelihood, these principles must be put in practice as part of school hygiene and part of every sound philosophy of life.

The past fifty years have witnessed a great improvement in the conduct of schools and in home discipline. The motives of fear, submission, and unquestioning obedience are much less appealed to than they used to be; and in their place have come in the motives of natural interest, emulation and willingness to follow a winning guide. This is an immense improvement as regards the health as well as the happiness of children. It is a very trustworthy part of school hygiene.

THE success of the Playground and Recreation Association of America during the past four years has been very encouraging. The Association resists effectively one of the worst evils of city life, the cutting off of children from open-air sports and games. The country child not only takes appropriate part in the outdoor labors of the family, but is free to roam at will through fields and woods amid the pleasant sights and sounds of nature. The city child can only contribute to the indoor labors of the family, and for open-air recreation is confined for the most part to the brick sidewalk and the paved street, from which he can look up to only a narrow strip of sky. The school rarely supplies him with anything more than a small gravelled area in which he can move a little during recess. To be sure, within the school he may be given some gymnastic exercises, but they will be indoors, and will probably be some kind of drill or simultaneous exercises which change at the word of command. They will not be free sports.

The short experience of the Playground Association, and of some American cities which have maintained for a few years past well-arranged playgrounds, has demonstrated that public playgrounds need for their best work to be supervised by teachers of games and sports, and to be well policed. Playgrounds, like parks, large or small, in or near cities, may easily become public nuisances if not well policed.

TO teach and follow good hygienic methods in schools is far the best way in a democratic society to improve the hygiene of the home. It is the Boy Scouts and the Camp-Fire Girls that can clean up a village and the country highways, and keep them clean. If a high school gives to all its girls good instruction in buying, cooking, and serving food, it will affect the diet of every family represented in the school; and such teaching, persevered in year after year, will ultimately improve the food of a large community.

The medical inspection of schools is a subject of great importance which is as yet only beginning to receive the attention it deserves. The theory of the subject has been well developed, and the reasons for effective action have been often explained, but as yet school committees, the trustees of endowed schools and the owners of private schools have been slow to put into execution the wise policy, and to recommend the expenditure of the money necessary to carry out such a policy. In order to improve the public health we need to know the actual conditions as regards both bodily and mental health which prevail in homes, schools, and colleges; and the facts can only be ascertained through well organized medical inspection in all educational institutions. We need not only thorough periodical examinations of all school children, but also to know the family and personal history of the children. These examinations should not only reveal the diseases actually present, but the tendencies of each child due to either inheritance or environment; so that the child's parents may receive competent advice concerning the treatment of any diseases from which the child may be suffering, and concerning desirable changes in its environment and defenses against its undesirable inheritances. The school must take these measures of prevention, because in an immense majority of cases the parents are wholly unable to make the diagnosis of their children's diseases, or to plan the defence of each child against its probable exposure to harm or the development of latent ills.

THE success of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission in the Southern States in dealing on a great scale with the hookworm disease, which for many years has enfeebled a large proportion of the population, encourages us to expect great improvements in the public health from any well-devised and well-executed system of medical inspection in schools and colleges. This Commission has not only shown that it is possible to cure sufferers by the hundred thousand, but also to prevent the spread of the hookworm disease through the population of both the present and the future.

What systematic medical inspection can accomplish in a woman's college in remedying one sort of bodily defect is well illustrated in the records and diagrams preserved by the Woman's College at Baltimore, which for more than twenty years has paid special attention to the remedying of spinal curvature in young women, a defect common among American young women. The records show complete or partial correction of that defect in thousands of cases, obtained by carefully regulated use of the Swedish machines for correcting spinal curvature and by other appropriate gymnastic exercises under medical direction. There are many such defects and disarrangements in children and young adults which competent medical supervision and a sound medical discipline could do much to remedy and prevent during the school and college ages. The organs of sense in youth afford a great field for the exercise of medical judgment and skill in the way of arresting and preventing unfortunate developments.

THE same reasons which have led irresistibly to the maintenance of city hospitals, city physicians, and boards of health, justify the maintenance in any city or large town of a system of district nursing, not for the gratuitous service of the poor alone, but for the paid service of self-supporting and self-respecting families. A family whose breadwinner brings home from fifteen to thirty dollars a week cannot possibly afford to hire a trained nurse to give her whole time to a sick or injured member at home. The wages of such a nurse and her food might easily absorb the breadwinner's entire weekly earnings. At the same time such a family is not an object of charity. It can afford, and would be willing, to pay from twenty-five to fifty cents for a daily visit from the city nurse, whose competency would be certified by her position, and who would be teacher as well as nurse. Here again, the needs of children and adults are much alike.

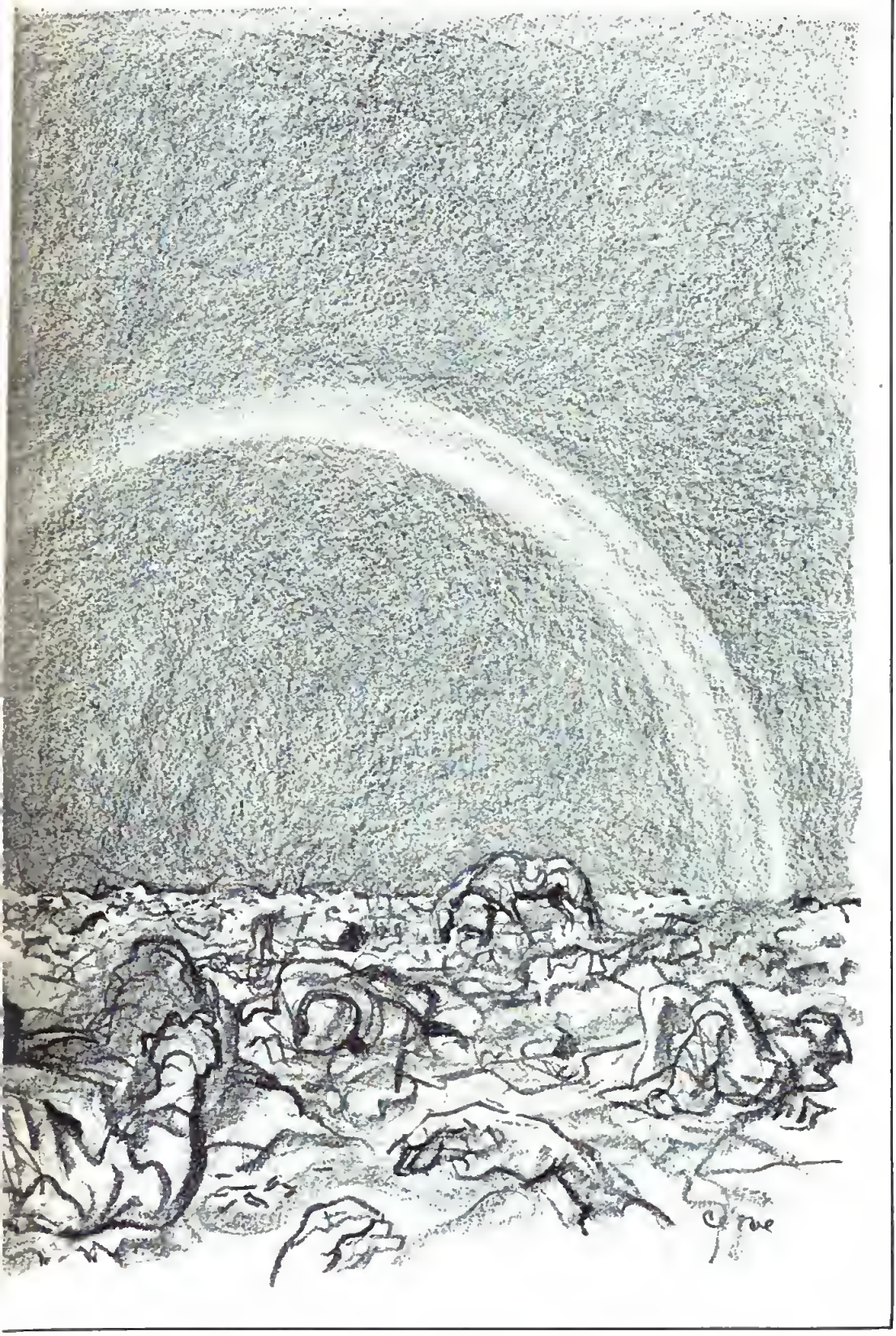
The study and treatment of flat feet in both children and adults is another contribution which medical science and skill are making in private and hospital practice to the efficiency of the community. There is need of a public service to overcome and prevent this crippling deformity. Stated examinations of the teeth of school children should be provided at public expense, to prevent suffering, maintain good digestion, and prolong industrial efficiency and life itself. In a few towns and cities which have experimented with dental inspection in schools, an alarming amount of disease, and malformation has been disclosed. These disorders can as a rule be remedied by the parents, who, acting on the advice of the public inspectors and nurses, secure the proper treatment for their children from private practitioners or public infirmaries.

Profound changes have taken place in most of the conditions of life for the individual and for society as a whole within the past hundred years. The environment of each individual, child or adult, has changed. The ideals of the family have changed; all the industries by which the white race lives have taken on new forms, and within forty years government, and particularly democratic government, has come to stand in an altogether new relation to the people. Government is now one of the agencies for enlightening society concerning the means of defending civilization against its own tendencies to decay and dissolution, and for strengthening the social resolution to put into execution all the measures which Christian ethics and the medical arts and sciences recommend.

PI

What is generally called "peace" in Europe, in our present state of civilization, is an irony. It n
lives of hundreds of thousands of wage-earners cease to be devoted to keeping up armies?

Drawn by



ACE

ns merely the absence of some great European war. When will real peace come? When will the hen will the nations cease to be merely resting after one war or getting ready for another?
). E. CESARE

# The Three Beggars

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

"THOUGH to my feathers in the wet
I have stood here from break of day,
I have not found a thing to eat
For only rubbish comes my way.
Am I to live on Lebeen-lone?"
Muttered the old crane of Gort.
"For all my pains on Lebeen-lone."

King Guari walked amid his court,
The palace-yard and river-side,
And there to three old beggars said:
"You have wandered far and wide,
Can ravel out what's in my head.
Do men who least desire get most,
Or get the most who most desire?"

A beggar said: "They get the most
Whom man or devil cannot tire,
And what could make their muscles taut
Unless desire had made them so."
But Guari laughed with secret thought
"If that be true as it seems true,
One of you three is a rich man,
For he shall have a thousand pounds
Who is first asleep if but he can,
Sleep before the third noon sounds."

And thereon merry as a bird,
With his old thoughts King Guari went
From river-side and palace-yard,
And left them to their argument.

"And if I win," one beggar said,
"Though I am old I shall persuade
A pretty girl to share my bed."
Another said: "And I will trade
Among the Kings of Greece and France."
But the third cried: "I'll to the course
Among the other gentlemen.
And lay it all upon a horse."
"But now that I have thought again,
There is a solid dignity
About a farm," the second cried.

The exorbitant dreams of beggary
That idleness had borne to pride
Sung through their teeth from noon to noon
And when the second twilight brought
The frenzy of the beggar's moon
They closed their blood-shot eyes for naught.
One beggar cried: "You're shamming sleep,"
And thereupon their anger grew,
Till they were whirling in a heap.

They'd mauled and bitten the night through,
Or sat upon their heels to rail
And when old Guari came and stood
Before the three to end this tale,
They were commingling lice and blood.
"Time's up," he cried, and all the three
With blood-shot eyes upon him stared.
"Time's up," he cried, and all the three
Fell down upon the dust and snored.

"Maybe I shall be lucky yet,
Now they are silent," said the crane.
"Though to my feathers in the wet,
I've stood as I were made of stone
And seen the rubbish run about.
It's certain there are trout somewhere
And maybe I shall take a trout
If but I do not seem to care."

# Our German Market

*How American Business Men Can Make a Great Deal of Money Abroad*

By AMOS STOTE

IN an out-of-the-way corner of a Berlin business house there works a quiet little man who is drawing a good salary for doing something in which his employers have slight interest and less understanding, and for which the concern in whose offices he sits have had a positive dislike. Yet he is already proving that in less than two years he will most certainly add materially to the profits of both companies; the one a Michigan manufacturing corporation and the other a German importing house, the former's selling agents in Austria and Germany.

As the importers have been showing a steady, if slow, increase in business done for the Michigan concern, neither of them is able to understand why this man elected himself to his present job. But the home office has faith—and when it sees the completed efforts, some records of which I viewed in the making, it is likely to add to the faith it now possesses a large consignment of activity. Even the few random facts I was able to bring away after my interview are enough to suggest at least what an expert is able to do in a foreign sales organization.

DURING the month of December, 1912, the German agency did a little more than forty-eight thousand dollars' worth of business for the Michigan corporation. This the home office knows and delights in. Some facts it does not know, and which are likely soon to transform its joyfulness into criticism of both its own and its agent's methods are that: In all the great commercial interests of the city of Breslau, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, only nine of their machines have been purchased in fourteen years; in another district covering more than a dozen cities, the chief of which has a population of seventy-two thousand, only two of their machines have been purchased within the same period; and in the city of Bonn, with its eighty-three thousand inhabitants and one hundred and three lines of industry, only six machines have been sold, three to the postal service and three to savings banks.

From these few facts it is apparent that the satisfaction the Michigan company derives from the work of the agency comes from their ignorance of conditions. In the United States and Canada this corporation averaged, during the last year, more than six hundred thousand dollars' worth of business per month; in Germany and Austria, healthy commercial countries with a combined population greater

than that of the United States and Canada, they have done but one twelfth that amount of business, or as much in the whole year as the home office averages each month.

The German agency for this house handles two additional lines—another American product, and office furniture of its own manufacturing. While the three may be considered as playing into each others' hands quite happily yet in the long run they each suffer through the division in selling operations. This is especially so in the case of the Michigan product, which is by far the most costly and demands a higher grade of salesmanship. The result is the common fate of many American products handled by a foreign agent who is not under the direct supervision of a representative of the home office. If the agent makes a fair showing he is permitted to continue, and if the agent's salesmen do a reasonable business in any of the three lines they are not molested by their employer. In other words there is no one solely interested in each line and who judges results only by the returns in each district, on his product.

What the American representative of the Michigan corporation is undertaking is the detailed analysis of the entire territory of the German agency. He is the only man not satisfied with the German business, because he is the only one of the home organization who has an intelligent idea of the amount of business the agency *should* do. When his present work is completed the Michigan people will have an accurate classification of the entire German and Austrian nations; one that will show the strength and nature of the representation and the amount of business done—a classification that will not omit one town with one industry large enough to be a user of one of their machines.

### *Uncommercial Confusion of Tongues*

THE truth about Germany is that the number of complex situations it presents to the foreigner looking for business is exceeded only by the good business the country offers the wise man who rightly approaches it. From the point of view of an American representative in Europe, concerns which have not progressed beyond the catalog stage are considered as making no genuine effort for international commerce. Even where goods are handled by foreign agents, if there is no direct representative of the American house in the field the company is looked upon as merely dabbling in export. The trade specialist in Germany today has gone so far beyond these stages that he is now only content when he is able to recognize and cater to even the sectional feeling that exists in so many parts of the country.

And no one but the man on the ground, who has been there with both feet for some time, is able to grasp the real commercial importance of avoiding the points of difference that exist between the various German states. The average American business man has forgotten that the present great empire was at one time made up of twenty independent powers and that over these, at this day, there are twenty ruling kings and princes and grand dukes; and he has probably never heard that the various peoples who go to make up these states are by no means all on friendly terms. One American business man found this out when he established a continental office in Berlin and, with the help of some German employees, went after the national trade by mail. He had spent ten thousand dollars with very small results when a veteran at the work explained to him that national distribution could not be accomplished from Berlin because the people of many of the states would throw any advertising matter in the waste basket if it bore a Berlin postmark. After that he made arrangements to have his printed matter distributed from the chief city of each state. Even the relation between Germany and Austria, which is so brotherly and reciprocal in diplomatic circles, is not always so cordial when commercial affairs are attempted. It is rather generally understood that the Berlin business man is not wonderfully popular in Vienna. Nor is the Vienna man entirely removed from the envy of his fellow countrymen as the following circumstance witnesses: An Austrian, with offices in Vienna, representing an American house, wrote a letter to no important business concern located in one of the cities of Bohemia. The letter was naturally in German, the recognized language of both districts. In due course of time this reply was received, written in pure Bohemian: "We can not read your letter but think it must be written in the Japanese tongue." The American company now has a branch office in Bohemia, with only Bohemian employees.

ANOTHER thing this company has learned is not to letter "Berlin," its continental headquarters, on any wares designed for branch offices; and while it is a product of American manufacture, yet the name of the home corporation appears nowhere on the device. Beneath the famous trademark which the article carries is the title of the German organization; after which the machines are apportioned to the branch offices and given their city addresses. In this way each district is made to feel that it is supporting a local business; which is in many respects very true as, practically without exception, the work is in charge of resident agents and assistants.

Contrary to this internal feeling of rivalry, the attitude of the average German toward American wares (I here except the German competitor) is one of friendliness. He by no means shares the feeling of suspicion held by many provincial Englishmen. In one sense the German is very much like an American advertising man who was given a rush order to prepare some copy for a new fountain pen, and who was presented with two of them. He first made a list of the pen's selling points, after which he traded the pair for one of another make and settled down to hard work. The German of today is really looking for anything that will save him time and money and is apt to smother patriotism relating to home products if the commercial advantage to be gained is at all alluring. Even the direct competitor may sometimes be approached with success. I was recently shown through the offices of a Berlin manufacturing company that not only makes a typewriter but has the selling rights for an American machine. The only example of their own product in sight was one set apart for exhibition purposes; while the entire force of stenographers worked away on the American machines.

Freedom of distribution may be carried too far, however, and the best way to avoid over-indulgence in this respect is not to do business *via* England. An American concern trying to secure German patronage through a London branch is really up against a more difficult proposition than is the strictly English house making the same attempt. The Teuton genuinely admires the creative and initiative ability of the American and is actually jealous of any apparent alliance with England. His lack of love for the Briton makes him feel that if direct representation is worth while in England then Germany, to say the least, should be shown equal consideration. More than one American house had discovered the false economy in attempting to cover Germany from a London branch. The nearest successful approach to this situation is where the German selling force is composed entirely of men of that country and only the general offices for the Continent are located in London.

### *The Invincible Government*

THERE is only one place where the German draws the line on all foreign goods when entered in competition with any article of his own make—this is in the service of the government. It is an unwritten law and one which every official, from the mightiest to the lowliest, is expected to hold as sacred. Quality, price, service—none of these are to be considered when an imported article is offered to officialdom in competition with a home product. Any infraction of this rule is sure to bring vehement protests from press and public and more especially from the defeated home producers. There is no spirit of the law, or benefits gained, to be considered in this connection; the German sticks to the letter of the teaching with all the doggedness of his military mind.

The Crown Prince very seriously injured his popularity, if not with the general public, at any rate with a great number of influential business men, when he neglected the opportunity to set an example and carry this rule into personal matters and boarded public opinion to the extent of buying an American automobile.

Not long ago a German sales corporation, owned by an American company, which has been doing business in Germany for more than twenty years, which [illegible] officials and employ[illegible] hundreds of natives, offered its product, in competition, to a newly organized governmental department. By some strange freak of fate the head of the department had not been instructed in the unwritten law and as the American article proved itself better adapted to his service an order was given for one hundred and fifty. Before the facts became public the machines had been delivered and paid for; but when the German manufacturers learned the truth they raised such a furore the matter has been scheduled to be brought up at the next session of the Reichstag.

The narrowness of the German mind in this connection would be laughable were it not for the losses, either threatened or actually sustained, as a result of such a confined outlook. German sewing-machine manufacturers, who realize they are entirely outclassed by American producers, have seriously tried to secure the government ban on the purchase of American machines by the families of the officers and soldiers of the army. And even this might have been given some consideration were it not for the fact that the chief American competitor had

erected an extensive plant in one of the provinces of their country.

### *Inconsistent Liberality*

LOSS of official patronage is not, however, without its full counterbalance of unusual opportunities. The imported factory proposition is one of inestimable value to many foreigners. Exceedingly satisfactory returns are offered any good product intelligently pushed, but the factory on German soil, operated along American lines, only sufficiently modified to meet certain local conditions, will certainly be a better competitive organization than the all-German plant. Moreover the cost of German labor is less than fifty per cent that of American labor; and the skill of the German mechanic is of too world-wide renown to need elaboration. If increased facility in reaching the German market could be counted as the only gain to the imported factory it would be a profitable investment, but in the gross result that is only one important item.

In the matter of freight rates and freight service the land of the Teuton is certainly the land of Utopia—with no discrimination against the plant controlled by foreign capital. From Kaiser to clerk the whole of official Germany fairly aches to increase its industrial and export efforts. The factory not only has excellent facilities offered it for transportation to all points in Germany at reasonable rates, but goods for export are given very appreciable reductions, not only over home rails but on the high seas as well. Much of this is due to the fact that both the railways and steamship lines are, in the majority of instances, under government control. Still another very important advantage is the fine system of invoicing in vogue, by which it is possible to ship goods to both the near and far East at a lump rate and without any of the complicated features so frequently met with in export trade. This last named advantage has frequently resulted in giving the German the competitive margin in many fields, South America not the least of them, where he has taken orders away from our houses because he was able to practically put the goods on the purchasers' shelves while we struggled with, "f. o. b. our factory si[illegible]

IT is impossible to do more than suggest here the manifold advantages accruing to the American house establishing a branch factory on German soil; but it must not be forgotten that in addition to those already itemized the taking of this step puts the concern on the right side of the unwritten law and throws open to it the ripe market of all officialdom. There would be no Reichstag rumpus this winter over the purchase of one hundred and fifty American machines by the new insurance department if that article had borne the magic symbol *Made in Germany*. The German agent for another American product told me that if the home plant would only allow him to make the most trifling part of their device he could do a big and profitable business with the government.

The foreigner must be warned against an excess of zeal in endeavoring to indicate that his goods are of German make when such is not the case. The Berlin office of an American corporation was recently presented with a surprise in the shape of a lawsuit brought by German competitors who claimed the company endeavored to mislead the public and to create the impression that it was handling a German product. The cause of the trouble turned out to be an obscure agent in a distant territory, who, the competitors claimed, had put a sign over the front of his shop that was painted in the national colors. No one in the Berlin office knew of the sign's existence and though the lawsuit turned out to be nothing more serious than an irritation, it is enough to be a warning. It might be mentioned here that while the cost of living is increasing in Germany the cost of lawsuits averages less than supper money given to clerks who work overtime. The lawyer's fee in connection with a five dollar suit is twenty-five cents and often, though the German law frequently makes it a matter of small concern whether you win or lose a civil suit, it is a diversion in which almost anyone can afford to indulge.

### *Dodging Taxes*

THESE incidents should not be allowed, however, to increase the human inclination to emphasize the difficulties to the extent that opportunity is obscured. There have been such pitiful tales told of hardship through governmental restrictions yoked to all business, of unkind laws, and especially of ruinous taxes imposed, until some have come to believe it costs more to succeed than to fail in Germany. Such tales lose much of their color when it is known that the same laws which impose so heavily also provide a way by which the foreign company organising in Germany may legally evade practically all taxes.

There is no denying that taxes in Germany are high. The German business man carries a load of them such as would make the good men of other countries ready to give odds against their own loyalty. But the German is not only doing business—and the "handsome thing" by his government—he is getting rich, as well. And if he can accomplish this, there is no earthly reason why the average American business house can not do as much, and more, for it is given an open opportunity to dodge taxes, a legitimate act recognized by the German courts as a routine business procedure.

The way to step from under these taxes is to establish a separate German corporation, which is in reality a limited liability association. A corporation of this character may be formed by two persons, and five thousand dollars capital, for the purpose of representing an American house. Stock subscriptions may be made either by the home company or the representative and not necessarily entirely in cash, as the conferring of the rights of the representative under his contract on the association makes only a partial cash payment requisite. Even if the representative be made president of the association such an action will in no wise weaken the control of the home concern.

While the initial costs of organization are comparatively high and while the income tax levied on this type of corporation is really excessive; the first cost is only an item in proportion to the benefit gained—and the second may be reduced to a postage stamp. In other words this style of corporation need show no profit; it is organized for the purpose of never showing a profit. Not only is the validity of such a company above question but the courts recognize the fact that they are formed almost exclusively to save taxes.

### *Ambassadors of Commerce*

AFTER all, the most economical and constructive method by which a company, realizing the enormous business opportunities Germany offers, may attack the problem of so important an export undertaking is first to send out a man of training and initiative ability; not a salesman, nor any other man who has in mind the taking of random orders which are likely to prove of more bother than they are worth to all parties concerned. The man who goes to Germany as a real Ambassador of Commerce, if he has not already had the opportunity of foreign travel, should at least be one who has given the question sufficient study to know the nature of the information he should secure, the general methods to employ in securing it, and, most important of all, to know when he has actually acquired this material in such form as to give it working value. He must be prepared to grind out such facts, in detail, concerning the laws, industries, finance, transportation, labor and sales as his company will require in the upbuilding of an export business.

The great trouble has been that many concerns have tried to reach the foreign markets without having first learned how. A painfully striking experience of this kind recently came to the notice of the foreign manager of a Pennsylvania manufacturing company. He was returning to his post after a visit to the home plant, and on board the boat was a man sent out by some American concern to, as the fellow modestly explained it, "clean up a bale of orders and show the foreigners how to do business." It was his first trip abroad, he knew no word of a foreign language, nothing of the moneys of other countries, not an item of foreign laws, customs, or methods of commercial approach—he did not even know enough to keep liquor out of his head while on the boat, nor to keep still about the fatness of his letter of credit. The man from Pennsylvania said that he refrained from trying to find out the concern the novice represented for fear of losing his respect for some house he had come to admire.

HERE was a man, who showed the most wonderful facility in evading all good advice and suggestion thrown in his way by the men with whom he came in contact, sent out at great expense to circle the globe in the interests of some corporation. If these employers are not already disgusted with the prospects of foreign trade—fate has certainly stopped short their "Ambassador," for the good of all concerned.

This elimination process of going after any foreign trade is worse than no attempt at all and when it is applied to Germany, to anyone who has had the opportunity to appreciate the buying power of this people, it seems heartbreaking. It is so very costly to secure German trade in the same way you guess at the number of seeds a watermelon contains; but when you have put the country to the acid test of careful and complete investigation, if you work on even approximately right lines, the cost of operation will be less than at home. Perhaps this last statement sounds like unnecessary exaggeration, especially when said of a country supposed to have such keen competitive schemes; yet the fact remains that scores of American firms in Germany are doing business there at ten per cent less cost—some at even a greater saving—than are the home companies.

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# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## IV

### The Bridegroom Findeth Motor Trouble of a Domestic Kind

WITH the beautiful head of a girl he knew not
Reclined on his bridegroomly shoulder—the spot
Where the locks of his bride
Should have rested in pride—
Percy drove on and more fidgety got.
He realized well that the lovely Unknown,
Worn by her vigil, so sleepy had grown
She was quite unaware, as she drooped like a willow,
Whether a man or a rock was her pillow.
Nevertheless
You may vividly guess
Percival's ever-increasing distress
When the lady in slumber lopped over so far
He had to hold on or she'd dropped from the car.

HE tried once to shake her
In hopes he could wake her—
The act merely caused her to smile in her sleep.
He sent his car bolting
O'er thank-ee-ma'ams jolting—
She groaned in her slumbers and started to weep.
Again heaven's mercy
Implored frightened Percy,
"Say, this would be nice, if . . ."
No sooner 'twas said
Than round a sharp curve in the woodland ahead
There came a "Hoot! Hoot!"
And a dangerous brute
Of a blue-bodied runabout swung into view,
A mighty two-seater with passengers two;
A man and a woman were they.
In dismay
Percival shook out the charms
In his arms.
All in vain,
For 'twas plain
That the calm Sleeping Beauty was there to remain.

PERCY, suppressing a furious blush,
Deep-dreading the leer
From the car drawing near,
Too shamed to look up in the ominous hush,
Was jamming on speed to pass by with a rush
When a voice from the other car rose to a yell
And spoke in an accent he knew very well:
"Mercy!
My Percy!!"
And, raising his eyes, he beheld, pale with fury,
Katury!

At the moment, the slumberous maid from her dream
Instanter emerged with a tenuous scream.
Swift as an antelope leaping a gorge,
She sprang to the road, crying, "Georgie, my George!"
Whereat the strange man, sitting solemn and still,
(As Percival guessed, 'twas the "nice Mr. Hill")
Coldly addressed her in boreal tones,
"What are you doing there, Gwendolaide Jones?"

SHE might have explained, but Katurah broke in:
"Percival Brown, this is rather too thin!
First you leave me at night in your automobile,
Marooned on the road without shelter or meal,
While you are, no doubt,
Just gadding about,
Having no end of a jolly good time—"
(Percival thought of his seven-mile climb
Bearing that tire
Through thistle and mire,
Yet he said not a word. Such reserve is sublime.)
—"You not only desert me, but when you appear,"
Here her accent sardonic
Was more than ironic,
—"Well, I hope you were both
very cozy, my dear.
You looked just as snug
As a bug
In a rug—
That is, I mean, you looked very
—Oh drat!
Who *is* that Cat?"

THEN up spake the man in the blue-bodied car:
"See here, Madam, Miss, or whatever you are—
The lady you mention
With jeering intention
As Cat is the woman who's pledged as my wife.
If you'll kindly select
A tone of respect—"
Here Percival suddenly leaped into strife,
For the woes of the night
Had aroused him to fight
And he greeted the chance of a row with delight.

"AND you, sir, beware!
Be cautious! Take care!
What tones you employ to the lady up there,
For she is my bride
And the man who would chide
My Pet does the trick at the risk of his hide!"

THE champions drew closer. They almost touched noses,
Doubling their fists in belligerent poses;
One fractional move of the tenth of a hair
No doubt had spilled buckets of blood then and there,
Had not the enchantress called Gwendolaide Jones
Rushed forth and exclaimed in angelical tones,
"Hold, gentlemen, hold!
Not a blow, not a swear,
Till the truth has been told
Of this midnight affair!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# An Irishman, a Clergyman, and a Playwright

By SYDNEY BROOKS

SOME time in October Mr. Arnold Daly will be producing "General John Regan" hy "George A. Birmingham." What is more "Mr. Birmingham" himself will be in New York to supervise its productiun. I can safely, therefore, prophesy, for Americans who are interested in the drama and in Ireland and in Irishmen, two treats. They will see an amusing and original comedy that has been one of the few hits of the London theatrical season—it was played hy Mr. Hawtrey 250 times—that is all the more refreshing for its nearness to the realities of Irish life aad character; and they will meet one of the most vivid and uaderstaading aad accomplished Irishmen of the day.

Mr. "George A. Birmingham" still clings to his pseudoaym in his books and plays, hut it has long since ceased to be a disguise. Every one who knows anything about Ireland is aware that the man belrind the name is the Rev. James O. Hanaay, honorary Canoa of St. Patrick's, Duhlin, and for the past twenty-odd years, up to a few weeks ago, the rector of Westport in County Mayo. The first book—or, at any rate, the first novel—he ever wrote, "The Seething Pot," puhlished some eight years ago, plunged him into such hot water that his nom de plume—nobody, in any case, can be really pseudonymous in such a whispering-gallery as Ireland—quickly peeled off him.

THE scene of "The Seething Put" was apparently laid in Canoa Hanaay's own parish of Westport; many of the characters in it were men and womea to whom the neighborhood had no difficulty in giving a name; and Westport, which had probably never read a book before, read this one eagerly, and, reading it, became n seething pot itself.

With the peculiar asiaiaity and wrongheadedness that seems to be reserved for popular judgments on books and their authors, Mr. Hannay was held to have libeled the Catholic faith and the Irish priesthood. Puhlic bodies passed resolutions demanding his retiremeat from the chaplaiacy of the Westport Infirmary; he was excluded from the local committee of the Gaelic League; he became the eater of one of those inimitahle rows of which, for her perfect tranquillity, Ireland has too many. Nobody, of course, took the outery seriously, least of all the average Catholic men and women in Westport, among whom the Canoa has spent the best part of his life, who knew him as intimately as his own congregatioa, and to whom he has endeared himself hy a thousand ties.

BUT it was not this that sent "The Seething Pot" through half a dozen editions, and that made its successors, "Hyacinth" and "Benedict Kavanagh," almost as widely read. I know of no better or more beguiling introduction to Irish life and to politics than is to be fouad in these three aovels. Ia the first, Canon Hannay makes it clear how little Irelaad can be redeemed hy "politics"; in the second how futile are the benefits she derives from hating England and fighting against her, and from being spoon-fed into a make-believe of industrial vigor; and in the third how absolutely and inexorahly her salvation depends on the character and efforts of her own people. Nothing, he asserts in effect, can be done for the Irish; everything in time can, and will, be done hy them.

Just because they are true and do not flinch from facts, "The Seething Pot" and "Hyacinth," like "John Bull's Other Island," are maddeaingly depressing and inconclusive. They left me, I well remember, throwing up my hands at the whole Irish question—the precise effect, I learned afterward, that their author intended to produce. Ia them he showed us how aot to help Ireland, a lesson that both Englishmen and Irishmea have still to learn. In "Benedict Kavanagh" he went beyond negatives and gave us the key for which we were waiting.

BUT the moral to be drawn from these aovels is only one of their recommeadations. They are all written ia a pleasant, easy, pointed style; they all turn one or another aspect of the Irish "questioa" into living men and women, and show you the crucial interplay of vital hates and strivings behind the inanimate abstraction of this "prohlem" and of that; they all supplement one another ia providing a full gallery of Irish characters and movements. They are all delightfully interspersed with caustic, illuminating digressions; they all make Ireland real. Together they form a trilogy that throws a truer light on the inner impulses of Irish life and the Irish temperament than a whole library of hlue-books and reports.

To these should be added Canon Hannay's fourth and latest political novel, "The Red Hand of Ulster." It is a deliciously suave and ironical and good-humored study of the situation ia Ulster as it is today—a situation that Canoa Hannay, himself a Ulsterman, uaderstaads to the ground. The spirit of the "Black North," its vaporings and rhodomontade, its incredible earnestness of self-deception, have aever beea more happily seized or woven into a more exciting narrative. Anybody who wants to know whether Ulster will fight, and whether she is sincere, and the forces that really influeace her, and the character of her politics and of her leaders, will learn it all from this siagularly urbane and sapient aovel.

CANON HANNAY holds a place of his own in the public life of Ireland. He is a Protestant clergyman, born and reared in Ulster, hut at the same time an ardent Home Ruler and a still more ardent Gaelic Leaguer, both of them eathusiasms that are anathema to nine hundred and aiaety-aiae out of every thousaad of his co-religionists. A man of much charm and sensihility, alert, tolerant, cultivated, and practical, he has aone of the prejudices either of this class or of his profession. When he speaks out he does it with a siacerity at least as great as his humor. He has plenty of idealism and a sustained power of enthusiasm, hut very few illusions, and none whatever about Ireland and the Irish. He knows the country through and through; not a single stitch in the many seams of Irish life and politics and character escapes his cool, clear gaze. Yet he never despairs either of the laad or its people. Beneath the caustic and unsparing writer there is the toiler and the patriot, hopeful, indefatigable, aad undismayed.

"General John Regan" is not Canon Hannay's first play. Some eighteen months ago he brought out a comedy is Duhlin, where it met with a lively success. But it is with "General John Regan"—which he wrote, hy the hy, in three evenings—that he has made his first hit with the play-going public of Loadon, and scored a success which, I feel very sure, he will repeat in New York.

Mr. Haaaay has recently written a book round the play, hut the original germ of it is to be found in a short story he contributed a few years ago to *Harper's Magazine*. The "General" of the title is a purely mythical general of alleged Irish hirth, who is made out to have been the hero and savior of some South American republic. Nobody in the townlet of his reputed hirth had ever heard of him until some practical joker from America, to relieve the tedium of a motor tour through the west of Ireland, invented him on the spot and announced himself as the hero's biographer, piously searching for memorials and reminiscences of his early days, and calling upon the villagers to guide him to the home of the Liberator's childhood.

THE villagers are Irish, with the Irish genius for dissimulatioa: they promptly conceal the fact that this is the first time they have ever heard of their distinguished fellow townsman. They are Irish, too, with the Irish genius for agreeableness, for humoring people, for saying what they think will please; and they promptly supply the investigator with everything he waats. He is shown the hut where the General was born; his ancestry and connections are fully detailed. Anecdotes and recollections multiply apace; a niece of the great man is even forthcoming for the American's edification; aad withia a week the hero who never existed is the idol of the village where he never was born.

How meetings are held to erect a statue in the General's honor; how the project is linked oa to a great scheme for gettiag a pier built at the government's expease; how every step in the transaction hecomes a starting-point for separate deals and intrigues and complications that evolve themselves under a perfect cloudburst of what a dull Aaglo-Saxoa would probably call lies, hut what, to any one who really knows Ireland, are nothing of the kind—all this is the stuff and substance of the play. It is excellent humor, excellently rendered. And it is a good deal more thau that: it is a good-natured hut at the same time a very sure and shrewd satire on some of the more obviously amiable weaknesses of the Irish character—a joke at their expense which no one has relished in Londoa or will relish in New York more keenly than the Irish themselves.



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## SOTHERN AND MARLOWE IN "MACBETH"

### POLITICS IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

By James Montgomery Flagg

# Stage Notes

By N. H.

*Mr. Sothern in Hamlet*

### *1. Sothern and Marlowe Audiences*

IN playing Shakespeare almost exclusively, Edward Sothern and Julia Marlowe give to a large class of Americans something for which they are eager, but which is supplied to them in pitifully small quantities by the American stage. The people of the United States cannot be properly judged on Broadway, and the unfortunate fact that New York is the principal producing center, and that the willingness of outside managers to take a play is largely determined by its fate in New York, causes our theater to be more trifling than it would be if it fairly represented the American people. The support of Shakespeare, and of Sothern and Marlowe, comes from those classes that represent our country.

It seemed to me, the other day, as if literally thousands of sixteen-year-old girls were in the audience—no doubt partly because the college and school requirements force them to become familiar with "Macbeth" or "The Merchant of Venice," but partly also because culture in general in this country is more diffused among the women, and the parents are giving these girls what they recognize as an opportunity.

Why doesn't somebody write a great novel about the small-town girl of today, eager for culture, much more restricted in her opportunities than need be? If an interesting play goes to her town for a matinée and an evening performance, she is free to go in the afternoon only if some young man, or a parent, or some other girl wants to go. If she goes alone, it is in no way dangerous or unpleasant, but it is unusual, and therefore, when she gets home, her mother says: "What will you be doing next? Smoking, I suppose!" A singular contrast to this is that she is free, in the same kind of a town, to drop into the moving-picture theaters. One would think it might be just the other way. Probably the reason is that dropping into the moving-picture theater is a casual affair that can be done in a few moments, and therefore the conventional mind looks upon it as natural; whereas to go off alone for a whole afternoon's attendance on a play would be recognized at once as too much of a departure from the norm. The big cities and the small towns alike are full of people who are hungry for better things than they get, and the theater will one day achieve a position where it will beckon the public upward to its best possibilities instead of merely trying to strike the greatest common denominator from the standpoint of Forty-second Street and Broadway.

### *2. Sothern's "Benedick"*

ALL the parts played by Sothern and Marlowe this season have been played by them before; but, as "Much Ado about Nothing" has been promoted to a more important place this season, it gives the excuse for a tribute to Mr. Sothern's Benedick. It is a truly satisfying creation of one of the most lovable personalities in literature. It has Benedick's sweetness, oddity, and gay exuberance. Technically, it is altogether sound. There is not a moment, from the first entrance to the final curtain, that Mr. Sothern does not seem to be identified entirely with the charming creature all composed of geniality and wit. Besides being a good actor, Mr. Sothern has in himself much brilliancy and much fun, and he plays Benedick as if he knew him intimately, sympathized with him, loved him, enjoyed him.

### *3. A Barrie Skit*

ONE of the most remarkable things about the three Barrie pieces that have been produced so far in this country this season is the absurdity of some of the comments on them. Criticism of a compelling kind, enthusiastically explaining and extolling what is real in the drama, would do much to lift it. The third Barrie piece, called "The Censor and the Dramatist," is not easy to place correctly unless one knows Barrie's mind, knows the English situation, and knows the circumstances under which the play was written. Mr. Barrie is as fond of mere sport as a small child. I have seen him put a piece of stick on a croquet wicket, because he realized that the stick at a little distance would look like a bird, and then get all his guests out skilfully in the right neighborhood and begin throwing things at the wicket until he slipped into their minds the idea that the bird sitting on the wicket was extraordinarily tame. Several times, when benefits have been about to be given, he has sat down and dashed off a trifle for one performance. In one the point of the burlesque was the convcotions of the stage and when the heroine comes on she calls her mother on the telephone, and delivers a long speech beginning, as I remember it, about like this:

"Hello, Mother! Is that you? It doesn't matter who you are. Anybody will do. I want to tell the plot of the play. I am your daughter Mary. Don't you remember? I married Mr. Jones. He is my husband. We don't get on together. The telephone is so useful in a one-act play, because you can tell the whole plot without breaking into a soliloquy."

The husband and wife discover that they are leading perfectly innocent lives. They cannot stand this, so they undertake to separate.

*He:* I suppose you will keep the house.

*She:* Yes, I will keep the house.

*He:* Well, can I have the dining-room clock?

*She:* No!

*He:* May I keep my studs?

*She:* Yes, you may keep your studs.

*He:* Well, what about the child?

*She:* There is no child.

*He:* Oh, yes—I forgot.

The program for "The Censor and the Dramatist" contains some verses evidently written by some product of New York wholly misinterpreting the nature and purpose of the play, which is an entirely playful trifle setting forth amusingly certain conventions of the problem drama, such as that a wife's bedroom must



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always open off from the living-room, in order that certain familiar situations which are used in all of these plays can be more readily presented to the audience. The censor is laughed at in a spirit almost of farce, and of course the censor is unknown here, but he is a very present, very annoying, and very familiar affair in Great Britain. The later play has the intelligent lightness and unusualness of Barrie. It is in no way to be classed with the two one-act plays which he did seriously, but the fact that an American manager puts it on for a run has an encouraging meaning; namely, that a public too long deprived of a fair proportion of drama worth listening to can now be caught and attracted by the name of Barrie.

*"Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!"*

### 4. *Police Censorship*

SPEAKING of censorships, there must always be somebody, of course, to decide whether a play offends morals too flagrantly to be permitted, or not, and it is better to leave it to the police than to any individual, because as a rule the police represent the public, and the public has a right to make its own mistakes. To be sure, sometimes the policemen are amusing. Mr. Waldo, police commissioner, is reported to have ordered a significant change in "Any Night," one of the earlier examples of the swarm of vice plays that have sprung up recently to meet the demand of the public that one great evil of life shall no longer be ignored. What did Mr. Waldo have taken out? That part of the play that criticized the police—to wit:

*Policeman:* "Say, kid. I'm sorry about the lungs."

*Mary:* "Oh, forget it."

*Policeman:* "And, Mary, after this there ain't going to be nothin' doin' in the piece-of-change line."

*Mary:* "That's all right, Mike—you're entitled to it, and as long as I keep goin' you'll get yours—(*Half to herself*)—and the Sergeant'll get his, and the Lieutenant and the Captain and all the rest of them'll get theirs—and when there ain't nothin' more to give up—(*Smiles wanly*)—maybe I'll get mine."

And this:

*Policeman:* "Can it, kid, can it. I seen her when she flagged ya—but if you want to fall fer it, go as far as ya like; I've given ya the inside info', so don't holler if the harpoon hurts. And say, Birdie, yer a new edition to me, so let me wise ya up; if yer goin' to scatter yer line of chirp along this alley fer the season, don't fergit Little Boy Blue. Got me, Baby?"

Perhaps if there were a referendum, it would be decided that the Police Commissioner did not represent public opinion in taking out of a play that part of it which tied up a terrible existing evil with a police system. However, Christabel Pankhurst's opinion about this evil was suppressed in this country, so what do you expect?

FAST GOING IN THE MUD

*A remarkable instance of how well the backs kept their feet in the slippery footing in the course of the Dartmouth-Princeton game. Whitney's fast starting would have done credit to a dusty gridiron*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

DARTMOUTH won its game with Princeton with something to spare, and in so doing uncovered in Curtis one of the best punters of the year. The Hanover kicking game, covered by a pair of first-class ends, had been to some extent discounted, but few who had followed the work of the two elevens were prepared for the high-class running game used by the Green—a type that probably would have done considerably more execution on a dry field. Whatever the result of subsequent games in which the Hanoverians and the Tigers figure, it has been settled to the satisfaction of most followers of the game that the Dartmouth system is better than the Princeton system. And that means a great deal. It means that Dartmouth, despite comparative geographic isolation and other handicaps, has founded a system of football that will compare favorably, theoretically, with that at any other college in the country, and will bear comparison with the systems in use at more than one university that boasts of a wider range of material.

### *The Dartmouth-Indian Game*

THERE can be no doubt that in the course of time the Green will once more be on the Harvard schedule, but in the meantime the Hanoverians probably will have to seek conquest far afield. This week the team from New Hampshire meets the Carlisle Indians, one of the shiftiest elevens in the country, and has already threshed it out with Pennsylvania. It would seem that in course of time Dartmouth must drift into an alliance of some sort, instead of being, as at present, something of a wanderer. Pennsylvania, for instance, could do worse, and hardly better, especially as Dartmouth will soon attain a position in other branches of athletics that will entitle the institution that was started for redskins and has been monopolized by whiteskins for many a long year, to a forward position in the ranking on track and field. There have been good coaches both at Dartmouth and Princeton and it is possible that the present incumbents at both institutions will not exert a lasting influence on the type of play, but I am inclined to believe that Dartmouth will profit more than Princeton from this year's campaign. But in the long run, unless there is something bordering on a revolution in Tigertown, the Dartmouth method, founded as it is on the roots of football, will achieve better results.

Quite early in the season it was predicted in these columns that Llewellyn would prove one of the best quarterbacks of the year, and his work in the Princeton game alone was enough to place him in the front rank. Easily one of the best in the lists last year from the viewpoint of personal skill, his judgment was to be questioned in the important games. Even now, on the offense, I doubt if the Dartmouth method of playing the quarters will bear scrutiny. When little Pishon was running the team—a man who weighed not more than 125 pounds—it seemed a good idea to play close up under the center, but both Ghee and Llewellyn are so much bigger than Pishon that an aggressive defense has an excellent chance of upsetting them.

*"Hobey" Baker, Princeton's captain, and the fleetest man behind the Orange and Black line*

### *Whitney, a Star*

IN Whitney the Green has one of the best backs I have ever seen, not alone in carrying the ball, but in interference and in making "false attack." Had it not been for Whitney's plunge into the line when Llewellyn made his touchdown it is doubtful if the Tiger team could have been coaxed in from its normal "spread" defense. No doubt the Hanover men had been sizing up the Princeton type of end play for some time. Certainly their attack would lead to that conclusion. The Dartmouth ends, on the contrary, bored in and upset the Princeton shifts in their incipiency. The fact that the field was wet will hardly serve as an excuse.

One of the best coaches in the country has said that the work back of the line is a "shell game," and Dartmouth, with a

quick shift of the backs, was playing a "shell game" against Princeton. The point was that when Whitney did not have the ball he looked as though he had it. The Princeton shifts, on the contrary, looked and acted as though they had nothing, which assuredly they had not.

### *Princeton Must Change Tactics*

BY the time these lines appear Princeton probably will have begun building some sort of offense not entirely dependent upon the shifts that have proved to be failures, although why the Tigers have spent so much time on that form of the "Minnesota" that is best known, without using the variations that have been in existence for some years, but not even used by Minnesota, is beyond guessing. The same defense that stops the extant form of the "Minnesota," however, will stop the yet to be uncovered Minnesota shifts, and there is no health in them save when done to perfection.

The same amount of perfection, however, will "get over" a play much simpler than the "Minnesota," which the Dartmouth-Princeton game amply proved if proof were needed. Supreme precision would have made effective a simpler play than any Princeton used.

### *The Value of the Old Kicking Game*

ONE of the joys of the big games is the simplicity of the play or plays that win—the realization that they are founded on football principles that are as old as the hills. It has been said of Princeton that there was some new form of kicking under cover at Tigertown, that not alone was there a new kicker but also a new kink in kicking. Yet when the test came, the Hanoverians, playing the kicking game as it is best understood by most football men, triumphed, and triumphed deservedly. There is a way to meet such a kicking game as that used by Dartmouth, and above all, that employed by Harvard, and it may be that the other big games will uncover it, but at this writing the sound and solid method of kicking, both on attack and defense, has earned its way to an opening or two for a score just as it always has.

### *The "Lively" End vs. The "Waiting" End*

THE Darmouth victory over the Tigers emphasizes as no game to the time of writing the superiority of the "lively" end over the "waiting end." Criticism of Princeton's method of end play is hopeless, save for general, and non-Princetonian consumption. The theory uf the "smashing end" is best expressed in the words of a famous coach. "You are running through signals," said he. "The play is working smoothly. There is not a flaw in it. When, all of a sudden, some one comes along and throws a railroad tie into it—a mere log of wood. And what are you going to do about it?" The question must go unanswered until the biggest games swing around.

### *Penalties a Big Factor Now*

PENALTIES, doubtless, will be big factors in the games that are played toward the close of the season, which revives the old suggestion that the hockey rule be applied to football—the sending of a man to the side lines for a stated period, and compelling the offending team to play with ten men for that period. Since the rules are so free in the matter of substitutions, they might well be expanded to cover disqualifications of a temporary nature. The disgrace of expulsion from the field of play sometimes follows a man in after life, and it must be remembered that his offence is measured by the judgment of one man. The immediate disgrace would be great, I think, were he sent to the side lines for a short time, and the permanent disgrace would depend upon his character as a player—the judgment, not of an official, but of his fellows. It is a serious thing to brand a man as an intentionally rough player, and the branding should not be left to an official, who admittedly is fallible.

*"Hank" Llewellyn, Dartmouth's field general, who was the brainiest player in the Princeton game*

### *The Yale-Princeton Battle*

WHEN this issue of the WEEKLY is out the Yale-Princeton game will have been played—a game that will have a great deal to do with the future coaching policy at the institutions involved. Yale is already committed to a resident and salaried coach, while the Tigers are going through a form of coaching responsibility from which the Elis have been graduated. Older and wiser heads will have to get into closer touch with Princeton, I think, if the younger men are to make the team what the Tiger material ought to make it, and my opinion about Princeton will not be changed by the sheer fact of victory, if victory there is to be. There is a chance, of course, that Princeton will win big games now and for many years to come, but I firmly believe that the time for introspection at Old Nassau has come at last, and come with a vengeance.

*Curtis, Dartmouth's punter, one of the best kickers of the year*

*Ballin, the Princeton tackle, who is a mainstay in the Tigers' forward line*

# As They Do It in France

By ALICE GEUBEL DE LA RUELLE

*One answer to the policeman argument against woman suffrage*

THE official journal of August 11, 1913, publishes a long list of eminent persons decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and among them are three women: Madam Chaminade, the great composer, Mlle. Stoude, Founder-director of the Molière College, and Madame Prévost, Inspectrice Départementale du Travail, my colleague and friend. All those who know Madame Prévost will applaud her oomination, for oo woman deserves more respect and sympathy in the very delicate functions which she has fulfilled for twenty years.

The men Inspectors and the women Inspectors of Labor are, since the law of November 2, 1892, appointed by the governmeot after a public competition, a fact worthy of remark. The extent of powers, the salaries, the conditions for pensions, etc., are the same for both sexes.

It is a rather amusing fact that, according to the law of pensions of June, 1851, any funetionary employed in the category of active service has the right, after twenty-five years, to a pensioo equivalent to the half at least of his actual salary. In case of death, the minor ebildren and the surviving "spouse" have a right to a third of that pension. Those words, the "surviving spouse," do not designate the sex, but in 1851 there were no women fuoctionaries in France. It was then only the widow who was able to benefit from this measure but *now* for a woman functionary the surviving spouse is a widower. Will the State pension a man who has lost bis functionary wife? By so doing, the State would recognize that she was supporting him! I think that this has oot yet been tested, but the terms of tbe law are formal and states that the surviving spouse shall receive a pension. *Tempo moresl*

THERE are about one bundred and fifty Inspectors of Labor in Fraoce; and of this number, twelve io Paris and five in the provinces are women. They are in charge of the laws of Labor and Hygiene in industry. Accordingly, they bave the rigbt to enter at any moment of the day or night into any establisbment or dependencies of establishments where it is believed or even suspected that an industry is carried on. Tbis power has been considered absolute. In fact, an *officier de la police judiciaire*, even armed with the warrant of arrest, cannot enter a building to arrest even the worst malefactor after the setting or before the rising of tbe sun. Article 84 of the Penal Code formally ioterdicts him, but the legal protection of workers would have been in great part illusory if the inspector of labor had not been able to control it in the oigbt as well as in the day. The inspector of labor who enters an establishment wbere be is not yet known proves his identity by the production of a service card. If entrance is refused in spite of that, he makes a written statemeat and sends it to tbe court, and the employer, according to article 222 of the Penal Code, is condemned for contempt of a public functionary in the exercise of his duties; tbe penalty varies from 16 to 500 frs fine and 8 days to 6 months' imprisonment. If tbe inspector sees any infraction of the Labor laws, be generally gives a notice to the employer whicb must be immediately complied with, the notice calling for a removal or cessation of the infraction. Or he grants a delay, as long as eighteen months in some instances, if ehanges in the building are required for bygiene; but if the inspector finds a very evident ill-will or ill-intent, or wbere the case is grave, be makes a written statement (*procès verbal*) without having even to warn the offending employer. This report is sent to the *Procureur de la Republique* (Publie Prosecutor).

IN consequence of this report, the employer is called before the court, where he has the rigbt to defend himself; but in this defense, neither his own testimony nor the testimony of any of his employees is accepted against the written statement of the Inspector. He is under the necessity of proving a material fact; for instance, that the required window already exists, which is hardly probable. Generally, he pleads his good faith, or extenuating circumstances. But good faith cannot be taken into consideration in matters of "infraction." It is only for misdemeanors or crimes that intention is one of the necessary conditions of culpability. Extenuating circumstances, too, are very limited in questions of infractions of the laws of labor, and are determined by special legislation, in fact, the article 463 of the Penal Code is generally not applicable except in matters of bygienic laws.

In England, the Inspector of Labor must *prove* the infractions of law whieb he has discovered. I remember having assisted in London at a sessioo of a tribunal when Dr. Thomas, Inspector of Labor, was suing an employer. He was very much surprised when he learned from me that in France I would not have had even to explain the facts personally—my *procès verbal* or written statement being considered entirely satisfactory. In Germany, the jurisdiction for labor legislation is chiefly administrative, and consequently the inspectors of labor have no judiciary power. In the case of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, as much of it as I have read in the newspapers, this would be much simplified with us.

THE Inspectors of Labor also have authority to grant permission to prolong work in cases of emergency, after accidents which require immediate repairs, or in the manufacture of conserves when the goods, such as fisb, fruits, flowers, must he utilized immediately or loss results. The "midinettes" (Parisian working girls) are not now allowed to work after nine o'clock in the evening, at the beautiful gowns and bewitching hats ordered by elegant Parisian and American women wbo compose nine-tenths of the clientèle of the *Rue de la Paix*, Paris.

FINALLY, the Inspectors compile statistics used by the Board of Labor, and frequently give reports of their observations and investigations as to the results of actual laws or in the case of projected laws.

As may be seen, the functions of the Inspector of Labor in France are numerous and important. They require a great expenditure of pbysical strength. There are no elevators in the houses where the small workshops are. It requires also strength of character to face, at times, with calm and dignity, angry and sometimes even tbreatening people. It is oecessary also to know thoroughly the legislation of labor, for every employer avails himself of a skilled lawyer who seeks to find weak or vulnerable poiots in our statements. But the Inspectors of Labor, and chiefly the women, have a mission, very noble, very fine, since it is to protect against abuses, and to assure the best conditions for work and existence of women and children, full of courage if not always of bealtb, wishing to work for their living, and doing it so valiantly, so nobly. For instance, it bappens frequently that we find a child employed in a position bad for ber health and development. If she is under sixteen, the law of November 2, 1892, gives us the right to forbid her employer employing that child under those conditions. We have to do tbis, but we would consider that our duty was not completed if we failed to procure another position for the girl, and that is what we always do; it would be doing her a poor service to take away her bread in order to keep ber bealth. I owe it to the truth to say that often the employer himself procures other work for tbe youog employee when we appeal to his bumanity and to his real interests. In fact, is it not to his interests to bavea persoonel in good bealth, satisfied to work for him, and cooperating joyfully in the common work? Many employers in France, as well as in America, understand this. Io the little time I have beeo bere, I have already seen firms whieb migbt he models, and whicb I have sincerely admired.

SPACE does not permit a complete description of all the duties included in the mission of an Inspector of Labor.

To sum up then, I will say that it is not so much for her a question of being a police officer to punish infractions of labor laws, but mueb more to *prevent* as much as possible such infractions, and to instruct the employer and the employee in their reciprocal rights and duties, to help them, to prove to tbem that their mutual interests are to belp each other loyally; and that there is no real prosperity and happiness when they rely upon abuse, oppressioo and hatred.



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# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

THE one financial subject which is of most interest to large numbers of persons, next to how to make a good living, is how to invest money safely at a high rate of interest. Currency reform, tariff and trusts fade into shadows besides this knotty little problem. It is practical. There is no theory or "hot air" about it, and most of the letters of inquiry received by this department have to do with it.

In HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 6 the subject of 6 per cent. and safety was discussed. Most investors would like to get that combination if they can. The following letter is typical:

"I find I have about $500 to invest, and as I have never done anything of the sort systematically I would like to do this right. There may be some more later. I want two things sure, safety and reasonable marketability; those anyhow, and something that comes in small amounts. Then of course all the interest I can get without sacrificing the above. Can I get 6 per cent. and have safety and marketability?"

It is proposed in this article to give a list of safe investments, and most of the securities to be mentioned will yield from 5.50 to 5.70 per cent. rather than 6 per cent. There are many safe securities which yield 6 per cent. but we cannot give a list of them to advantage.

MANY real estate mortgages, or bonds based upon such mortgages, yield 6 per cent. and are safe. But these securities are local in character, and rarely have any marketability, or saleability, except such as the dealer from whom they were bought chooses to make for them. There are many thousands of such mortgages. To select them wisely one must rely upon the dealer. Everything depends upon the dealer.

There are many new or small, local industries against which securities are issued to return 6 per cent. or more. Many of these are safe, but they possess only narrow markets, and again the investor must depend upon the dealer entirely or upon a knowledge of local conditions.

Several of the strongest and most reliable of the investment banking firms offer bonds, notes and preferred stock based upon relatively new or small electric light, power and traction companies to yield from 5½ to 6 per cent. Many of these securities are safe, but here again everything depends upon the dealer. These firms have built up large organizations solely for the purpose of securing safe securities to sell to investors. The investor should get into touch with one or more of these great organizations. Usually he will be supplied with securities whose safety is sure to be demonstrated by experience. The ready saleability of such securities is sometimes called into question. While there is often much information available in regard to this class of bonds, the companies issuing them are generally comparatively new, and the standing of the bonds is more often judged by the standing of the firm which sponsors them than by widely known facts concerning the industry itself.

Finally there are numerous stocks listed on the Stock Exchange which return 6 per cent. or more. But the average conservative investor of moderate means will do well to buy a few bonds before he ventures upon stocks at all.

For all these and other reasons I have selected a list of bonds which are all dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange and are based upon the property of the larger and better-known companies. They are securities regarding which information is readily available, and which stand primarily on their own merit, irrespective, for the most part, of the sponsorship of any one firm. Less well known securities may be as good, but to determine their merit more special and individual inquiry is needed.

### *Bonds in $500 Amounts*

THE list of bonds which shortly follows includes only those which may be had in $500 pieces. All of these bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and most of them enjoy an active market there. They are all safe enough for any practical purpose.

Southern Pacific, first and refunding mortgage 4s, 42 years to run, yield 4.50 per cent.

Baltimore & Ohio, first mortgage 4s, 35 yrs., 4.45 per cent.

Northern Pacific, general lien and land grant mortgage 3s, 134 yrs., 4.60 per cent.

Atchison, adjustment mortgage 4s, 85 yrs., 4.65 per cent.

Oregon Short Line (Union Pacific) consolidated first mortgage 5s, 33 yrs., 4⅝ per cent.

New York Telephone, first and general mortgage 4½s, 26 yrs., 4.60 per cent.

General Electric debenture 3½s, 39 yrs., 4⅞ per cent.

United States Steel, sinking fund 5s, 50 yrs., 5 per cent.

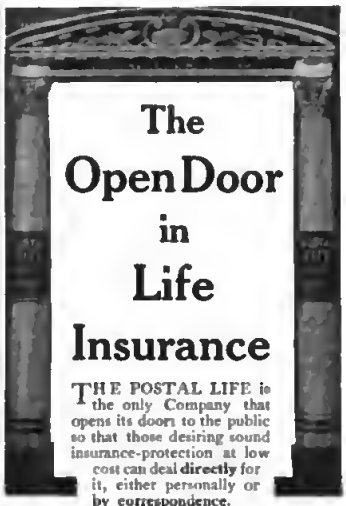
Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph, first mortgage 5s, 28 yrs., 5¼ per cent.

Cumberland (Bell) Telephone & Telegraph, first mortgage 5s, 24 yrs., 5.25 per cent.

Baltimore & Ohio, convertible debenture 4½s, 20 yrs., 5¼ per cent.

Most of these bonds are secured by first mortgage on properties which are among the largest and most valuable in the country. The first three are distinctly of the "Gilt-edge" class. The first named is legal for savings banks in this state, the highest known technical test for a bond. Not only is there a good market for all these bonds on the New York Stock Exchange, but one of them, the United States Steel 5s, enjoys probably the broadest market of any bond in the world.

There might possibly be added to the above list the first mortgage 5s of the Central Leather Company, which may be had in amounts of $100 as well. These bonds run for twelve years and net a return of 5⅜ per cent. There might possibly also be added the first and refunding 4s of the Third Avenue Railroad of New York City, which run for 47 years and return 5.20 per cent. I would not advise an investor to buy either of these bonds, however, until after making something of a study of the position and condition of the two companies and judging for himself. Both bonds enjoy an active market.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### *Tobacco Baby Bonds*

TWO of the companies which formerly went to make up the American Tobacco Co., or Trust, issue bonds in $100 denominations, which are worthy of close attention. The Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, one of the oldest and most prosperous segments of the former Trust, issues debenture 5s which run for 38 years and return 5.10 per cent. on the investment. They are not secured by mortgage, but in 1912 the earnings were more than five times the interest charge on these bonds. The P. Lorillard Tobacco Co. also has bonds which are of much the same character. They return about 5¼ per cent. There is a market for both issues. These bonds would hardly be suitable for the most conservative class of investors, but are preëminently adapted to the wants of the business man who is able to keep in touch with developments affecting his investments.

### *Safe $1000 Bonds*

WHEN it comes to bonds of the $1000 class the choice is far greater. Still confining ourselves to those which have an active market on the New York Stock Exchange the following list may be of help:

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, general mortgage 4½s, 76 years to run, 4.45 per cent. A New York savings bank bond, and one of the best bargains in that class.

Louisville & Nashville, unified 4s, 27 yrs., 4.45 per cent. Also a New York savings bank bond, and among the most attractive of this, the highest of all types.

Illinois Central, refunding mortgage 4s, 42 yrs., 4.50 per cent. Also a New York savings bank investment.

Southern Railway, first consolidated mortgage 5s, first mortgage on 900 miles, 81 years to run, 4.85 per cent. These bonds are followed by $63,000,000 development mortgage and general development 4s and $60,000,000 preferred stock, on which 5 per cent. dividends are being paid.

Interborough Rapid Transit Company, first and refunding mortgage 5s, 53 years to run, 5.10 per cent. An agreement between the company and the City of New York makes these bonds, in effect, a quasi-municipal security. In addition, they are backed by the enormous and growing earnings which, as everyone knows, are furnished by the New York subway and elevated lines. Safe and attractive.

Seaboard Air Line, refunding mortgage 4s, 46 yrs., 5.35 per cent. These bonds are followed by $25,000,000 adjustment bonds, on which 5 per cent. interest is being paid, and $24,000,000 of preferred stock on which dividends have just begun.

Armour & Co., first mortgage real estate 4½s, 26 yrs., 5.08 per cent. Earnings are probably about four times the charges on these bonds.

Southern Pacific, convertible 4s, 16 yrs., 5.40 per cent. These bonds are not secured by mortgage, but are in reality safer than many good mortgage bonds. In 1912-13 the company earned more than $26,000,000 above all interest requirements, including the interest on this issue of bonds. In addition to being safe, returning a high rate of income and having a broad and active market, these bonds always have the possibility of a considerable advance in price.

Union Pacific, convertible 4s, 14 yrs., 4.95 per cent. These bonds stand in about the same position as the Southern Pacific convertibles, except that they are perhaps even better secured, as their lower income yield seems to indicate. The Union Pacific earned more than $36,000,000 last year, after providing for the interest on this bond issue.

New York Gas, Electric Light, Heat & Power Co., first mortgage 5s, 35 yrs., 4½ per cent. This is an underlying bond of the New York Edison Co., one of the most prosperous electric lighting and power companies in the United States. The bond is secured by enormous earnings.

Norfolk & Western, divisional first lien and general mortgage 4s, 31 yrs., 4.70 per cent. A very strong railroad system, any bond of which should prove satisfactory.

Among the bonds which may be regarded as theoretically more speculative, but which are probably amply secured in every practical way are the following:

Virginia-Carolina Chemical, first mortgage 5s, 10 yrs., 5.70 per cent. At one time the continuance of the 8 per cent. dividend on the large issue of preferred stock was questioned, but prospects seem brighter now, and under any circumstances the bonds appear safe.

Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, general mortgage 5s, 46 yrs., 5.65 per cent. These bonds are not a first mortgage, and it must be admitted that the finances of this great corporation are far from easy to understand. But its earnings are large, and the bonds safe enough for most purposes.

### *Watch the Rock Island*

AN interesting issue of bonds at this moment are the general mortgage 4s of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Company. They are practically a first mortgage on 2396 miles of railroad and around 83 and 84 return 4.80 per cent. on the investment. If the condition of the company improves, which is likely, the bonds should advance in price. Even if the company does not improve these bonds are safe. In fact they would probably not be disturbed much if any even in a reorganization. This bond is probably a bargain, but owing to the low prices of the company's junior securities should not be purchased without the investor making a further study for himself. They are legal for New York savings banks. They are preceded by only $7,000,000 first mortgage 6s, which fall due in a few years, and are followed by $95,000,000 refunding mortgage 4s and $20,000,000 debenture 5s, in addition to $75,000,000 stock on which 5 per cent. dividends are being paid, and just barely earned.

No reference has been made to equipment trust bonds as they are not dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and run for short periods, ten years and less, than the securities described. Equipment securities have been described in a previous issue and there is no question as to their safety. Although not listed on the Stock Exchange they can be sold readily enough. Those of such railroads as the Atlantic Coast Line, Baltimore & Ohio, Boston & Albany, Chicago & Northwestern, Delaware & Hudson, Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Pennsylvania and Southern Pacific may be had to yield 4.70 to 5 per cent. Those of the Erie, Seaboard Air Line and one or two others return as high as 5¼ per cent.

**Why does your competitor succeed?**

Perhaps this is one of the reasons?

If his success is a mystery or a menace, or both, an adding machine *alone* might account for it

If he had an adding machine in his office and you had not, he would then have an easier, quicker means of getting accurate, detailed *knowledge* of cost fluctuations, sales tendencies, changes in customers' buying habits and in the relative efficiency of various departments and clerks.

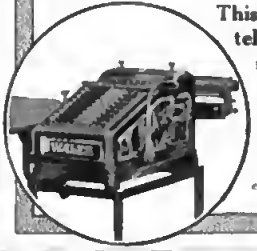
He would know *what* to buy and *what* to sell, (and then be able to *buy* it and *sell* it) long before you could get similar information from your present, more laborious bookkeeping processes.

He would be dealing in *certainties*. You would be buying and selling *risks*. If this is the secret of his success, then you are actually paying for his machine by not having one of your own.

This is why you ought to *own* adding machines, even if you are not quite ready to get one.

**WALES Visible** Adding Machine

This free book will tell you how to buy



It explains in detail the things that an adding machine ought to do in order to serve you effectively in your business. Whether you buy a Wales or not, it will give you facts you ought to have. Sending for it involves you in no obligation. Simply write us a letter, or use this coupon, whichever is more convenient.

How To Buy An Adding Machine

ADDER MACHINE COMPANY
22-46 Hoyt St. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

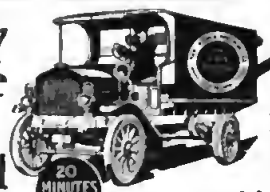
Please send me your booklet, "How to Buy an Adding Machine."

*Name* . . . . . .

*Business* . . . . . .

*Address* . . . . . .

**Every minute on record**




Whether you operate motor trucks or horse wagons—"WASTED TIME" is costing you more money than you realize.

Eliminate this waste of time and your equipment will return you a handsome profit—Cost sheets and checking systems are good as far as they go, but they don't go far enough. The

**SERVIS RECORDER**

will give you accurate, impartial mechanical supervision over your equipment at all times. It will show you clearly the time a vehicle is in use—the time spent on the road—the time spent in loading and unloading—It will demonstrate whether the cost is out of proportion to the work performed—whether you need more or fewer vehicles—which is best adapted for your needs, motor trucks or horse vehicles.

**The Servis Recorder** has no gears or outside connections—it is tamper-proof and works equally well on all vehicles—It will expose instantly any unlicensed use of a vehicle. Without cost to you we would like to demonstrate on your own vehicles how the Servis Recorder will save you money.

The Service Recorder Co.

2311 E. 105th St., Cleveland, O.

Branches in Twenty-Two Cities

# What They Think of Us

*Mary Stuart, Dean of Women, University of Montana,* Missoula (Mont.)

The new HARPER'S WEEKLY is good, every bit of it; live issues treated with intelligence and sincerity, with insight and courage—and that's rare, as you yourself know. It provides a clear atmosphere in which a growing brain can breathe freely; and that's restful—for growing brains.

I am especially grateful to you for your sanity on the "feminist movement." After all the side-stepping and sentimentality, the ranting and railing and quibbling, it's good to read the clean, simple truth about woman as she is.

*Lewis J. Johnson, Professor of Engineering, Harvard University,* Cambridge (Mass.)

Warm congratulations upon the HARPER'S WEEKLY of the present day.

*Walter Storey, Peoria Child Welfare Exhibition* (Ill.)

I trust that adverse criticism will not deter you from the splendid and inspiring step you have taken toward freeing us from dead but unburied magazine pictures of the past. I write this both from the standpoint of social advance and of art.

That said, it seems to me that a good deal of the social effect of some of the pictures is lost because of lack of correlation between such pictures and the text or spirit of the particular issue. Most people still lack the imagination and knowledge necessary to connect garbage cans and East Side life with their own fireside.

*California Outlook*

The Hapgood incident seems to indicate that the worst is over. There still remains in England a considerable public that cares for good writing with substance in it. Surface croppings here and there suggest the existence of a similar public in America.

*Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*

It is noteworthy that the Pacific Coast, which is long on woman suffrage, is exceedingly short on feminism. The strange doctrines which are being preached by Norman Hapgood in the "journal of civilization" are as disturbing to Governor Hiram Johnson's progressive state as they perhaps would have been to G. W. Curtis.

*Mrs. Margaret B. Clements, Vice-President, Tennessee W. C. T. U.,* Dickson (Tenn.)

Please allow me to congratulate you on the improvements that you have made in HARPER'S WEEKLY. I am delighted with its new dress and with the promise that it holds forth that it will be a progressive journal, its pages devoted to whatever concerns the welfare of the race regardless of sex. It delights my soul that you recognize the fact that God made the world for women, too.

*Los Angeles* (Cal.) *Tribune*

Editor Hapgood, by the projection of his personality into HARPER'S WEEKLY, has rejuvenated that publication. It ranks with the best now.

Hapgood is a man of ideas, often right, and, in any case, logical and frank. His utterances are on a high plane and his views those of a cultured gentleman of wide vision.

Even the abominable illustrations that his paper puts forth as art, may be art, although they don't look it.

*T. S. Garney,* Hart (Mich.)

It is anarchistic. It is unpatriotic, frivolous, and the pictures are daubs, and I do not take it to my house any more, for my grandchildren to read. And I do not want to renew my subscription.

*George S. Chappell,* New York City.

It is perhaps needless to say that the attitude toward modern life taken by HARPER'S WEEKLY since your management came into office numbers me among the thousands of enthusiastic supporters.

*McKeesport* (Pa.) *News*

The change is occasion for comment upon the new editor's uniqueness and preëminence in American journalism. Broadsword, axe, and bludgeon, tools favored of Greeley, Dana, Prentiss and Grady, he swings not; neither has the stuffed club a place convenient to his tapering hand. For him the thin, keen rapier, the silken swishing of which pleases his ear no less than it is affronted by a ruder, cruder weapon's crashing thwack. But, for all the daintiness of his warpath equipment, he spills as much blood as any of his militant forebears ever shed,—a fact his trail, cluttered with the corses of Uncle Joe, Jim Watson, Old Figgers Grosvenor, Ballinger *et al.*, attests. His style is grace itself. He is courteous, always. Sometimes he is so gentlemanly as to be ladylike, almost. Withal, he is there with the punch; and in the year 1913 there is none who can with any chance of success contest his right to title as the greatest American editor.

*Fort Worth* (Texas) *Star-Telegram*

Upon the whole the new HARPER'S WEEKLY is a jam-up good magazine for a town of New York's size, and for those who like that kind of thing it's the very kind of thing they would like—with due apologies to the great emancipator of men passed away, and cordial will toward a great intending emancipator of women now on the job.

*Floyd Dell, Chicago Evening Post*

Let me express my appreciation of your article on "Woman as World Builders," and also and especially, the way you dealt with an idea in which I am particularly interested, in "Two Kinds of Mothers."

It occurs to me that you will be interested in a certain opinion of HARPER'S WEEKLY that I have come across here in Chicago. This one is an unfavorable opinion, and in its absurdity amusing. And yet it is a clue to a certain attitude of people whom you want to reach, and perhaps can only reach by taking into account that attitude.

It concerns the pictures by John Sloan and Davis and the rest. These pictures, which I admire so much, which seem to me to represent the most vital art now being produced in America, strike these people as being sordid. And in association with the feminist policy of the paper it has the curious effect of making feminism distasteful to them.

*M. A. O. Packard,* Plymouth (Ind.)

It looks like obtaining money under false pretences to obtain our cash for a journal edited by that greatest American Editor and democrat—Col. George Harvey, and turn us over to a Bull Mooser.

*A. S. Le Vino,* Boston (Mass.)

I cannot say anything nicer about HARPER'S WEEKLY than that Friday of each week has been made a red-letter day, just because HARPER'S comes out that morning.

*Howard M. Holmes,* Cleveland (Ohio)

Formerly I glanced over HARPER'S WEEKLY occasionally at the Public Library; now I buy it at the news-stand.

It's "bully"—as Teddy would say.

*L. W. Mida,* Buffalo (N. Y.)

At last! there is a magazine deserving of the name—one built for the people that *understand!*

*Montgomery* (Ala.) *Advertiser*

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, the press agent for and the apologist for the McNamara brothers, the dynamiters, is an honored contributor to the revamped HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. Steffens is a type of the class of magazine writers who have made a good living attacking all the institutions which now exist, and in advocating every new idea, particularly socialism. Mr. Steffens falls naturally into his element when he becomes a preferred contributor to HARPER'S WEEKLY, the new organ of the destructionists.

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Record Herald*

One of HARPER'S WEEKLY'S poets makes New York rhyme with mark and bark. Is this quite in line with Mr. Hapgood's determination to make the WEEKLY stand for the feminist movement on this continent?

*Ralph Parlette, Editor "The Lyceum Magazine,"* Chicago (Ill.)

I want to congratulate you on your rejuvenating power on old HARPER'S WEEKLY. This is the proof: For twenty years I have lived on trains all over the U. S. in Lyceum and Chautauqua lecturing. Excepting De Witt Miller who always read HARPER'S, I can't remember seeing it on the trains. Now every day as I ride the train, I see folks with HARPER'S in their hands. The drummer, the old dad, and some women.

*San Francisco News-Letter*

Whatever Norman Hapgood, now editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, may be in the eyes of those who are not his warm admirers, he is at least outspoken, and ventures opinions regardless of the fact that they may prove displeasing to a great many of his readers.

*H. M. Hall, M. D.,* Wheeling (W. Va.)

Here in Wheeling—the kind you want—not many—not especially high-browed—good red-blooded, virile men—have found you out—and notwithstanding you have no girl on the cover—voraciously read you every Friday night.

*Norwood MacGilvary,* New York City

If there were more periodicals with HARPER'S WEEKLY'S frank speech and courage of leadership we should soon see an end to the furtive and hypocritical attitude toward beauty and health and life, and we should still remain at least as "moral" as we are now.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 22, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

# BREAKING THE MONEY TRUST

*A New Series Telling*

## What the Money Trust Is
## How It Affects You
## How to Break It
## What to Put in Its Place

*by*

## LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

# Ask Dun's, Bradstreet's Or Your Own Banker

NOW, MORE THAN EVER BEFORE, it behooves the dealer and the buyer to look carefully to the financial stability of the automobile manufacturer whose car he contemplates owning.

THERE HAVE BEEN SOME occurrences of late that should serve as a warning in this regard. On the other hand there hasn't been a failure that wasn't scheduled. They were foreordained from the first inevitable.

SOME WERE OVERDUE, in fact. Thanks to the splendid demand for cars, which we and other responsible concerns were unable to supply in full, some of them were accorded a longer lease of life than their product or experience or financial backing entitled them to.

THERE WAS NO EXCUSE, however, for any buyer being in ignorance of what impended. That was easily foreseen.

LET US SUGGEST that now, you who are in the market for a car look into this matter as it deserves. You owe it to yourself—and us.

ASK BRADSTREET'S OR DUN'S. Or if you are not a subscriber, ask your Banker to investigate and inform you. He will do it gladly.

ASK HIM WHICH ARE the five financially strongest automobile manufacturers.

YOU WILL FIND that the Maxwell Motor Company is one of the five—and it will not be fifth in point of stability either.

HAVE HIM ANALYZE the latest financial statements of these five strongest and tell you which have the greatest amount of assets in proportion to liabilities—including bonded indebtedness, etc., of course. We think he'll tell you the Maxwell Motor Company is one of the leaders.

PERHAPS YOU DIDN'T KNOW—there's been so much confusion in this matter—that the Maxwell Motor Company has no connection whatsoever with the late Maxwell-Briscoe Company except that this concern purchased, through the U. S. Courts, all the assets, not only of that, but of several other concerns.

WE STARTED WITH A CLEAN SLATE with plants worth many millions, with ample cash on hand to take care of our manufacturing operations, etc.

WE HAVE NO BONDED INDEBTEDNESS—no outstanding notes or debts of any kind except current open accounts not yet due.

AND TODAY WE ARE nine months old with orders on our books for more than thirty thousand cars.

HAS THAT RECORD EVER **been surpassed** in this industry? We submit the account of our stewardship—ask Bradstreet's, Dun's or your Banker for further particulars regarding the operations and stability of this Company.

THEN YOU'LL FEEL SECURE on that point and, when you compare the cars as carefully, there will be only one answer, "Yours will be a Maxwell."

THERE ARE THREE MAXWELL MODELS—the "25" for $750; the "35" for $1225, with electric starter and lights and the self-starting 7-passenger "50-6" for $1975. A handsome illustrated booklet descriptive of each model tells How and Why we can give such values. Send today for the book on the Model you are interested in.

## Maxwell Motor Company (Inc.)

**Detroit, Michigan**

**Dealers and Service Everywhere**

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LOS ANG

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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## THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

*Showing the latest development of the new art of night photography*

By Van der Weyde

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

Vol. LVIII] No. 2970 — *Week ending Saturday, November 22, 1913* — [10 Cents a Copy / $5.00 a year

## Credit and Freedom

HAVING printed the two preliminary articles of Mr. Brandeis on the financial situation, we now begin the series which deals with the money trust. Under all of our trust problems lies the question of a trust in credit. When Woodrow Wilson was still Governor of New Jersey, he said:

> The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. So long as that exists, our old variety and freedom and individual energy of development are out of the question. A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men, who, even if their actions be honest and intended for the public interest, are necessarily concentrated upon the great undertakings in which their own money is involved and who, necessarily, by every reason of their own limitations, chill and check and destroy genuine economic freedom. This is the greatest question of all; and to this, statesmen must address themselves with an earnest determination to serve the long future and the true liberties of men.

The facts which the Pujo Investigating Committee and its able counsel, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, have laid before the country, show the means by which a few men control the business of America. That committee says: "Far more dangerous than all that has happened to us in the past in the way of elimination of competition in industry is the control of credit through the domination of these groups over our banks and industries." . . . "Whether under a different currency system the resources in our banks would be greater or less is comparatively immaterial if they continue to be controlled by a small group."

The Report proposes certain measures which promise relief. Additional remedies will be proposed. Congress will soon be called upon to act.

How shall the emancipation be wrought? On what lines shall we proceed? The facts, when fully understood, will teach us.

In the extremely important series of which the publication begins in this issue, Mr. Brandeis first tells the facts and makes them fully understood; and then he draws his conclusions, explaining the steps that ought to be taken to realize the financial freedom that was proclaimed when Woodrow Wilson was elected president on November 6, 1912.

## The Schoolmaster

WOODROW WILSON continues to amaze by his handling of politicians. Not long ago, he sent for Senators Reed, Hitchcock and O'Gorman, of the Currency Committee, seeing them each in turn. Senator Reed had already come around to the view that speedy action on the Currency Bill was needed; Senator Hitchcock was more encouraging in his remarks about early action on the bill than before; and Senator O'Gorman expressed the opinion that the bill would pass the Senate by December 1. Mann, seeing the failure of his efforts to force an adjournment of both Houses by demanding a quorum in the House, took issue with the President, but the next thing we know the President may be able to mollify even him. The secret is not in patronage, used either as bribe or threat. The President is trying the new method of appealing to the reason and relying upon the patriotism of his temporary opponents. It was the prospect of currency legislation that delayed the passage of the Tariff Bill, just as it has been the shadow of trust legislation at the regular session that has delayed the Currency Bill. The prospect of an extra session next fall, when Representatives and a third of the Senators are up for reëlection will probably make the regular session one of the busiest ever known. The Schoolmaster stays with the scholars when he keeps them in.

## Mexico

OUR political interests, interpreted in the light of the President's very modern philosophy, are the same as the political interests of Mexico. The strength of the President lies in the correctness of his principles and in his quality of being a last-ditch fighter. In Mexico, he has gone very slowly and very gently, but everybody, both in this country and abroad, understands the firmness that lies in reserve. His patience has enabled him to advance his domestic problem. It has increased the confidence of South America. It has given the world an uplifting example.

Those who attempt to draw a parallel between the Mexican situation and that in Cuba in the days of Weyler need to think again. In Cuba there were patriots fighting for the liberation of their country from the oppression of a foreign power, and exciting the generous impulses of the American people in their behalf, while the destruction of the Maine caused an explosion of indignation in America. The only threat to Mexico of foreign aggression comes from those who are calling for intervention by the United States. Huerta and Carranza alike oppose intervention, and it would only unite all factions in Mexico in resistance to the authority of the United States. Order would at length be restored, of course, but at the sacrifice of many American lives and of more Mexican lives than would be lost in several revolutions. So there is little danger of the commission of some overt act

with the design of compelling intervention, and there are few Americans left in Mexico for whose protection it would be necessary to use the military forces of our nation. President Wilson's programme gradually unfolds itself: the refusal to recognize Huerta's bloody title to the Presidency; the disregard of the recent farcical elections as giving him or any one any better title; the insistence upon the establishment of constitutional government; "the steady pressure of moral force" not only upon the Huerta régime but upon the European powers, overmuch concerned about the material interests of their citizens; the lifting of the embargo upon the importation of arms and ammunition by the Constitutionalists, with probably their recognition as belligerents. With the ability to make good his promises of concessions growing more doubtful, Huerta will be unable to make another foreign loan; heavier taxation will only increase the forces of revolt against his usurpation; an unpaid soldiery will become a greater menace to him than to his enemies; while the recognition of Carranza and the Constitutionalist Party, even in the slight matter of allowing them to arm themselves, will bring to their side the speculators who are always to be found investing in the leader of a possibly successful revolution. But peace will be more enduring and order will be secured more promptly by letting the Mexican factions fight it out among themselves, while Mexico's powerful neighbor stands ready to promote order and peace in any way acceptable to the Mexican people.

## The House Leadership

UNDERWOOD will not return to the House in the next Congress, whether elected to the Senate or not. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, ranking next on the Ways and Means Committee, stands the best chance of succeeding him in the post of majority leader. He is more radical than Underwood, and a readier debater on the floor. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, is spoken of, but it is probable that he will contest for the Senatorship with Penrose, trusting that the National Progressives will either support him or effectively divide the old Republican vote with a good candidate of their own.

## Other Senatorial Changes

BLAIR LEE, Progressive Democrat for Maryland, will strengthen the President's hand. Kentucky is now represented by a Republican Senator, Bradley, and the contest for the Democratic nomination is between former Governor Beckham and Representative Stanley, of the Steel Trust Investigation Committee. The Democratic nominee will almost certainly win the Senatorship. In North Carolina, Senator Overman will have a strenuous fight with E. J. Justice, a contender against railroad domination in that state, but with the chances now favoring Overman. Culberson, of Texas, is in failing health, and Henry has a mind to try for the senatorial toga, if Culberson does not run. Galliger will be bitterly fought in New Hampshire, and ought to be beaten. The first popular elections for the Senate will probably increase the present Democratic majority.

## Gorgas to the Mines

IN other times to be sent to the mines was equivalent to one's death doom; the going of Gorgas to the Witwatersrand mines will instead mean assured length of days to many who will otherwise have died untimely and most pathetically. Colonel Gorgas is proceeding by consent and approval of our War Department, because the Kaffirs working the Rand gold mines are dying off in great numbers of pneumonia, epidemics of which infection are rapidly succeeding one another. And why Colonel Gorgas? Because as everybody now knows our great sanitarian has solved most beneficently this problem of pneumonia prevention, among several other age-long problems—of malaria, yellow fever, typhoid, the tropical dysenteries and the like—in our Canal Zone; that Panama now rivals Palm Beach as a health resort, and has a mortality rate which is justly the envy of most American communities and one that only two or three can get under. Well indeed may this work of Gorgas be his Godspeed. His record for August last, the month marking probably the high tide of our Canal Zone occupancy, shows not a single death from disease in the American colony numbering 12,481 and but 39 deaths from all causes among the employees of the canal commissioners. As in the Canal Zone, so in the Rand, Colonel Gorgas believes the pneumonia problem inheres in the grippe problem, because it is reported to him that in almost all cases pneumonia follows on, is sequel to, attacks of the grippe. People all over the world might profitably consider this. We can abolish grippe if we choose; the germ of it is known and the method of prevention is clear: only there is the erroneous impression that grippe is too trivial a matter to bother about. The Dutch have put up a proverb in the house where Peter the Great studied ship building: *Den Grooten man is niets te klein*—to the great man there is nothing too slight; and that is why we are confident Gorgas will clean up the pneumonia job in the Rand, and the grippe job along with it. And no doubt while he is down there, he will be asked to look also into consumption (which, with pneumonia, kills off half the human race) among the miners. Up to recent years the consumption mortality among these wretched negroes in South Africa was murderously high, because the work was dry mining, and therefore evolving gritty dust which, when inhaled, cut into the tender lung tissue and made an ideal soil for the consumption germ to thrive and multiply in. In ours and in English coal mines the consumption mortality among the workers has been lower than among the clergy even, only farmers, bankers, brokers and company officials faring better because coal mining is "wet" and not dusty. A death rate of 70 per 1,000 has been cited among white rock drill miners (averaging 35 years of age) in the South African gold fields, as against 6.3 among English coal miners. The Transvaal Chamber of Mines some years ago humanely secured water-drills and like apparatus, by which dust is laid and the fumes generated in the blasting disposed of; and this has, no doubt, materially reduced the dry miner death rate. Yet Gorgas will reduce it further.

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## Anti-Vivisection Genius

AS J. W. Hodge, M.D., seems to be carrying the hsnner for the anti-vivisectionists at present, we are glad to give more general puhlicity to some of his fits of inspiration. Those who prefer the old system of allowing the household fly to light in garhage of the worst kind, and then plant his feet in tbe dishes at the tahle will sympathize with the following:

"The house-fly hugaboo is not only the latest, hut is also the silliest and most asinine fad that has ever seized the minds of a gullihle and ignorant populace."

Dr. Hodge is logical. He knows why the fly is harmless. It is because what is generally considered the greatest discovery of modern science; namely the germ origin of disease, is a mere dream:

"The present idiotic crusade which is being frantically waged against the harmless house-fly, is a necessary outgrowth of a stupid helief in the doctors' 'pipe-dream,' called the 'germ theory' of disease, the silliest and most pernicious pathological doctrine ever evolved from the fuddled hrain-pan of a visionary medical theorist."

Dr. Hodge also declares that the idea that mosquitoes carry yellow fever is "a fool hypothesis." Having put the ideas thus before the general puhlic, we are willing to allow them speak for themselves.

## Decency

IT has long been the custom in England and America to refer to diseases growing out of low sex standards in some roundahout way. Calmly calling them hy their names has heen considered one of the worst of sins. In an article published in this paper, "Unmarried Mothers," the two principal diseases of this kind were actually named, and a huge wail has arisen. This wail is, however, entirely from men. As far as we know, not one woman has ohjected. Reflecting on the reason for this, we have reached the following conclusions. Men have heen so long accustomed to looking upon this evil, not as one of the most serious topics in the world, hut as a matter to be referred to in secret ribaldry, that they cannot get over the habit of thinking any reference to it must be as indecent as their own thoughts.

## A, B, C

OUR dear friend the *Record* of Fort Worth, Texas, apparently needs a few elementary lessons in the details of government. It says:

"He was so busy editing HARPER'S WEEKLY and giving advice to the world in general that he never thought it necessary to become a tax-payer or a registered voter."

It happens that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY was the first person in his election district to register, and that he also voted early in the morning. Just what was stirring the intellect of the Fort Worth *Record*, it is impossihle to surmise with certainty, hut probahly our friend down there had read that the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY had not enrolled, and got enrollment generally mixed up with taxation, registration and voting. A little study of the suhject will show our Texas statesman that it is impossihle to enroll in New York unless you enroll in one of the political parties; and, therefore, one who wishes to be in dependent in politics does not enroll, no matte how faithfully he may register and vote. We trus the disturbance in the Southwest will now end.

## Real Journalism

IN the destruction of Tammany's power, whicl will prohahly result from the recent over whelming defeat, no small part of the credit i due to the editorials in the *New York World* From the beginning of the fight, these editorial seized upon the essential arguments, and pre sented them with clearness, variety, conviction and singular power. The newspapers as a whol did extremely well, hut the newspaper men them selves will in the main agree with us that a spe cial trihute is due to the splendid vigor and th unfaltering grasp with which the campaign wa assisted hy the *World*.

## What Now?

WHEN individuals or newspapers have beer prophesying defeat at most steps in campaign, and overwhelming victory comes, it i natural for them to escape from emharrassmen hy attrihuting the result to some event near th end of the contest. Many, therefore, speak o the Sulzer-Hennessey speeches as "turning de feat into victory"; which is childish, considerin the size of the victory and the parts of the city i which it was mainly won. Of Mitchel's pluralit of over 120,000, far and away the most sweepin triumph in the history of New York, possihl (though not probahly), 20,000 votes were won h Hennessey. None were won by Sulzer's speeches prohably some were lost; although a large num her (let us guess 40,000) resulted from the bal fact that Murphy had the arrogance to impeac Sulzer for disobedience. Many changed becaus of the unfitness of McCall, made clear in hi record of appointments, in his part in the in surance scandals, and in his childish speeches Mitchel won many hy his own wholly admirahl campaign. Victory, however, was already as sured as soon as the death of Mayor Gayno meant that there was to be a simple stand-u fight between a typical Tammany ticket on th one hand, and on the other a ticket made up c experts, most of whom, including Mitchel, Mc Aneny, Prendergast, and Pounds, had alread proved themselves fully in the service of the city

Tammany has never been through eight yea of starvation before. That a Democrat is mayo and congenial to the national administratio will make that starvation worse. That Ne York will continue, and even much improve th excellent government of the last four years, wi still further weaken the Tiger. But who is t hold the advantage thus gained? A voluntar committee this year interfered and was ahle t force fusion. It is an unsafe method. Wha will the Repuhlicans, the Progressives, the In dependent Democrats do four years hence? I city affairs, there should he no Repuhlicans, Den ocrats, or Progressives. Let the clamor from th great city be so insistent that it will force the a sembly to grant a short ballot, and a hallot witl out party columns, and the citizens of New Yor will forever rule themselves.

*"His task is a complex one, even when he is merely doing the day's routine of work"*

# A Day in Dr. Alsberg's Office

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

DR. CARL ALSBERG is a chemist. It is doubtful if he has any commercial instincts. The man who is creative along scientific lines seldom is a good tradesman. And yet, more than any business man in the country, Dr. Alsberg influences the direction of the business growth of the food industries of America. Part of this influence is due to his position as head of the Bureau of Chemistry. More of it is due to his constructive imagination, backed by his splendid scientific training.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the service done to America by the Bureau of Chemistry since the passing of the Food and Drug Act in 1906. It has used the Act as a club to beat into the food industry the lesson that scientific ethics must be used coördinately with business ethics. The national effect has been cleansing and wholesome.

But Dr. Alsberg wants to be something more than a club-wielder. He wants the Bureau of Chemistry to be made to stand for great scientific achievement as well as for police service. And he wants the business men of America to coöperate with him in his scientific work, instead of forcing him to use his own highly specialized brains and those of his assistants in detective service on business.

"A man's ignorance ought to be taken into consideration," says Dr. Alsberg, "in enforcing the Food and Drug Act. Nearly all the food handling and packing in the country is done by guess. If a man is putting harmful matter into his food, he ought to be told how to do better and be given a chance to do so. If he then persists, he should be thoroughly punished. I don't mean that we should not enforce the Food and Drug Act. Its enforcement should never be neglected for a moment. But I do mean that if we continually punish without showing the guilty how to do better, we shall never get anywhere."

To sit in Dr. Alsberg's office for a day, watching the ordinary day's work, is to understand what the Chief means by coöperation.

One day this fall a group of eight or ten business men held a conference with Dr. Alsberg in his office. The men were makers of flavoring extracts. They came with a grip full of empty bottles, familiar to every housewife, as the ten-cent size, with some of the larger variety. They were clean cut, intelligent looking men, very much in earnest, but with an obvious desire to conciliate that was very significant of the power behind the Chief's quiet and youthful exterior. They wanted to know what leeway the Bureau of Chemistry was going to allow them in labelling the amount of extract in their bottles.

"WE thought it would be a good idea," said one of their number, "before we got into trouble with the government for misrepresenting the contents of the bottles to explain to you what we were up against."

Dr. Alsberg examined one of the small bottles. It was panelled, appearing to hold several times what it really did.

"We can't get a uniform size bottle," the man went on. "We order the eight dram size. We get anything from four and a half to eight drams, all looking exactly alike. We can't measure each bottle. How much leeway are we to be allowed in stating 'how much' on the label?"

Dr. Alsberg continued to examine the bottle. "Of course, these panel bottles are made to deceive the public, aren't they?" he asked.

The man hesitated and then smiled sheepishly. "Yes, but the women insist on that size and shape, and on the fancy carton, and you insist on pure flavoring extracts until there is really no profit at all in the small sizes at ten cents. And now, if we are to be in trouble as to size and content—!"

"Can't you force the glass factories to turn out uniform content?" asked Dr. Alsberg.

The man threw up with hands. "Glass factories and force! Why, doctor, the glass-blowers' union is one of the strongest in the country. They turn out exactly the kind of bottles they want to. We complain to the factory owner and the factory owner goes to his blowers and they tell him to go to thunder. Dr. Alsberg, we extract men are just up against the fence and we have to ask you to help us over. We have made up our minds to get together and come to get you people here to tell us what to do. How are we going to stay in business and do all the things the government and the consumer demand of us?"

Dr. Alsberg smiled, started to speak and the telephone rang. Someone had made a seizure of rotten eggs in New York and wanted to talk with the Chief about it. He settled the egg difficulty, then turned back to the fruit-extract men.

"We must help you, of course. You may be very sure that we will do our utmost to deal with you fairly. There should be some kind of bottle used where deception is not so easy and uniformity easier to get. We will look into it. You must realize, of course, that the consumer must be protected."

THE business man answered soberly, "I guess all of us here have been in business long enough to realize that the best good to the consumer ultimately works to the best good of the manufacturer. We've had to realize it, particularly of late!" He looked meaningly at Dr. Alsberg. His associates in the manufacture of extracts nodded. "We have to make good extract. We have to put it in honest containers. Now we have come to you to help us make it pay!"

The fruit-extract man had gotten the point. And the situation was not without its pathetic as well as its humorous side. Men who had grown old in business were asking the young man of science to withhold the club until they had learned how to play the game with scientific integrity.

*"Dr. Alsberg's own qualities have created his job."*

The young Chief is calm and keen and sympathetic and entirely uninfluenced whether he is listening to the sorrows of extract men or to the abandoned grief of a wine importer, sued by the government for calling champagne by some other name. His task is a complex one, even when he is merely doing the day's routine of work.

To administer the Food and Drug Act justly requires an intimate knowledge of practical chemistry. This administering alone is one man's job. But Dr. Alsberg is to do more. He is to swing the Bureau of Chemistry into creative work. Every man in the Bureau of Chemistry is encouraged to give birth to ideas. Such ideas are written out and from time to time Dr. Alsberg goes over the list, eliminating the futile, amending, changing and encouraging the good. To sit in judgment on investigations and research suggested by chemical experts demands a creative mind, an imagination clarified by the finest type of training. And finally, the young doctor's ultimate task is to take the results of the administering of the Drug Act and of the scientific searchings of his Bureau and make them a directing force in the economic life of the new century. And the interesting and inspiring part of the matter is that it is Dr. Alsberg's own qualities that have created his job.

After the fruit-extract men had left, a lean young man wearing spectacles came into the room. He talked earnestly for some moments. Dr. Alsberg appeared to understand exactly what was said, for he smiled approval. The layman who listened eagerly knew that the man was speaking English but otherwise got no sense from the flow of words.

"He was talking in chemical phraseology about something. What was it?" asked the layman when the man had gone.

The doctor laughed. "He was telling me about experiments in candy-making. How he hoped to stop the crumbling of the sugar, the bane of the candy industry. I asked if he knew of a good biologic chemist and he was telling me of the scientific escapades of a man he thought eligible."

THE door opened and an elderly man in a frock coat greeted the doctor.

"I've come to Washington," said the elderly man, "to have you tell me how you want us to label our acid phosphate."

"But, my dear sir," protested Dr. Alsberg, "I can't write your label for you!"

"Well, you won't stand for the one we write," cried the man. "For instance, why won't you let us say it's a brain food?"

"Because nobody can prove that it is," returned the doctor.

The man looked bewildered. "But for years, physicians have been recommending it," he protested. "What shall we say on our label?"

"Just say what you can prove to be so," urged Dr. Alsberg, bowing the bewildered phosphate man out as two other men came in.

These were men from the Bureau of Animal Industry who are planning with Dr. Alsberg for a nation-wide cleaning-up of the milk industry. They planned to do more than exercise mere police control over interstate shipments. They are going to show the milk producer how to produce better milk, and that it will pay him to produce his milk under the best conditions.

"The educational and regulatory work must go on together," said Dr. Alsberg. "It's an ancient combination much used by the old-fashioned school teacher who taught by precept when he could and resorted to the switch, when he had to!"

AFTER the group of men had thoroughly thrashed out the details of the Milk Campaign, Dr. Alsberg said, "Do you know of some highly trained physiological chemist I can get? I find it almost impossible to find them and after finding them, to get them to consider a government salary."

His two listeners shook their heads. The Department of Agriculture keeps a drag-net set for highly trained experts. There are always at least three important berths at un-important salaries waiting for the competent men in the Department. No Bureau ever has any superfluous expert to spare to another Bureau.

One of the Bureau's police department came in next with an arm-load of seizure papers for the chief to sign. This past summer the work of the Bureau was greatly increased by the putting of domestic meat and food products fully under the provisions of the Food and Drug Act. Hitherto, the Department could not proceed against the manufacturers of meat foods under the Pure Food Law or order seizures and prosecutions for misbranding or adulterating domestic meats.

Under the Meat Inspection Law, meat inspectors have absolutely no power to seize meat or meat-food products that have become bad or been adulterated after they have left a federally inspected establishment. The only remedy possible under the Meat Act is to proceed criminally against any one selling bad meat, but even in this event, bad meat cannot be seized nor its sale prohibited.

With the meat product fully under the Food and Drug Act, the Department can now seize bad meat or adulterated meat, once it has gotten into interstate

commerce. Uoder this new decision, the government can cootrol meat foods in interstate commerce from the hoof to the retailer. The Departmeot cao oow also apply fully to meat products its rules regarding statements as to weight or volume or number of pieces in a package, required of other foods.

A committee has been appointed hy the Secretary of Agriculture to provide an effective coöperatioo between the Bureau of Chemistry and of Animal Industry to control to the fullest extent allowed hy the law, meat foods of all kinds.

This was the most radical and far-reaching extension of the Food and Drug Act ever made. Its wholesome effect is ohvious, as well as its great additioo to the police work of the Bureau of Chemistry.

While the doctor was signiog his papers, a man with a determioed jaw came up to his desk.

"I'm going to finish the inspection of the catsup factories, Doctor. Have you aoy further instructions?"

The doctor shook his head, then he looked at the man of the firm jaw quizzically. "What is your private opinion of catsup factories?"

"Some of them are good, first class," answered the man. Then he lowered his voice. "And some of them are garbage cans. Just plain garbage," and with his firm jaw set, the inspector left for his tour. There was something almost eager about the light in his eye, as though he courted battle.

THE day moved on rapidly. Reports on the making of commercial ruhber from sage hrush, on the killing of fly larvae in manure with commoo borax, were interspersed with hearings from manufacturiog chemists, protesting, or asking for advice as the case might be. The heariogs were interrupted hy telephone calls from other Bureau Chiefs aod there was a constant waiting list of visitors, and the Bureau solicitors tramped steadily in and out with opinions loading their arms while they sniffed at malodorous cases of salmoo or eyed askance mislabeled bottles of hrandy.

The Chief left his chair only to greet or speed a guest. At noon his lunch was hrought in to him in a paper hag. They actually eat food, these Bureau of Chemistry men, though one wooders at their temerity! All the afternoon the procession cootinued without a moment's pause. At five o'clock the telephooe again called. The young doctor's voice was polite hut unenthusiastic as he answered. "Yes, this is Alsberg speaking."

He listened intently, then his face lightened. He looked at his heaped-up desk, at the waiting line in his office, then he half whispered through the telephone "Send a taxi-cah up here and I'll get my tennis racket and be there in half an hour." He hung up the receiver and turned to his secretary. "I'm going out. I'll be back at nine tomorrow morning. I'll go over all those reports tonight,"—and was gone!

He is cool and given to silences except about the work at hand. He has tremeodous responsihilities and has been given the head and shoulders fit for carrying them. Yet one's clearest impressions of the new Chief are of his youth and of the possihilities his youth opens for his Bureau, optimism, enthusiasm, work capacity and idealism, and when he is fifty-six iostead of thirty-six, he will have this same youth, for it is the priceless adjunct of the creative mind.

# The Independence of China

By an American Traveller

IT is difficult to tell whether the recent developments in and concerning China are in the nature of progress or of retrogression. The effect of change, however, continues to be vivid. A frock-coated President Yuan Shih-kai, entertaining the diphmatic corps in the penetralia of the Empress Dowager's nnce mysterious Forhidden City, while tea is served hy his wife and daughters nearhy in the Throne Room of the Manchus, is an epitome, a tableau, of that change. The imperialistic barriers are all down now; the dragon's skin completely sloughed off.

For the present stahility of the unwieldy republic the most reassuring event is the recent—October 10,—election hy the Assembly of Yuan Shih-kai—hitherto merely Provisional President and, in reality, Dictator—as first Constitutional President. In the two years of republican ferment since the fall of the Empire no other Chinese official has come to the surface who seriously threatens the "Strong Man's" ascendency. For six years to come, therefore, we may expect a degree of that effectiveness in office which nften marks one man power hy whatever constitutional limits theoretically surrounded, a Panama situation which, it is to be fervently hoped, will not be tempered hy assassination.

On the other hand the foreign relatinns of China have recently undergone a change which is not at all reassuring for the future unity and inviolahility of the Repuhlic. The recent withdrawal of the British Government froot the organized group of European Powers which has for more than three years been endeavoring to administrate and, in fact, to dictate the finances and the exploitation of China, leaves the way open to a renewal of the old scramble of the last generation. Spheres of foreign influence will grow more sharply demarcated, and the Powers who assume their several exploitatinns, more mutually apprehensive: Shantung for the Germans; no international liberté, egalité, fraternité in Yunan: a Japanese kick to the half-open door in Manchuria, and Mongolia the happy hunting ground of Adam Zad, the Bear who walks like a Man. Once more the Hotel *Wagons Lits* at Peking will be colonized hy a vulture flock of concession hunters, even althnugh never again may they expect quite the rich picking of the later Empire, when official "squeeze" was upholstered hy official ignorance. Nominally, as the Quintuple Group now hreaks up, there is a corresponding gain in the independence of China. It remains to be seen whether such independence may not mean a slip toward dismemberment.

AND where does the United States come in? It is an interesting travesty on the so-called Six-Power Group that, even hefure President Wilson withdrew diplomatic support from the American syndicate which formed part of that very loose, paper association, an unassuming little Belgian hy the name of de Vos, under the very noses of the wrangling Six-Power financiers, quietly put through twn of the largest railway concessions ever granted in China; loan agreements involving more than a hundred millions of dollars signed and sealed, and, survey work already begun. Undoubtedly this government is well out of such an artificial, ineffective, hund and paternalistic monopoly as the Six-Power Group always was. In spite of the mistakes of the Knox diplomacy, the American Group played its part at least in good faith. So much can hardly be said for some of the other constituent elements. Due to the well-fnunded belief that both France and Russia have scuttled the quintuple ship in coöperating with the Belgian loans, and the evident fact that both Japan and Russia severally repudiate anything approaching a joint exploitation of either Manchuria or Mongolia. Great Britain has also now been finally driven back to independent relations with China.

THE sound Far-Eastern policy of the Hay and Root régimes would never have permitted the inclusion of the United States in the original Four-Power, or the eventual Six-Power, Group. It was an entangling alliance from which we had nnthing commensurate to gain for the loss of our traditional and unique position toward China. From the start it was, moreover, an alliance so opposed to the self-interest of two, at least, of the constituent powers, whose concern in China is immensurably more vital than is ours to the people of this country, that it was predestined to disloyalty and doomed to dissolution.

Commercially this country is back where it was ten years ago or further, with its former altruism, although still tenahle, a little tarnished hy its recent associations and strident methods. But to balance the present pessimistic consular reports from China due, on analysis, partly to revolutionary disorders, our appropriate independent relations with the new republic are, in every other respect, already ground for mutual congratulation.

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# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## FIRST AID TO THE AWFUL

THE guest whn's twenty minutes late
For dinner, is a Reprobate.
The guest who comes ahead of time
Is capable nf any crime.

NEVER massage your plate, unless
Ynu're of the Table d'Haute
Nnblesse,
Or Hochgeboren (of nohle line),
And own a castle on the Rhine.

TO tell a Falsehood is a Sin,
Except to say ynu are not "in;"
And when you bid your Host good-night,
A Lie is ofteotimes polite.

THE mao of caution will refrain
From jumpiog oo a moving train;
This is particularly true
When there's a lady hitched thereto.

## The Sport of the Masses

BEYOND dispute, the greatest and most popular of American outdoor sports, the one that gives excitement and relaxation to the greatest number of citizens at the same time, is that of sitting on a wooden bench and straining vocal organs while watching a few highly trained (and still more highly paid) workmen exercise their muscles to their utmost capacity.

THESE sedentary sportsmen are counted by the hundred thousand. There are hundreds of thousands more who, unable to watch the toilers, content themselves with mechanical representations of them—or hulletins announcing the progress of the game.

And when all these are counted there are still millions more who only stand and wait for each edition of the newspapers where the fascination of vicarious energy is conveyed in an unknown tongue (unknown to any hut its votaries).

If you don't believe that the great American sport is watching people work, look at the crowd gathered round the excavation for a new skyscraper.

SEE the faces of the watchers thrilled to an ecstasy of Inertia (the state called Khef by the Arabs) hy the visihle sweat of the toilers.

It is the same on the curb, when the roadway laid down last week is being torn up to be laid again next week, and torn up again the week after, at so many hundred thousand per.

It is the same in Heaven where (according to John Calvin) the cool joy of the saved is intensified hy the sight, their sole recreation, of the hot torment of their friends the damned.

IT is the secret of the success of rapidly moving melodrama and still more rapidly moving pictures. Next to Baseball as a vicarious muscular exercise comes Foothall, where the work is harder and more dangerous.

SOME day it will be Golf and that will be the beginning of the end as it has been of every country where Golf has become the national sport. The Hungarian savant, Dr. Albrecht Hulfe, during his exile witnessed a game of Golf in Dumfries and predicted the downfall of Scotland, and it was Hulfe who traced the sinking of the city of Atlantis to the same cause. Golf is not a sport. Golf is something between a vice and an obsession lacking withal the elegance of the one, the imagination of the other, and the amenahility to treatment of both.

IN his previous incarnation the Golf-player was probably an inch-worm—and yet even Golf has its perfect possihilities. Go to the Hippodrome and see how the players have been transformed from inch-worms into angels.

And Football—no longer is it a melee of mud-covered madmen struggling for the possession of a solitary ball. Through the generosity of Mr. Shubert each of the tastefully dressed players has a ball of her very own. Thus the vulgar struggle for its possession is eliminated. No longer is there any danger—and the breakages may be computed in sidecombs.

*J. Pierpont Morgan*

# Breaking the Money Trust

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

*Part 1—Our Financial Oligarchy*

THE dominant element in our financial oligarchy is the investment banker. Associated banks, trust companies and life insurance companies are his tools. Controlled railroads, public service and industrial corporations are his subjects. Though properly but middlemen, these bankers bestride as masters America's business world, so that practically no large enterprise can be undertaken successfully without their participation or approval. These bankers are, of course, able men possessed of large fortunes; but the most potent factor in their control of business is not the possession of extraordinary ability or huge wealth. The key to their power is Combination—concentration intensive and comprehensive—advancing on three distinct lines:

*First:* There is the obvious consolidation of banks and trust companies; the less obvious affiliations,—through stockholdings, voting trusts and interlocking directorates,—of banking institutions which are not legally connected; and the joint transactions, gentlemen's agreements, and "banking ethics" which eliminate competition among the investment bankers.

*Second:* There is the consolidation of railroads into huge systems, the large combinations of public service corporations and the formation of industrial trusts, which, by making businesses so "big" that local, independent banking concerns cannot alone supply the necessary funds, has created dependence upon the associated New York bankers.

But combination, however intensive, along these lines only, could not have produced the Money Trust—another and more potent factor of combination was added.

*Third:* Investment bankers, like J. P. Morgan & Co., dealers in bonds, stocks and notes, encroached upon the functions of the three other classes of corporations with which their business brought them into contact. They became the directing power in railroads, public service and industrial companies through which our great business operations are conducted—the makers of bonds and stocks. They became the directing power in the life insurance companies, and other corporate reservoirs of the people's savings—the buyers of bonds and stocks. They became the directing power also in banks and and trust companies—the depositaries of the quick capital of the country—the life blood of business, with which they and others carried on their operations. This four distinct functions, each essential to business, and each exercised, originally, by a distinct set of men, became united in the investment banker. It is to this union of business functions that the existence of the Money Trust is mainly due.

THE development of our financial oligarchy followed, in this respect, lines with which the history of political despotism has familiarized us:—usurpation, proceeding by gradual encroachment rather than by violent acts; subtle and often long-concealed concentration of distinct functions, which are beneficent when separately administered, and dangerous only when combined in the same persons. It was by processes such as these that Cæsar Augustus became master of Rome. The makers of our own Constitution had in mind like dangers to our political liberty when they provided so carefully for the separation of governmental powers.

## *The Proper Sphere of the Investment Banker*

THE original function of the investment banker was that of dealer in bonds, stocks and notes; buying mainly at wholesale from corporations, municipalities, states and governments which need money, and selling to those seeking investments. The banker performs, in this respect, the function of a merchant; and the function is a very useful one. Large business enterprises are conducted generally by corporations. The permanent capital of corporations is represented by bonds and stocks. The bonds and stocks of the more important corporations are owned, in large part, by small investors, who do not participate in the management of the company. Corporations require the aid of a banker-middleman, for they lack generally the reputation and clientele essential to selling their own bonds and stocks direct to the investor. Investors in corporate securities, also, require the services of a banker-middleman. The number of securities upon the market is very large. Only a part of these securities is listed on the New York Stock Exchange; but its listings alone comprise about sixteen hundred different issues aggregating about $26,500,000,000, and each year new listings are made averaging about two hundred and thirty-three to an amount of $1,500,000,000. For a small investor to make an intelligent selection from these many corporate securities—indeed, to pass an intelligent judgment upon a single one—is ordinarily impossible. He lacks the ability, the facilities, the training and the time essential to a proper investigation. Unless his purchase is to be little better than a gamble, he needs the

advice of an expert, who, combining special knowledge with judgment, has the facilities and incentive to make a thorough *investigation*. This dependence, both of corporations and investors, upon the banker has grown in recent years, since women and others who do not participate in the management, have become the owners of so large a part of the stocks and bonds of our great corporations. Over *half* of the stockholders of the American Sugar Refining Company and nearly half of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad and of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad are women.

GOOD-WILL—the possession by a dealer of numerous and valuable regular customers—is always an important element in merchandising. But in the business of selling bonds and stocks, it is of exceptional value, for the very reason that the small investor relies so largely upon the banker's judgment. This confidential relation of the banker to customers—and the knowledge of the customers' private affairs acquired incidentally, is often a determining factor in the marketing of securities. With the advent of Big Business such good-will possessed by the older banking houses, preëminently J. P. Morgan & Co. and their Philadelphia House called Drexel & Co., by Lee, Higginson & Co. and Kidder, Peabody, & Co. of Boston, and by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of New York, became of enhanced importance. The volume of new security issues was greatly increased by huge railroad consolidations, the development of the holding companies, and particularly by the formation of industrial trusts. The rapidly accumulating savings of our people sought investment. The field of operations for the dealer in securities was thus much enlarged. And, as the securities were new and untried, the services of the investment banker were in great demand, and his powers and profits increased accordingly.

*Henry Higginson*

## *Controlling the Security Makers*

BUT this enlargement of their legitimate field of operations did not satisfy investment bankers. They were not content merely to deal in securities. They desired to manufacture them also; and became promoters, or allied themselves with promoters. Thus it was that J. P. Morgan & Company formed the Steel Trust, the Harvester Trust and the Shipping Trust. And, adding the duties of undertaker to those of midwife, the investment bankers became in times of corporate disaster, members of the security-holders' "Protective Committees"; then they participated as "Reorganization Managers" in the reincarnation of the unsuccessful corporations and ultimately became directors. It was in this way that the Morgan associates acquired their hold upon the Southern Railway, the Northern Pacific, the Reading, the Erie, the Père Marquette, the Chicago and Great Western, and the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. Often they insured the continuance of that control by the device of the voting trust; but even where no voting trust was created, a secure hold was acquired upon reorganization. It was in this way also that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. became potent in the Union Pacific and the Baltimore & Ohio.

But the banker's participation in the management of the corporations was not limited to cases of promotion or reorganization. An urgent or extensive need of new money was considered a sufficient reason for the banker's entering a board of directors. And often without even such excuse the investment banker has secured a place upon the Board of Directors, through his powerful influence or the control of his customers' proxies. Such seems to have been the fatal entrance of Mr. Morgan into the management of the then prosperous New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, in 1892. And when once a banker has entered the Board,—whatever may have been the occasion,—his grip proves tenacious and his influence usually supreme, for he controls the supply of new money.

THE investment banker is naturally on the lookout for good bargains in bonds and stocks. Like other merchants, he wants to buy his merchandise cheap. But when he becomes director of a corporation he occupies a position which prevents the transaction by which he acquires its corporate securities from being properly called a bargain. Can there be real bargaining where the same man is on both sides of a trade? The investment banker, through his controlling influence on the Board of Directors, decides that the corporation shall issue and sell the securities, decides the price at which it shall sell them, and decides that it shall sell the securities to himself. The fact that there are other directors besides the banker on the Board does not, in practice, prevent this being the result. The banker, who holds the purse-strings, becomes usually the dominant spirit. Through voting-trusteeships, exclusive financial agencies, membership on executive or finance committees, or by mere directorships, J. P. Morgan & Co., and their associates, hold such financial power in at least thirty-two transportation systems, public utility corporations and industrial companies—companies with an aggregate capitalization of $17,273,000,000. Mainly for corporations so controlled, J. P. Morgan & Co. procured the public marketing in ten years of security issues aggregating $1,950,000,000. This huge sum does not include any issues marketed privately, nor any issues, however marketed, of intra-state corporations. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and a few other investment bankers exercise similar control over many other corporations.

## *Controlling Security Buyers*

SUCH control of railroads, public service and industrial corporations assures to the investment bankers an ample supply of securities at attractive prices; and merchandise well bought is half sold. But these bond and stock merchants are not disposed to take even a slight risk as to their ability to market their goods. They saw that if they could control the security-buyers, as well as the security-makers, investment banking would, indeed, be "a happy hunting ground"; and they have made it so.

The numerous small investors cannot, in the strict sense, be controlled; but their dependence upon the banker insures their being duly influenced. A large part, however, of all bonds issued and of many stocks are bought by the prominent corporate investors; and most prominent among these are the life insurance companies, the trust companies, and the banks. The purchase of a security by these institutions not only relieves the banker of the merchandise, but recommends it strongly to the small investor, who believes that these institutions are wisely managed. These controlled corporate investors are not only large customers, but may be particularly accommodating ones. Individual investors are moody. They buy only when they want to do so. They are sometimes inconveniently reluctant. Corporate investors, if controlled, may be made to buy when the bankers need a market. It was natural that the investment bankers proceeded to get control of the great life insurance companies, as well as of the trust companies and the banks.

The field thus occupied is uncommonly rich. The life insurance companies are our leading institutions for savings. Their huge surplus and reserves, augmented daily, are always clamoring for investment. No panic or money shortage stops the inflow of new money from the perennial stream of premiums on existing policies and interest on existing investments. The three great companies—the New York Life, the Mutual of New York, and the Equitable—would have over $55,000,000 of *new* money to invest annually, even if they did not issue a single new policy. In 1904,—just before the Armstrong investigation,—these three companies had together $1,247,331,738.18 of assets. They had issued in that year $1,025,671,120 of new policies. The New York legislature placed in 1906 certain restrictions upon their growth; so that their new business since has averaged $547,384,212, or only fifty-three per cent. of what it was in 1904. But the aggregate assets of these

*George F. Baker*

companies increased in the last eight years to $1,817,052,260.36. At the time of the Armstrong investigation the average age of these three companies was fifty-six years. *The growth of assets in the last eight years was about half as large as the total growth in the preceding fifty-six years.* These three companies must invest annually about $70,000,000 of new money; and besides, many old investments expire or are changed and the proceeds must be reinvested. A large part of all life insurance surplus and reserves are invested in bonds. The aggregate bond investments of these three companies on January 1, 1913, was $1,019,153,268.93.

IT was natural that the investment bankers should seek to control these never-failing reservoirs of capital. George W. Perkins was Vice-President of the New York Life, the largest of the companies. While remaining such he was made a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., and in the four years preceding the Armstrong investigation, his firm sold the New York Life $38,804,918.51 in securities. The New York is a mutual company, supposed to be controlled by its policy-holders. But "the so-called control of life insurance companies by policy-holders through mutualization is a farce" and "its only result is to keep in office a self-constituted, self-perpetuating management."

The Equitable Life Assurance Society is a stock company and is controlled by $100,000 of stock. The dividend on this stock is limited by law to seven per cent.; but in 1910 Mr. Morgan paid about $3,000,000 for $51,000, par value of this stock, or $5,882.35 a share. The dividend return on the stock investment is less than one-eighth of one per cent.; but the assets controlled amount now to over $500,000,000. And certain of these assets had an especial value for investment bankers;—namely, the large holdings of stock in banks and trust companies.

THE Armstrong investigation disclosed the extent of financial power exerted through the insurance company holdings of bank and trust company stock. The Committee recommended legislation compelling the insurance companies to dispose of the stock within five years. A law to that effect was enacted, but the time was later extended. The companies then disposed of a part of their bank and trust company stocks; but, being controlled by the investment bankers, these gentlemen sold the bank and trust company stocks to themselves.

The banks and trust companies are depositaries, in the main, not of the people's savings, but of the business man's quick capital. Yet, since the investment banker acquired control of banks and trust companies, these institutions also have become, like the life companies, large purchasers of bonds and stocks. Many of our national banks have invested in this manner a large part of all their resources, including capital, surplus and deposits. The bond investments of some banks exceed by far the aggregate of their capital and surplus, and nearly equal their loanable deposits.

*Jacob H. Schiff*

## *Controlling Other People's Quick Capital*

THE goose that lays golden eggs has been considered a most valuable possession. But even more profitable is the privilege of taking the golden eggs laid by somebody else's goose. The investment bankers and their associates now enjoy that privilege. They control the people through the people's own money. If the bankers' power were commensurate only with their wealth, they would have relatively little influence on American business. Vast fortunes like those of the Astors are no doubt regrettable. They are inconsistent with democracy. They are unsocial. And they seem peculiarly unjust when they represent largely unearned increment. But the wealth of the Astors does not endanger political or industrial liberty. It is insignificant in amount as compared with the aggregate wealth of America, or even of New York City. It lacks significance largely because its owners have only the income from their own wealth. The Astor wealth is static. The wealth of the Morgan associates is dynamic. The power and the growth of power of our financial oligarchs comes from wielding the savings and quick capital of others. In two of the three great life insurance companies the influence of J. P. Morgan & Co. and their associates is exerted without any individual investment by them whatsoever. Even in the Equitable, where Mr. Morgan bought an actual majority of all the outstanding stock, his investment amounts to little more than one-half of one per cent. of the assets of the company. The fetters which bind the people are forged from the people's own gold.

BUT the reservoir of other people's money, from which the investment bankers now draw their greatest power, is not the life insurance companies, but the banks and the trust companies. Bank deposits represent the really quick capital of the nation. They are the life blood of businesses. Their effective force is much greater than that of an equal amount of wealth permanently invested. The 34 banks and trust companies, which the Pujo Committee declared to be directly controlled by the Morgan associates, held $1,983,000,000 in deposits. Control of these institutions means the ability to lend a large part of these funds, directly and indirectly, to themselves; and what is often even more important, the power to prevent the funds being lent to any rival interests. These huge deposits can, in the discretion of those in control, be used to meet the temporary needs of their subject corporations. When bonds and stocks are issued to finance permanently these corporations, the bank deposits can in large part be loaned by the investment

*James Stillman*

bankers in control to themselves and their associatrs; so that the securities may be carried by them until sold to investors. Or these bank deposits may be loaned to *allied* bankers, or jobbers in securities, or to speculatnrs, to enable them to carry the *bonds* or stocks. Easy money tends to make securities rise in the market. Tight money nearly always makes them fall. The control by the leading investment bankers over the banks and trust companies is so great, that they can often determine for a time the market for money by lending or refusing to lend on the Stock Exchange. In this way, among others, they have power to affect the general trend of prices in bonds and stocks. Their power over a particular security is even greater. Its sale on the market may depend upon whether the security is favored or discriminated against when offered to the banks and trust companies, as collateral for loans.

Furthermore, it is the investment banker's access to other people's money in controlled banks and trust companies which alone enables any individual banking concern to take so large part of the annual output of bonds and stocks. The banker's own capital, however large, would soon be exhausted. And even the loanable funds of the banks would often be exhausted, but for the large deposits made in those banks by the life insurance, railroad, public service, and industrial corporations which the bankers also control. On December 31, 1912, the three leading life insurance companies had deposits in banks and trust companies aggregating $13,839,189.08. As the Pujo Committee finds:

"The men who through their control over the funds of our railroads and industrial companies are able to direct where such funds shall be kept and thus to create these great reservoirs of the people's money, are the ones who are in position to tap those reservoirs for the ventures in which they are interested and to prevent their being tapped for purposes of which they do not approve. The latter is quite as important a factor as the former. It is the controlling consideration in its effect on competition in the railroad and industrial world."

## *Having Your Cake and Eating It Too*

BUT the power of the investment banker over other people's money is often more direct and effective than that exerted through controlled banks and trust companies. J. P. Morgan & Co. achieve the supposedly impossible feat of having their cake and eating it too. They buy the bonds and stocks of controlled railroads and industrial concerns, and pay the purchase price; and still do not part with their money. This is accomplished by the simple device of becoming the bank of deposit of the controlled corporations, instead of having the company deposit in some merely controlled bank in whose operation others have at least some share. When J. P. Morgan & Co. buy an issue of securities the purchase money, instead of being paid over to the corporation, is retained by the banker for the corporation, to be drawn upon only as the funds are needed by the corporation. And as the securities are issued in large blocks, and the money raised is often not all spent until long thereafter, the aggregate of the balances remaining in the banker's hands are huge. Thus J. P. Morgan & Co. (including their Philadelphia house, called Drexel & Co.) held on November 1, 1912, deposits aggregating $162,491,819.65.

## *Power and Pelf*

THE operations of so comprehensive a system of concentration necessarily developed in the bankers overweening power. And the bankers' power grows by what it feeds on. Power begets wealth; and added wealth opens ever new opportunities for the acquisition of wealth and power. The operations of these bankers are so vast and numerous that even a very reasonable compensation for the service performed by the bankers, would, in the aggregate, produce for them incomes so large as to result in huge accumulations of capital. But the compensation taken by the bankers as commissions or profits is far from reasonable. Occupying, as they so frequently do, the inconsistent position of being at the same time seller and buyer,—the standard for so-called compensation actually applied, is not the "Rule of reason" but "All the traffic will bear." And this is true even where there is no sinister motive. The weakness of human nature prevents men from being good judges of their own deservings.

The syndicate formed by J. P. Morgan & Co. to underwrite the United States Steel Corporation took for their services securities which netted $62,500,000 in cash. Of this huge sum J. P. Morgan & Co. received, as syndicate managers, $12,500,000 in addition to the share which they were entitled to receive as syndicate members. This sum of $62,500,000 was only a part of the fees paid for the service of monopolizing the steel industry. In addition to the commissions taken specifically for organizing the United States Steel Corporation, large sums were paid for organizing the several companies of which it is composed. For instance, the National Tube Company was capitalized at $80,000,000 of stock; $40,000,000 of which was common stock. Half of this $40,000,000 was taken by J. P. Morgan & Co. and associates for promotion services; and the $20,000,000 stock so taken became later exchangeable into $25,000,000 of Steel Common. Commissioner of Corporations Herbert Knox Smith, found that:

"More than $150,000,000 of the stock of the Steel Corporation was issued directly or indirectly (through exchange) for mere promotion or underwriting services. In other words, nearly one-seventh of the total capital stock of the Steel Corporation appears to have been issued directly or indirectly to promoters' services."

THE so-called fees and commissions taken by the bankers and associates upon the organization of the trusts have been exceptionally large. But even after the trusts are successfully launched the exactions of the bankers are often extortionate. The syndicate which underwrote, in 1901, the Steel Corporation's preferred stock conversion plan, advanced only $20,000,000 in cash and received an underwriting commission of $6,800,000.

The exaction of huge commissions is not confined to trust and other industrial concerns. The Interborough Railway is a most prosperous corporation. It earned last year nearly 21 per cent. on its capital stock, and secured from New York City, in connection with the subway extension, a very favorable contract. But when it financed its $170,000,000 bond issue it was agreed that J. P. Morgan & Co. should receive three per cent.; that is, $5,100,000, for forming this syndicate. More recently, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad agreed to pay J. P. Morgan & Co. a commission of $1,680,000; that is, 2½ per cent., to form a syndicate to underwrite an issue at par of $67,000,000 20-year 6 per cent. convertible debentures. That means: The bankers bound themselves to take at 97½ any of these six per cent. convertible bonds which stockholders might be unwilling to buy at 100. When the contract was made the New Haven's then outstanding six per cent. convertible bonds were selling at 114. And the new issue, as soon as announced, was in such demand that the public offered and has ever since been willing to buy at 106;—bonds which the Company were to pay J. P. Morgan & Co. $1,680,000 to be willing to take at par.

## *Why the Banks Became Investment Bankers*

THESE large profits from promotions, underwritings and security purchases led to a revolutionary change in the conduct of our leading banking institutions. It was obvious that control by the investment bankers of the deposits in banks and trust companies was an essential element in their securing these huge profits. And the bank officers naturally asked, "Why then should not the banks and trust companies share in so profitable a field? Why should not they themselves become investment bankers too, with all the new functions incident to 'Big Business'?" To do so would involve a departure from the legitimate sphere of the banking business,—which is the making of temporary loans to other business concerns. But the temptation was irresistible. The invasion of the investment banker into the banks' field of operation was followed by a counter invasion by the banks into the realm of the investment banker. And most prominent among the banks were the National City and the First National of New York. But theirs was not a hostile invasion. The contending forces met as allies, joined forces to control the business of the country, and to "divide the spoils." The alliance was cemented by voting trusts, by interlocking directorates and by joint ownerships. There resulted the fullest "co-operation"; and more railroads, public service corporations, and great industrial concerns were brought into complete subjection.

*The second article of this series, "How the Combiners Combine," will appear next week*

*"Once caught up in the powerful surging maelstrom of commuters, my uncle lost control of his temper and of his hat-box"*

# My Uncle and the Green Parrot

By DONALD BARTHOLOMEW

As my uncle appeared upon the threshold of bis private office, the heads of his many accountants suddenly ducked lower over their ledgers, presenting much the appearance of a field of wheat swept down by a gust of wind.

"Mr. Block," he said in his crisp, staccato manner, "please see that this letter is delivered at the bank by three-fifteen."

The head bookkeeper studied bis watch for a moment. "It is three now, sir," he said. "I am afraid that you are asking an impossibility."

"Precisely," returned my uncle tartly, —"else I should bave given the commission to an office boy."

The head bookkeeper stiffened. "There appears," he said, "to have been some misunderstanding, sir. I am an expert accountant. If you want miracles performed, I suggest you employ an apostle."

"I accept your suggestion," replied my uncle briskly. "Tbere will he one to fill your place at eight-thirty tomorrow morning. The cashier will give you your salary to date at once." And, placing the packet in his breast pocket, he turned on bis heel, took down his bat, and strode out of the office. My uncle was always quick enough to act, but often not quick enough *not* to act.

To return to his office would be to acknowledge himself beaten,—to cap an anti-climax on his artistically perfect exit.

The kettle of fish was spilled, and he must preserve the unities by letting it appear that the spilling was deliberate. Therefore must he cast about for some means of entertaining himself for the remainder of the afternoon.

It was a hot, listless day, and about him, the city lay in a sort of stupor, drugged with humidity. The only evidences of activity were the mercury which moved up,—starched collars which moved down, and family entrances which moved sideways. Now at mid-afternoon the urban muse of Divertisement invariably takes a nap. There is nothing doing. The matinee is well over and the baseball extra still lurks in the linotype room. Three P. M. is too late to start anything but the two o'clock trains on tbe Erie.

My uncle fared on till he found himself in the water-front district of the North River —that huge maw of the Gotham giant.

Pickwickian like, he paused, wiped the mist from his spectacles and gazed bewildered at the panorama of confused activity stretched before bim. Tben as his eye fell upon a warped weather-scarred structure on the next corner, there spread over his perspiring face an expression you might attribute to our explorer who has unexpectedly run across a friend in the vicinity of the South Pole.

The very building on which my uncle's binocular-like spectacles were focused lay like a tattered Rip Van Winkle in the shadow of its modern neighbors.

My uncle gave his great spectacles an extra polish and trained them on the dingy sign that swung in the wind above the dingy door. He was not mistaken. Here was the oldest hostelry in the city, —"The Mad Bull" famed through a century and a half, for its veal pies and a certain brew of golden ale.

In a trice my uncle's mind was made. And if a portly gentleman can be said to whisk at all, my uncle whisked into the doorway of the "Mad Bull" for all the world like a rabbit into his burrow.

Ordinarily, my good uncle would as soon have slept with the devil himself as have graced the bar of a public house. But you must remember that we are living in the Era of the Elastic Code. It is uot the act, but the "atmosphere" that counts. Psyche may go nude on Parnassus, but never on Broadway!

It was, then, the mellow historical setting of the "Mad Bull" that dignified the situation of my strait-laced uncle, calling for a veal pie and a mug of "half with a dash" at a water-front ale house. He lifted the pot of brew and, with a sharp puff, blew therefrom a deep collar of froth. The act served as an immediate and intimate introduction to one who stood next him at the bar, for the glob of foam landed squarely on the newly polished boot of that persooage.

Tell Colonel Culpepper, if you like, that he doesn't know a julep from a jackdaw, lay down five aces in a Deadgulch poker game, set a torch to Rome or tweak a monarch's beard, but never, as did my uncle on that afternoon, spill October ale over the toilet of a seaman dressed for a holiday ashore.

My uncle was on the point of framing an apology, but the fuse had been lighted; this bomb in the person of a sea-faring Beau Brummel exploded 'ere he could speak.

"Ere now," he bellowed, banging his pot down on the mahogany bar,—"Wot abaht it! Wot abaht it! Yer poor ham, yer! wot abaht it!"

"What about it," repeated my astonished uncle,—"what about what?"

"Wot abaht wot, eh? That's good, that is! Wot abaht the other boot. Can yer 'it *that*? Wot do yer want ter slop yer beer on me fer, yer big aggriwatin' stevedore!"

"I apologize, sir," said my uncle hastily. "It *was* clumsy. I apologize, I assure you."

"I take *my* beer inside, not outside," stated the seaman, stolidly.

"Very proper," returned my uncle, relieved. "Will you finish your mug and be my guest? I don't often get down this way."

THE war cloud dispelled, my uncle would now have departed, but, like a certain wedding guest, he was held by the moist eye of the thirsty mariner.

"Wot I sy, guv'nor, is that this 'ere's a perculiar world,—you an' me bein' thrown together so fortunate, an' gettin' on so smooth. An' wot I sy farther, is, I don't often take to a new rummy. Yer can't be too careful, I says. 'Ere's George Ducky, now,"—and the seaman jerked his thumb toward the bartender. "Take Ducky, f'r a 'orrible example, says I. Wot abaht 'im? says you. Why, says I,—married a woman f'r life, forty-eight minutes arter 'e'd seen 'er. Did 'e regret wot 'e done? *Did 'e regret wot 'e done!* 'E did! The bloomin' wixen laid awake nights thinkin' o' ways ter aggriwate 'im, an' arter a while she got mad as a centerpede with tobacoer juice in 'is eye every time George come 'ome lit, eh, George? Well, wot then? says you. Why, she took wiolent, one day, an' they sent 'er up to the Island an' put 'er in a strait jacket. An' every time old George thinks of 'er, eh George?,— 'e nearly laffs 'isself ter death. Wot'll 'appen to 'er wheu she pops off, says you. Will George claim the precious fragments? Not 'e!"

The mariner paused to refresh himself with another draught, and my uncle murmured "Good gracious!"

"'Ere I get back from the Indies an' *lose* a friend an' *make* a fricnd," continued the seaman, drawing his sleeve across bis mouth.

"Lost a friend!" exclaimed my uncle.



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"Croaked," said the other.

"Croaked?"

"Dead," explained the seaman. "An' 'ere I've brought 'im a couple of bloomin' parrots from the Indies, hut they ain't no use to 'im now with 'im dead. Wot's more, parrots ain't in my line. Yer don't want a good reliable parrot, do yer, guv'nor—'cause if yer do, why welcome to 'im, says I. That there's my way,—free an' easy with a rummy I takes to."

"Well," said my uncle, "that depends. I *have* been looking for a good parrot for some time. If I could get one reasonably,——"

"Reasonable my eye!" broke in the sea-going man. "Didn't I sy as how you was welcome to the hird! an' a good un, too! Wot I sy, is, tho 'ow are we goin' ter get 'im. There's the row! Wot row? says you. Why, says I, the buzzard's over in Hoboken—at my sister-in-law's. Wot then? says you. Wait till I tell yer. The old she-pirate give me a dollar this morning an' says ter fetch 'er some catnip. Well, 'ere I am an' 'ave I got the catnip? No! An' wot's more, I ain't got the bloomin' dollar neither. 'Ow am I goin' back, I ask yer."

THE seaman fortified himself with another draught. "Mehbe now," he continued, "if you was to run over an' get 'im yourself,—"

To my uncle, who had something of a Pickwickian yearning for adventure, the nature of the excursion strongly appealed. He looked at his watch.

"That's not a bad idea," he exclaimed warmly,—"if I can get back in two hours?"

"Arf the time! Yer can run over,—see the old dear, get the bird an' back in an hour. But 'ere now,—wot are yer goin' ter carry 'im in? I ain't got no poll-parrot cage. 'Ow abaht a 'at box, then? They'll think yer was carryin' 'ome a 'at except fer the 'oles. Yer got ter 'ave 'oles ter wentilate the bloomin' bird. Parrots revels in wentilation; and a 'at box is more of a gent's luggage than a blarsted hird-cage, ain't it?"

"A hat-box ought to do very nicely," rejoined my uncle. So, settling his score with the "Mad Bull," he set forth with the sea-going man in quest of a hat-store. As they walked, the mariner reflected aloud,—a habit formed (my uncle conjectured) in the lonely night watches on board ship.

"I'll write a line to the old Tartar on the inside o' the cover," he ruminated, "tellin' 'er to hand over one o' the birds. Wot hird 'll you pick, says you. Why, says I, the blue one, o' course. Wot's the row abaht the gray one, says you. Gray parrots is rum birds, says I. 'Ow's that, says you. Why, says I, yer wake up one morning an' the idiots has pecked 'emselves as hare as a boiled owl. Where does the feathers go, then, says yoo. *That's it! You* don't know. *I* don't know. *Nobody* knows!"

"Extraordinary," murmured my uncle.

"An' 'ere's another thing," continued the seaman. "Wot abaht feedin' 'im. Wot are yer goin' ter give 'im ter eat? I dunno, says you. *I* thought so, says I; Give 'im anything hut oranges. 'Cause why? says you. 'Cause the seeds sticks in 'is throat an' 'e croaks!"

The last observation brought them to a hat-store. Before my uncle could speak, the seaman had opened negotiations in his own fashion. "See 'ere," he barked at the clerk, "wot we want is a 'at-box, *empty*. 'Ow abaht it, now?"

"Down Fido!" from the clerk. "Some one's been feedin' you raw meat. What kind of a hat-box?" he asked, turning to my uncle.

"I'd like to get one about the size that would hold a tall hat," said my uncle.

"Haven't got one," answered the clerk, "would this do?" and he fetched one of the elongated variety designed to hold a dozen hats or more.

IT was getting late and my uncle was becoming impatient to be off. He took the box, and, turning to his companion, pressed a two-dollar hill in that person's hand, bidding him good-bye and expressing his warm appreciation for the chance that had brought them together.

"Guv'nor," responded the seaman, gazing at the hill and giving emphasis to his remarks hy jerking my uncle's hand like a pump haudle,—"Guv'nor, wot I say, is, I've took to yer, 'eaven bless yer. Once a rummy's friend,—allus a friend. . . . Don't ferget abaht pickin' the *blue* one; gray ones is bad eggs!" And, squaring away, the seaman walked out of the door and disappeared.

A moment later my uncle emerged briskly with his box tucked horizontally under his arm.

Once caught up in the powerful surging maelstrom of commuters, my uncle lost control of his temper and of his hat-box. He soon felt like a man going over Niagara hanging onto the tail of a shark. The thing rammed people in the back and butted them in the stomach,—got between his legs and knocked off his hat. He would have swapped it then and there for a full-grown ostrich,—or would have dropped it overboard; but the picture of a furious citizen heaving a four-foot hat-box off a crowded ferryboat had its drawbacks.

NO mythological fleece-hunting Jason, encountering every variety of embarassment in the revised catalog of Torments, had anything on my uncle when he found himself, at last, at the dilapidated street which marked his journey's end. Through the twilight, up the steps of the nearest tenement, he scuttled, hut before he could put a civil question, a hook-nosed housewife sprang out like a jack-in-the-box, brandishing an iron spoon.

"Here, you!" she cried, "I told you once before I didn't want no writin' paper nor no toilet soap an' I don't wantta subscribe ter any magazines an' I don't want no enlarged crayon portraits o' the old man fer his birthday! an' if yer come bummin' around here again yer'll get a pail o' slops on yer head. D'yer get me?"

"I beg your pardon," conciliated my astonished uncle, "I haven't got anything to sell. I'm looking for a Mrs. Voke at number twenty-six. Can you tell me where she lives?"

"Thia here's number eighty an' my name's none of your business," snapped the woman, and slammed the door on my uncle and his hat-box.

"Picks 'isself as bare as a hoiled owl, eh!" muttered my exasperated uncle as he trudged along in the twilight. "Dammc, *I'll* pick him as bare as a boiled owl if I have to walk all night to find him!"

Once more, puffing now like a sea lion, he climbed the steps of a bouse he judged to be number twenty-six, and gave the bell a vicious yank.

"Does a Mrs. Voke,"—hegan my uncle,—

"I just told yer," interrupted the woman,—

"Pardon me, madam," said my uncle vehemently, "you couldn't have just told me anything because this is the first,"—

"Sumpin's eatin' *you*," hroke in the other, "I told you five minutes ago there ain't nobody on this street named Voke, nor anything like it,—*an' never was;* au' if there *was* any number twenty-six, which there ain't also, it would be across the street!" and my uncle looking where the woman pointed, beheld a vacant lot.

What he beheld immediately thereafter caused his jaw to drop in stupefied astonishment.

Trudging hy, as if weary with long walking, was one carrying under his arm a hat-box punched full of holes, identical to his own.

"Hey!" called my uncle, "hold on a minute!" and as he came up, a curious understanding look passed between them.

"Pardon me," said the stranger quietly, "but it looks a little like rain, doesn't it? Could you tell me the quickest way to the New York ferry?"

"I'm going that way myself," answered my uncle. "I'll go with you." For a few moments they walked in silence, then the stranger spoke. "I was wondering," he said, half to himself, "what *does* become of their feathers. They eat 'em, I suppose."

"So I understand," replied my uncle.

*"A hook-nosed housewife sprang out like a jack-in-the-box, brandishing an iron spoon."*

THE REHEARSAL

By Everi

F THE BALLET

Shinn



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# Our Foreign Legion

By AMOS STOTE

THERE is frequently the feeling, when business houses go after world trade, that foreign salesmen do not exhibit the same loyalty in handling imported goods as they do when representing a home industry. If there is any country that finds itself the exception to this rule it is our own; and if there is any country where we are held as favorites by salesmen, that country is Germany. American houses with experiences that fail to verify this statement have been either unfortunate in their connections, or negligent in the drawing up of agreements that were understood in detail by the representative.

The lure of the dollar is something to be reckoned with when securing salesmen in Germany. Many of these men prefer to work for an American company, hotb for the added importance sueb a connection actually gives them among their fellows, and because of the greater opportunities for advancement. The idea uf being able to learn American ways, the hope of being sent to tbe United States—tbese conditions tend to attract good salesmen to our houses engaged in business in Germany.

As to opportunities for the securing of capable men in the Kaiser's kingdom, they are excellent. While the men of eacb profession form a social class, yet the class distinction in business life, which in many countries makes it almost impossible for a man to grow out of the work to which his earliest endeavors assigned him, is hy no means hampering in its definition. This liberal characteristic, that permits a man to thrust aside precedent and climb to the utmost of his ability, has, however, a peculiar Teutonic turn. The ambitious man of that country is looking for more than wealth. Most of them will forego a goodly share of financial gain for any title or degree or office suggestive of power. The average German has a genuine fondness for being "bossed" and so, naturally, holds in great respect any one who may attach some expression of authority to his name.

### *Lieutenants of the Reserve*

BUSINESS does not hesitate to take advantage of this situation. One of our corporations, with two factories in Germany and as fine a sales organization as there is on the Continent, makes a specialty of Lieutenants of the Reserve—petty officers of a military body that holds a silent partnership in the standing army. The Berlin sales department of this corporation is never without two or three of these men; and as rapidly as they are ahle to secure recruits the older ones are sent to take charge of branch offices in other cities of the Empire.

The exceedingly prominent bump of admiration and deference the people of this country exbibit in the presence of the army accounts for the commercial value of the title. The fact that the bearer may have no authority whatever in the business he represents in no way depreciates his standing with the puhlic he solicits. The American house referred to manufactures commodities that necessitate frequent dealings with municipal authorities on questions relating to permits and inspections. There are two resident directors: an American and a German-American. The former never attempts to deal personally with any branch of the government or with builders. The latter, thuugh a German of good family and prominent in commercial circles, could hardly get a huilding-inspector to answer the telephone, except that worthy had been informed that "Director" Scbmidt wished to speak with him—and Schmidt might be director of anything from the state railways to a second-hand store.

When prompt action is required, a salesman, getting ten dollars a week, perhaps, is sent to the building department. All he must do is show a card with "Lieutenant of the Reserve" engraved in one corner, and then state bis desires.

While army rank will secure an audience almost anywhere, it will not sell goods unless backed by the right training. To make sure of their ability and fitoess the company puts all of its prospective salesmen through a complete course in this braneb of the business. Whatever tbe Germau may lack in speed in acquiring training be makes up, witb interest, in thoroughness. He is rather generally a hustler when out for business; but it is unfair to compare bim with the man who does that work in our country. Neither conditions nor the men lend themselves to the important undertakings so usual with our salesmen.

ATTEMPTS have been made, with the highest grade men obtainable in Germany, to allot extensive territories and cover them from two to four times a year. But it has never proven effective in bolding the market. Business customs in vogue, as well as the personality of both huyer and seller, are not favorable to this plan. The rule of the German merchant to huy in small quantities makes it impossihle for the average house and commodity to adopt this method. Another reason for its lack of success is that the majority of salesmen require more personal supervision than they do with us; not because there is any disposition to neglect duties or shirk responsihilities, hut rather that the methods of organization and control of the sales force do not favor such operations. Even where our sales systems have been introduced buman limitations have prevented large individual results. The German employer takes a paternal attitude toward his employees. He tells his salesmen what to do, and they do it, or receive a scolding. It is merely another example of being "bossed."

This situation must not be taken as suggesting that the cost of selling is higher in Germany than with us. Tests have proven the reverse to be true. One of our concerns with a factory in Germany, that has been producing drug preparations over there for more than twenty years, finds that while the average order is less than half what it is at home, the cost of selling is also less than it is in the States. And this in spite of the fact that almost twice as many salesmen are required to cover an equal amount of territory. The men work entirely on commission and there are plenty of good ones to be had.

### *Beards of Commerce*

FROM Berlin to Paris, commercially, is rather a far cry, yet not half so distant as the Frenchmen wish it. The last way to sell goods in France is through a German agent. One of our manufacturers had, because of the novelty of his wares, built up a most profitable business in France. Later the market got hopelessly away from him as a result of a series of mistakes in trying to do business on the same plan as at bome. His French finish came when a German was put in to manage the office and sales forces. In a little more than a year after this inauguration the business was closed out. At one time it had profitably employed between fifty and seventy-five people.

SOMETIMES Opportunity responds to an encore. Recently this company has been successful in building up a French trade in one of its new products. The work is being done entirely by Frenchmen. Only the most general supervision is undertaken hy the American who represents the company both in England and on the Continent and whose offices are in London.

Not long ago one of tbe officials of a new but flourishing American manufacturing concern went over to Paris to start something. The business had been put together by several energetic young men, and they decided it was time to open up a European agency. They cast lots to see who should devote a year to this task. The lucky member set out at once for Paris. By the time be had learned it was not necessary to tip the concierge every morning, and could find the way to the office he had rented without taking a taxi or carrying the address in his hat-band, he decided to advertise for salesmen. He wrote an American style advertisement and put it in the Paris editions of the *London Daily Mail* and the *New York Herald*. At the time he really did not know what he expected in the way of results. The nearest to a tangible idea was something very hazy, possibly original, possibly borrowed, that a number of Americans and Englishmen were looking for jobs that would give them a chance to use their kitchen French.

A few of this type did appear, but a business acquaintance who knew conditions happily warned the newcomer in time and agreed to occupy the chair at the hour of the advertised meeting. The first time the door-bell rang—for French offices have door-bells—a small man appeared on the scene. Though seemingly very agile it required but a glance to make the American positive the caller had already torn the fiftieth page off life's calendar. He had a beard any of us would immediately recognise as long and silky. His salute was elaborate and included considerable elevation of his bead gear.

The second visitor was not unlike the first, except that Nature had used a wider gauged planter in sowing his beard, so that the hairs stood out in rugged isolation.

As the friend who bad offered to help pick the winners concluded it was time to commence he made a suggestion to that effect; hut the future employer looked distinctly worried.

"Say," he began, in an undertone, "what was wrong with that ad? Did I say anything that means something else to these Frenchmen, or has this government shut off some old-age pension? I don't want to be adopted; I want salesmen."

"The whiskers are one reason why I

came," the friend replied. "I knew you would hardly come up for air after the first sight. At my premier experience, when one of these came in as a salesman, I *thought* it was some form of French joke, and a false decoration. But let me tell you that if I were hiring salesmen today, other qualifications being equal, the man with the beard would always get the decision."

### *Romance and Plumbers*

NO matter if an American has as many lives as a cat, if he be a real, honest American with one of those healthy-though-local, mental horizons, the French scheme of piecing out stature with whiskers never approaches him without a shock. Yet there is no getting around the practical value they set on beards in business; and let the man who belittles the French for their peculiarities remember that he may in turn appear somewhat strange to his neighbor. The beard does for the Frenchman, in the matter of putting up a substantial appearance, just what five-feet-eleven, with a good chin and nose and a pleasant smile accomplishes for our men of the road.

As to being *bossed*, the little Frenchman is as unlike the big German as salad is unlike steak. They are energetic and good talkers; loyal to the house they represent, ambitious to advance, exceedingly saving both in personal matters and for their employers. But they will not be driven. To attempt the strict routine of operations and reports, found so essential with us, is sure to create friction, dampen ardor, and reduce the powers of initiative that under favorable conditions are so valuable an asset to the employer. In the matter of wages, the Frenchman is paid about one-third the American scale. They are like the German in that more salesmen and smaller territories bring best results.

These facts are the condensed findings of several American houses, widely different in the wares they handle, that are doing profitable business in France. One of these corporations, that is also strongly entrenched in Germany, has proven that the Frenchman is much better able to use his personality in holding trade than the German. Their goods are handled by plumbers, and one salesman who attends this fraternity in several good-sized French towns has practically eliminated competition for the last five years by means of a most unusual expression of personality.

IT seems this fellow, in a cleverly half-concealed manner, gave out the impression that he was a man of some fortune; more than the average Frenchman considers necessary for retirement. By careful direction of the conversation the shop-keeper was always given the opportunity to ask why a man of such means preferred daily employment to the luxury of leisure. Beginning in an offhand manner, the salesman would then speak of the greatness of the company with which he had accepted employment, his lofty position in being sole representative in a territory that held such important customers as his present host, and of the generous attitude of the company toward all employees. Then he would deftly press down the loud pedal; tell of the enormous wealth of the house and how it continued to manufacture only because of the service it was able to render humanity in offering so perfect and beneficial a commodity at about the cost of production. He expatiated on the wonderful advantages of the device, made talking points of commonplace particulars, and mentioned in conclusion the enviable position the handling of such wares gave local merchants.

Each new store at which this romantic young man presents himself inevitably bears the story. Each visit to old customers is embellished with an account of some recent happening that brings out fresh evidence of his own commanding position, some noble undertaking of his employers, some hitherto unseen perfection of the commodity, or possibly a new use to which it is adaptable.

So much personality might be thought perilous to the house, were it not built on the wares they manufacture. Even then such a plan could hardly be carried out, or permitted, in any country save France, the home of delight in all things romantic.

### *The Very Stolid Briton*

TO turn from the commercial romance of France to that of England is almost like being sentenced to hard labor; yet there is something substantial and satisfying in the proverbial stick-to-it-ive-ness with which the Britisher sells goods, and does everything else. His idea of romance in trade is to get an order in three months that usually requires a year to land. The glory of the English salesman is that nothing daunts him. Once he has decided a certain house has need of the article he sells, that house will eventually have either to buy or go out of business.

He does not hold the enthusiasm of the French and German in the matter of representing an American company; but enthusiasm is hardly proper from his viewpoint—and after all he is very loyal. Certain sixteenth century ideas of class distinction still possess him, and this has done much to keep out of selling the type of man who is doing the best work in our country. The bright young chap with the preliminary training that makes him capable of meeting almost anyone without giving offense; the young man who, with us, sees in selling the highway to the heart of the business, is seldom in the market in England.

There is an Oxford man selling American goods in England who has lost most of his college friends; is not recognized by a sister whose husband is earning less in a month than the salesman makes in a week; who until quite recently was treated by his parents as the family disgrace—and all because of his business relations. This man has spent just enough time in the States to realize that he must either go against the rulings of his class as to what constitutes a gentleman's occupation, or suffer from dry rot. And his decision required more courage than we can ever realize.

IT must not be taken from this that England offers no salesmen of ability. There are bright boys in the lower classes who consider work of this character a remarkable elevation. There are others in almost every class who through chance or influence—often dire necessity—get into selling and grow in it because they realize the opportunities it offers. The great trouble is the shortness of the market supply of salesmen who are above the mediocre or inefficient type.

It is more nearly possible to transplant our selling methods in England than in either France or Germany. Very little modification is necessary in the first instance; and very good results have been obtained through their use. One of our corporations conducts quite an extensive course in salesmanship in its London offices. This work has not only brought results in giving the men who enter the sales department a careful and practical training; but it has actually encouraged some who wondered if selling could really be quite the right thing for them. Because educational methods were employed, the dignity of the individual engaging in it seemed better protected—and it lent a real importance to the work.

Yet when all is said and done and argued—no one is so able as the Briton to hold the trail with the tireless patience necessary to sell to a Briton. An American salesman takes pride in hanging on to a prospect until he has convinced the latter of the value and need of the goods offered. But it takes the crack English salesman of one of our branch houses to bring a man to admit these points, and then work three years longer to get the order. In the incident referred to the salesman did not even see the man in authority for more than two weeks from the time he first began his siege. Conviction did not seem long in coming and during the second successful call the agent gave facts that forced the other man to admit everything; and yet he delayed ordering. Always, after this, the salesman made his visits under the cloak of a new argument to present; and he never pressed the subject to a final conclusion. His calls were far enough apart to avoid offense but not to allow the business man to forget him; and they were as brief as could be made the registering of a new point for consideration. He never asked questions, never became demonstrative, never suggested impatience—but he stored up in that man's mind a stock of facts that created a desire to purchase.

IT required three years to get that concern's name transferred from the list of prospects to that of customers. But it was worth the time and trouble, for the first order amounted to practically twenty-one thousand dollars. When the order came it was the usual thing sanctioned by boards of directors. There was no romantic offering of a junior partnership to the persistent salesman; not even a word of praise from the man who had acted as host during these years. As to the man who got the order, though his hand shook a little when reaching out for the signed form, thankfulness was kept well below flood tide. Each seemed to take the experience and its conclusion as quite the usual thing.

It is true the salesman took his wife to dine that night at the Cecil. It is also true they were very unhappy because of the withering formality of their peers—the waiters.

*McSorley's Back Room*

# The Work of

## "Nature I Loved and

### By JOHN

THE cry in every human heart is to escape from the discords and disorder of life into some region of order and peace. This in art is called the instinct for beauty; and if some of us live hut dreary lives it is because we try to stifle this cry of the heart. On the other hand, turning away from distraction and from everything that could silence his longing, the artist, in his own way always an ascetic, takes life into his inventing hands and makes it plastic in dreams and in works of art; and because of his inborn sensitiveness to facts does it so convincingly that we can all say of the good painter or poet or dreamer that he does not falsify nature, hut that he interprets it.

Mr. Sloan is a thinker as well as a painter. He engages in a war of opinion and here let me make a distinction. There are men who are all alive with the spirit of controversy, they are the great army of the dissuasive who convince us against our will. The true artist is persuasive. He enters into controversy without the spirit of controversy and we yield to him because he plays all so seductively upon our imaginative longings. William Morris' opponents read his socialist tracts as eagerly as his friends and often more intelligently. Morris understood his opponents too well to hate them except in some passing moment of characteristic irascibility which never got into his writings, and which with him always ended in laughter. Leonardo da Vinci "flew before the storm" because the storm was hatred which contracts the heart and limits the sympathies and blinds the intellect, extinguishing the three lights of the soul. In every work of true art there is always as final result, a something, a magic, an incantation, a music, which sweetens and releases the spirit. To discover this something and where it lies is the duty of criticism; for this something is the old reconciling hint and wavering suggestion of beauty.

"McSorley's Back Room" depicts a large lonely room. By the window through which out of the grey skies comes hardly any light is the lonely figure of an old man, large in stature and in hulk. He is taking his ale in short sips and at long intervals; his thoughts are heavy and long drawn out. Except close hy the window the whole room is in shadow, a richly colored darkness in which we can just make out the figures of two other men, talking together. There are also numerous small objects, a clock, a picture of Bryan, the model of a ship in full sail in a glass case, and things, we know not what. Slowly the picture draws the attention and then holds it. One can never be tired of peering into that gloom as one is never tired of looking to the far horizon when darkness is coming on. Every painter, from the time of Leonardo da Vinci has felt the charm of chiaroscuro. Mr. Sloan is one of the few who have painted it. To paint chiaroscuro is to make a picture of infinity.

"THE Dust Storm" is a picture that could not have been painted hy Hogarth. At first glance we see approaching a great cloud of wind and rain with the Flat-iron building towering up till it is lost in the overhead darkness. Just beneath the advancing cloud are the trees of Madison Square hending under the weight of the wind. They are fully foliaged because it is late summer and the leavea have turned a spectral gray, reflecting the hlue light of the clouds. So much we see at once. Searching for detail we discover the human drama. There is an automohile and a quantity of scattered children running and tumhling over each other in their flight, only not this time from the automobile, but from the dust and the wind and the rain and the noise of the storm; for somehow we know that at the moment the thunder is crashing.

The theme of this picture is the great cloud rapidly advancing and spreading a sudden darkness with a glimpse beyond into the beauty of serene and sunny skies. The children that to Hogarth would have been the whole matter are here only a detail, and in the painting little more than indicated. If Hogarth or anybody else in the eighteenth century looked at the sky it was to ascertain weather conditions.

Hogarth has also been called an artist of the ugly, yet in his pictures are many lovely ladies. Only in his day and down even to these times the English conception of beauty is something quite different from that set before us hy Mr. Sloan.

Once when I was talking with Mr. Sloan of Hogarth and of his terrible skill in depicting the hideous physiognomies of the corrupt and drunken underworld of London, he offered what seemed a revealing criticism. He said that what we hate we fly from and that Hogarth's knowledge of these people proved that he loved them for that otherwise he would not have studied them. Mr. Sloan spoke out of knowledge of his own methods. Take for instance his picture "The Hair-dresser's Window." Here we have an old woman plying her art as hair-dresser a la mode to the surrounding community. She is bleaching the hair of a young girl and, as is indicated hy her wearing gloves, using some powerful chemical. It is done at the open window because the hot sun is a necessary participant. Of the subject of the treatment we see only her long and abundant hair falling down her back and of the girl attendant we get only her thin hand holding the saucer. It is a window in the second story. The crowd below

*The Hair-dresser's Window*

# John Sloan

*Next to Nature Art"*

**BUTLER YEATS**

*The Dust Storm*

on the street are gazing upward; among them a lively group of three very young girls laughing and whispering together and no doubt making guesses as to who the girl may be. Do we hate this woman so realistically presented to us? Is that the artist's intention? She is hideous as though Hogarth had painted her. She has yellowed hair and thick lips and a short turned up nose and a many folded chin and short fat arms. On the contrary we laugh genially even while we flinch at this figure of grossness, this artist in hair, and enjoy her intentness at her work, and we realize that she is shrewd and strong and that she knows every girl's secret.

IN "Scrubwomen in the Old Astor Library" there is no hint of gaiety or of youth. In the immediate foreground is a team of scrubwomen each with her pad and broom, one washing the floor, the other two as they pass, furtively speaking to her. In the room beyond we can just make out two readers like phantoms bowed over their books at the big table. Why does this picture interest anyone? What is the charm of this sad colored arrangement in brown? Is it the old women or the two readers? Or the walls lined with books or the atmosphere made thick, as one fancies, by the dust of so many mouldering volumes? Are we looking at a picture of silence made visible? I cannot say. It is not in words ever to tell all of a picture's meaning. Painters exist that they may tell in their painter's language what cannot be said in prose or verse or in marble or in music. Each art has its own incommunicable secret. Incommunicable, that is, by any other art. A work of art that can be put into words is picture writing and by no means a work of art; even though to a people more conversant with words than with painting it would be preferable.

Mr. Sloan's pictures will excite strong enthusiasm but also many antagonisms. For one thing he does not arrange his pictures according to the laws of good taste nor does he care at all for the purely decorative picture which, however charming it may be, is only like a pretty woman prettily dressed or a pretty room prettily furnished. In fact, he does not arrange his pictures at all. He is an impressionist, that is, an imaginative painter, and paints by the inner life. "His subject directs him," to quote the words of Charles Lamb who, long before the impressionists, defined the meaning of imaginative painting. One has to live many days with one of his pictures to find its sweetness, its poetic charm. He does not take his art lightly. Like the great medieval painters, he is serious about both life and art. And if at first his severity offends we will turn to him again and again and find in his strangeness something restful; for his severity is the self-restraint of a man who will not be deceived, who, while looking everywhere for visions of tenderness and beauty, refuses to shut his eyes to facts.

*Scrubwomen in the Old Astor Library*

THE artist has told me something of his early struggles. And to my mind it was an ideal education for an artist of genius. While still a boy he was introduced to a man's life; at sixteen earning his own keep and helping others, while finding time to study drawing and painting. Also he kept good company; fortune having favored him with such friends as Robert Henri and Glackens and other original men. There was also the public library in Philadelphia (for the joy of reading was upon him) where he read every Saturday all day long from early morning, bringing his lunch with him so that there should be no interruption. Every painter and every poet is first of all an observer, only unlike the scientist, what he observes must come to him in moments of heightened sensibility; and if he be born artist and lives the right life almost every hour will bring its crisis. Mr. Sloan's school of art was life itself, his own and that of others, and finally the streets of two great cities—New York and Philadelphia. In the evenings he studied technique, with one evening set apart for conversation. Blessed conversation of young men, whereby they learn to know each other in friendship and in the generous ardor and courage of mutual challenge!

TO the great art schools of Paris and Europe thronging crowds of young men and women make a fashionable pilgrimage, hoping to learn the great secret, and they study the planes and curves of the posed model as to whom they know nothing and care nothing, and yet so far it is good; only the circumstances are such that these students are during the most susceptible and receptive season of their lives, for long hours and for many years, shut up in art schools and taught that nothing matters except technique, so that all their talk is of technique and not at all of life. Is it wonderful that the great picture shows of London and Paris are so dull compared with what one sees in the Louvre or the National Gallery of London or that there should have descended on the world that great monotony of clever painters with scarcely an artist or artistic vision to vary the prospect? "Art for art's sake" is a saying that has its value, but technique for the sake of technique is misleading nonsense. At any rate it gives us the painter who is not the artist, the man with the clever busy fingers and the idle soul and the sleepy intellect. We do indeed require of the painter or of the poet, technique, the best that he can give us: that we may have the consecration of the poet's dream—and everything else that is in his well-filled mind.

# A Theme for Social Religion

By CHARLES ERVIN REITZEL

AGE-LONG civilization has been chained and shackled by an economic and social standard which places money above men, profits above principle, and gold above God. However, we now commemorate as our Ideal, the birth of One whose sole interest was centered in humanity; whose very Being breathed the spirit of brotherhood and service as standing above greed and power. We therefore can give no better proof of our appreciation of Jesus and his teachings than by an every-day application of his doctrines to the maladjustments existing in our present social order.

# Roses

By NEITH BOYCE

I WISHED to give Helena something for Christmas. Ever since I married Helena I have been wanting to give her things, over and above the present of myself and of all my worldly goods. I have given her a great many things that she did not want. Helena wants nothing that she cannot turn to immediate practical good. When I married her she was a wonderfully pretty, gay, courted girl, full of energy, high spirits, coquetry and desire for amusement. But she proved that she was beyond all else practical by marrying me. I was some ten years older than herself, with a good professional position and in addition a private income. I was deeply in love with her and have been ever since. Years passed, we acquired three children and a house in New York, and Helena developed into a most conscientious and able manager of the family. She is a good housekeeper, with a firm hand over the servants; she supervises most carefully the children's health, morals and education, and she maintains an atmosphere of cheer and comfort in the home. She works about fifteen hours a day. She is economical in her personal expenditures. She makes both ends meet over a large monthly budget. She has the bank account and the checkbook. She pays my tailor and club dues by check, and allows me a few dollars a week for my luncheons and carfares. I seldom want any more.

BUT with the approach of the happy holiday season, I felt a keen desire to give Helena something. Helena hates Christmas. She always has a large family dinner on that day, besides the tree for the children, presents to relatives and friends and banknotes to the servants. She rushes madly from morning to night, concealing her feelings under an appearance of festal joy. Knowing all this, I determined to give her a little pleasure, or at least a reminder, so to speak, of my affection. But I hadn't any money, and as she had just had to write the check for my Christmas fees to the servants at the club, I really didn't like to ask her for any, especially as she would, of course, have asked what I wanted it for.

However, I had credit. I didn't dare give her anything very expensive, so the day before Christmas I stopped at the florist's, round the corner from our house, and looked for something that looked like Helena. I wouldn't have orchids, those purple dowagers, nor the hypocritical lilies, nor the smug violets, nor commonplace carnations. Among the roses too there had to be a careful choice. But I found a rose that really was like Helena—deep in color, richly curved in form, with strong stems and leaves, firm and full of sap. I ordered a dozen—doubled in price, of course, on account of the season of rejoicing—charged them, and took them round to Helena.

She greeted me with her usual cheerfulness over the tea-table. When I presented the roses, with a gallant little speech, she cried mechanically, "Oh, how sweet of you! How lovely!" But I saw her face fall, and she couldn't help adding, "But you extravagant old dear, they must have cost a fortune!"

"You shouldn't look a gift-horse in the hill," I said, rather piqued.

"No, I know it," she said repentantly. "They *are* lovely, and just what I——"

"Just what I wanted, thank you so much, as the man said when the brick fell on his head," I interrupted ironically.

THEN she got up and kissed me and said a few pleasant things, and put the roses in a vase, where they looked very handsome, and we had tea cosily together. . . .

But after Christmas comes New Year's, and that means bills. Helena is always in a frightful temper on the first of January, and doesn't try to conceal it. I always try to keep out of the way when she is wrestling with the bills and her checkbook, for, after all, that is her business, and if I make the money she ought to be willing to spend it.

But on this particular day she did not spare me. She almost flung the bill at me.

"To one dozen roses . . . $15.00."

"Now, George, how *could* you?" she cried tearfully. "Fifteen dollars for roses! Roses at Christmas! Do you know what I have to pay for coal?"

"I don't care," I said peevishly.

"No, I know you don't! And here I am, slaving and contriving and at my wits' end to pay the bills, and with the cost of living almost out of sight, and I need a new evening coat and can't afford it, and it was *agreed* we shouldn't give one another presents, and——"

She said a lot more, along that line, for Helena, like all conscientious and energetic people, is a bit of a nagger. Finally I interrupted with these remarks: "You're right, Helena, gifts are absurd—especially between business partners. It's ridiculous for me to give you roses and expect you to pay the bill. I apologize. It was self-indulgence on my part. It always is. A gift means *quid pro quo*. Nothing for nothing. I had a romantic feeling for your beauty and charm. I tried to find something that would express it. The roses seemed to me like you in color, fragrance and form. I gave them to you to please myself. You did not want them. You object to paying fifteen dollars for them when there are fifteen tons of coal to be paid for. You are right, Helena; coal is a necessity——

"LAST year I gave you a little book of love sonnets, dedicated to you, and printed at my own expense. Another piece of self-indulgence. You thought the sonnets rather pretty, but wondered how I could write such things, at my age. The year before that I gave you my historical tragedy, likewise printed at my own expense. And that you didn't even read. —And long before that, I gave you my heart, Helena, and you never quite read that, either. You turned down the page, and forgot to go on— And for all of them, you've had to pay, haven't you, and the bills have been heavy. Greek gifts! Poor Helena!"

My voice broke as I uttered these words, looking at her listening profile. She was writing during the last part of my speech —a check, which she slipped into the envelope along with the fatal bill. In her cheek, turned toward me, I suddenly perceived a dimple—in love, you know, there is always one who kisses, and one who turns the cheek. Helena had always turned her cheek—with the dimple in it.

All she said then was, looking up at me with a smile:

"You are a sweet, old, romantic, silly thing, and how you can talk!—You can give me a gold brick if you want to, after that, and I'll pay for it and go in debt for coal, rather than hurt a single one of your precious feelings. And it isn't true— I *did* read the tragedy. It was too sweet for words."

*This* year, I have resolved to present to Helena one single pure white rose, and as I give it to her, I shall say meekly: "I paid for it out of my own money."

I rather think she will like that.



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# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## V

### Gwendolnide Jones Telleth an Autobiographical Autodrama

THE gentleman-drivers forebore from the code
Duello and drew up their cars by the road;
Their looks less disdainful,
Their poses less painful,
The ladies suppressing their monologues plainful,
Laden with epithets more than a trainful.
It was merely armed peace, an observer might see,
As they sat in a circle out under a tree.
Hostility still
Showed in the men.

THE "nice Mr. Hill"
Coldly sat by his Gwen,
And near as he dared to Katurah lolled Percy,
Dumbly, in pantomime, begging for mercy.
And the angel whom humans call Gwendolaide Jones
Began her account in angelical tones;
"Since automobiles were invented I've been
Gripped by 'em,
Hipped by 'em,
Mentally dipped by 'em,
Wrecked by 'em, saved by 'em, frightened and tipped by 'em;
And when I am dead—well, I hope I'll be shipped by 'em!

"A FEW years ago, when my father was wealthy,
My automomania 'gan growing unhealthy.
Pa bought me runabouts, phaetons, touring-cars,
Chubby electrics and long-run-enduring cars.
But I clamored for more—for you see I was cursed
With that modern dementia, a gasolene thirst.
One morning poor Father to hankruptcy woke,
For the market in Limited Bunco went broke.
And Pa said to Ma, 'Though your pride it embarrass,
I've pawned all our jew-els with Uncle Abe Harris;
You, too, must deny yourself fashions from Paris;
I'll give up my valet, my yacht and cigars—
And, Gwendolaide, dear, you must part with your cars.'
Gone, my heart's sweet massage!
I sought the garage
And kissed all my road-running darlings good-bye;
My runabout slender, my touring-car big
And my cute, little, chubby electrical gig. . . ."
(She closed her bright eyes, as to shut out the vision,
Then took up the tale with increasing decision.)

"FROM that moment my soul was embittered. I swore
Ere long I would revel in autos once more.
My plottings bore fruit,
For I smiled on the suit
Of Marmaduke Priggles, a bit of a bore,
Who numbered his cars by the dozen and score.
Another adorer more suited my will,
But alas!" (Here a sigh from the "nice Mr. Hill.")
"Oh, how with a partner for life could I toddle
Who'd only two cars of a former year's model?

HOWEVER, the poorer man wooed me so well
All cold, worldly hope meant
Mere hollow conceit.
We planned an elopement
And promised to meet
Last night to be wedded at Johnson's Hotel.
I was packing my grip,
Prepared for the trip
When a taxi (I'd called one) drew up to the door.

THE driver, I noticed, remarkably bore
Resemblance to someone I'd met with before. . . ."
("Twas Priggles!" deep-muttered the "Nice Mr. Hill.")
"It was. But I guessed not his perfidy, till
Seventeen miles down the Kittyville Pike
I saw through the window the chauffeur's right ear
'Pon which was a birthmark, remarkably like
The one which marred Priggles. Made fearless by fear
I opened the door of the taxicab light
And, keeping my balance, leaped into the night
While the villainous Marmaduke Priggles, disguised,
Drove out of sight,
Oblivious quite
Of the silent escape of the treasure he prized.
Thus, left quite alone, I. . . ."
A rattle like hail
On a stretch of tin roofing broke in on her tale
Midst a wheezing asthmatic
Yet very emphatic
And a chug like the gasp of a grief-stricken whale.

"Look, look!" whispered Gwen, all her features turned waxy,
"It sounds like,
It goes like. . ."
All shouted, "A taxi!"

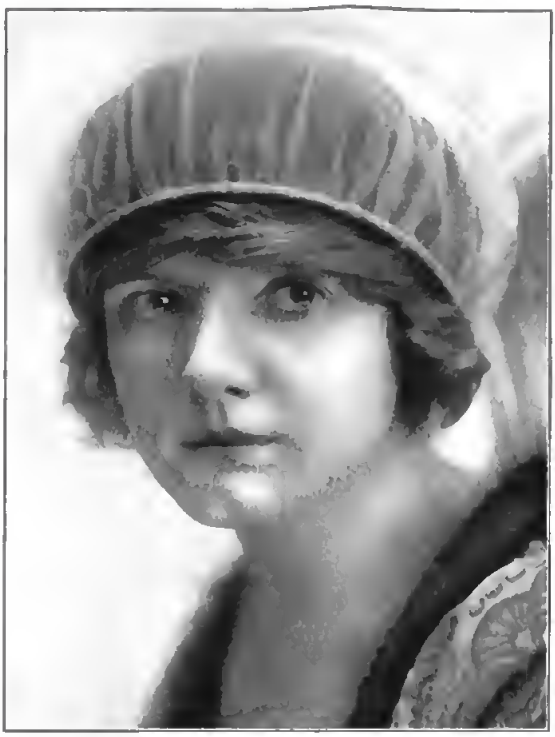
(TO BE CONTINUED)

John Mason in Augustus Thomas's "Indian Summer"

By James Montgomery Flagg

# Augustus Thomas and the Time Spirit

By N. H.



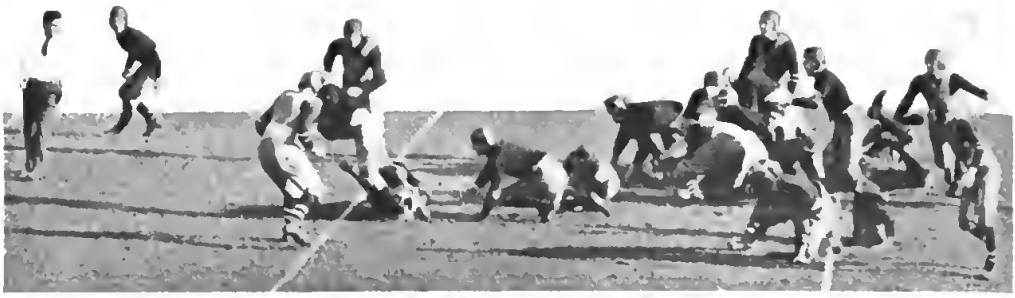
*"Martha Hedman acts as few American actresses can act"*

ONCE Augustus Thomas wrote plays that did not strain anybody's intellect, and amused so large a proportion of the human race that the plays, almost without exception, filled theaters and therefore produced much wealth for the author. The distinguished German dramatist, Ludwig Fulda, who landed on our shores the other day, said, as one of his first observations, that America seemed to take the drama not as an art but as an amusement. Augustus Thomas is now putting more into his plays than he once put into them, and they are not so successful. Out of his last seven plays, I believe only two have been successes, and the fate of the seventh is now in the balance. New York critics did not like it. If it were not for the possession of an oversupply of tact, I should be willing to confess that the disapproval of the New York critics does not necessarily condemn a play. Personally, I hope "Indian Summer" will be one of the many praiseworthy dramatic productions that get away from Broadway with more or less bruises, and find a juster reception in the rest of the country, popularly known as "The Road."

NOT that "Indian Summer" is without faults. It has conspicuously two faults. The effect is at times scattered, various bits of dialogue and some incidents being put in that do not converge toward a central result. That is fault number one. Fault number two is that the third act has an over-dose of melodrama, jerking us roughly from an atmosphere of pleasant thinking into scenes of tearing about and shooting pistols. This much granted, however, "Indian Summer" remains one of Mr. Thomas's most interesting plays. I saw a revival of "Arizona" not long ago, and it made me wish I was in the country or at home reading a good book. A friend of mine has a little son uncommonly interested in a number of topics. Sheer frivolity, however, is not one of them. Therefore at a party recently he was found in a corner crying, and when asked what was the matter he sobbed out, "I am wasting my time. I am wasting my time!" I dropped in to see "Indian Summer" on a particularly busy afternoon, and I did not at all feel that I was wasting my time. It is not only superior to such plays as "Arizona," which are more or less skillful mechanical exploitations of popular and stereotyped themes, but it is superior to a play like "The Witching Hour," because Mr. Thomas exhibited little knowledge of hypnotism in the earlier play, but shows an intimate and cordial understanding of the mind of a middle-aged artist living today, and he throws in for good measure an uncommon inkling of what an independent young woman of our time is sometimes like.

FRANK WHITNEY is the person who is going through his Indian Summer. He is a gifted artist—by profession, a sculptor, but capable of writing poetry and deeply appreciating music. In many of the novels of the last few years and in numerous plays middle-aged men and very young women are hero and heroine as they are in Galsworthy's latest, reviewed in this issue, and in more than one novel by Wells. Where this happens in ordinary plays, there is usually a sentimental and unreal treatment and ending. Mr. Thomas, however, handles the situation with sincerity, and while he has not quite the heart to give the audience a sensible instead of a sympathetic ending, he refrains from giving a mushy one, tactfully leaving the matter at the end so that the more typical spectators can go home and imagine the hero and his young friend were married, while the minority can think that he quietly, gently and gradually shook her off and sent her back to the young man to whom she had been engaged before, and whom she found uninteresting when her imagination was stirred by the new visions of life opened up to her by contact with a more experienced nature; or, indeed, back to some other young man; it doesn't make very much difference whether it was the same young man or another, the point being, as was fully understood by the hero, that a marriage between him and his young friend and admirer would have been untrue to his own knowledge of life and unfair to the girl, who had plenty of intelligence, but whose intelligence did not have sufficient life-material to work on.

Mr. Thomas comes pretty near to having created a real character in the hero, and this impression is much helped by the admirable acting of Mr. Mason. He realizes not only the main characteristics of such a man, but many of the pleasant little half-lights and contradicting principles. He is a philosopher as well as an artist. He has that love of youth, of life, and of loving, which usually goes with creative talent, but he is also a singularly normal, wise and kindly person. I shall not try to reproduce here the dialogue between him and his friends, but it has humor, observation of life, and what the Germans call *gemütlichkeit*, a word of more color and significance than our word "amiability." The girl, too, is real, and here again the author is fortunate in his interpreter. Martha Hedman acts as few American actresses can act. She comes over from an old-world city in which it is possible to get a training that is impossible here, and where solid technique and sure, strong, subdued effects stand out delightfully from the prevailing acting that we see, so largely made up of idiosyncracies combined with inexperience, with the result that strong effects are nearly always sought with obvious effort, and quiet is ineffective. Several scenes between these two have much loveliness. The romance is one that is not complete because it happens when one life is in its autumn, but none the less it is genuine romance, as written and as acted. It is not so surprising, perhaps, that Mr. Thomas should gauge so accurately the moods of this man of middle age as it is that he should be able to present the wonderful maturity of a young woman, the maturity given wholly by instinct and character without experience, a maturity therefore that is able to draw an attractive ideal although it is an ideal that cannot be realized. If the melodrama in this play were tempered, and the one or two slight concessions to the audience on the side of sentiment removed, I should feel that it was without much doubt the most artistic play Mr. Thomas has produced.



A SAMPLE OF HARVARD'S POWERFUL ATTACK

*Huntington Hardwick, one of the Crimson's best ground-gainers, making a slashing run through the Cornell line and secondary defense for a ten-yard gain, which gave Brickley his chance to make a touchdown on the next play.*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

HARVARD'S smooth offense, built around both power and deception, was shown to advantage against Cornell, although the Ithacans used such faulty generalship in the Stadium that the Crimson was not forced to depart even for a moment from the settled plan of campaign. There was not even the shadow of a flaw in the Cambridge selection of plays, for, accepting the Harvard premises, one reaches the Harvard conclusion in action, as was notably the case against Cornell. Against sun and wind Harvard scored three points against the Ithacans and did it by perfect choice of plays when there was, for the only time in the game, a temptation to take a chance. The Crimson found itself in Cornell territory on fourth down with only two yards to go for a first down. Considering the way in which the Harvard attack was moving there was every chance that another thrust into the line would have yielded a first down. Yet Logan, the Crimson field general, chose not only the safest, but also the wisest course, for he called for a drop-kick. This was successful, and the entire Harvard scheme of things was at once justified. Thence to the final whistle the Crimson played standard football.

HARVARD'S running attack is one of the best features of modern offensive football, combining as it does, speed, deception and power. The diagram (Figure 1,) shows the normal formation of the backs behind a shifted, or lop-sided line. There is plenty of strength in a play that goes through the long side of the formation, and strength plus deception in a play that goes around the short side. Until the advent of Mahan the real power of the Harvard attack has been turned on between the parallel lines shown in the diagram. The arrows indicate the range of the backs, the most interesting feature, perhaps, being the wide, outward thrust of the front back. With this man going out the play switches in at an acute angle to the line of defensive forwards. Mahan has shown so much speed, however, that he has been used for wide end runs just as Corbett was used some years ago. Doubtless the call to Corbett to come all the way from the Pacific Coast was due to the desire to have Mahan get the benefit of the teaching of a man who was built much like the newcomer, and employed much the same methods. Equipped with hardy, heavy men, Harvard has done more than any other university toward making the greatest possible use of the backs in interference. The Crimson has had the audacity to require a back to handle a tackle without assistance, as well as a solitary back to remove an end from the path of progress.

THE Crimson attack is a typical thrusting game, the backs starting close to the line and reaching their openings quickly, and with full speed ahead. Almost invariably the ball is handled by the quarterback, thus disposing of any chance of a fumble or a missed pass such as allowed Sam White of Princeton to make his winning runs against both Harvard and Yale. There is a concealment of the ball in the Harvard attack not found in most other systems, and the delay that is so great a factor in the deception worked into the play, is made in the simplest possible manner. The formation lends itself to deception, for the quarter can easily hide the ball, and the run that includes the deception and delay, is so much like the regular runs that the defense is frequently drawn out of position. The Harvard running game, therefore, is not only strong, but also subtle, and I doubt if the latter feature has ever received its due meed of praise. So successful has the attack proved in the recent past that the average spectator has been inclined to attribute its drive and finish to sheer power and the presence on the team of remarkable backs. Beyond a doubt Harvard has been better equipped in the backfield for some years than any other eleven on the gridiron, but it must be remembered that the play quite as much as the men has been responsible for the steady upward progress of the Cambridge institution. The football public may be in doubt about it, but the Crimson's opponents know what they are facing.

There is sharp contrast between Harvard and Yale on the offense. The Elis have made greater progress in working out the theory of the kick formation, and have used it in their own territory from time to time with better results than any attained by the Crimson system. In the diagram, Figure 2, is shown a sample of the run from kick formation, a variation of which has been used by the Elis. The backs break to the right, as indicated by the arrows, and there is what might be called a secondary interference by the guard and tackle from the side opposite to the direction of the run. It is in the clever timing of this line interference that the play excels. The interferers from the line swing around unexpectedly just in time, when the play is working well, to cut down the first man in the secondary defense.

THERE can be little doubt, I think, that the run from kick formation is one of the strongest ground gainers in the game, especially in midfield territory, since it combines the greatest possible deception with the least possible waste. It is also a good formation for the forward pass, and whenever the formation is used there is a double threat well calculated to spread the defense.

The run from kick formation, like the double passes, and the other open, deceptive plays, is of greatest value on first or second down, may be used effectively on third down when there is considerable distance to gain, but should be automatically barred on fourth down. There has been instance after instance this season of teams giving away the ball on fourth down, either by forward passing or by runs from the kick formation. The actual kick, indeed, is far more dangerous on an early down than it is on the fourth, and should seldom be delayed beyond the third, in order to allow for a possible bad pass from the center or a fumble.

DARTMOUTH defeated Princeton by using the better generalship. Harvard rolled up a high score against Cornell by the same process, and while in the latter instance the Crimson had a more powerful team and probably would have won in any event, the fact remains that the perfect generalship saved the team a lot of hard work, and the storing up of

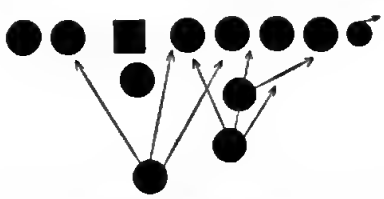


*Fig. 1.—Formation of backs behind a shifted line*

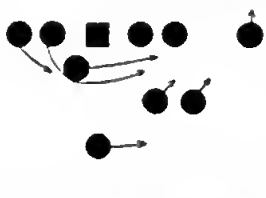


*Fig. 2.—Run from kick formation*

energy is a big factor in the modern game. With the best kicker on the field Cornell let him go to waste, and with an attack that was good for ground against any defense Cornell used it where it did not count. I doubt if Cornell will use the plan of campaign shown in the Harvard Stadium against Pennsylvania, and I doubt if Harvard will depart far from its familiar generalship against Yale. Yale's problem, granting that the Eli material is anywhere nearly on an equal footing with that at Cambridge, is to upset the perfect Harvard method by forcing the Crimson into a situation that makes the field general think twice instead of once.

THERE is no football system proof against the handicap of natural conditions—notably wind and sun. It remains to be seen what Yale will do with the natural advantage in the Stadium should the Blue win the toss. On this more than any other one thing depends the chance of the Elis, and this no matter what has happened to Harvard at Princeton in the meantime. There is no gainsaying the fact that Yale has had trouble with the material from almost the beginning of the season. There has been a hospital list as long as a man's arm, and men on whom much dependence had been placed have not lived up to expectations. But it is many a long year since there has been such an array of capable coaches at New Haven, or such perfect harmony among them. In re-establishing Yale football the New Haven coaches have had to struggle against the handicap due to a long series of defeats. Yale has lost the "habit of victory," something that meant a great deal at New Haven in the past, and the undergraduate body has lost the knowledge of Yale football history and Yale football heroes in which the student of years ago was supposed to be letter perfect. To the uninitiated this might seem a small matter, but when many of the students leave the stand before the game is over, and with the team losing there must be something wrong with the much talked of Yale spirit. Throughout the early season there has not been the fighting spirit of old in the Yale team when on the defensive in its own territory. Whether this can be overcome in a single year of the return to basic Yale football remains to be seen. In common with other coaches the football tutors at Yale have found that the team was not to be brought to life by coaching alone, good as that coaching might be. One by one Yale has experimented with the newest methods of play and has dropped several that could not stand the acid test of a big game—notably the direct pass to the backs for runs from tackle to tackle. It takes time to test the various manoeuvres made possible by the existing rules.

*Harvard's unexcelled backfield—Mahan, Brickley and Hardwick*

Up to this writing there has been little that was distinctly new save Sanford's revived mass play used by the Rutgers eleven. Prof. Gettell, the ingenious Trinity coach, brought down a team to meet New York University that was equipped with a great variety of open play, not forgetting what for lack of a better name may be called an indeterminate run—the back carrying the ball around the end in position to pass should the defense show signs of being drawn in, and continuing the run should the defense stand fast or dispose itself to meet the passing game. Unfortunately for lovers of open football, however, Trinity had games scheduled with Rutgers and Wesleyan, and the coaches of these two teams were in the stand. The result was that the Hartford team uncovered very little of their open game, and what they did do was not well done. It was a case of a strong team playing below its form.

These passes worked with deadly effect against the soldiers but largely because of the loitering play of the Army ends, who failed to drive in and hurry the passer. The Notre Dame quarter had plenty of time to wait until he could find a man uncovered and shoot the ball to him. Many good coaches teach their ends to hurry the passer, and this system has borne fruit in more than one fairly important game. The essence of the success of the forward pass is delay, and when the delay is impossible the pass itself is all but impossible. This is a truth that is slow of acceptance, it seems.

CORNELL'S FATAL FORWARD PASSING

*The Ithacans persisted in making the pass when in their own territory, with the result that the ball was nipped by the alert Harvard secondary defense. In this instance Brickley caught the ball and carried it back so far that he paved the way for a Crimson score even against the sun and the wind*

# Galsworthy's Latest

By N. H.

NO writer expresses the characteristic mood of the thinking world more accurately than Mr. Galesworthy. He is very critical and very sympathetic; very radical and very skeptical; very mature and at the same time full of gentle hope for a better world. Sometimes when an art is civilized, it seems to be the end of an impulse. Mr. Galsworthy and the writers who deserve to be classed with him today seem to be using their culture and their sophistication in the service of new things and broad human needs, and, therefore, extreme refinement in their case seems to mean no lessened vigor. If a repentant stand patter should ask me for a novel to read that would give him a just idea of what careful hut thoroughly progressive minds today were thinking, and feeling, I should be inclined, if I thought he had a mind, to give him Galsworthy's "Fraternity." If he had no special mind, there would, of course, be little use in giving him anything.

"The Dark Flower,"* unlike many of Mr. Galsworthy's books, has little to do with classes. It deals with a characteristic of men and women that is either a recent growth in the world, or, what is more probable, something that has been persistently ignored. It is not altogether a pleasant subject, and in the hands of one less skilled and less refined than Mr. Galsworthy it might easily be harsh. It treats four phases in the love life of a man, and, incidentally, phases in the love life of women who figure in this man's story. It is not a book for the very young, and it will pain those adults who are not able to see that the way to manage human weaknesses is not altogether the traditional English way of keeping them out of the conversation. The person who is at all likely to lead the life depicted by Mr. Galsworthy will be steadied by this book, and made more determined to be the master of his own existence, and to keep it in proportion. Christabel Pankhurst, in one of those articles that our virtuous community has suppressed, stated that the very gist of the feminist movement had to do with sex standards, and her analysis is correct. Women, therefore, are particularly likely to be interested in this book of Galsworthy's, as they, and especially the younger ones, form the class that are most interested in the whole upheaval now going on in the world regarding the natures of man and woman and the ethics that are justified by those natures. Trying to stop the contemplation of such a subject is sweeping back the ocean with a broom, and it is wholesome to have forward movements guided by men of such fineness as John Galsworthy. Indeed, advance and intellectual poise ought to remain together. As Woodrow Wilson once said, the student is the natural radical.

IT would not be surprising if the changes brought about in English and American thinking and feeling by Galsworthy's subtle art were greater than those brought about by Wells or Chesterton or anybody who specifically endeavors to combat prevailing ideas.

In one part of his book, Mr. Galsworthy says:

"These two good souls had stumbled on a problem which has divided the world from birth. Shall cases be decided on their individual merits, or according to formal codes?"

He himself does not undertake to decide the problem at all. He shows this boy of eighteen loved by a woman much older, carried away by his admiration for her, but swinging easily away when proximity to a young girl near his own age gives opportunity for the natural call of youth to youth. That is Book One, called "Spring."

In Book Two, called "Summer," the author reaches his fullest and strongest emotion and brings out fully what is one of the richest aspects of his talent,—his exceptional fineness and critical quality in no way diminish the intensity of his passion and of his sentiment. These intensities, however, are reached without any of the ordinary tricks, without any of the conventional appeals:

"Not much of the conquering male in him, nor in her of the ordinary enchantress."

He sees men and women in their feelings as they are seen by cultivated people today; the vividness is not lessened and the sense of truth is increased. Galsworthy is capable of showing rough, almost alarming power, as he does in depicting the husband in this second book. This rough power, applied to the much higher love between his wife and the protagonist in the book, brings about tragedy, even as death might be brought about by something as meaningless as a bolt of lightning.

The third book is called "Autumn." Mark Lennan is now married to Sylvia, the girl who had taken him away from his older love in the first book, and happily married to her, but there comes a time, when he is forty-six or forty-seven years old, when something in him wantonly seeks change, and he allows himself, all the time knowing the folly of it, to get well started in a love affair with a young girl of eighteen.

He had known real love once, and it had been torn away from him, and this perhaps made the autumn budding easier.

"Only once could a man feel the love that passed all things, the love before which the world was but a spark in a draught of wind; the love that, whatever dishonor, grief, and unrest it might come through, alone had in it the heart of peace and joy and honor. Fate had torn that love from him, nipped it off as a sharp wind nips off a perfect flower. This new feeling was but a fever, a passionate fancy, a grasping once more at Youth and Warmth."

THE struggle is made more natural by the fact that the artist who feels it has none of the ordinary moral inhibitions—no sense of absolute right and wrong:

"Thinking had made nothing clear. Here was offered what every warm-blooded man whose spring is past desires—youth and beauty, and in that youth a renewal of his own; what all men save hypocrites and Englishmen would even admit that they desired. And it was offered to one who had neither religious nor moral scruples, as they are commonly understood. In theory he could accept. In practice he did not as yet know what he could do. One thing only he had discovered during the night's reflections: That those who scouted belief in the principle of Liberty made no greater mistake than to suppose that Liberty was dangerous because it made a man a libertine. To those with any decency, the creed of Freedom was—of all—the most enchaining."

He himself is the judge. By his own verdict and decision he must abide, and his own wish to be fair to his wife, and also to the young girl, leads him after a mighty struggle to the same conclusion that he would have been led to by ordinary morality, had his been a nature to live by rules. He pulls up in time, and explains the state of his mind to his wife, and goes off with her to Italy, leaving temptation behind him.

Thus Galsworthy, in dealing with these subtle tendencies in men and women in great capitals, and in the expressive arts, does not go to extremes. The older woman in the first book, who has felt the charm of the youth of eighteen, and has followed it with a melancholy desperation, does not wreck her life, or rather does not endeavor to substitute for her wholly unsatisfactory marriage relation what must have been after a little at least as unsatisfactory for her, and pitifully unfair to the youth. Likewise, the tendency toward new adventures of the middle-aged man, who happened to be a sculptor and highly impressionable, a man who resembled a tree putting out leaves in autumn—is only a tendency, and one of which he remains the master. In general, important literary narrative tells of normal action, of events which represent the main lines of life, lived according to the prevailing standards of the race, but no rule is universal, and Mr. Galsworthy is able to take these subtle half shades that usually express only morbidness and make out of them genuine art—art that sends the reader away not only with his mind fed but with his lungs full of air and his strength increased.

* "The Dark Flower," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1913.

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

## *The Case of the American Locomotive*

ALTHOUGH the writer of this article makes his living by composing paragraphs on the subject of finance be firmly believes there is too much finance in modern business. No one can accuse him of self-destructive altruism any more than the average physician is open to the similar impeachment when he tries to prevent disease. Here and there, too strong a tendency toward subordinating all interests to the strictly banking-financial point of view may be scotched, just as disease is minimized here and there, but probably there will be plenty of finance to write about long after the writer is dead, just as there will be plenty of illness to combat long after all the physicians now alive have succumbed to old age.

Mr. Brandeis is pounding away at the evils of banker-management and the relation of interlocking directors to public welfare. From the more limited point of view of technical investment values it is the purpose of this article to consider the case of the American Locomotive Company. What bearing has the rather ugly row at the recent stockholders' meeting of this company upon the value of its stock and of the stocks of other companies similarly conditioned?

### *Specific Charges*

STIRRED by the mess into which New Haven Railroad affairs had fallen, stockholders of large corporations, even the small stockholders, have recently shown an awakening of interest in their property. The small stockholder in the large corporation is always being written about, but he rarely shows his hand and until recently has been essentially a figurative person. Corporation officials have been more accustomed to what might be called professional minority stockholders, those who make large fortunes out of objecting to every corporate activity. But the small shareholder who is neither a crook nor a crank has at last made his appearance, and it is a better augury for the building up of sound investment values than a McKinley prosperity boom. For all that prosperity can do is to furnish business. It does not insure sound or disinterested management, whereas a keen interest in a corporation's affairs on the part of many stockholders means honesty and efficiency.

One Isaac M. Cate, of Baltimore, a stockholder and said to be a former officer or employee, early last month issued a fifty-page broadside against the management of the American Locomotive Company, containing a wealth of specific allegation, which is serious if all the intimations therein are true. This company, it may be said in passing, is the largest manufacturer of locomotives in the country, having only one large competitor; it owns several enormous plants, and has large issues of stock widely distributed among investors, and is usually much esteemed. Finally, does it need be said that the steam and electrical locomotive business, from the very nature of the case, ought to be one of the most dependable and splendidly suited to general investment purposes. For of course railroads must have locomotives.

### *Too Much Interlocking*

MR. CATE alleges that the company buys its steel springs, for too high a price, from the Railway Steel Spring Company, a large corporation. He of course gives figures, which I am not competent to pass on. But he asserts that President Marshall of the Loco and W. M. Barnum, a director of Loco, are directors and Executive Committee members of the Railway Steel Spring Co., that Pliny Fisk, another director, is a member of the banking firm of Harvey Fisk & Sons, transfer agents for the Spring Co., that Mr. Barnum was formerly a partner of Harvey Fisk & Sons, and that another director of Loco, Albert H. Wiggin, is president of the bank which acts as registrar for Steel Spring stock. Most of these statements may be confirmed by any corporation manual.

Cate also alleges that the tool supervisor of Loco is interested in a tool supply company, that one of Loco's vice-presidents and his brother are interested in a castings company, and that the big concern buys from both these smaller companies. Mr. Cate refers to the abandonment of the manufacture of Alco automobiles at a cost estimated by the company itself of $2,300,000, and he says the company also abandoned the manufacture of steam shovels, which are now being made a-plenty by the Bucyrus Company, of which President Marshall of Loco is a director. He also says if the company had its general offices in Schenectady or Dunkirk, where the large plants are, instead of in New York, a saving of $500,000 would be effected.

Among other statements of Mr. Cate is that the Baldwin Company, the chief competitor, although doing a smaller business and having less valuable plants, made relatively twice as large profits in 1912 as the Loco. It may be noted that not until two or three years ago did the Baldwin Works come under banker management or interlocking directorates. For nearly three quarters of a century up to 1910 or 1911 these works were conducted as a private partnership. They have not yet had the time to feel the benumbing effects of the loss of individual ownership and business rather than financial organization.

### *What Do They Know About Locomotives?*

THE remoteness of the present form of management of our great corporations is beautifully illustrated by the American Locomotive Co. This great enterprise, one of the largest and most important in America, has eleven directors, of whom only three, President Marshall, Vice-President McNaughton and F. H. Stevens, can be regarded by any stretch of imagination as being primarily locomotive men. The other directors are Pliny Fish, of the banking firm which handles the company's finances, George R. Sheldon, a banker, Charles M. Schwab, the steel manufacturer, three other men who are solely bankers or banker-financiers, Harry Bronner, Lewis L. Clarke and Albert H. Wiggin and John W. Griggs, a lawyer.

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It appears that Mr. Cate began to make his objections to the company itself before he published his attack upon it, and a committee was appointed to investigate his charges. Instead of appointing a disinterested committee of outside experts or stockholders unrelated to the management, there was appointed a committee consisting of two of the directors, Wiggin and Griggs, and Thomas Thacher, a lawyer who is said to act as general counsel for both the American Locomotive Company and the Railway Steel Spring Company, and who has his office in the little family bank building of Harvey Fisk & Sons, bankers for the Locomotive Company.

Cate's circular appeared shortly before the annual meeting of the stockholders. At the meeting, one Charles Whiting Baker, editor-in-chief of the *Engineering News* and a well known authority on several important economic and financial questions, arose and after stating that he held 41 shares of stock, suggested as an investigating committee William R. Willcox, former Chairman of the Public Service Commission of New York, Herbert Knox Smith, former Commissioner of Corporations, and William J. Wilgus, a distinguished consulting engineer. Such a committee would of course make a disinterested report, but the directors easily defeated Mr. Baker's proposal by the weight of their proxies, which indifferent and complaisant stockholders usually send to any management which asks for them.

Then arose L. Clark Seelye, now eighty years of age, and the man who created the great educational institution for women, Smith College. He represented the holdings of Smith College and wanted to ask some pertinent questions.

President Marshall promised that the investigating committee would ultimately make a report on Mr. Cate's charges, and he vouchsafed some interesting information regarding the company's financial condition, although not touching upon the main charges. He said he received a salary of $50,000 a year, one vice-president gets $35,000, another $25,000, and the comptroller and secretary and treasurer $12,000. Then when business is especially good there are bonuses which add about 25 per cent. to these salaries. Directors get $20 for attending meetings. The venerable educator, Dr. Seelye, thought the salaries large enough without the bonuses, as they surely do seem to be. Mr. Griggs, one of the directors, intimated that some of Mr. Cate's suggestions "may be followed in a modification of some of the company's affairs." A few weeks later, the directors, among whom are several men with up-to-date tendencies, appointed Dr. Seelye and Mr. William R. Willcox, as a special advisory committee, to confer with the regular investigating committee.

Now the reason this meeting has been described in this article is because it indicates a new spirit among stockholders. It indicates a sort of revival of financial democracy. Corporation officials cannot accuse men like Dr. Seelye and Mr. Baker of being cranks. Mr. Cate, who brought the original charges, is said to have worked for the company, and therefore may not be wholly in the position of a disinterested outsider. But the other men are strictly outside except as owners of stock. No financial oligarchy can in the long run afford to neglect the protests of aroused stockholders. Perhaps if the directors themselves were enormous stockholders the case might be different. But President Marshall

admitted that some directors held as little as 100 shares. There are 500,000 shares altogether. He owns but 1000 shares himself.

It is sad but true that many if not most of the directors of large corporations are not large stockholders. There seem to be other reasons which induce them to become stockholders. The theory, of course, is that a community of interest and interlocking directors strengthen a business. The result seems to be that a director never quite knows to which corporation to give his best service or allegiance. This is especially true where one corporation buys supplies from another or competes with another. The whole system is so well calculated to confuse and obfuscate the small investor, and is so essentially vicious that no really strong defense of it has yet been produced or even attempted.

How can the most honorable man in the world properly serve as a director of competing companies or companies one of which buys from another? Even if he tries to do right the amount of his relative stockholdings in the two companies raises delicate questions of motives, and makes the outside investor and the public at large suspicious.

### *The Value of Publicity*

THE airing of these Locomotive grievances is a good thing. As John Moody, a well known writer on investment subjects, says: "Just how much or how little truth there may be in them (Cate's charges) remains to be seen. It is of course true that there is a natural tendency in corporation managements which remains unchanged too long to become somewhat wasteful or corrupt, just as there is in municipal or state governments. However, these needed discussions tend principally to put a management on its mettle, and eliminate any inefficiency or corruption which may have grown up."

CERTAINLY the rumpus in American Locomotive affairs should stimulate the management to its best efforts. The locomotive business in the last three years has been active, and the company earned a surplus of $3,835,305 in the year ending June 30 last, after paying interest on its $6,800,000 notes and seven per cent. dividends on its $25,000,000 preferred stock. This preferred stock has recently sold as low as 94 and around that price, with its uninterrupted seven per cent. dividend, seems reasonably cheap. No dividends have been paid on the common stock since 1908, but with such large earnings this stock ought in time to have speculative possibilities.

The locomotive business is a highly fluctuating one, but it is sure to increase, and if the stockholders of this company continue to keep after the management there is no reason why their securities should not prove desirable.


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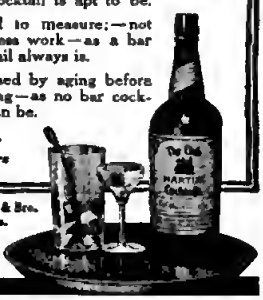

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# What They Think of Us

*Albuquerque* (N. M.) *Herald*

One must admit that under the diligent editorship of Mr. Norman Hapgood, HARPER'S WEEKLY has become a more lively publication than under its former sedate management. In fact, it is so lively that it fairly sizzles. It is advanced, it is virile, it is colorful and jingleful and thrillful. It is about everything that the Hapgood newspaper policy has become famous for; it is the real thing. It is the militant advocate of militant woman, and it militates all the time. It militates along the lines that sell papers; which, after all, is what really matters.

*Rochester* (N. Y.) *Herald*

Mr. Hapgood says that under its new management HARPER'S WEEKLY will stand for "progressive liberalism;" that it desires "to represent the free and liberal thought of the community." This is a laudable ambition and determination.

"The question of propriety, or decency, or whatever it is called," says the editor, "is one that we are willing to meet, although in the main it is a substitute for real thinking. While we do not wish to over-emphasize certain questions, we mean to consider them carefully, no matter how much barking may result." Well, this is a sound position to take also, and we shall be pleased to observe the carrying out of the programme. But the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY may discover that there are rocks ahead upon his path, which are big enough to block his purpose.

A writer or an editor who desires to be frank, who wishes to speak the truth as he sees it, at all times, will, sooner or later, regret the fact that he was born in Anglo-Saxondom, if he were born, as Mr. Hapgood was, in that realm. A Frenchman, a German, or an Italian can speak his mind freely and unreservedly upon practically every question that concerns humanity vitally. An Englishman and an American cannot. Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians are ready to consider any point of view, no matter how novel or radical it may be, but Englishmen and Americans insist that the writer shall respect and, if necessary, defend their prejudices. The case is rather worse in America than it is in England, but it is bad enough there. There is not intellectual freedom in either country, and neither is there an intellectual atmosphere in which a genuinely free mind can breathe.

The only thing for the American and English writer of today to do is to repeat all the stale old platitudes that have passed muster for a century or more, or learn to write in a style like the one that George Meredith employed, or the one that Henry James employs, a style that has thorns in it to keep the hulk of the population out of his intellectual demesne. There are some very good thinkers in both countries, but most of them write, not for the public, but for each other, as William James said, not long before he died. We Anglo-Saxons have become too squeamish, too prudish, too prejudicial, too much enamored with our multiform tahoos, to desire frankness, and the natural result is that the great majority of our writers turn hypocrites and commercialists, and write nothing but dreary, vacuous stuff that would have put any ancient Athenian to sleep in some thirty seconds or less by the clock.

*Bridgeport* (Conn.) *Farmer*

Norman Hapgood takes over HARPER'S WEEKLY, which, in its day, was a necessity in the households of educated persons. But the weekly ceased many years since


It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*



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to represent American philosophy, hopes, and aspirations, and sank into a lingering decadence. The Hapgood control ought to bring new life to the old periodical. He can restore its old ideals, make it helpful again, and bring back to the paper the host of its former friends. We expect that result. Mr. Hapgood has ideals. He knows what the people want. His paper will "tell the truth and shame the devil," as they used to say.

*Wm. Ford*, Chicago (Ill.)

I see some of your subscribers do not think much of your cartoons. The ones that do not appreciate them know little of actual life. They are as true as life and anything that is true to life cannot but do good. Anyone can learn a lot if he will but study out what the cartoons portray. Keep them up.

*Walter Bennett*, Bridgeport (Conn.)

I hope to subscribe next month, if you do not grow insane through feminine attacks on the absolutely satisfying and surely truly grounded lead you are giving us on the feminist movement. Maybe, however, the male of the species will repel the light thrown on real life, more fiercely. Take it from me that the male will resist the most, for he stands to lose a possession he held, altho wrongfully.

*James Wallen*, Buffalo, (N. Y.)

The new HARPER'S WEEKLY will make some people mad, but those of us who try not to think with our lungs it will make glad.

The first three numbers indicate that the Journal of Civilization will express the ideas and ideals as well as the facts and figures which contribute to the making of a better world to live in.

If there is any other use for a world, I do not know what it is.

*Yorick*, in the *San Diego* (Cal.) *Union*

The mantle of Mr. Edward Bok, formerly editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has "descended" upon the shoulders of Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY. It doesn't exactly "fit him like the paper on the wall," but it is "becoming" enough and it is unslitted, modestly opaque and cut high on the neck. The garment is of the "Tailor" variety, ankle-high in the skirt, and the lady's hat flaunts no aigrettes. There is no frivolity in the outward seeming of the new leader of the feminist movement: on the contrary, if we would seek for faults in the Hapgood costume we would urge that it is too decorous; there is no color in it; the material is either indescribably "dark" or neutral gray; the collars and cuffs are stiff-starched like those of a professional president of a votes-for-women club, or an inaccessible stenographer in a wholesale drug store; the "boots" are "comfortably large" and made expressly for hiking or golfing; there are no trimmings anywhere, and altogether the "dress" is in exact accord with the expression of the wearer's countenance, which has a precise and prim aspect as if the lips were uttering the words "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism."—"all very good words for lips, —especially prunes and prism." HARPER'S WEEKLY is now what it never was, even in the time when George William Curtis sat in the sanctum writing effeminate politics for old maids of the Mugwump party.

*Minneapolis* (Minn.) *Journal*

Norman Hapgood says: "The time is past when we should be afraid of young men"—except in autos or behind cigarettes.

*A. E. Hamilton*, New York City

Permit me to express myself relative to HARPER'S WEEKLY, as I find the cartoons good, stories better, and editorials the best of any of the publications. HARPER'S WEEKLY as I find it is without any question ten years ahead today of any of the current magazines, and every page of the weekly issues is read with much pleasure and interest; in fact I am a little on edge until it reaches me as I begin to look forward to the surprises it will have in every issue.

*Waco* (Texas) *Times-Herald*

HARPER'S WEEKLY says—that the passage of the Currency Bill at the present session of the Congress is necessary to the welfare of the country. It is our understanding that Hapgood is a Roosevelt follower, which makes his expressed confidence in Wilson all the more notable.

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Record-Herald*

Richmond P. Hobson has been elected a life member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. We thought Norman Hapgood was going to be the leader of the feminist movement.

*St. Paul* (Minn.) *Pioneer Press*

HARPER'S WEEKLY gravely assures us we never can be happy unless the Currency Bill is passed at the extra session. This assurance conveys to us the certainty that Harvey may go and Hapgood may come and the WEEKLY will have the same abiding confidence in President Wilson.

*Johnstown* (Pa.) *Democrat*

HARPER'S WEEKLY under Norman Hapgood is not the HARPER'S WEEKLY we knew of yore under George Harvey and earlier under George William Curtis, but it is a pretty good HARPER'S WEEKLY nevertheless—chipper, tart, facile, cheery and sometimes almost ribald, yet generally approximating the finer ideals of the old days. Its tone is fresh, its characteristics pleasing and its methods robustly free, conventions counting little with it and common sense quite a good deal. HARPER'S WEEKLY should, therefore, continue to be a power in the land. It may never again be the power it was in Curtis's best days, but it will go on exerting a wholesome influence which will be worthy of its fine traditions.

*Omaha* (Neb.) *World-Herald*

Mr. Norman Hapgood and his associates simply look us over, examine our teeth and tonsils, take our blood pressure, make an analysis or two, put us through a catechism and then say: "No. 64,532 male, is assigned to No. 73,903 female; No. 23,078 male, to No. 17,355 female" and so on and so on. Then the various numbers,—first, we presume, having been formally introduced—are taken before the Secretary of Matrimony and given a permit or license. At this stage there is paid over to them the first installment of their compensation for the service they are to render society, and the second installment comes along whenever the service shall have been completed. They have nothing to worry about. They have no responsibilities or duties, except those the success of which is assured in advance by scientific management.

*Thos. L. Stix*, Cincinnati (Ohio)

With the force of a Roosevelt, the proverbial truth of a Washington, with the courage of a Lincoln; Norman Hapgood, in his editorial column, faces the problems of the day.

*Charlotte* (N. C.) *Observer*

HARPER'S WEEKLY strikes the right note when it says: "That the Currency Bill should pass at the present session a necessary to the welfare of the country." It is further right when it advises the people to "trust the President."

*Irving Davis*, 645 Madison Avenue, New York City

You've published the best as well as most significant cartoon in "The Exhausted Rubber" during this campaign.

*Julius Chambers in Daily Eagle, Brooklyn*, (N. Y.)

Mr. Hapgood's new HARPER'S WEEKLY is a neat publication, highly creditable to the management. Why does not the new editor try some black-and-white work in true Parisian style—such as a man like, say, George Luks, could do?

The day of cross-hatching has passed, artists with a broad sweep of the brush that carries India ink and another with Chinese white are in demand.

*L. J. Callahan*, President, The Bookcraft Company (Detroit, Mich.)

There is no doubt but that you will make HARPER'S the National Weekly, and I wish you every success.

*Laura B. Poe* (Editor, Woman's Page, *Daily Times-Recorder*, Zanesville, Ohio)

I am so pleased that the feminist movement has a real champion in you, and that art will find an expression in your columns. It makes the world a better place in which to live when "uplift" movements have the sanction and support of an organ so powerful.

*J. F. Hurley*, Editor *The Salisbury Post*, Salisbury (N. C.)

The reading public ought to thank you for the new HARPER'S WEEKLY, which, under your direction, started good, and has improved with each issue.

*Detroit* (Mich.) *News*

One of Norman Hapgood's weekly excuses for existence is John Sloan. He looms up big and vital as a man who can draw life—life that pulsates, and throbs, and suffers, and hopes and yearns and lives.

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Tribune*

Many actors babble in the columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY (behind Mr. Hapgood's back, no doubt), but none with such elegance and authority as does Otis Skinner.

*Charleston* (S. C.) *Courier*

Dr. David Starr Jordan seems to have stopped helping his fellow evolutionists in their crusade against superstition and instead is devoting all his energies to helping the crusade against war. He makes a vicious whack at his new enemy by summarizing in HARPER'S WEEKLY a paper by Mr. George H. Perris, of London, in which it is stated that there is in existence an almost world wide trust made up of corporations the very existence of which depends on war and which may be counted upon to do all in their power to block arbitration and disarmament plans and postpone the day of universal peace.

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 29, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS
NEW YORK

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

## 1914

*Important Announcement*

## Theodore Roosevelt

**Will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* the account of the trip of adventure and research which he will take in the early months of 1914 into the Paraguayan and Brazilian interiors, where he expects to travel by canoe and on foot through the great tropical forests which so few white men have ever traversed. *His experiences, observations of the country, the people, and the animal life will appear solely in* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.**

From the *New York Sun*

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN HIS MOST ATTRACTIVE RÔLE

A side of the man that appeals to many of his countrymen who do not share his political views. There are several Theodore Roosevelts, but he is never more attractive than when he leaves civilization and controversy behind him to plunge into the wilderness and enjoy it as a naturalist, lover of scenery and sportsman. *No living American can be better qualified to explore the wilds of South America and to describe its flora and fauna and its savage and tremendous scenery with a sympathetic and kindling interest than Theodore Roosevelt.*

## A Famous Writer's First Long Novel

During the coming year the Magazine hopes to begin the first long novel by an American author who for many years has had one of the largest audiences among contemporary writers; whose work in prose and verse has been not only of the first rank but based upon a deep and unfailing optimism, concerning itself with human realities and ideals rather than with "problems." His short stories are among the best known wherever the English language is read, and his first novel will be awaited with a very uncommon interest. A detailed announcement will follow later.

## Madame Waddington

Readers of the Magazine will anticipate with special pleasure a new series of reminiscences by Madame Waddington.

This new series of articles—"My First Years as a Frenchwoman"—will deal with a most interesting period of French history, covering M. Waddington's services—At the Ministry of Public Instruction, 1876-77; At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Berlin Congress, 1877-78; and as Prime Minister, 1879. The political, diplomatic, and social aspects of these years, important personages of the times in diplomacy, literature, and art, the people met at various state functions, private dinners, balls, the opera, the theatres, are commented upon in the author's own inimitable and delightful way.

## Articles by Price Collier

Price Collier, whose "England and the English from an American Point of View," "The West in the East from an American Point of View," "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," were veritable literary sensations, revealing a new critic of the nations, will contribute papers about SWEDEN AND NORWAY. They will deal with the people, with social and political matters—of exceptional interest in both of these countries. No one has better succeeded in conveying a clear impression of the essential qualities of the peoples about whom he writes. The author's style sparkles with wit and humor, with surprises in the way of vivid revelations of character, with occasional touches of illuminative and penetrating sarcasm.

## Short Stories

By Rudyard Kipling, Sir Gilbert Parker, Henry van Dyke, Richard Harding Davis, Katharine Holland Brown, James B. Connolly, Mary R. S. Andrews, Gordon Arthur Smith, Mary Synon, Barry Benefield, Abbe Carter Goodloe, and many Others. A remarkable group of stories by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, author of "Vain Oblations," including one of the best Ghost Stories of years.

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A Love Story by Armistead C. Gordon. A tender idyllic story of the old South.

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FOR THESE BEANS, MUCH THANKS

By Harriet Meade Olcott

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Justified

THE more the Mexican situation develops, the more is the policy of the Administration justified. President Wilson has the advantage of being able to understand the control of the world's politics by the world's business interests. It is no mystery to him why investors and the governments influenced by them favored Diaz, opposed Madero, and again favored Huerta. His policy has been guided by the simple principle that our influence should not be thrown toward government of Mexico in the interests of investors. The European governments, finding Huerta satisfactory to their investors, were inclined to be ugly. They could call it amateurish, if they got any satisfaction out of that, but soon they were compelled to accept our stand. At first few but the President understood. Now most Americans and many Europeans understand. It is safe to say that this country will not recognize any government in Mexico until somebody is in reasonable control there who represents, as nearly as may be, the desires and the welfare of the Mexican people. We shall publish next week and the week after, a history of how the present Mexican situation developed out of the land situation, and we think anybody reading this story will realize what Huerta represents, and why the position of the American government could not be different.

## The Principal Issue

THE reason the reactionary interests wished Huerta recognized was that they could count on him for obedience and therefore for the furthering of their Mexican investments. But they had another reason for being glad to have the Washington administration embarrassed in its Mexican policy, and that was their hope that the situation would remain complicated and unsatisfactory so that the Currency Bill might have less prospect of passing. If they could beat it now, they thought the accidents of the immediate future might ward off legislation altogether, or make possible legislation that should really work for concentration of credit still more than it is concentrated now. Mr. Brandeis's series shows that a number of results outside of the present Currency Bill will be needed before we can have "the new freedom" in the business world, but let it not be forgotten for a moment that any one of these expected bills will have a better chance passing after the Owen-Glass bill is passed, and indeed would have but poor prospect for the present if that measure were defeated.

## McCall as a Spectacle

THE mushiness of a community is a matter on which the community frequently prides itself. Judge McCall (until he was hopelessly shown up) was eulogized by even that part of the press of New York which opposed him and he has been treated with courtesy. Since the election he has come out and offers to coöperate with Mayor-elect Mitchel, and a feeble-willed public automatically applauds. Why should he be allowed to coöperate with the Mayor? Why should he be allowed to remain on the Public Service Commission at all, a disgrace to the state whose governor put him there? Everybody knows the facts now. Everybody knows his part in the insurance scandals; where his sympathy lay in the police investigations; what immoral appointments he made to office; how he was enriched through the favor of Tammany Hall; and yet the citizens of the great Empire State seem happy in the spectacle of him regulating corporations, as Chairman of the Commission, and sanctimoniously offering to coöperate with a reform government.

## Easy to Understand

ONLY little by little do the people become interested in improved devices for governing themselves. At one moment La Follette will succeed in stirring up Wisconsin; at another, a group of men will arouse Kansas; Oregon responds to the teaching of U'Ren; California is stirred into new ideas, after long domination. Winston Churchill and a few others start the ball rolling in New Hampshire. Wherever the movement gets well started, some advantages are reaped in actual legislation. Occasionally we find a number of improvements accepted at once; more often they come one at a time.

Brand Whitlock, Mayor of Toledo, will give his personal experiences in an early issue, and let the reader see how they bear on the importance of the short ballot,—possibly it is the most important single step in legislation now being urged. President Wilson is the head of the Short Ballot Association, and the principle has had the enthusiastic support of Colonel Roosevelt, President Eliot and most other leaders of present-day thought. If New York City could win the short ballot, without party designations, within the next four years, it would make a permanent reality of the recent crushing of Tammany. It happens, however, that while Governor Hughes succeeded in awakening the state on direct primaries, nobody as yet has stirred it into a semblance of life on an even more important issue.

## A Question to Socialism

ONE of the most interesting books we know about socialism is that of Professor Simkhovitch, "Marxism versus Socialism," published this year. In it he presents very effectively a group of facts making against the theory of increasing misery, on which Marx based his argument. Here is an example of the amount of consumption of various articles in England in 1840 and in 1881:

| | | 1840 | 1881 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bacon and ham | lbs. | 0 01 | 13 25 |
| Butter | " | 1 05 | 6 36 |
| Cheese | " | 0 94 | 6 77 |
| Currants and raisins | " | 1 45 | 4 34 |
| Eggs | No. | 5 66 | 21 00 |
| Rice | lbs. | 6 90 | 16 39 |
| Cocoa | " | 0 08 | 0 89 |
| Corn, wheat and wheat flour | " | 42 47 | 216 92 |
| Raw sugar | " | 15 20 | 55 92 |
| Refined sugar | " | nil | 6 44 |
| Tea | " | 1 22 | 4 38 |
| Tobacco | " | 0 86 | 1 41 |
| Wine | gals. | 0 25 | 0 45 |
| Spirits | " | 0 97 | 1 08 |
| Malt | " | 1 59 | 1 01 |

Similar figures are given about other countries, but these are enough to illustrate. We have not happened to see any effective socialistic answer to such figures, and should be glad to know from some member of that party what the best answer is. Socialism certainly stands on a different footing if it has to depend merely on the allegation that, although the world is improving with great speed now, socialism could make it improve even more rapidly, than it would stand on if it could demonstrate that the misery of the laboring classes really has increased.

## The South and the Panama Canal

THE genius of the New South and the sentiment of the Old South were both in evidence at the meeting of the Southern Commercial Congress, at Mobile, to celebrate, ahead of San Francisco, the opening of the Panama Canal. Mobile itself is a mingling of the old and the new, modern skyscrapers looking down upon Moorish architecture inherited from the Spanish régime; hospitality is not forgotten in the hustling for business. It is also nearest to the Canal, among the more important ports of the Gulf. The theme of all the papers and addresses was the advantage that with proper effort will accrue to the South with the completion of the great water-way; yet the noon hour of one day was given to memorial addresses, in thirteen auditoriums, in honor of Senator John T. Morgan, the great advocate of the Canal. Those who listened to his long speeches in the Senate may have sometimes thought that he was trying to make himself immortal by making himself eternal, but there was another side. Sibert, of the Engineering Corps, testified that every difficulty he had to meet had been forecast by Senator Morgan, and that he had derived more information about the geology, topography and soil formation of the canal zone from those speeches than from all other sources combined. The Congress, on its excursion to the Canal, following the meeting in Mobile, erected a monument at the Atlantic entrance to the memory of John Tyler Morgan. Alabama claims Gorgas, and also Sibert, who built the dams and locks; South Carolina, Gaillard, of Culebra Cut fame, and Jackson Smith, who organized the labor force from other lands for the construction work. The South does not forget.

## What Is Feminism?

MRS. MARY AUSTIN has written a book called "Love and the Soul Maker," which seems to us to express, with wonderful charm, insight and clearness, the very essence of the feminist movement and it is a pleasure to us that we are soon to begin the publication in serial form. It seems to us to equal in imagination and ethical vision Ellen Key's monumental work, and much to surpass it in the definiteness with which are outlined those changes needed to bring the recognized ideals of the world into conformity with the requirements of the highest female natures.

Since the new management began to publish HARPER'S WEEKLY on August 16, it has covered a number of the aspects of that great and new striving toward higher and fairer standards in morals, politics, and economics which are classed generally together under the head of the Feminist Movement. In "What Women Are After" on August 16, the editor endeavored to sketch the outlines of the movement. On August 23, Mrs. Coolidge painted a feminist view of the politics of men. On August 30, was published "Modesty in Women's Clothes" by Francis R. McCabe; on September 6, "Unmarried Mothers," by Edith Livingston Smith; on September 13, "Physical Freedom for Women," by Bliss Carman; on September 20, "Two Kinds of Mothers" by the editor, and "Women as World Builders." On September 27, "The Younger Suffragists," by Winnifred Harper Cooley, and a fiction story by Corra Harris that depicted the attitude of women toward men, and another fiction story by Neith Boyce showing the first awakening of love in a young girl; on October 4, "Marriage Today and Tomorrow," by Anna Garlin Spencer, and a description of how Oscar Wilde ran a remarkable up-to-date woman's magazine, by Arthur Fish; much of our fiction also is feminist, as for example on October 11, a story by Maude Springer Nesom, showing how earnest young people, endeavoring to be progressive and radical in their attitude toward marriage and love, frequently act from ignorance of profoundly important human facts; on October 18, a discussion by the editor of one play pointing out how much misery results from the double standard of morality, and of another play showing how ideal freedom for women is impossible without economic freedom; on October 25, "The Woman of It," by Ethel Watts Mumford; on November 8, a tribute with pen and pencil to Mrs. Pankhurst by James Montgomery Flagg, "A Ballad of Woman," by Richard Le Gallienne, and "Telling the Truth to Mike Smith," about the injury men do to women, by Paul E. Triem; on November 15, an answer to certain objections to woman suffrage by Alice Geubel de la Ruelle.

Thus it will be seen that we have been steadily endeavoring to work our way toward a comprehensive treatment of the feminist movement on its many sides. A number of features already arranged for will show the intelligent men and women of the country coöperating with us in this effort, for of course it is only through them that any editor can hope successfully to deal with so large a subject.

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## Sitting on the Fence

MOST estimahle is the *Evening Post* of Chicago, aod entitled to its own opinions. It says of HARPER'S WEEKLY that it "dodges and evades on the vexed question of militancy." What does it mean hy dodging nnd evading? Apparently it meaos merely that we are not scolding at militancy, for it says:

"Everywhere, sentiment drips out thickly upoo the suhject. Nowhere is it considered in the cold light of fact and intelligence."

"Now, militnney is good or bad, or hoth. In any case, it seems to us that it rests upon an editor who aims to speak for women to say so, and to say why. To patronize and to sentimentalize is to straddle, and not even to take the straddle seriously."

We are not worried at all at haviog sentiment drip out thickly upon the suhject, for sentiment changes the world, and the sentiment whieh lies behiod the woman movement is n sentiment of life, of justice, nod of freedom. Whatever pain it hrings to the Chicago puhlication, we shall continue to ooze sentiment on the fight that women are making for their rights, and at the same time we shall continue to say just what we mean, nnd no more, on militaney as a method. We have indicated that we helieved it was a successful method up to about two years ago, aod is now holding baek progress in England. If the *Post* wants to find a publication that will say that militaoey is the best thing that ever existed, it doubtless eau do so by reading any one of various feminist organs. But we take it that is not what it wishes. It wishes rnther to find a puhlication that scolds bitterly at Mrs. Pankhurst and militancy, for somewhat overdoing the cause, and letting their faith run away with their judgment. It can also find plenty of standpat orgnns everywhere that will satisfy it with their shrill disapproval. It will ouly waste its time reading HARPEN'S WEEKLY in search of either extreme, when neither happens to be our real conviction. So we hope it will read us with other ends in mind.

## A Word with *Vigilance*

WHILE engaged in the wholly pleasant pastime of boxing with our critics, we wish to make a remark upon the publication known as *Vigilance*, a useful and needed puhlication,—the organ of the Americau Vigilance Association, whieh is doing nohle work in hreaking down the white slave traffic. With most of the papers that have misrepresented our attitude on the Mann Law, we need not hother. When we commented on the opinioo of Judge Vnn Fleet, we had not read the details of the Diggs-Caminetti case, and we have not rend them since. We were not commenting on n particular event, hut on n prineiple announced. The judge said: "It is immaterial what the eharacter of the two girls involved in these two chnrges was at the time of the aets eharged." Our position was, that for the governmeot to go into every case of illicit love, whether anybody was deceived in it or not, nnd whether there was any misleading temptation of the young, or any other element except the illegality itself, wns to bring nbout the danger of reaction and the consequent weakening of the splendid crusade against organized vice. *Vigilance* ought not to he among the puhlications misrepresentiog our positioo. When, however, it puhlishes quotations from the *Galesburg* (Ill.) *Register* and the *Waterloo* (Iowa) *Courier*, without any indication that those papers wholly missed the point of our comment, it does not seem to us to be acting quite carefully enough for so responsihle a puhlication.

## Two Dancers

ISADORA DUNCAN leaves a memory as definite as a Grecian frieze, or of a series of moving Grecian friezes, or of any other recorded world of beautiful experiences. Rhythm, the essence of the dance, goes through all things that are beautiful, whatever the special art may be. Nature dances to all who are seositive to her; painting, through its proportions and its color, daoces; and in n solemo and stately way arehitecture and religioo dance. The rhythm of life shows itself in the play of the ehild, and the lay of the lovers, and in the triumph of the imaginative statesman. There is certainly rhythm, if not music, in the action of the stars.

Eneh lovely specifie thing is caught hy this universal rhythm and, within the conditions of its own personality, expresses it.

Isadora Duncan is rhythm nnd Pavlowa is rhythm. The dance of neither is separated from the universal dance of life.

In these past few years America is heginning to dnnce—and following the dance will come rhythmical art and literature and justice and pence. There can be no real evil in the soul of n daneing community. Evil thrives in dark and stiff and formless places, physical and moral, and it is driven away by happy ehildren and daneing artists and enlighteoed, working men and women.

Pavlowa mnkes her contributions to the world's harmony and joy under strict rules and regulations. Her dancing is like other ballets execpt that it is much better and more fully renlized, more intensely rhythmical. It is true that she and the wider impulse that formed her mark a departure from the traditional ballet, hut she is nevertheless beautifully suhjected to a complex technical art. A touch of the acrobat is in it, nod it is a remarkahle faet thnt crowds of people can appreciate technical exeellence. Many more persons understand the rules and the regulations of any art than they do the deeper law of the art.

Here is a contrast between her aod Isadorn Duncan. Pnvlowa dances expertly within the rules and Miss Duncan seems outside of or above the rules, guided only hy some simple law of rhythm which becomes the highest poetry of expressioo.

The elassic quality of Miss Duncan's daociog lies not merely in its ohvious relation to moving and fusing sculpture, hut in the eternal law of rhythm, the law that nature when purely nnd intensely felt obeys—that is, the law that all pure art obeys. This lnw we cannot name or define, hut those who have felt it know that Isadora oheys it. When we see this wonderful ereature dance, we have tears in our eyes, hecause we feel again, in a oew way, the eternnl beauty, the eternal rhythm, and we agaio worship and adoringly suhscribe.

— A TURKEY TROT. —

— BOB ADAMS —

# Two Embassies

By SYDNEY BROOKS

THE United States possesses some rather dingy offices in the west end of London that call themselves an Embassy,—but it has no Ambassador's residence. It acts with republican severity on the theory that all work and no sleep, let alone play, makes a good Ambassador. It provides him accordingly with a desk-chair, pens and paper, and the paraphernalia of his official business, hut takes no account of his human longing for a bed, or a roof over luis head, or anything that might serve bim as a temporary home. These are luxuries he is expected to furnish for himself and to pay for out of his salary; and the way he meets the emergency, the sort of house and location he decides upon, is a pretty sure index of the general scale of living he means to adopt.

This, again, is mainly determined hy the amount of his private income—his official salary of $17,500 a year being totnlly inadequate to the task of defraying bouse-rent and living expenses in any of the principal European capitals and nt the same time of keeping up the state that tbe diplomacy of today more or less insists upon. The consequence is that in one capital you will find an Americnn Ambassador living in a palace, the rent of wbicb exceeds the exiguous honorarium paid him hy his government; and in another you will find him as poorly housed as the average representative of a Balkan State. I have known American Ambassadors in London, Paris and Berlin whu ean hardly have spent less than from $50,000 to $150,000 a year out of their privnte purses.

ONE had almost, indeed, begun to fenr thnt the old type of scholar-diplomat, once America's unique and most agreeable contribution to internationnl intercourse, the type so admirably represented by men like Bancroft, Lowell, Washington Irving, and Motley, was extinct, and that the United States had ceased, or was ceasing, to send abroad men who were appointed and welcomed on the strength of their literary laurels and from whom nothing in the way of a great establishment was expected. In London, especially, Mr. Page's three immediate predecessors were men of very large private means which they spent ungrudgingly in their country's service, and there wns nn inevitahle embarrassment in asking any man to step into their shoes who was financially incapable of maintaining their style of doing things. The embarrassment, however, was never of England's making. I mean by that that neither the British court nor London society nor the press of the country would ever be guilty of the sort of comments and hinted objections that greeted the appointment of Dr. Hill to the Berlin Embassy a few years ago. Neither the Kaiser nor Berlin came out of that episode with credit. They showed very plainly that they preferred to see the United States represented at the German capital by men of large wealth ,rather than by men, however cultivated and accomplished, whose circumstances did not permit them to make a great social splash. But in London we prize the American Ambassador for his personality nnd achievements and character, nnd for the degree in which he brings with him the true flavor of American life; and so far from regarding a huge income as essential to the occupant of the London Embassy we are more disposed to find something incongruous in the spectacle of a representntive of the United States, a republic and popularly associated with a certain tradition of a Jeffersonian simplicity, inhabiting the finest mansion in the metropolis and keeping up a more than ducal state. There is no capital I know of where lavish entertainments and over-elaborate appointments count, socially, for so little and where men and women mnke their way so much on their own merits; and it is partly because Mr. Page has restored a juster sense of proportion than has always been observed hy other American Ambassadors in these matters that bis advent among us has been so cordially welcomed.

THERE is not the smallest doubt of bis having succeeded. Yet the post upon which he has entered is one that might well try the capacities of any man. Of all diplomatic offices it is at once the pleasantest nnd the most peculiar and exacting. The English people insist on treating the American Ambassador rather as a national guest whom it is a delight to honor, and from whom a full measure of entertainment is expected in return, than as an official emissary. He stands npart from all his colleagues of the diplomatic corps. They are foreigners and he is not. From the day of his arrival he becomes an intimate part of London society and a still more intimate part of the world of English art and letters and puhlic—hy which, of course, I do not mean political, —life. Other Ambassadors may be as lavishly entertained, may be ahle to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return an equally brilliant hospitality. But the quality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets their American confrère. He alone gets behind the scenes, is shown the best of whatever England has to offer, and becomes at once a puhlic character. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One hears, perhaps, once in a lifetime of the Russian or German or Italian Ambassador heing asked to lecture before an educational or philosophical society or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English, they still stand outside all hut a fraction of the national life. The puhlic knows nothing about them, and does not care to know anything. A paragraph in the Court Circular is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his nrrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial from the entire London press. The one is merely an incident of officinldom—the other is a national event.

THIS is a stnte of affairs that raises some peculiar perplexities and embnrrassments. English hospitality, successfully, as a rule, escapes the chnrge of exuberance. But I am not sure that there is not something short of inexorable in the attentions we shower upon the American Ambassador, and that we are not at times positively hrutal in our kindness. We never renlly give the poor man a moment's rest. Throughout his stay among us we presume inordinately on his acquaintance with English. There must, indeed, be times when we force him to wish he spoke Basque and Basque only, and did not the faith and morals hold that Milton held. So might he live among us and possess his soul in quietude —a diplomatist nnd not n puhlic institution. But as it is, no sooner has he reached London than the bombardment begins. I must admit at once thnt it is most vigorously replied to. England nnd the American Amhassador set to, forthwith, to see which can entertnin the other the best. It is true that not all the depredations upon his leisure are committed hy Englishmen; his own countrymen and countrywomen have something to answer for. They take possession of his house on every July-the-Fourth, and squeeze his hand to a pulp without hreaking down his snile; and they demand his presence and his speech at the yearly banquets on Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day and Washington's Birthday. They are among the penalties of his position and I do not underrate them; hut they can hardly stand a moment's comparison with all that is inflicted upon him by English insistence.

LONDON, and indeed all England, calmly takes it for granted that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will be a first-class after-dinner spenker, familiar with the whole of American history nnd the whole of English literature, omniscient and omnipresent, and ahle and willing at any moment to read a paper, deliver an address, open a librnry,

distribute prizes at a school, unveil a monument, lay a foundation-stone, and figure as the guest of the evening at dinners of remorseless frequency and racking variety. We turn him into a sort of lecturer to the nation. We launch him on a full tide of oratory from Land's End to John O'Groat's, thrusting upon him, as he sweeps along, the presidency of innumerable societies. We scout the idea that protocols and despatches and all the banalities of international negotiations can have any claim upon him. Knowing him to be an American, and therefore interested in education, we play upon his weakness and shamelessly take toll of his democratic sympathies.

THINGS indeed have come to such a pass that an American Ambassador who was content to be merely an Ambassador, who loathed public occasions and shunned a platform, and who screened himself behind the ramparts of officialdom, would be reckoned not only a freak of nature but a disappointment and a failure. It is partly, however, America's own fault. She should not send us such charming, cultivated, good-natured men, every one of them triply armed with the capacity to discharge our exactions in full. Adams, Phelps, Lowell, Bayard, Hay, Choate and Whitelaw Reid—what other Embassy in the world can show so brilliant a line of occupants? Every one of them was distinguished as a lawyer, citizen, or litterateur before he became eminent as a diplomatist. Every one of them had interests and affiliations that stretched far beyond the humdrum official routine. Every one of them warmed both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence with a palpable relish. Every one of them was a great social success, and a success not less pronounced in his purely business and bargaining hours. Every one of them touched life at a hundred more points than the average professional diplomatist. Indeed, a tongue-tied, unsociable, narrow-gauged, inflexibly official Ambassador from the United States has become unthinkable to us; he is not less incredible to you in America. America insists on sending us her best, and we return the compliment by laying out the gift to the most ample advantage.

NOTHING like this extreme of versatility is required from the British Ambassador at Washington. Yet he, too, occupies a post of singular difficulty. Times have changed since Sir Stratford Canning described the Washington Embassy as very pleasant socially, but not requiring any great talents politically. During the past decade and a half, the office of British representative at Washington has been in many ways one of the most exacting in the service. I know, indeed, of no post which makes so insistent a demand on the level-headedness and adaptability of its occupants. I say occupants in the plural, because in Washington less than in any other capital can the British Ambassador's wife be dissociated from her husband's failure or success. The prestige of the British Embassy will often depend more on her social flexibility and manner than on her husband's merits as a diplomatist. Very few Englishwomen, so far as my observation goes, are really happy or popular in the United States, or know how to take Americans, or can help being jarred, and, what is more, showing that they are jarred, by the thousand and one little differences between English and American social standards and usages and ways of doing things. The wife of the British Ambassador has to accommodate herself to a social environment that is all the more difficult to gauge because of its similarity in general outline and its dissimilarity in detail to what she is used to at home or in the capitals of Europe. It asks a very high degree of tact and self-control, sometimes, to accept persons and things as they come, without comment or surprise, and to recognize that what might be counted easy-going-ness or curiosity in London may in Washington be merely a novel token of friendliness and interest. A British Ambassador's wife in the American capital has always to bear in mind that in matters of social usage the English and Americans, while aiming at the same mark and meaning essentially the same thing, often behave and express themselves in opposite senses. Not every British Ambassador at Washington has had a wife who possessed these qualities of perception; and more than one hostess at the Embassy on Connecticut Avenue has passed her life, like Lady Barberina in Mr. Henry James' incomparable tale, in a state of hopeless alienation from, and misunderstanding of, her new surroundings. When this is the case the result is retroactively disastrous, because Washington resembles nothing so much as a whispering-gallery, its society is small, exceedingly intimate, and enjoys a highly specialized code of etiquette that is all its own—and a mistake, and especially a mistake on the part of the British Ambassador's wife, becomes public property at once. It certainly was not among the least of the causes of Mr. Bryce's success as Ambassador that a mastery of all these social nuances and minutiae was with Mrs. Bryce a matter of instinct, fortified by a thorough knowledge of American life and of the American people.

BUT if the conditions thus impose on the wife of the British Ambassador an unusual degree of diplomatic wariness, the Ambassador himself has to be doubly on his guard. For one thing, he finds the duties of his office carried on in a glare of publicity that in Europe is not only unknown but unimaginable. For another, there is always a party in the United States anxious to score a point against Great Britain, and there are always votes to be won—though not many, happily, in these days—by an anti-British campaign. The Ambassador, therefore, has to practice in the sphere of politics the same tactfulness and discrimination demanded from his wife in the sphere of society. He must ever be ready to make allowances; he must constantly remember that America is the exception; he must know what to discount. This is a kind of knowledge—like the not less essential knowledge of all the intricacies of the American system of government—that can hardly ever be gained by instinct or patched up by a few months' study. It is the sort of knowledge that only a man with a prolonged and intimate acquaintance with the United States is likely to possess, and that the ordinary type of British diplomatist, pitchforked into Washington from one of the capitals of Europe, is not only most certain to lack but to be unable to acquire. But what, above all, is necessary is that the British Ambassador should have the instinct for taking Americans in the right way. If he has that he has done the one thing needful. If, on the other hand, he confirms the average American's worst suspicions of British angularity and reserve, if he seems stiff and self-contained and unable to let himself go, if he has not a natural sympathy with the American people and with the spirit of their social life, his abilities are as good as wasted.

MR. BRYCE, of course, possessed all these advantages and qualifications, and many others, in an extraordinary degree. He won for the British Embassy in Washington a position analogous to that of the American Embassy in London. There is and can be only one Bryce, but I venture to predict that in their own way Sir Cecil and Lady Spring-Rice will achieve a success not less pronounced. Lady Spring-Rice, the daughter of Sir Frank Lascelles, who for many anxious years represented Great Britain at Berlin and proved himself an exceptionally capable diplomat, is making her first acquaintance with the United States; but she has the qualities of insight and flexibility that a British Ambassador's wife at Washington ought to possess. Sir Cecil, on the other hand, has the supreme advantage of being already known to Americans and liked wherever he is known. He served in Washington some years ago as an attaché, formed many friendships that he must already have found it delightful to renew, and left behind him a reputation and a popularity that never ceased to be cherished even in that city of endless leave-takings and forgettings. A man of alert and winning personality, with a ripe and understanding mind and the easiest, and most sympathetic manner, blessed with a native store of humor that has been vivified by contact with men and things in many diverse lands, and absolutely devoid of any sort of pretentiousness, he knows by instinct how to mingle with Americans in the broad, human way that most appeals to them.

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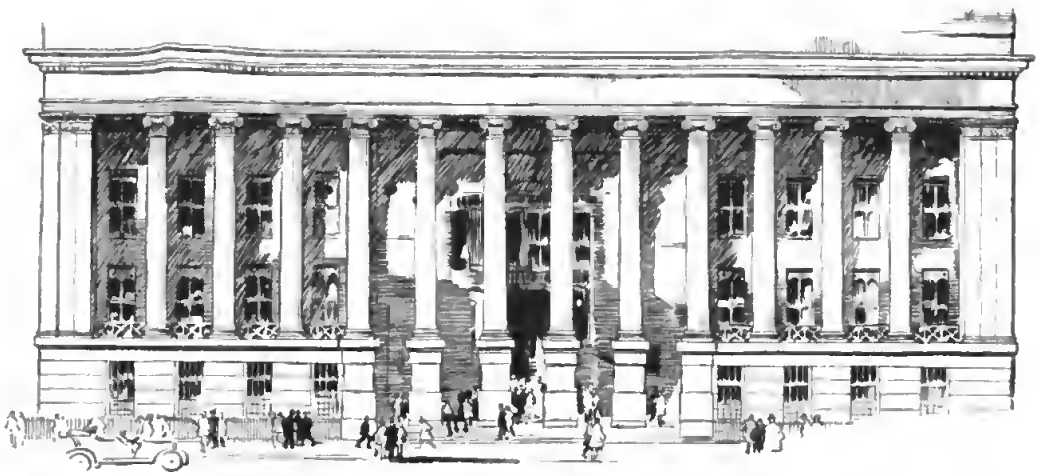

# How the Combiners Combine

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

*Being Part II of Breaking the Money Trust*

*In the first article, "Our Financial Oligarchy," Mr. Brandeis described the concentration of power in the hands of a few financiers by consolidation of banks and trust companies, by the combination of railroads into systems, and by the concentration of functions in the investment banker.*

AMONG the allies, two New York banks,—the National City and the First National—stand preëminent. They constitute, with the Morgan firm, the inner group of the Money Trust. Each of the two banks, like J. P. Morgan & Co., has huge resources. Each of the two banks, like the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., has been dominated by a genius in combination. In the National City it is James Stillman; in the First National, George F. Baker. Each of these gentlemen was formerly President, and is now Chairman of the Board of Directors. The resources of the National City Bank (including its Siamese-twin security company) are about $300,000,000; those of the First National Bank (including its Siamese-twin security company) are about $200,000,000. The resources of the Morgan firm have not been disclosed. But it appears that they have available for their operations, also, huge deposits from their subjects; deposits reported as $162,500,000.

The private fortunes of the chief actors in the combination have not been ascertained. But sporadic evidence indicates how great are the possibilities of accumulation when one has the use of "other people's money." Mr. Morgan's wealth became proverbial. Of Mr. Stillman's many investments, only one was specifically referred to, as he was in Europe during the investigation, and did not testify. But that one is significant. His 47,498 shares in the National City Bank are worth about $18,000,000. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff aptly described this as "a very nice investment."

Of Mr. Baker's investments we know more, as he testified on many subjects. His 20,000 shares in the First National Bank are worth at least $20,000,000. His stocks in six other New York banks and trust companies are together worth about $3,000,000. The scale of his investment in railroads may be inferred from his former holdings in the Central Railroad of New Jersey. He was its largest stockholder—so large that with a few friends he held a majority of the $27,436,800 par value of outstanding stock, which the Reading bought at $160 a share. He is a director in 28 other railroad companies; and presumably a stockholder in, at least, as many. The full extent of his fortune was not inquired into, for that was not an issue in the investigation. But it is not surprising that Mr. Baker saw little need of new laws. When asked:

"You think everything is all right as it is in this world, do you not?"

He answered:

"Pretty nearly."

## *Ramifications of Power*

BUT wealth expressed in figures gives a wholly inadequate picture of the allies' power. Their wealth is dynamic. It is wielded by geniuses in combination. It finds its proper expression in means of control. To comprehend the power of the allies we must try to visualize the ramifications through which the forces operate.

Mr. Baker is a director in 22 corporations having, with their many subsidiaries, aggregate resources or capitalization of $7,272,000,000. But the direct and visible power of the First National Bank, which Mr. Baker dominates, extends further. The Pujo report shows that its directors (including Mr. Baker's son) are directors in at least 27 other corporations with resources of $4,270,000,000. That is, the First National is represented in 49 corporations, with aggregate resources or capitalization of $11,542,000,000.

IT may help to an appreciation of the allies' power to name a few of the more prominent corporations in which, for instance, Mr. Baker's influence is exerted—visibly and directly—as voting trustee, executive committee man or simple director.

1. Banks, Trust, and Life Insurance Companies: First National Bank of New York; National Bank of Commerce; Farmers' Loan and Trust Company; Mutual Life Insurance Company.

2. Railroad Companies: New York Central Lines; New Haven, Reading, Erie, Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley, Southern, Northern Pacific, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy;

3. Public Service Corporations: American Telegraph & Telephone Company, Adams Express Company.

4. Industrial Corporations: United States Steel Corporation, Pullman Company.

Mr. Stillman is a director in only 7 corporations, with aggregate assets of $2,476,000,000; but the directors in the National City Bank, which he dominates, are directors in at least 41 other corporations which, with their subsidiaries, have an aggregate capitalization or resources of $16,564,000,000. The members of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., the acknowledged leader of the allied forces, hold 72 directorships in 47 of the largest corporations of the country.

The Pujo Committee finds that the members of J. P. Morgan & Co. and the directors of their controlled trust companies and of the First National and the National City Bank together hold:

"One hundred and eighteen directorships in 34 banks and trust companies having total resources of $2,679,000,000 and total deposits of $1,983,000,000.

"Thirty directorships in 10 insurance companies having total assets of $2,293,000,000.

"One hundred and five directorships in 32 transportation systems having a total capitalization of $11,784,000,000 and a total mileage (excluding express companies and steamship lines) of 150,200.

"Sixty-three directorships in 24

producing and trading corporations having a total capitalization of $33,339,000,000.

"Twenty-five directorships in 12 public-utility corporations having a total capitalization of $2,150,000,000.

"In all, 341 directorships in 112 corporations having aggregate resources or capitalization of $22,245,000,000."

### *Twenty-two Billion Dollars*

TWENTY-TWO billion dollars is a large sum—so large that we have difficulty in grasping its significance. The mind realizes size only through comparisons. With what can we compare twenty-two billions of dollars? Twenty-two billions of dollars is more than three times the assessed value of all the property, real and personal, in all New England. It is nearly three times the assessed value of all the real estate in the City of New York. It is more than twice the assessed value of all the property in the thirteen Southern states. It is more than the assessed value of all the property in the twenty-two states, north and south, lying west of the Mississippi River.

But the huge sum of twenty-two billion dollars is not large enough to include all the corporations to which the "influence" of the three allies, directly and visibly, extends, for

*First:* There are 56 other corporations (not included in the Pujo schedule) each with capital or resources of over $5,000,000, and aggregating nearly $1,350,000,000, in which the Morgan allies are represented according to the Directory of Directors.

*Second:* The Pujo schedule does not include any corporation with resources of less than $5,000,000. But these financial giants have shown their humility by becoming directors in many such. For instance, members of J. P. Morgan & Co., and directors in the National City Bank and the First National Bank are also directors in 158 such corporations. Available publications disclose the capitalization of only 38 of these, but those 38 aggregate $78,669,375.

*Third:* The Pujo schedule includes only the corporations in which the Morgan associates actually appear by name as directors. It does not include those in which they are represented by dummies, or otherwise. For instance, the Morgan influence certainly extends to the Kansas City Terminal Railway Company, for which they have marketed since 1910 (in connection with others,) four issues aggregating $41,761,000. But no member of J. P. Morgan & Co., of the National City Bank, or of the First National Bank appears on the Kansas City Terminal directorate.

*Fourth:* The Pujo schedule does not include all the subsidiaries of the corporations scheduled. For instance, the capitalization of the New Haven System is given as $385,000,000. That sum represents the bond and stock capital of the New Haven *Railroad*. But the New Haven *System* comprises many controlled corporations whose capitalization is only to a slight extent included directly or indirectly in the New Haven Railroad balance sheet. The New Haven, like most large corporations, is a holding company also; and a holding company may control subsidiaries while owning but a small part of the latters' outstanding securities. Only the small part so held, will be represented in the holding company's balance sheet. Thus, while the New Haven Railroad's capitalization is only $385,000,000—and that sum only appears in the Pujo schedule—the capitalization of the New Haven System, as shown by a chart submitted to the Committee, is over twice as great; namely, $849,000,000.

It is clear, therefore, that the $22,000,000,000, referred to by the Pujo Committee, understates the extent of concentration effected by the inner group of the Money Trust.

### *Cementing the Triple Alliance*

CARE was taken by these builders of imperial power that their structure should be enduring. It has been buttressed on every side by joint ownerships and mutual stockholdings, as well as close personal relationships; for directorships are ephemeral and may end with a new election. Mr. Morgan and his partners acquired one-sixth of the stock of the First National Bank, and made a $6,000,000 investment in the stock of the National City Bank. Then J. P. Morgan & Co., the National City, and the First National (or their dominant officers—Mr. Stillman and Mr. Baker) acquired together, by stock purchases and voting trusts, control of the National Bank of Commerce, with its $190,000,000 of resources; of the Chase National, with $125,000,000; of the Guaranty Trust Company, with $232,000,000; of the Bankers' Trust Company, with $205,000,000; and of a number of smaller, but important, financial institutions. They became joint voting trustees in great railroad systems; and finally (as if the allies were united into a single concern) loyal and efficient service in the banks—like that rendered by Mr. Davison and Mr. Lamont in the First National—was rewarded by promotion to membership in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

### *The Provincial Allies*

THUS equipped and bound together, J. P. Morgan & Co. the National City, and the First National easily dominated America's financial center—New York, for certain other important bankers, to be hereafter mentioned, were held in restraint by "gentlemen's" agreements. The three allies dominated Philadelphia too; for the firm of Drexel & Co. is J. P. Morgan & Co. under another name. But there are two other important money centers in America—Boston and Chicago.

In Boston there are two large international banking houses—Lee, Higginson & Co., and Kidder, Peabody & Co.—both long established and rich; and each possessing an extensive, wealthy clientele of eager investors in bonds and stocks. Since 1907 each of these firms has purchased or underwritten (principally in conjunction with other bankers) about 100 different security issues of the greater interstate corporations—the issues of each banker amounting in the aggregate to over $1,000,000,000. Concentration of banking capital has proceeded even further in Boston than in New York. By successive consolidations the number of national banks has been reduced from 58 in 1898 to 19 in 1913. There are in Boston now also 23 trust companies.

The National Shawmut Bank, the First National Bank of Boston and the Old Colony Trust Co., which these two Boston banking houses and their associates control, alone have aggregate resources of $288,386,294, constituting about one-half of the banking resources of the city. These great banking institutions, which are themselves the result of many consolidations, and the 21 other banks and trust companies, in which their directors are also directors, hold together 90 per cent. of the total banking resources of Boston. And linked to them by interlocking directorates are 9 other banks and trust companies whose aggregate resources are about 2½ per cent. of Boston's total. Thus of 42 banking institutions, 33, with aggregate resources of $560,516,239, holding about 92½ per cent of the aggregate banking resources of Boston, are interlocked. But even the remaining 9 banks and trust companies, which together hold but 7½ per cent. of Boston banking resources, are not all independent of one another. Three are linked together; so that there appear to be only six banks in all Boston that are free from interlocking directorate relations. They together represent but 5 per cent. of Boston's banking resources. And it may well be doubted whether all of even those 6 are entirely free from affiliation with the other groups.

Boston's banking concentration is not limited to the legal confines of the city. Around Boston proper are over thirty suburbs, which with it form what is popularly known as "Greater Boston." These suburban municipalities, and also other important cities like Worcester and Springfield, are, in many respects, within Boston's "sphere of influence." Boston's inner banking group has interlocked, not only 33 of the 42 banks of Boston proper, as above shown, but has linked with them, by interlocking directorships, at least 42 other banks and trust companies in 33 other municipalities.

Once Lee, Higginson & Co. and Kidder, Peabody & Co. were active competitors. They are so still in some small, or purely local matters; but both are devoted co-operators with the Morgan associates in larger and interstate transactions; and the alliance with these great Boston banking houses has been cemented by mutual stockholdings and co-directorships. Financial concentration seems to have found its highest expression in Boston.

Similar relations exist between the triple alliance and Chicago's great financial institutions—its First National Bank, the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and the Continental & Commercial National Bank—which together control resources of $561,000,000. And similar relations would doubtless be found to exist with the leading bankers of the other important financial centers of America, as to which the Pujo Committee was prevented by lack of time from making investigation.

### *The Auxiliaries*

SUCH are the primary, such the secondary powers which comprise the Money Trust; but these are supplemented by forces of magnitude.

"Radiating from these principal groups," says the Pujo Committee, "and closely affiliated with them are smaller but important banking houses, such as Kissel, Kinnicut & Co., White, Weld & Co., and Harvey Fisk & Sons, who receive large and lucrative patronage from the dominating groups, and are used by the latter as jobbers or distributors of securities, the issuing of which they control, but which for reasons of their own they prefer not to have issued or distributed under their own names. Lee, Higginson & Co., besides being partners with the inner

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group, are also frequently utilized in this service because of their facilities as distributors of securities."

For instance, J. P. Morgan & Co. as fiscal agents of the New Haven Railroad have the right to market its securities and that of its subsidiaries. Among the numerous New Haven subsidiaries, is the New York, Westchester and Boston—the road which cost $1,500,000 a mile to build, and which earned a *deficit* last year of nearly $1,500,000, besides failing to earn any return upon the New Haven's own stock and bond investment of $8,24t,951. When the New Haven concluded to market $17,200,000 of these bonds, J. P. Morgan & Co. "for reasons of their own," "preferred not to have these bonds issued or distributed under their own name." The Morgan firm took the bonds at 92½ net; and the bonds were marketed by Kissel, Kinnicut & Co. and others at 96¼.

### *The Satellites*

THE alliance is still further supplemented, as the Pujo Committee shows:

"Beyond these inner groups and subgroops are banks and bankers throughout the country who cooperate with them in underwriting or guaranteeing the sale of securities offered to the public, and who also act as distributors of such securities. It was impossible to learn the identity of these corporations, owing to the unwillingness of the members of the inner group to disclose the names of their underwriters, but sufficient appears to justify the statement that there are at least hundreds of them and that they extend into many of the cities throughout this and foreign countries.

"The patronage thus proceeding from the inner group and its subgroups is of great value to these banks and bankers, who are thus tied by self-interest to the great issuing houses and may be regarded as a part of this vast financial organization. Such patronage yields no inconsiderable part of the income of these banks and bankers and without much risk on account of the facilities of the principal groups for placing issues of securities through their domination of great banks and trust companies and their other domestic affiliations and their foreign connections. The underwriting commissions on issues made by this inner group are usually easily earned and do not ordinarily involve the underwriters in the purchase of the underwritten securities. Their interest in the transaction is generally adjusted unless they choose to purchase part of the securities, by the payment to them of a commission. There are, however, occasions on which this is not the case. The underwriters are then required to take the securities. Bankers and brokers are so anxious to be permitted to participate in these transactions under the the lead of the inner group that as a rule they join when invited to do so, regardless of their approval of the particular business, lest by refusing they should thereafter cease to be invited."

IN other words, an invitation from these royal bankers is interpreted as a command. As a result, these great bankers frequently get huge commissions without themselves distributing any of the bonds, or ever having taken any actual risk.

"In the case of the pending New York subway financing of $170,000,000 of bonds by Messrs. Morgan & Co. and their associates, Mr. Davison [as the Pujo Committee reports] estimated that there were from 100 to 125 such underwriters who were apparently glad to agree that Messrs. Morgan & Co., the First National Bank, and the National City Bank should receive 3 per cent., equal to $5,t00,000—for forming this syndicate, thus relieving themselves from all liability, whilst the underwriters assumed the risk of what the boods would realize and of being required to take their share of the unsold portion."

### *The Protection of Pseudo-Ethics*

THE organization of the Money Trust is intensive, the combination comprehensive; but one other element was recognized as necessary to render it stable, and to make its dynamic force irresistible. Despotism, be it financial or political, is vulnerable unless it is believed to rest upon a moral sanction. The longing for freedom is ineradicable. It will express itself in protest against servitude and in action;—unless the striving for freedom be made to seem immoral. Long ago monarchs invented, as a preservative of absolutism, the fiction of "The divine right of kings." Bankers, imitating royalty, invented recently that precious rule of so-called "Ethics", by which it is declared unprofessional to come to the financial relief of any corporation which is already the prey of another "repotable" banker.

"The possibility of competition between these banking houses in the purchase of securities," says the Pujo Committee, "is further removed by the understanding between them and others, that one will not seek, by offering better terms, to take away from another, a customer which it has theretofore served, and by corollary of this, namely, that where given bankers have once satisfactorily united in bringing out an issue of a corporation, they shall also join in bringing out any subsequent issue of the same corporations. This is described as a principle of banking ethics."

The "Ethical" basis of the rule must be that the interests of the combined bankers are superior to the interests of the rest of the community. Their attitude reminds one of the "Spheres of Influence" with ample "hinterlands" by which rapacious nations are adjusting differences. Important banking concerns, too ambitious to be willing to take a subordinate position in the alliance, and too powerful to be suppressed, are accorded a financial "sphere of influence" upon the understanding that the rule of banking ethics will be faithfully observed. Most prominent among such lesser potentates are Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of New York,—an international banking house of great wealth, with large clientele and connections. They are accorded an important "sphere of influence" in American railroading, including, among other systems the Baltimore & Ohio, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. They and the Morgan group have with few exceptions preempted the banking business of the important railroads of the country. But even Kuhn, Loeb & Co. are not wholly independent. They are "qualified allies of the inner group"; and through their "close relations with the National City Bank and the National Bank of Commerce and other financial institutions" have "many interests in common with the Morgan associates, conducting large joint-account operations with them."

### *The Evils Resultant*

*First:* These banker-barons levy, through their excessive exactions, a heavy toll upon the whole community; upon owners of money for leave to invest it; upon railroads, public service and industrial companies, for leave to use this money of other people; and, through these corporations, upon consumers.

"The charge of capital," says the Pujo Committee, "which of course enters universally into the price of commodities and of service, is thus in effect determined by agreement amongst those supplying it and not under the ebeck of competition. If there be any virtoe in the principle of competition, certainly any plan or arrangement which prevents its operation in the performance of so fundamental a commercial function as the supplying of capital is peculiarly injurious."

*Second:* More serious, however, is the effect of the Money Trust in directly suppressing competition. That suppression enables the monopolist to estort extensive profits; but monopoly increases the burden of the consumer even more in other ways. Monopoly arrests development; and through arresting development, prevents that lessening of the cost of productinn and of distribution which would otherwise take place.

Can real competition exist among the anthracite coal railroads when the Morgan associates are potent in all of them? And with like conditions prevailing, what competition is to be expected between the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern, the Southern, the Louisville and Nashville, and the Atlantic Coast Line; or between the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company and the General Electric Company. As the Pujn Committee finds:

"Such affiliations tend as a cover and conduit for secret arrangements and understandings in restriction of competition through the agency of the banking house thus situated."

And under existing conditions of combination, relief throogh other banking houses is precluded.

"It can hardly be expected that the banks, trust companies, and other institutions that are thus seeking participation from this inner group would be likely to engage in business of a character that would be displeasing to the latter or would interfere with their plans or prestige. And so the protection that can he afforded by the members of the inner group constitutes the safest refuge of our great industrial combinations against future competition. The powerful grip of these gentlemen is upon the throttle that contnls the wheels of credit and upon their signal, those wheels will turn or stop."

*Third:* But far more serious even than the suppression of competition is the suppression of industrial liberty, indeed of manhood itself, which this overweening financial power entails. The intimidation which it effects extends far beyond "the banks, trust companies, and other institutions seeking participation from this inner group in their lucrative underwritings"; far beyond those interested in the great corporations directly dependent upon the inner group. Its hlighting and benumbing effect extends as well to the

small and seemingly independent business man,—to the vast army of professional men and others directly dependent upon "Big Business," and upon many another; for

1. Nearly every enterprising business man needs bank credit. The granting of credit involves the exercise of judgment of the bank officials; and however honestly the bank officials may wish to exercise their discretion, experience shows that their judgment is warped by the existence of the all-pervading power of the Money Trust. He who openly opposes the great interests will often be found to lack that quality of "safe and sane"-ness which is the basis of financial credit.

2. Nearly every enterprising business man and a large part of our professional men have something to sell to, or must buy something from, the great corporations to which the control or influence of the money lords extends directly, or from or to affiliated interests. Sometimes it is merchandise; sometimes it is service; sometimes they have nothing either to buy or to sell, but desire political or social advancement. Sometimes they want merely peace. Experience shows that "it is not healthy to buck against a locomotive." and "Business is business."

HERE and there you will find a hero —red-blooded, and courageous,— loving manhood more than wealth, place or security,—who dared to fight for independence and won. Here and there you may find the martyr, who resisted in silence and suffered with resignation. But America, which seeks "the greatest good of the greatest number," cannot be content with conditions that fit only the hero, the martyr or the slave.

*The first step in remedying existing conditions will be discussed in the next issue under "Interlocking Directorates"*

# The Culture Club of Deadham

By MARY SWAIN WAGNER

THE Woman's Club of Deadham, after a heated discussion (104° F.) decided to permit a traveling suffragette to speak at their next regular meeting. O yes, the meetings were regular all right, there was no doubt about that; hadn't they convened at three o'clock, sharp, every Tuesday afternoon for twenty-five years, to imbibe culture?

THESE culturists were insatiable in their desire to absorb culture; they were positively intemperate in their craving; they could swallow Italian art with one gulp, washing it down merely with a concoction of Roman history in a diluted form. They simmered down the poets of the Elizabethan period and hashed the French Revolution. The more they were saturated with culture the greater became their obsession. They had already reduced to pulp ten sets of encyclopaedias bound in calf, which had been purchased from time to time by the uncomplaining citizens of Deadham in their desire to fill this aching culture void.

The state legislature had for some inexplicable reason passed a bill pertaining to woman suffrage; just what this meant they scarcely knew, but they thought it had something to do with women going to the polls to vote. The members of the legislature were queer, it is true, but still they were the lawmakers of the state and it would not do to ignore them entirely. Moreover, the state federation of women's clubs, while it could not conscientiously endorse this bold reform suggested by the suffrage bill and passed by the solons of the state, did recommend to the various clubs that the subject be investigated—a most startling and progressive act for such an organization.

Thus it happened that an invitation was sent to Miss S. Tonethrower to come and expound her views to them the following Tuesday. Susan appeared at the appointed hour, and as no one seemed responsible for her entertainment she retired to an inconspicuous seat in the corner. Mrs. $400 opened the meeting by calling the roll; not a soul was missing, not even those who bitterly opposed this rash step away from the safe and beaten tracks of conservatism. As her name was called, each member responded by reciting a verse or paragraph culled from the woman's page of the local newspaper or from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Judging from these brief and scholarly recitations the women of Deadham were certainly able to conceal their sense of humor and their apparent seriousness alarmed the little suffragette; she wondered how they would receive her simple earnest speech and she longed for the stirring eloquence of Susan B. Anthony.

THEN the minutes (which seemed like hours) were read by Mrs. $398, after which the fatal moment arrived when Mrs. Never-Die introduced Miss S. Tonethrower to the august assemblage. At the word every woman settled back in her chair, dug up a bag from some place and began to crochet. This was a new stunt for Susan and it rattled her considerably—rattled her more than the throwing of stones or the crashing of windows. It was the first time she had ever spoken before a culture club and it was most disconcerting to discover that their time was so valuable; she heartily wished that she were at home where she would not be made to feel that she was interfering with the world's work.

AS they gradually settled down to their afternoon's work Susan could see their lips move as they counted the stitches. She tried to explain to them that woman suffrage is a world-wide movement that it is not confined to Deadham alone, nor to the United States, nor England, and still they kept on crocheting. She told them that in some states women were not considered as parents of their own children, that in case of wedlock there was only one parent, the father; that when an illegitimate child is born there is still only one parent but in this case it is the mother, and still they sat crocheting. Susan told them that the age of consent or protection for girls was disgracefully low, being only twelve years, and that if they did not feel concerned about their own children they should remember that all women were not equally capable of guarding their girls from harm, and the women crocheted on. In a fit of desperation Susan said—"Don't you know that this is your campaign?" One old lady woke up with a start and dropped a stitch. "Don't you know," she continued, "that the whole world is looking at you?" Hereupon the young woman with earrings surreptitiously powdered her nose.

Susan's heart sank, but she made a desperate effort to pull herself together. If she could only hurl a few stones or smash a few windows or do something to break through this knitted fabric of indifference! Even the exceptional wisdom and advice of Beatrice Fairfax and Lilliau Russell combined would have failed her in this crisis and she knew it. She had spoken hundreds of times before in the presence of vast audiences in London, New York and Chicago. She had been received with enthusiasm by suffrage societies, labor unions and churches; she had always felt that she held their attention, that she was addressing intelligent people, men and women with their minds open for conviction. But now, how different! What could she do!

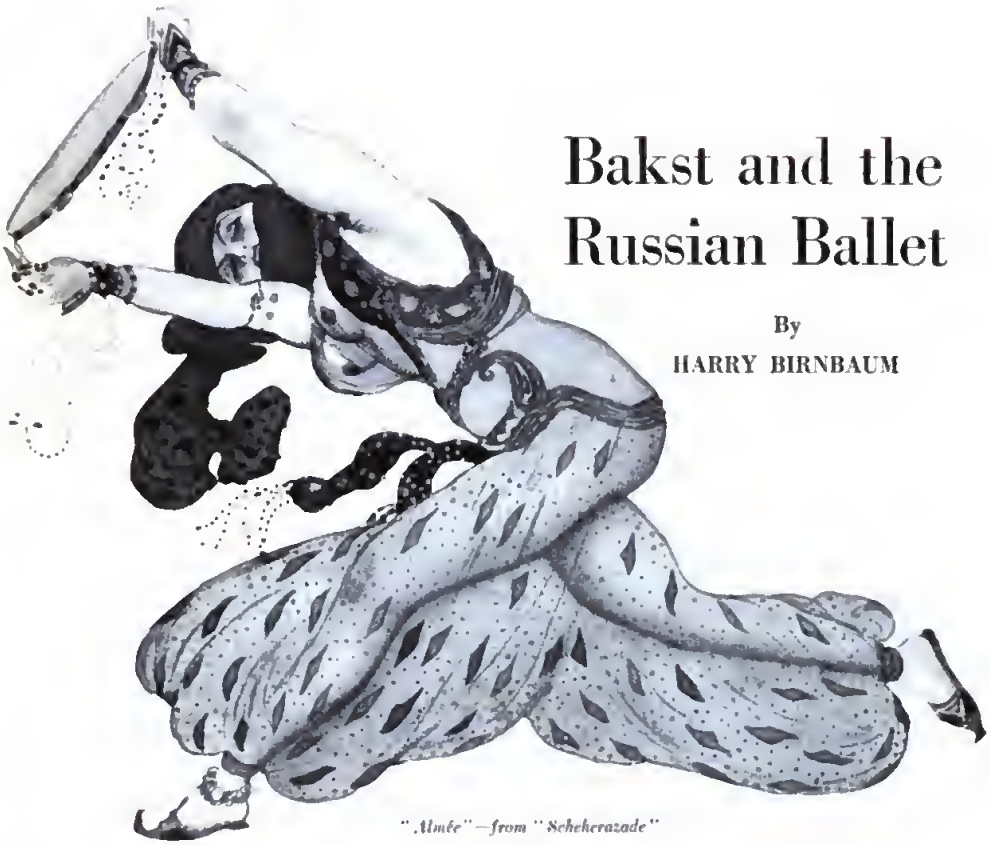
Mrs. $390, being a kind hearted lady, noticed Susan's discomfiture and rising to her feet said in a most impressive manner: "Madam President, I move that a vote of thanks be given Miss Tonethrower for her most eloquent and entertaining address and that we then continue with the important work of the day, our study of Spain." The motion was promptly seconded and unanimously passed by all the "I's."

Thereupon Mrs. $400 announced that a paper would be read by Mrs. $35. It was very evident that all the work was done by those whose names could be represented by two figures, their willingness to do the drudgery being their open sesame to this most exclusive club.

THESE women of Deadham became so interested in that defunct institution with a Hapsburg jaw called a king, that they sat with their mouths wide open and actually forgot to crochet. They had pictures of Alphonso's cute little deaf and dumb child "so afflicted by a kind and loving providence for some wise purpose." Susan groaned inwardly at all she heard and longed to tell them what she knew of eugenics and to explain to them that it was not providence but a law of nature that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.

Our glorious victories in the Spanish War were discussed with glee and they were unashamed that this great country should have condescended to whip poor little Spain. Neither did they care that the battle of San Juan Hill might have been averted if a lighted cigarette had not been dropped into the hold of the *Maine* by the tobacco trust or some other capitalists having interests in Cuba.

Susan being an ardent advocate of the universal peace movement could endure no more. She slipped quietly to the door and escaped unnoticed. She bared her head to the cooling breeze of the late afternoon; a breath of fresh air revived her indomitable spirit; her thoughtful face was beautified by the reflected glory of the hour as she breathed the prayer "how long, O Lord, how long?"



*"Almée"—from "Scheherazade"*

# Bakst and the Russian Ballet

By
HARRY BIRNBAUM

THE furore that greeted the work of Léon Bakst in Paris in 1909 and in London in 1912, leaves no doubt as to the position that he has won as an artist. It is strange that his art could not thrive in his native land, seeing that the Russian ballet was his direct inspiration, and that the Russian people were eager to welcome an art which aimed to express emotions they had so long been forced to suppress. However, it is not to be regretted that Bakst broke away from the conservative spirit which hovered about the imperial ballet in Russia, and that he became one of the leading forces of an independent company, directed by M. Serge de Diaghilew. This company enlisted the services of such eminent artists as M. Fokine, the organizer of the ballet, M. Tcherepnin, the conductor, and Nijinsky, Pavlowa, Karsavina, M. Bolm and Ida Rubenstein among its leading mimes and dancers. This group of artists determined to experiment freely with new ideals, and the attention of the world was quickly directed to their productions, after their first appearances in Paris. It was soon felt that one of its most distinguished features was the daring and brilliant work of Léon Bakst, one of a group of painters who were called upon to design the costumes and stage decorations.

M. Arsène Alexandre gives us a few facts in the life of Bakst. He was born in St. Petersburg in 1868 and was a student in the Academy of Fine Arts there, but grew tired of the work and left. He went to Paris, where we hear of him in 1895 as the pupil of Edelfelt, a Finnish artist; but it was not until 1906 that he began to win a prominent place for himself in the world of art. In that year he was commissioned by Diaghilew to do a piece of decorative work for an important Russian Arts exhibition, and from that time on he took the artistic world by storm. His decorations for the ballet, notably his Scheherazade, revealed a poet and a master of color, who seemed to possess the power to conjure up from his imagination the characters of the "Arabian Nights" and to weave garments of magic about them.

HIS work, of course, is only one element in a three-fold harmony created by Russian music, dancing, and Bakst's own art. The history of its ballet feature dates as far back as Peter the Great, who paved the way for its real beginning under Didelot in 1802. The latter advocated a severe and systematic training of children for the ballet under the supervision of the State. Half a century later, after a history involving romantic love-episodes and grim tragedy, the ballet had gained a very strong hold in Russia, because of its national, patriotic character, due to the reforms of Petipa, a Frenchman. It was, however, not until the appearance of Isadora Duncan that the Russian ballet made its recent and most important development. She was the first to return to the ancient religious dance, to the primal synthesis of pantomime and music. In comparison with the present Russian ballet, Isadora Duncan is considerably antiquated, but the credit for being the first to revolt against the artifices of the modern dance, which showed no traces of emotional movement, is hers. Following closely upon her reforms, came the development of the chorus and the folk-dance, which mirrored Russian life with its crude passions and showed the triumph of the body over the spirit. Nothing could so well express the sense of the body as the expressive silence and the plastic art of the Russian. It was this physical or sensual element in the dance that sounded a sympathetic note in the soul of Bakst and caused him to become one of the foremost liberators of the art of the stage.

There is another and more important cause which helped the development of the Duncan dance into the folk-dance, namely the choral spirit which pervades all Russian music and dancing. In Russia, the note of the folk-song has not yet died and the flower of popular myth has not faded. Almost all Russian music is based upon folk and choral motifs, and from the time of Glinka's reforms there is a logical development down to the appearance of Fokine, the distinguished *maître de ballet*. The dance under the latter's direction became such a dignified form of art that the most prominent Russian composers, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazounov, Tchaikovsky, Borodin, Balakirew, and Tcherepnin, contributed their works for its further development. Russian music, as exemplified by these great composers, has made its powerful influence felt in America, and the Russian ballet, with Pavlowa and Mordkin, outgrowing the feature of mere amusement, and entering the arena of the lyric music drama is already a force to be reckoned with here. Russian life, with its savage and romantic spirit, is its dominating feature and the wonderful imagination of Bakst, stirred by these elements, has created new visions of beauty, of which one, at least, the "Orientale," Pavlowa will introduce to us.

THE feature of the art of Bakst that distinguishes him from other Russian decorators for the theater is that his work throbs with life and that there seems to be no period or national style which he cannot assimilate with ease. The "Arabian Nights," with their wild orgies, the Orient, and Greece, and the charming characters of ancient myth, with their



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A YOUTH
From "Schehcrazade"
By Léon Bakst

graceful, rhythmic movements, form a portion of his material. Perhaps the best key to his work is afforded by his own statement, "Every subject, every model, every part of the human body, that is designed without passion, without the joy of life, is a work utterly barren and false. Color should afford a joy for the eye." The effect of looking at his work, the voluptuous Bacchantes, the sinuous slaves, the majestic high-priests, the stupid Eunuchs, the youths in gorgeous robes, the graceful nymphs, is that of a carnival in which the human emotions are masked as passionate colors. The bewitching dances of the bayaderes in "Scheherazade," and the perhaps too eloquent movements of the slaves in "Cleopatre" conquered Paris and all the other capitals in quick succession. It is with small wonder that his designs for these ballets and the individuals which compose them have been acquired enthusiastically by admirers throughout Europe. The Bakst Exhibition held this fall at 305 Madison Avenue, New York, afforded lovers of art an excellent opportunity of seeing many of his best designs. Not only are they superbly drawn, but the amazing colors in which the whirling figures are enveloped have the effect of heavy perfumes. Grotesque dancers in green, maroon and gold suggest the sparkling beauty of spotted pythons. The *Jeune Beotien* playing the pipes, a figure of perfect grace, and the study of a Greek maiden in delicate blue, white and silver, would arouse the admiration of a Hellenist. *St. Sebastien* and *Pisanella* weave a mediaeval spell. The intensely virile *Negres Argents*, the weird malachite-skinned *Dieu Bleu*, interpreted by Nijinsky, the dancing shepherds and the shameless *Sultana Jaune* who calls Manet's "Olympia" to mind,—each of these strikes upon our senses exactly the note which Bakst intended.

"Papillons"

The scenic effects of Bakst are even more startling than his designs for single figures. He leads us through the caves and mysterious grottoes of Araby, through the sacred groves of Greece. His landscapes seem to be in a constant process of change. The colors seem to melt away before the eye. His drawings reveal the stimulating reformer, and when we realize that "Boris Godounoff," an opera not artistically perfect, but with a gripping elemental appeal, was received in New York with wild outbursts of enthusiasm, what triumph must await the art of Bakst, at once technically perfect and vital!

EVEN if the less critical and analytical fail to see the artistic unity of *mise en scène*, music and pantomime, they cannot fail to revel in these intoxicating combinations of color. If they do not inaugurate a genuine reform in stage decoration, these works will at least arouse the enthusiasm of those who sympathize with Walter Pater's comment on the Renaissance, "While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any passion, or any contribution to Knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors, and curious odors——."

# Taboo!

By BERTON BRALEY

YOU may put on a show that is full of suggestion
And subtle appeal to the sense,
And no one will murmur or mutter a question
But simply remark, "It's immense!"
You may crowd it with girls in the filmiest dresses
Or almost no garments at all,
And have them perform all the latest excesses
Of "bunnyhug," "grizzly" and "crawl."

You may hold up the truth as a subject for laughter,
Make vice look attractive and gay,
Give praise to the rounder, the crook and the grafter
And no one will whisper you nay;
But put on a play that is truthful and vital
In showing the wages of sin,
A speedy arrest is your certain requital
With plenty of newspaper din!

You may cover debauchery thinly with glamor
And no one will utter a word,
But strip off the veil, and the raucous-voiced clamor
Of "Indignant Virtue" is heard!
So put on your shows that are daintily shady,
Where vice wears her pleasantest mien,
But shun, shun the Truth—she's a very nude lady
And therefore should never be seen!

MRS. PANKHU

By O. E.

RST DEPARTS

CESARE

# The San Diego Exposition

By
CLYDE H. OSBORN

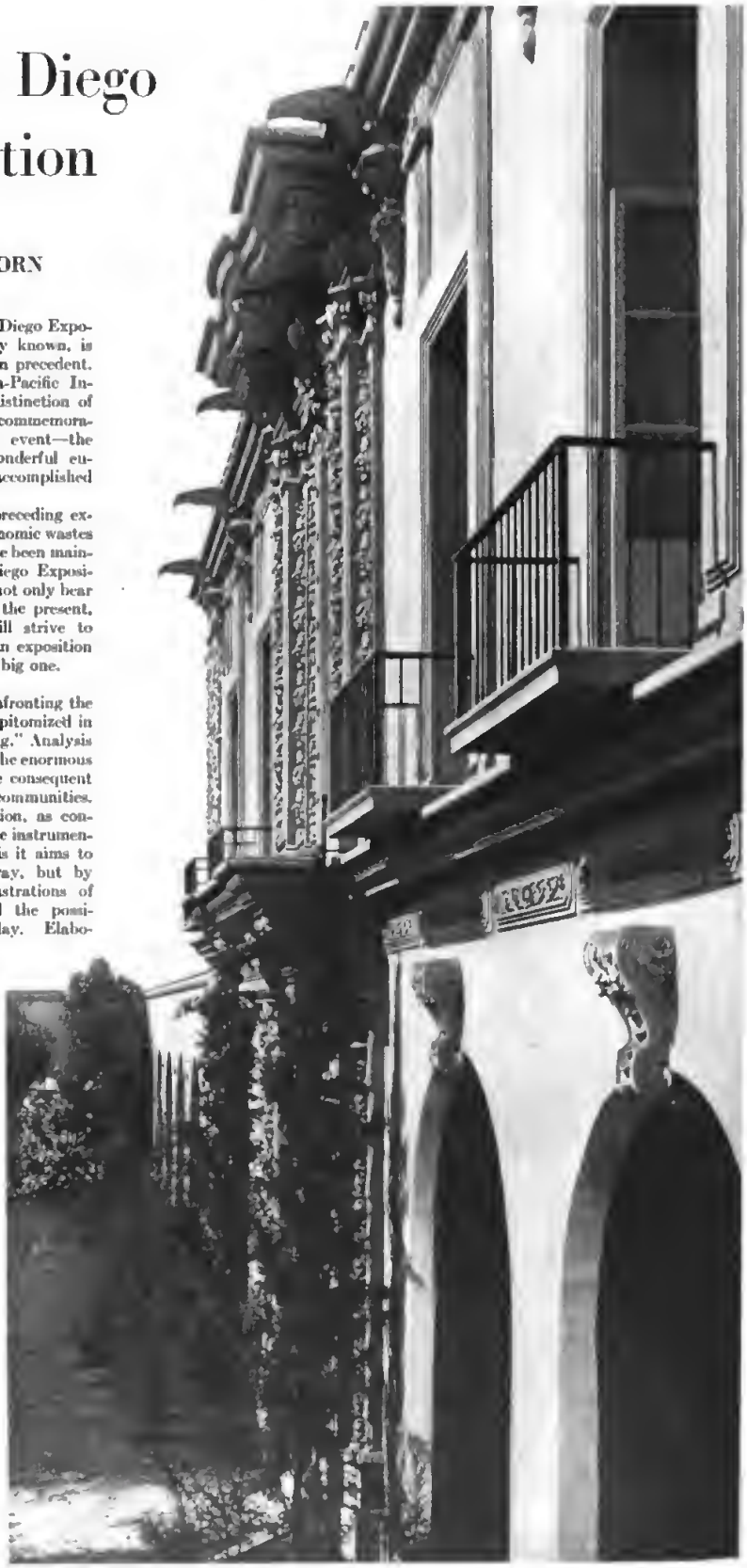
IN many respects the San Diego Exposition, as it is popularly known, is a radical departure from precedent. It shares with the Panama-Pacific International Exposition the distinction of being the first to be held in commemoration of a contemporaneous event—the completion of the most wonderful engineering feat of the ages, accomplished by men who are still alive.

It is probably true that preceding expositions have been great economic wastes in large measure, for they have been mainly reminiscent. The San Diego Exposition is unique in that it will not only bear messages from the past and the present, but in greater degree it will strive to build for the future. It is an exposition with a mission, and a really big one.

THE greatest problem confronting the United States today is epitomized in the phrase, "high cost of living." Analysis shows the main causes to be the enormous growth of our cities and the consequent depopulation of our rural communities. The mission of this exposition, as conceived by its sponsors, is to be instrumental in turning the tide. This it aims to do, not in an academic way, but by tangible, convincing demonstrations of the joys, the rewards and the possibilities of rural life today. Elaborate outdoor exhibits will comprehensively illustrate the most successful systems of reclamation and irrigation, pumping and distributing. Modern methods of tillage, farming and fruit-raising in every branch, and the marketing of products as well, will be shown in every detail.

THE wonderfully efficient farm machinery which so lightens the burden of the agriculturalist of today will be exhibited in actual use. Model farms upon the exposition grounds will go through their daily routine, raising, storing and marketing crops, for the education of visitors. The "Little Landers" will have a farm upon the grounds by which they expect to prove that a single acre properly and intensively cultivated will yield a living for the average family.

The principal industrial exhibits will be of exceptional educational value along the same lines, for



*The "Home Economy" building—main entrance, showing the Spanish-Colonial style of architecture*

the San Diego Exposition is to be one of *processes* rather than of products. For example: the International Harvester Company of America has five acres upon which are being planted alfalfa, grain and an orchard. In the last will be demonstrated their orchard tillage instruments and tractors; upon the rest of their ground their hay and grain machinery will be in actual use. On other parts of the grounds mammoth tractors will demonstrate their plows, seeders, harrows and various other tillage implements in operation. So far as possible, all exhibitors will be required to make active demonstrations, and some of these will be upon a very large scale.

THE Exposition does not stop at the effort to inspire in its visitors a desire to return to the land. It goes further. It will show comprehensively, by huge graphic maps and convincing data, the possibilities awaiting the homeseeker in every part of the United States, the character and approximate value of land in every county and township, and the product to which each is best adapted. As well as being a big undertaking this would seem to be a magnanimous one, inasmuch as San Diego has millions of fertile, untilled acres at her door; but it is typical of the spirit of the San Diego enterprise. The scope of this vast text-book of opportunity is national. The Easterner will be shown where is his own state potential, uncultivated land beckons to him. He will, incidentally only, be shown the possibilities of the great West. Here the man who is interested in producing the great staples of life, the stock-grower, the farmer, the fruit-raiser, the market-gardener, will find a complete digest of the opportunities awaiting him in this country.

*Another view of the "Home Economy" building—the arcade*

IN short, the prime aim and ultimate object of the San Diego Exposition is to foster the "back to the soil" movement; first, by actively demonstrating the rewards in health and wealth and contentment that await him who goes back to nature; second, by telling him where he can go with the capital at his command and secure the particular home or type of farm that appeals to him.

Although the San Diego Exposition will be held during the same year as the World's Fair in San Francisco it is in no sense a competitor—rather is it a complement. Greatest stress will be laid upon two exhibits which will be peculiarly its own: one depicting the history of the primitive peoples of the earth; the other, a horticultural exhibit. The directors, with the assistance of the Smithsonian Institution, expect to make the former the largest and most complete anthropological and ethnological exhibit ever assembled. That is a rather large undertaking, but one hesitates about discounting their statements very much when confronted with some things which they have already accomplished. As bearing upon the aboriginal tribes of the Great Southwest, it is interesting to note that the Santa Fé Railroad will occupy ten acres with Indian villages,—and a Fred Harvey eating house under the management of Harvey, *fils*. Every Indian tribe in the southwestern states, each in its own village, will be generously represented. It is even rumored that, for the first time away from their respective reservations, one may see various religious and ceremonial dances and rites performed by the simon-pure American.

The horticultural exhibit ranks next in importance. It purposes to embrace the plant life of the entire world, from the torrid zone to the frigid. That, too, is a fairly sizable task; but already tremendous strides have been made. Over 200,000 trees and shrubs have been planted on the grounds, and in the nurseries are said to be some 2,000,000 specimens of every known species of plant life. This count was not verified for the purposes of this article, but from a rather bewildering inspection one is impelled to believe the statement. Moreover, this is the first exposition that has been favored with climatic conditions which render such an undertaking feasible.

The architecture will be uniformly of the Spanish-Colonial type. Every building will be a duplicate of one of the famous buildings of Central or South America. Surrounded by almost tropical verdure, the result should be harmoniously beautiful. Already the principal buildings are in course of construction,—one of them finished and eight others rapidly nearing completion. Picturesque Cabrillo Cañon bisects Balboa Park and it will be spanned by an immense viaduct, the "Puente Cabrillo," whose last arch is now being built. All construction work is under the supervision of Mr. Frank P. Allen, Director of Works. Mr. Allen built the Seattle Exposition and it is claimed for him that he is the first exposition-builder who was ever ready to open his fair on time. From present indications he will live up to that record.

Balboa Park covers 1400 acres and is about ten minutes' ride from the business center of San Diego. The site of the Exposition comprises some 600 acres in the center of the Park and on the crest of a hill whence one has a wonderful view of the city, the bay, Coronado, Point Loma, the Pacific, the Coronado Islands, and can even peer into Mexico.

THE idea of an international exposition commemorating the formal opening of the Panama Canal was first evolved in San Diego. At a meeting of the local Chamber of Commerce in September, 1909, Mr. G. Aubrey Davidson made the suggestion. It met with acclaim and the exposition corporation was immediately organized. Subsequently San Francisco and New Orleans entered the field. A deadlock resulted in Congress, and San Diego threw her votes to San Francisco upon the agreement that the latter should cooperate in securing federal recognition for the San Diego Exposition, which was now under way, as an exposition exploiting primarily the Great Southwest. Men whose names are words to conjure with in Southern California are backing the project,—David C. Collier (the president), John D. Spreckels, G. Aubrey Davidson, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., Frank Belcher and a score of others.

The general management of the enterprise is in the hands of Mr. Harry O. Davis. Subscriptions have been met promptly and the bond issue voted by the city found an immediate market, consequently the management has at all times had ample funds. Congress has accorded official recognition. State legislatures and county commissioners have made generous appropriations, as have many of our sister republics on the South. The irresistible conclusion is that, instead of a local state fair, San Diego will hold a real exposition in 1915, original and of splendid economic value.

*Mendel Beilis*

# The Ritual Murder Trial

By

ROBERT SEELAV

THE Beilis case is the latest of one hundred and twenty odd cases of the sort that have been brought on since the year 1144 A.D., and it may be noted that the very first took place at Norwich, in England. But the Germanic countries have developed the largest number of these trials against Hebrews for alleged ritual murder, while at the present time this antiquated charge is the tool of government persecution in the Slavonic part of Europe.

As a result of these charges, often hatched by revengeful proselytes and still more often by princes who craved for Jewish money, hundreds of men and women mounted the gallows, or were burned at the pyre. A thrilling chapter of Jewish history is the march of the seventeen Jewesses condemned to death in one city who walked bravely on, singing "Halcou." Thousands more lost their homes and had their wealth confiscated. In the case of Tisza-Eszlar (1882), the son of the official Jewish slaughterer, bribed with trifles and coins, swore to an apparently straightforward story of how his own father cut the throat of a Christian girl, and how the assistants caught up the blood in a vessel and used the fluid in Passover celebrations, and masses of Jews suffered from blood-riots that followed, until the alleged victim was found in the river Theiss, her throat uncut and her body in good condition.

NO less than four Papal bulls were issued from Rome in efforts to convince the ignorant masses that the Jews were not guilty of the charge made, and the monarchs of Germany, Bohemia, Poland and other nations have at various times condemned the persecution. One of the most important books in defense of the Jew was written by one Frank, a priest of the Catholic Church. There is not a custom or habit, a rite or law that warrants the slightest credit to the shallow belief of the consumption of blood for religious purposes.

FROM the time of Moses, when one of the Commandments read "Thou shalt not kill," down to the last rule of the peaceful and almost dispirited Rabbis of Russia, every written word or spoken sermon has spelled "Peace, Non-resistance, Mercy, and Charity." The positive laws are particularly vigorous in the prohibition of the use of blood for any purpose whatsoever.

> Ye shall eat no manner of blood, whether it be of fowl or of beast, in any of your dwellings. Whatsoever soul it be, that eateth any manner of blood, even that soul shall be cut off from his people.
>
> —*Leviticus*, Chapter VII, *26*.

Not alone in this general law is there strict prohibition, but there are numerous regulations which forbid even a possible taste of blood. In the Talmud it is laid down that if a person shall find that the bread he eats has been stained by blood from his mouth, he must stop and remove the part of the bread so tainted, although he may eat the rest of it, and he must as well rinse his mouth of any of the blood that may remain upon his teeth or tongue, for no blood must be swallowed. The rule is also laid down that when a person eats an egg, and finds a drop of blood or a nucleus in it, that egg must be discarded and cannot be eaten. Rule 29 of the "Yoreh De Ah" (a compilation of Jewish laws) provides that before meat of an animal may be eaten, it must be soaked in clean water for no less than one-half hour and after that must be thoroughly covered with salt and allowed to stay under its effect for at least one hour, so that any possible blood that may remain in the meat shall be thoroughly dried and washed out, and it was further directed that whereas no way is known to draw the blood out of the liver of the animal, the additional provision is made that that meat be first raked over the fire thoroughly before it may be eaten. Rabbi Teomim adds that the official slaughterer was forbidden to use for killing of animals a knife which, it was found, had been used by the executioner, so that even the remotest effect of human blood may be eliminated completely.

A method for the slaughter of animals is universally employed by the Jews designed to have the animal lose the largest portion of its blood, while water and salt draw out the rest; and a careful law prescribes further that one may not eat of the flesh of an animal that has been strangled or struck down, since in one case the blood remains in the carcass, while in the other the blood clogs and cannot be drawn out. There are laws, regulations and Rabbinical commentaries by the scores of pages in which the prohibition against the use or taste of blood is absolute and unqualified, and punishment is accorded to those who may transgress the law.

We are often confronted with the question as to the origin and source of these fatal charges. The Christians were the first to be accused of this exact charge of killing human beings for the use of blood. The first of such charges were made by the heathens in the second and third century after Christ, when the adherents of Jesus met in the catacombs of Rome and were accused of meeting in such hidden recesses to offer human sacrifices. The Church Fathers often appealed for clemency on behalf of these early Christians in the same manner that Jewish Rabbis plead, and have so often pleaded, in vain. The charge against the Christians continued almost to the Middle Ages, and only recently was repeated in China during the anti-Christian rebellion.

Jewish historians narrate the occurrence of a wholesale slaughter of Christians at the hands of Mussulmans, whereby no less than 200,000 perished, after accusing the unfortunate Nazarenes of ritual murder, the exact charge afterward employed by the Christians is the persecution of the Jews.

# The Converted Senate

By McGREGOR

HOW changed the Senate is, comes to one with something of a shock with the statement that of the ninety Senators who met at the beginning of Roosevelt's second term, only eight years ago, only nineteen remain. Hawley and Hoar and Hanna and Quay and Quarles, who were members of the Senate preceding that, seem to belong to a forgotten era. It is a grim story, this of senatorial mortality. Many of these elder statesmen have gone the way of all the earth. But many more have been the victims of an aroused public opinion which demanded that the Senate which opposed or emasculated the measures for which Roosevelt stood should conform to the popular will. The magazines, weekly and monthly, "them there magazine fellers," as Senator Scott called them, turned their cruel searchlights upon senatorial reputations, disclosing devious connections with "the Interests," and the people did the rest.

The Republican majority of 1905 contained a notable group of men, such as Platt of Connecticut, Hale and Frye of Maine, Proctor of Vermont, Aldrich of Rhode Island, Crane and Lodge of Massachusetts, Elkins and Scott of West Virginia, Dryden of New Jersey, Platt and Depew of New York, Foraker of Ohio, Fulton of Oregon, Heyburn of Idaho, Cullom of Illinois, Beveridge of Indiana, Allison and Dolliver of Iowa, Spooner and La Follette of Wisconsin. Of these, only Lodge and La Follette remain, and "Cabot" was then the chosen defender of "Theodore" on the floor of the Senate.

"Many of these vacant seats will be vacated permaneutly," said the grim Senator from Wisconsiu, when the Senators left their seats in a body while La Follette was speaking.

GALLINGER was a member of that Senate, but could hardly be classed with the first group, while Perkins, Dillingham, du Pont, Nelson, Clark and Warren of Wyoming, and Penrose, who was considered merely the "Me Too" of Quay, reached their later prominence hy regularity, experience, and the operatiou of the old priority rule. Yet these, with Lodge, Root, and Burton of Ohio, form the Regular Republican leadership of the Senate today.

Clapp was also a member of the Senate of 1905, though not having earned his reputation then hy insurging against the Aldrich régime. Unloubtedly, the aggressive leadership of the Republican side of the Chamber has passed to the Progressive group, consisting of La Follette and Clapp and their later allies, Borah, Bristow, Cummins, Crawford, Kenyon, Gronna, Norris, Sterling, Works, with Poindexter, Natioual Progressive, and Sherman of Illinois, a near-Progressive.

On the Democratic side of the Chamber the changes through death have been many, hut there has also been a gradual evolution toward progressiveness within the party and a political revolution in the country, which, working together, have converted a Republicnn majority of two-thirds, four years ago, when Taft was inaugurated, into a Democratic majority of six, the Democrats numbering fifty-one, and the Opposition, forty-five, inelnding Republicans, Progressive Republicans and one National Progressive. The Democratic minority of eight years ago was largely composed of old-fashioned Southern statesmen, many of them Confederate veterans. Again omitting unimportant men who have passed out, there were Morgan and Pettus of Alabama, Berry of Arkansas, Teller of Colorado, Mallory of Florida, Clay of Georgia, Blackburn and McCreary of Kentucky, McEnery and Foster of Louisiana, Gorman and Rayner of Maryland, McLaurin and Money of Mississippi, Bate and Carmack of Tennessee, Bailey of Texas, Daniel of Virginia, while Bacon, Martin, Clarke, Culbersou, Stone, Tillman, Newlands, Simmons and Overman remnin. Of these, only Clarke, Culberson and Newlands could be called Progressives. But they were presently reinforced hy the arrival of Owen and Gore from Oklahoma. Then Bankhead and Johnston, Reactionaries both, succeeded Morgan and Pettus. Next came Chamberlain of Oregon and Fletcher of Florida, progressive except in their votes on the Aldrich bill. Shively of Indiana, Smith of South Carolina, and Swanson of Virginia, came with Progressive leanings. Thornton of Louisiana and Chilton of West Virginia, Reactionaries.

IN the Senate of 1911, the Progressive Democrats received such notahle allies as Bryan of Florida, Lea of Tennessee, Hitchcock of Nebraska, Johnson of Maine, Kern of Indiana, Martine of New Jersey, at least an acceptable alternative to James Smith, Myers of Montana, O'Gorman of New York, Pomerene of Ohio, Reed of Missouri and John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, former minority leader of the House, and as such the supporter of all the Roosevelt policies that received legislative enactment, the Democratic scholar in politics, with a good deal of politics in the scholar. But when the lines were drawn, Bailey succeeded in getting Martin elected minority leader instead of Shively. Later in the year came Hoke Smith of Georgia, who had smashed the railroad machine into little bits in his campaigns for Governor before his election to the Senate. In 1912 Ashurst and Smith entered the Senate from the Progressive new state of Arizona. With Republican division, the Taft Administration being comparable only to the plan of the city of New York, "no mistake having been left unmade," and with Woodrow Wilson nominated at Baltimore, the problems arose, first, of electing a Democratic Senate, and then of re-organizing it on Progressive lines.

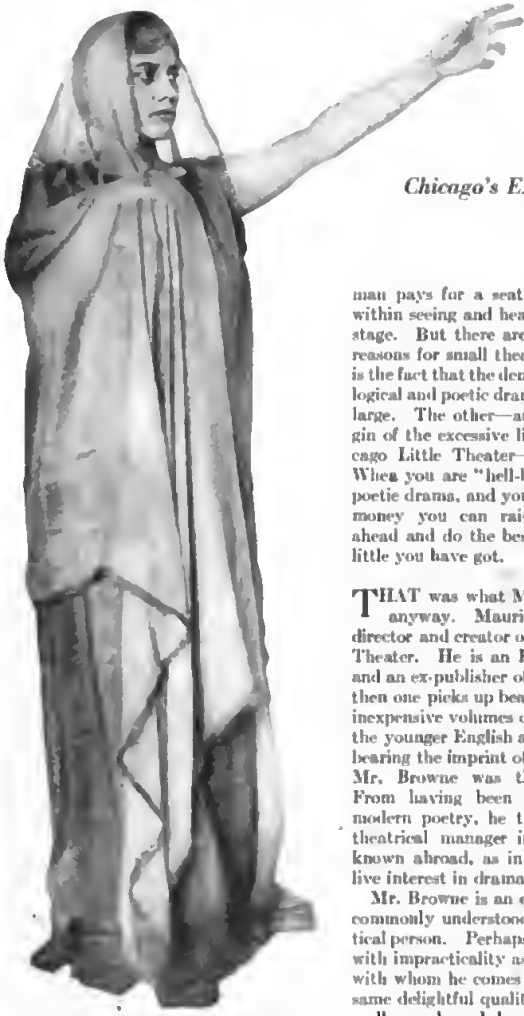
HOKE SMITH, during the Presidential contest, was mainly concerned with the election of Democratic Legislatures which would elect Democratic Senators. Naturally, he kept in close touch with the candidates for the Senate, and practically all who were elected were Progressives, Hollis of New Hampshire, Hughes of New Jersey, James of Kentucky, Lane of Oregon, Lewis of Illinois, Pitman of Nevada, Robinson of Arkansas, Saulshury of Delaware, Shafroth and Thomas of Colorado, Shields of Tennessee, Thompson of Kansas, Sheppard of Texas, succeeding Bailey, Vardaman of Mississippi, and Ransdell of Louisiana. Only this month the Progressive Democrat, Blair Lee was chosen in the first direct senatorial election ever held in Maryland.

The Tariff was uppermost in view. It was known that Thornton and Ransdell had pledged their constituents that they would vote against a tariff bill reducing the duties on sugar. That left the narrow majority of two on the Democratic side. Yet the Progressives declared that they would not "make generals out of traitors." For some of those who ranked first according to the priority rule, had been known as "Aldrich Democrats," on account of their numerous votes with him on the Payne-Aldrich bill, many had voted against free lumber, in defiance of the Democratic Platforu, and of these several had betrayed the connection between Lorimer and Lumber hy voting for Lorimer's acquittal. Yet to have driven these men to revolt hy deposing them from the Committee Chairmanships which they could claim as the ranking members, would have been to endanger if not defeat all tariff legislation.

SO the reorganization proceeded on this wise: The Caucus made Hoke Smith Chairman of a nominating committee, making report to the Caucus. Clarke was elected President pro tem. instead of Bacon, but Bacon was given his Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Martin was deposed from his position as Chairman of the Caucus, carrying with it the responsihility of Majority Leader, and Kern was given that position, which he is admirably qualified to fill. Simmons was ranking member on the important Committee on Finance, dealing with Tariff and Currency problems. So this committee was divided, Owen being made Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency and Simmons of the Finance Committee, thus confined to tariff matters. Martin was made Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Tillman, of Nnval Affairs, Smith of Maryland, of the Committee on the District of Columhia. Culberson was entitled to the Chairmanship of the Judiciary; Newlands, of Interstate Commerce; Bankhead, of Postoffices and Post Roads; Overman, of Rules; Stone, of Indian Affairs, and those were given them. But the important committees were literally packed with Progressive members. The Chairmen were further controlled by the rule that a meeting shall be called to consider any bill at the request of a majority of the Democratic membership of that committee. This prevents smothering good measures in pigeon-holes. Finally, the Chairmen were put on their good behavior by the notice that, in the next Senate, the committees appointed hy the caucus will elect their own Chairmen. Thus the rule of ahility and character will prevail over the rule of priority through length of service.

And a Steering Committee, with Kern as Chairman, and Progressive Democrats in control, are given the duty of watching and furthering legislation in the public interest.

So the Senate of the United States has become Progressive. Progressives control the Democratic majority, and with the Republican Progressives they are a majority of all. It is a converted Senate.



*Ellen Van Volkenburg as Hecuba in "The Trojan Women"*

# The Littlest Theater

## *Chicago's Experiment in the Production of Poetic Drama*

By FLOYD DELL

ITS size is the least significant thing about it—but an interesting thing, nevertheless. Tucked away around a corridor on the fourth floor of the Fine Arts building, in a space no larger than a good-sized studio, it eludes the observation of the casual Chicago theater-goer, though its reputation has traveled abroad. The stage measures 15x20 feet, and there are seats for ninety-three people.

This apparently undemocratic restriction of the size of the audience, and the circumstance that in an adjoining room tea is served in the intermission, caused the suspicion, when the theater opened last year, that the Chicago Little Theater was a "society" affair, an amusement for a few well-to-do people of exotic cultural pretensions. This suspicion was natural enough, so inevitable, indeed, that it is rather worth while to explain just why it was—as it has proved—unjust.

In the first place, the precise size of the theater is an accident. It was intended to be small. And the idea of the little theater, the *théâtre intime*, hardly needs, in this year of grace, any defense. It is a natural result of the demand for the production of a more psychological, less objectively excitiug sort of play than America has been accustomed to, and the demand, moreover, for a more immediate relation between the players and their audience. There is also the purely commercial idealism which insists that when a man pays for a seat he should get one within seeing and hearing distance of the stage. But there are at least two other reasons for small theaters. One of them is the fact that the demand for the psychological and poetic drama is not as yet very large. The other—and this was the origin of the excessive littleness of the Chicago Little Theater—is lack of money. When you are "hell-bent" for producing poetic drama, and you have raised all the money you can raise, you simply go ahead and do the best you can with the little you have got.

THAT was what Maurice Browne did, anyway. Maurice Browne is the director and creator of the Chicago Little Theater. He is an Englishman, a poet, and an ex-publisher of poetry. Now and then one picks up beautifully printed and inexpensive volumes of poems by some of the younger English and American poets, bearing the imprint of the Samurai Press. Mr. Browne was the Samurai Press. From having been an *entrepreneur* of modern poetry, he turned to become a theatrical manager in Chicago—a place known abroad, as in New York, for its live interest in drama.

Mr. Browne is an enthusiast, which as commonly understood means an impractical person. Perhaps he is so overflowing with impracticality as to imbue everyone with whom he comes in contact with the same delightful quality; or perhaps he is really a shrewd business man. At all events, when it became apparent that there was no money to pay salaries, he persuaded a good-sized company of amateur actors—in this case people most of whom had training and some of whom had practical experience of the stage—to work for nothing. Among them were persons with taste in costume and stage decoration. He put them to work on Gilbert Murray's verse translation of Euripides' "Trojan Women."

NOW it has been the unhappy lot of most people who are seriously interested in the theater to witness (one "witnesses" a crime, and the word is peculiarly appropriate here) a performance in English of some Greek tragedy. The effect cannot usually be described as being that spiritual catharsis to which Aeschylus (as every schoolboy knows) referred. The soul is generally *not* shaken with sympathy and awe. If we learn anything from such productions, it is that Greek tragedy is not performance-proof. Something more than dressing up in white nightgowns and reciting the lines is required.

Mr. Browne, it seems, had ideas of his own about the production of poetic drama. He realized that the ordinary methods of the theater are inadequate to "putting over" a poetic play. The theater of today, it may be said, engages to take a citizen, slightly flushed with dinner, to coax and cajole him, tickle and fascinate him—and then, when it has him fully under its spell, to raise his soul for a moment to the height of a crisis. But for a moment only! The tension is relaxed, the dénouement arrives swiftly. The ordinary play provides the ordinary theater no harder task than this. But the poetic play, which neither amuses nor cajoles, which requires of the audience from beginning to end a sustained intensity of attention, cannot be managed so easily. The poetic play postulates a certain mood in the audience, the mood necessary to its fullest appreciation. But the poetic play does not itself suffice to create that mood: the mood must be created for it by—the theater. What Wagner's music is to the presentation of the love of Tristan and Isolde, what the deeply religious significance of the Dionysian myth was to the Athenian playgoers who looked on the madness of Agave—a force tearing aside the protective epidermis of the soul and leaving its nerves bare to the intimate contacts of emotion—this the art of the theater must be to the poetic drama.

THE art of the theater, as this producer saw it, then, was the creation of what is called atmosphere. And Mr. Browne was perfectly sure he could create atmosphere as well as any man. What was necessary was a use of the elements of theatrical art—action, scene and voice—to effect a miracle. So he set to work with a score of red, amber and blue electric lights, a few yards of colored cloth, a post-impressionistic canvas wall and a dozen amateurs, to create in the mind of his audience that emotional state which should predispose them to appreciate most keenly and fully the tragedy of the women of captured Troy.

It was, perhaps, absurd that he should succeed. But if anyone thinks that there has ever been given in this generation a better rendering of a Greek play, then he will have to quarrel with persons more acquainted with the subject than I. There is Richard G. Moulton of the University of Chicago, for instance. Professor Moulton wrote: "It seems to me the most successful attempt I have seen, either in England or in this country, to preserve the real spirit of the ancient classical drama in reproduction on a modern stage. Instead of attempting the minute archeological niceties of the ancient Greek theater, a thing which is possible only with an open-air stage, the performance used all the modern effects of artifice, light and shade, with singularly beautiful effect. Yet the performance retained the essential spirit of Greek drama, which is the harmony of all the arts, beauty of color, flowing draperies, statuesque figures, and gliding movements, rhythmic intonations—all were united in lyric harmony. . . . The effect on my mind—and I find the same impression in all with whom I have conversed—was a continuous spell of pathetic charm from first to last. It was a performance worthy of Euripides as the world's greatest master of pathos."

The production, to speak with due restraint, was not without faults; but its

"THE TROJAN WOMEN"

ELAINE HYMAN AS ANDROMACHE

*Elaine Hyman in "On Baile's Strand"*

whole effect was to pierce the minds of the audience with a tragic beauty. It was a successful production of a poetic play.

Perhaps even more successful was the production of W. B. Yeats' "On Baile's Strand," which occupied half of the bill for the first month, along with "Womenkind," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. The task here was easier. But another Yeats play, "The Shadowy Waters," furnished the most difficult task of all, and one to which the ardor of Mr. Browne hardly proved adequate. The attempt to rescue this play, which was never written for the stage, from the category of "closet drama" cannot be considered a success. It was a forlorn hope, anyhow.

Strindberg, whether one is particularly interested in him or not, is a good test for such a producer. Though written in prose, his plays belong, as do many prose plays by virtue of the methods necessary to their successful production, in the class of poetic drama. They demand a heightening of the spell by subtle management of voice and costume and scene. Two Strindberg plays were produced at the Chicago Little Theater in its first season—"Creditors" and "The Stronger." The latter, at least, was an unquestionable artistic success. It may be added that Strindberg in some of his prefaces has indicated the proper methods for the production of his plays, along exactly the lines of the Chicago Little Theater attempt—a simplicity which permits of an emotional and suggestive use of the elements of stagecraft.

THE other plays given last year were less certain tests of these methods. They included "Anatol" (in an unexpurgated and unvulgarized version), and several light comedies. This year the "Medea" of Euripides, in Gilbert Murray's wonderful verse translation, will be given, and "The Trojan Women" repeated. Lascelles Abercrombie's blank verse tragedy, "Deborah," is otherwise the most ambitious project on the season's program, unless one gives that place to a pageant out of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

Mr. Browne also threatens to produce "Mr. Faust," by a young American poet, Arthur Davison Ficke: a play most interesting to read, but utterly impossible to imagine on the stage. But it is Mr. Browne's habit to perform the impossible, and he may yet startle his friends by finding some inconceivable combination of sound and form and color which shall drive the magnificent philosophy of that most undramatic drama into the hearts of an audience.

The accomplishment of the Chicago Little Theater so far is summed up thus by Mr. Browne: "We have tried to prove that those people are wrong who say that the time for poetic drama is past. We think it is beginning. And we believe that this country, so far from being a place where poetic drama cannot find an audience, is the real cradle of its renaissance. We have found that by using the right methods, poetic drama can be made as *interesting* as any other kind of drama. That is our accomplishment. Moreover, we have brought before our audiences some of the best work of the men who are re-creating the drama of the modern world. Best of all, we are making Euripides a contemporary."

Poetic drama, it seems, has a future in America.

# Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet"

By A. H. GLEASON

HE comes with manners of fair courtesy, a poise of bearing, a demeanor, eager and gentle. And over it all in calm, level flight the intelligence which outsoars matter and plays upon it from an inaccessible height.

The speaking voice is the loveliest of instruments for carrying sound to the heart of man. And when again shall we hear a voice like his, all compact of music, flexible in cadence,—and that natural organ freighted with the thought of silent years. His voice lifted the verse, bearing it with throbbing wings from troubled regions to the final silence. The greatest work of the greatest man in the span of human consciousness was here rendered so that never the gentle accents, laden with pain, stoop under their precious burden.

To enter his theater is to rediscover that great gentleman, Hamlet, gracious, eager to be loved, hemmed in by baser natures, desiring to flourish, and nipped by a tainted air. Where for him was there escape in this world? So he is swiftly drawn to his ending, and in that brief earthly interlude before his spirit regained its felicity, he breathed out the sweetest words of human tongue.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

XIX

I ONCE drew Ibsen, looking bored
Across a deep Norwegian Fjord,
And very nearly every one
Mistook him for the midnight sun.

XX

COLUMBUS is an easy one
To draw, for when the picture's done,
Where is the captious critic who
Can say the likeness is not true?

XXI

A SKETCH of Hammerstein without
The hat would make the public doubt
Its truth, so I have shown in mine
The hat without the Hammerstein.

### When Playwrights Playwrong

Said Georgie B., "I should have taken
A leaf from out the book of Bacon.
And in your play a cipher hid."
Said Bayard V., "That's all you did."

## The Boss of the Drama

*Etherealized Golf as played at the Hippodrome*

JUST because after much noise we have rid ourselves of a municipal Boss, let us not be weary of well-doing. There is a worse Boss than Chief Murphy—the Boss of American Drama—the Tired Business Man.

With the fear of the T. B. M. on his soul the playwright pays tribute with a wretched play, the manager with a magnificent production and the critic with a glowing advance notice.

If the play is very awful indeed, too awful even for the Tired Business Man, then is heard a huge noise of UPLIFT as the Newspaper Moralist prates yellowly of its MESSAGE in a sermon bristling with capitalized words, each a verbal dig in the T. B. M.'s stomach, to stimulate his waning attention. And of all the tribute-payers The Newspaper Moralist is the wisest, for he moralizes at special advertising rates, payable in advance.

Nevertheless, there is hope. The Tired Business Men are deserting the sinking Drama and flocking by thousands to the Movies. Here as in a dim, wordless Purgatory, he may become purified and from hearing no speech at all, his taste for decayed dialogue be starved out of him.

PERADVENTURE, for the sheer joy of hearing the human voice again, the Tired Business Man may be led to laugh at the genuine humor of such a speech as that in "Prunella," where Scaramel, hearing Pierrot bewail the lack of a ladder to mount to Prunella's window, says to him, "How careless of you to go out at night without a ladder."

It will be hard at first but the Tired Business Man may in time learn to assimilate even more subtle conceits than this. For the present, his obese mirth can only be aro[used] by such stuff as the comic grief of the widow in the "Temperamental Jour[ney]," who exposes her side-splitting sorrow in a wreath inscribed with that ancient motto, "Rest in peace—till I come." This is greeted every night by a roof-rending roar from Tired Business Men, and the Tired Thinking Man groaning, "Oh, what's the use!" steals out into the comparative quiet of Broadway.

*Golf as played by the T. B. M.*

CARTER SCORES FOR PENNSYLVANIA

*The Quakers' big blond tackle making his run for a touchdown against the strong Dartmouth eleven that outfought the Red and Blue in a spectacular and high-scoring contest on Franklin Field*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

ARMY and Navy meet this week in the culminating battle of the football season, and it will be interesting to see how the game will work on the basis of a season's experience. When the two service schools meet in New York they will have had the best of coaching by college men who are familiar with all the coaching systems East and West. In the early days of service football the Army had something of a walkover, for the simple reason that at that institution there was an early grip on the best of college coaching. The Navy first took up with Princeton coaching, and afterward drifted toward the Yale method and it may be fairly said that nowadays there is no fundamental difference between the two methods of coaching.

FOR some years the material at West Point was superior to that at Annapolis, but in recent years the midshipmen have not had to worry greatly about material. The styles of game played at the two institutions have drawn nearer and nearer together, for both coaching systems have drawn heavily upon Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. There have been times when the two service schools have played a brand of football that bore all the earmarks of a consensus of the best collegiate opinion. This year, for instance, the soldiers are handled by Charlie Daly, who is a Harvard football man if ever anyone was, and his assistants are well versed in the Harvard system. The Navy, "fed" with the best of material, has been accustomed for years to Princeton coaching, only in the last few years to take up with the Yale idea, at least in line play.

IT has been said, and unjustly, I think, that the Army and Navy play poor football when they get together—due to overeagerness. As a matter of cold fact they have played some of the best football seen in the East. No doubt the members of the team are crazy to get at each other. So much is admitted. But that they do not play high-class football is a statement that cannot be supported.

The Navy was among the first to show the back shift, and the Army has always had better than an average system of attack, especially in the early games against Yale, Harvard or Princeton, as the case might be, and this year against such strong visitors as Colgate, Notre Dame, and others.

Harvard's defeat of Princeton was accomplished by a better knowledge of football—better theory and better execution. The Crimson has worked steadily for some time upon what I consider the standard form of generalship, and has built up individual efficiency upon that basis. The Dartmouth triumph over Pennsylvania was to have been expected, for the Green has developed a style of play that makes the most of the present rules. Fortunately it is built on the sound principles of line play that have marked most of the Eastern and a few of the Western elevens.

PROBABLY one of the best things that could have happened to football was the recent dinner given by "Pa" Corbin to his Yale eleven of 1888. Next to the Yale '91 dinner this gathering was one of the most notable in football.

There are many incidents connected with the experience and workings of the Yale football team of 1888 which may be interesting after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The head coaches of the Yale team were really Mr. and Mrs. Walter Camp. They had been married in the summer of 1888 and were boarding with relatives in New Haven. Mr. Camp had just begun his connection with a New Haven corporation. It was necessary, therefore, for him to attend strictly to his duties at the factory. Mrs. Camp was at Yale Field every day at the football practice and made careful note of the plays, the players and anything that should be observed in connection with the style of play and the individual weakness or strength. She gave her observations in detail to her husband at supper every night and when Capt. Corbin arrived at the house Mr. Camp was familiar with that day's practice and was ready for suggestions as to plays and players. This method was pursued during the entire season and was practically the only systematic coaching the team received. Of course there were several old players like Tompkins '84, Terry '85 and Knapp '82 who came to the field frequently.

AT this time it was customary for the center to snap the ball back to the quarter with his foot. "By standing the ball on end and exercising a certain pressure

CAPT. HOGE, OF THE ARMY

*The veteran soldier end will lead his team against the sailors in the big game on the Polo Grounds. He has been one of the best wing men of the season in downfield work*

CAPT. GILCHRIST, OF THE NAVY

*Chosen by many experts as one of the foremost ends of last season, the Navy leader is expected to crown a conspicuous gridiron career with a fine exhibition of wing play at the Polo Grounds*

on the same," says Corbin, "it was possible to have it bound into the quarterback's hands." It was necessary, therefore, for the center to attend to this detail as well as to block his opponent and make holes through the line for the backs. While the rules of the game at that time provided an umpire as well as a referee, the fact that there was no neutral zone and players were in close contact with each other on the line of scrimmage gave opportunity for more roughness than is customary at the present time. Nor were the officials so strict about their rulings. It was often a case of give and take. In the first Pennsylvania game played by the Yale team in the fall of 1888, there had been considerable rough work and the umpire's attention had been called to it with the request that there be disqualifications of certain players. This was without avail, however. Finally Gill, the left tackle on the Yale team, was struck a blow which knocked out two of his front teeth. "These teeth were put back into their previous places by a dentist that night," and while Gill was unable to play for several weeks, he played in the final Princeton game with the teeth restored to their original positions.

IT had been customary to give word signals for the different plays, the same being certain words which were used in various sentences relating to football and the progress of the game. Capt. Corbin, as center, was so tall that a system of sign signals was devised which he used in the Princeton game. The pulling of the visor of his cap was a kick signal. Everything that he did with his left hand in touching different parts of his uniform on the left side from collar to shoe-lace meant a signal for a play at different points on the left side of the line. Similar signals with his right hand meant similar plays on the right side of the line. The system worked perfectly and there was no case of missed signals.

THE next year the use of numbers for signals began. The work of the Yale team during the season was retarded by injuries. The papers were so filled with these accounts that the general opinion was that the team would be in poor physical condition to meet Princeton. As luck would have it, however, the invalids reached a convalescing stage in time to enter the Wesleyan game on the Saturday before the one to be played with Princeton in fairly good condition.

PRINCETON'S LAST RALLY

*Tigers cut loose their running game in the last quarter against the Crimson, only to have it diagnosed and stopped within what seemed to be striking distance of the goal*

CAPT. CORBIN and Head Coach Camp attended the Princeton-Harvard game at Princeton on that day. Upon their return to New York they received a telegram from Mrs. Camp to the effect that the score made by Yale against Wesleyan was 105 to 0. One of the graduate coaches was much impressed with the opportunity to turn a few pennies, and he requested that the information be kept quiet until he could see a few Princeton men. The result was that he negotiated the small end of several stakes at long odds against Yale. When the news of the Wesleyan score was made public the next morning, the opinion of the public had changed somewhat as to the merit of the team. It nevertheless went into the Princeton game as not being the favorite, and in the opinion of disinterested persons it was expected that Princeton would win handsomely.

GEORGE WOODRUFF of the '88 team later coached the University of Pennsylvania football team. Judge Woodruff was later appointed Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and had entire charge of the legal work of the Interior Department when Garfield was Secretary of the Interior. He was later appointed by President Taft as Judge of the Federal Court in Hawaii. He was compelled to resign and leave that country because of the illness of his wife. He is now treasurer and general counsel of a large coal producing company.

It is probably true that no football eleven out of college twenty-five years has as many men who are actually interested in the game as the '88 team. Prof. Stagg of Chicago University is the active coach of their football team, and has developed many teams which have won the Western championship. Dr. Bull is at present one of the best coaches for punting and drop-kicking in the country, and has been with the Yale team practically all season.

HEFFELFINGER continues his active interest in the game and can any time give a very impressive object lesson in the line. Last Thanksgiving in Minneapolis he played one half of the game. Corbin has followed the game at New Haven closely each year, and is at present a member of the Yale Football Advisory Committee.

It is rather remarkable that the '88 score of 698 to 0 does not seem to have been duplicated by any bona-fide college playing strictly college teams, and it also is a coincidence that while this record stands today, the rowing record of New London made by the Yale crew in 1888, also stands, both records, made in the same calendar year, having weathered a period of a quarter of a century.

BRICKLEY MAKES HARVARD'S ONLY SCORE

*Crimson's drop-kick artist sending the ball over the cross bar for the three points that brought defeat to Old Nassau. The opening was well earned through the blocking of Law's kick after the Tiger punter had received a poor pass from E. Trenkman*

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## VI.

### The Auto Scooteth, but the Taxi Getteth Around

"IT looks like a taxi!" they all of them cried,
And surer than shootin',
Careenin' and scootin',
Rattled a little, red, Chorus Girls' Pride,
Bumping the ruts just as merry and gay,
As once it had rounded the curves of Broadway;
And with every shock
Round flew its clock
Mountiag up dollars—with no one to pay!

DISGUISED as a driver—though badly concealed,—
Marmaduke Priggles was plainly revealed;
His large false moustache twisted somewhat awry,
Hatred and fear in his villainous eye.
First he saw nought of the party who lurked;
Then quick, catching sight
Of his perilous plight,
The gear of his car to reverse speed he jerked,
And, ere Mr. Hill
Or Percival Brown
Could muster the will
To pursue the man down,
The crazy machine, with an air of disdain,
He turned down a twisted and kill-devil lane.

"CATCH him!" raved Hill; and with virtuous oath,
Seizing their motors and cranking them both,
The men bade their lady-loves sit down beside 'em,
And were off like the winds and the demons who ride 'em.
Airships and bullets, they tell us, can fly,
Whitehead torpedoes are geared rather high;
But if anything solid was ever propelled
By gas, air or dynamite quicker than now,
I lay down my cards and my bet is withheld
And Speed is a hollow delusion, I'll vow.

HILL in his blue-bodied car led the race,
But Percival's projectile crowded for place.
Forgetting their nerves,
They skidded round curves,
Hurdling deep chuck-holes. With horrible swerves,
Through valleys,
Up alleys,
Down tow-paths
And cow-paths
That demonized taxicab bobbed like a cork
In the man-killing manner they learn in New York;
And following closer than sleuth-hounds on wheels,
Thundered and rumbled those automobiles,
Dogging the wriggles
Of villainous Priggles,
Crowding so closely they almost could snatch him,
Four minds attuned to the battle-cry, "Catch him!"

NOW the merit of taxis, if merit it be,
Is to scuttle through holes
That would trouble men's souls
And loop sudden loops that would puzzle a flea.
And so, in the race in which we are concerned,
The cars which pursued
Were for speeding well-thewed,
But they always lost time on the curves when they turned:
And we'll give sinful Priggles the praise he deserves—
He picked out a road that was nearly all curves.

AT last, on a hyway near Buck's Township Pike,
Priggles cut straight through a hen-yard and passed
Twixt a barn and a house
And, as slick as a mouse,
Doubled the well-sweep and managed to strike
The high-road beyond. He'd escaped 'em at last!

"BACK!" shouted Percy and "Back!" shouted Hill,
"Sure a needle can pass through a camel, but will
A full-bodied racing-car enter that hole
And ever get through?"
"Yes, a march he has stole,"
Said Percy, "But quick! Down yon lane let us strike
And cut off the villain at Buck's Township Pike."
Dead ahead
Off they sped,
But they'd scarce got away
Than a voice shouted, "Hey!"
They halted. Approaching them, coming 'crosslots,
Deputy-Constable Pilkington Botts,
The local Speedkiller, upheld his right hand
And spoke in the thunder of fearful command,
"Stir not an inch—ye
Ain't goin' free.
I legally pinch ye.
Come, foller me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *Why Pennsylvania Stock Has Fallen*

IN course of time it becomes discouraging to write solely about stocks and bonds which go down. Surely it must be still more discouraging to own them. By way of variety a forthcoming article will deal with the Standard Oil stocks, about the only group which has shown a consistent tendency to seek higher levels. But for the present we will confine ourselves to things that are low and depressed. Consider for a moment this inquiry from a woman in Wilmington, Delaware, and a possible answer:

> "Pennsylvania Railroad stock is now down almost to 54. Isn't this one of the best stocks at the present time? Do you think it will go much lower? I am a worker, and have thought it a good plan to buy a share of stock every time possible, when the prices were down. I had thought of Pennsylvania Railroad as the next purchase."

The Pennsylvania, like other railroads incorporated in the state of Pennsylvania, puts its stock out in shares of $50 each instead of $100, the common practice. That is, a one-share certificate of Pennsylvania stock has a par, or face, value of $50, and on the Philadelphia Stock Exchange it is quoted so many dollars a share, on the day of this writing at 53 9-16. But in New York the price is expressed by percentages of 100, and, so on the same day New York sells it at 107¼. Wilmington in a geographical sense naturally follows Philadelphia nomenclature, but all the same the New York way of quoting stocks is more generally employed, and we will use it.

### *On a Panic Basis*

AT its lowest price in 1907 Pennsylvania did not fall below 103½. It is now selling at 107, that is, at panic levels. Why should this scale of prices exist, and is the stock safe? These are the two vital questions to answer. It would also be interesting to know whether a still lower quotation may be expected. But to answer that question requires a complete foreknowledge of all economic and financial tendencies and events, which only cheap fakirs pretend to have.

There are many reasons why Pennsylvania has fallen. Of course if its decline be compared with that of nearly all other stocks there is less to explain, indeed comparatively little. But like the New Haven, although for utterly different reasons, attention seems to have been riveted upon this particular investment, perhaps because there is so very much of it. Thus let us try to explain the decline in reference to this company alone, and forget temporarily that nearly all other securities have passed through the same vale of tears

WHAT has most excited criticism of Pennsylvania has been the great policy of expansion which this company entered upon in 1903 when Cassatt started


# All-Weather Treads

## The Latest Goodyear Invention In Eight Ways Excelling All Other Anti-Skids

**This tread is double-thick.**

**It is extra tough — toughened by a secret process.**

**The grips are deep and enduring. They last for thousands of miles.**

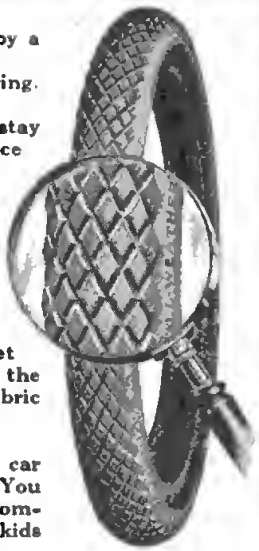
**The edges are sharp, and they stay sharp. They slant 45 degrees to face the skidding direction. On wet roads, soft or solid, they afford a bull-dog grip.**

**The blocks are broad and flat, offering plain-tread smoothness. The blocks are regular, causing no vibration as do irregular projections.**

**The blocks widen out so they meet at the base. They don't center the strains at small points in the fabric as do separate projections.**

**This means a long-lived tire.**

**In winter, every wheel of every car should have All-Weather treads. You will find no anti-skid which even compares with them. Yet eight anti-skids cost more.**



## All These Things Go With It

This All-Weather tread is our latest invention. It has taken five years to perfect it.

It is being adopted as fast as men find it out. Months ago it came to outsell our smooth tread with users. And on Goodyear tires, the largest-selling tires in the world.

It solves all the anti-skid problems. It gives the smoothness of plain treads. It gives plain tread economy. And yet, when you need it, it offers the wet road an almost irresistible grip.

And note that it comes on No-Rim-Cut tires, so all of these things go with it.

### They Save

Rim-Cutting.
Blow-Outs.
Loose Treads.

No-Rim-Cut tires make rim-cutting impossible. And we control the only feasible method ever found to do this.

With old-type tires rim-cutting ruins almost one tire in three. This is proved by actual statistics.

No-Rim-Cut tires are final-cured on air bags shaped like inner tubes. They are cured under actual road conditions, at an extra cost to us of $1,500 daily. This is done to save the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. No other maker does that, because it costs so much

No-Rim-Cut tires combat tread separation by a patent, efficient method. We paid $50,000 for it. In no other tire is anything like it used to combat this ruin.

---

So No-Rim-Cut tires meet your three greatest tire troubles in ways which we control. They are saving motor car owners millions of dollars.

They are saving so much that these tires outsell any other tire in the world.

You are bound to adopt them. Every rim-cut, every needless blow-out, every loose tread suggests them.

Go now and see them — now when winter tires are wanted, when these All-Weather treads are essential.

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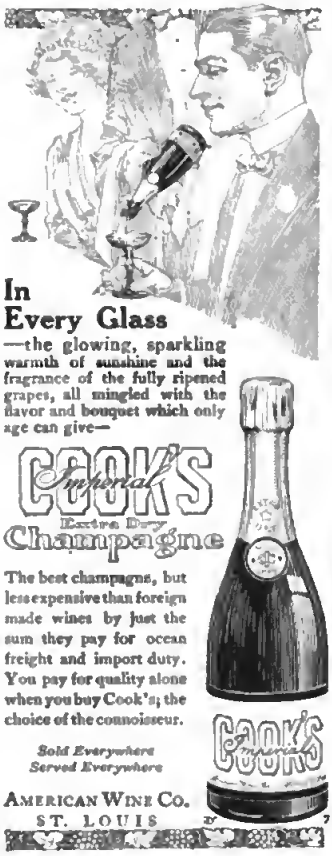


It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*

upon the realization of a vision which many before him had glimpsed, namely, to carry to something like completion the monster highroad between Pittsburgh and New York. Probably more than half a billion dollars has gone into this line in these ten years, including $100,000,000 to build the New York terminal alone.

IN 1903 the company had $251,000,000 of stock. Today it has close to $500,000,000. Such a tremendous increase in share capital has caused much wagging of heads and many doleful comments. Then too all along the line the Pennsylvania has gone to the utmost expense to afford its passengers comfortable service. The $100,000,000 station is but one item, and the expenditure for passenger service has been none too remunerative. The net profit from this branch of the business has steadily fallen. And it is said that one out of every seven passengers carried in this country rides upon a Pennsylvania train. So vast too is this enterprise that when engineers, firemen and finally trainmen insist upon higher wages, and get them, the largest burden falls on the Pennsylvania.

More immediately affecting the stock was an increase of 10 per cent. in its amount last April, and the recent announcement of the contemplated creation of a $1,000,000,000 mortgage to care for future requirements in the way of new capital. Although all of last April's new $41,000,000 stock issue was taken by old stockholders without resort to an expensive underwriting syndicate, yet in the then condition of stock markets the meal proved a hard one to digest. Also the proposed billion-dollar bond issue is to eventuate only through many, many years, but the immediate sentimental effect is to make shareholders feel less secure.

### *Unreal Over-Capitalization*

TO make a complete analysis of Pennsylvania's affairs would be unnecessary and confusing. The system is so vast that its operations are staggering to the ordinary investor. It all looks so big and so perplexing. But the essence of a large corporation is just as easy to get at, and often easier, than the vitals of a smaller one. The simple truth is that Pennsy's gross earnings, net earnings and surplus have all kept up with an increased capital. Moreover, while stock issues have increased, bonded indebtedness has fallen. It is today fifty millions less than it was five years ago, despite the costly New York terminal.

If the New York station were not considered the increase in capital would be strikingly less than the growth in traffic. But despite this vast and unremunerative monument the earnings on Pennsylvania stock have averaged from 8 to 10 or 11 per cent. for many years past, and in the last few years, including 1912 and even 1913, there has been but a slight decline in this average. In other words the 6 per cent. dividend does not seem to meet with any threat.

A FACT which is often lost sight of is that the Pennsylvania Railroad owns all or most of the stock in many other lines which are an integral part of its system, such as the Pennsylvania Company. The undistributed surpluses of these companies do not appear at all on the books of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which merely receives dividends on the stocks which it owns in them. These surpluses vary from $7,000,000 to $13,000,000 a year. Nor does the Pennsylvania Railroad carry these stocks at inflated prices. Far from it. These securities are carried at $331,000,000, and there are persons who say they are worth two hundred millions more than that. It would be unwise of course to absorb all of such surpluses and mark up the price at which stocks are held, but to investors it is comforting to know the values are there.

### *Abreast With the Times*

IT has been well said that, taking a broad view, the value of Pennsylvania stock lies in the extraordinary efficiency of the management. This efficiency is shown by an ability to keep expenses down when business falls off. Certainly no other large business enterprise in America has such a long record of successful management. And even to the novice in railroad analytics it has long been known that for every dollar in dividends there has been expended a dollar in improvements. The literalness with which this principle is applied may be modified in cases, but in general it holds good.

Another quality of Pennsylvania management fully as important, I believe, as its ability, is its farsightedness, its nose to the ground instinct. This humble but necessary equipment is what the New Haven has so sadly lacked, and from want of which a nobly rich property has fallen into a decline. The hundred-million-dollar tunnel and passenger station on Seventh Avenue may seem expensive. For all that, the Pennsylvania would be better off from the mere point of view of dollars and cents if it could stop carrying passengers on all its lines today. But from the broad point of view its unceasing efforts to handle its passengers in comfort brings in big dividends in public satisfaction, or at least, in preventing dissatisfaction.

TODAY the Pennsylvania enjoys public confidence. It seeks to tilt against no trust laws. Once its ownership of nearly every coal carrying railroad was thought essential because the company derives half its traffic from coal. But both the Chesapeake & Ohio and Baltimore & Ohio have been sold. And although half its traffic comes from coal the company has announced that it will sell such coal lands as it chances to own. It also expects to part with its holdings in the Cambria Steel Company. Public opinion no longer approves of a railroad owning all manner of miscellaneous companies, and the Pennsy does not propose to argue with public opinion. But while the railroad will part with these extraneous concerns it will not lose the traffic they originate. It does not need to own coal companies to carry coal. Its lines cover the Appalachian district like a net-work, the coal production of this district has mounted by leaps and bounds in the last generation, and the amount of unmined soft coal is estimated at five hundred billion tons.

### *How the Stock Is Held*

OF course every one knows how Pennsylvania has paid dividends without a break for half a century. Since 1856 it has paid less than 3 per cent. only once. Of course this does oot prove that profits will continue in the same way in years to come. But it does show why Pennsylvania shareholders are so loyal and why there are so many of them. Last figures show 86,212 stockholders, widely scattered throughout the world, and about half of them women. Of course in such a vast corporation the directors cannot own much of the stock, and yet Henry C. Frick, one of the richest and most powerful men in the country, is probably the largest stockholder as well as a director. Mr. Frick recently broke his usual policy of silence to deny that he had sold stock, insisting instead that he had increased his ownership. In 1906 he had 86,000 shares. The Adams Express Company, which has always been a shrewd investor, is one of the largest owners, and so is the Mutual Life Insurance Company, which has surely eojoyed good financial advice. John D. Rockefeller and the Astors rank high on the list.

PENNSYLVANIA is easily the favorite investment of all manner of insurance companies and educational institutions, the trustees of both of which usually have pretty fair ideas on investment subjects. One big fire insurance company has 15000 shares. Columbia University has 10,000 shares, or three times as much as of any other stock, and Harvard has 7,351 shares, also three times as much as of any other.

IN 1912, when many forces were at work to depress Pennsylvania, only 658,017 of its shares changed hands compared with nearly 11,000,000 of Union Pacific, which has a smaller stock issue, and 23,000,000 shares of Reading, which has only one-seventh as much stock outstanding. In the week ending November 8, 1913, although Pennsy fell to low prices, only 13,396 shares were sold on the New York Exchange as compared with 143,000 Reading. Eveo in 1893, when general conditions were far worse than they have ever been since and compared with which the present outlook is of the rosiest, Pennsylvania ody fell to 93, which on the then 5 per cent. dividend, was a basis of 5.38 as compared with 5.56 oow. That is the stock now sells cheaper than in 1893 when most railroads were in receivership.

INVESTORS own Pennsylvania and have fared well hy it. In the years 1900-1912 inclusive the owner of this stock has received more than 100 per cent. in dividends and new stock. Offerngs of cash new shares at prices below the prevailing market level to old owners have been frequent. Time and again prices have been driven dowo for one reason or another, hut time and again they have recovered.

Pennsylvania may never sell in the forties and fifties again (140 and 150) and it is not a stock with great speculative chaoces because earnings can never be fabulously large in relation to the capital employed owing to the character of traffic. But as a steady dividend payer, with earniogs always conservatively above the amount paid out, the future looks hright enough. As for the company's bonds, it may be safely asserted that none are more secure.

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# Eternal Youth

By REINA MELCHER MARQUIS

WHEN I first met him I scarce credited him with forty years, so fresh was his cheek, so clear his eye, so vigorous and alert every movement of his sturdy little figure. There was, indeed, an air of actual boyishness about him, heightened, of course, by his being rather small and slender, and at a glance one would more readily have supposed him twenty rather than forty; but a closer gaze revealed him as a man of some years and experience. Nevertheless, when he spoke of his married son, I started so perceptibly that he offered me the explanation:

"My boy ran off from college to the altar," he told me, with a shake of his head that was belied by the sympathetic twinkle in his eyes. "His mother died when he was a tiny chap, and I spoiled him afterward, trying to make up to him for his loss. He had whatever he wanted—and when he wanted a wife, he got her too! So now," he finished blithely, "I am a grandfather."

IT was at the country club that we had become acquainted and had grown thus friendly, and after a morning of tennis and a luncheon together on the pleasant club-house veranda, he further confided to me that he was in town as the guest of Felicia Allen. Bob Allen had introduced us—and then made off to the business that he could never long forget. The mention of Felicia's name did not, therefore, surprise me, though something in my companion's tone drew my eyes to his face. There I encountered the unmistakable elation of the newly-accepted lover. He was engaged to Felicia—I knew it, and he knew that I knew it, though not a word had been said.

For a moment I had recalled his confession of grandfatherhood. I had recalled it with a picture of Felicia in my mind—nineteen-year-old Felicia of the dewy, wild-rose sweetness, the wild-rose innocence of life. For a moment, then, I had thought the marriage unsuitable, for all the bridegroom's youthful aspect. But as I listened to him, I began to feel that he was nearer Felicia's nineteen than to my staid thirty. I began to see, as I have said, that he *was* eternal youth. I began to feel safe for Felicia—and for him. How he would hold his own! How he would triumph over mere years!

I DID not see him again until the night of his wedding, which occurred early in the autumn. And then he justified my confidence in him—justified it gloriously. His was the sort of golden blondness that lends itself so wonderfully to the illusion of youth, and that blondness, illumined by the unquenchable youth and joy of his spirit, was really a beautiful and vivid thing; he looked a splendid and shining little figure, set quite apart from the common frailties of our flesh. Oh, he would hold his own, I thought! He was in very truth one whom age could not wither.

Felicia, herself the type that is created for a bridal veil, lifted to him eyes that clung and adored. It was evident that for her there had never been any question of the years between them; from the first she had recognized the eternal youth within him.

His married son and the son's girlish wife were there, and I heard them address him affectionately as "Jack." He seemed, indeed, to be of their own generation, and as he and Felicia stood beside them, a laughing, rosy group, I would have declared them all of the same generation myself, had I not known of "Jack's" fatherhood—and grandfatherhood!

Straight from their merry wedding "Jack" and Felicia went to Paris, and three years passed before their return. Then, at the country club again, I found him one afternoon—the Eternal Youth.

"We're just back," he told me. "We liked Paris so much that we couldn't leave it. Felicia was enchanted with the life over there. As for me—well, I always knew that Paris was my city! It's the city of youth—the youth that *lasts!*"

IT was the first time that I had heard him refer, even indirectly, to his youthful quality, and it struck me somehow as a challenging, an almost uneasy note. Was this bright youth of his a little tarnished after all? Were its wings a little heavy that he needed thus to hearten it, to remind it of its own permanence? I stared at him with sudden scrutiny, and he struck me as—well-preserved! Well-preserved!—he who, only three years before, had seemed to defy the necessity of preservation. I lowered my eyes swiftly, ashamed that I had seen. And yet, I argued, it was not defeat—this need of his to use carefully, to expend sparingly, the flame that still burned within him. It *would* last, thus guarded.

"We've a little daughter," he told me a moment later. "You must wait for her—you must wait for Felicia. My father-in-law will bring them out this afternoon for tea."

So I lingered, and presently they came; Felicia the center of the joyous group; her father, proud and benign, wearing the silver crown of grandfatherhood; her baby, crowing gleefully upon the arm of a smart French bonne. But it was upon Felicia herself that my gaze stayed, a Felicia transformed by the matron's, the mother's, self-assurance, smooth-skinned, shining-eyed, suave, radiant.

"*Well?*" breathed her husband.

"She's amazing!" I answered. "Felicia was always lovely, but now—even for her—she's amazing!"

AND amazing she was—amazing in her sheer, unexpected magnificence. She had left us a slender nymph etched in silver. She had returned a deep-bosomed madonna, painted in splendid strokes of gold—*his* gold! For he had done it—I realized that at once. Felicia's paler personality could never have achieved such richness of itself. Was it any wonder that he himself was a bit tarnished, considering how generously he had given himself?

"Yes," he assented to my exclamation, "she's amazing." And then, as if he had heard my thought, "*She's* my miracle!"

It was as if he had said: "*She's* my miracle—*now*"—being a miracle himself no longer. And then he remarked, "It's for me to keep up with her, you know."

"You'll do it," I assured him. And now I thought, with a certain sense of relief, of how well-preserved he was! He *could* do it—after that fashion.

"Yes, I'll do it," he murmured. But the tone was not triumphant; rather had it the listlessness of a too great effort.

The child was in Mr. Allen's arms now, and she constantly addressed him, in her two-year-old language as "Daddy-gran."

"Isn't he the ideal grandfather?" demanded Felicia delightedly.

"Well, I ought to be!" declared Mr. Allen, raising his silvered head as if at the touch of an honor. "I *ought* to be. It's a great privilege—this thing of being a grandfather!"

And the Eternal Youth echoed softly: "Yes—a great privilege."

Was that a wistful note in his voice? He was a grandfather himself—I remembered that—and yet he spoke as if of a boon denied him.

PRESENTLY Felicia left her husband alone with me in our quiet veranda corner, while she trailed her rosy draperies hither and thither, her father following with the child upon his arm.

"Daddy-gran! Daddy-gran!" Every now and then the shrill, high little voice floated back to us, and when we turned our heads towards the call, we would see the baby figure nestling still against Mr. Allen's shoulder.

"He *is* the ideal grandfather!" said my companion slowly. "That's what a man ought to be—that's what a man ought to have—at fifty-seven."

"Oh, at fifty-seven—yes," I conceded safely, so sure was I that Felicia's husband was well under fifty.

"*I* am fifty-seven," he told me then.

"You?" I cried incredulously, "*you?*"

"Yes—I."

"Then," said I, "you're more amazing than Felicia. She's surpassed herself, but you—*you're* surpassed *nature!*"

"Yes," he admitted—and now I heard clearly, unmistakably, the wistful note that, muffled, had yet reached me before—"yes, I've surpassed nature. That's the trouble—that's how I lose."

"Lose? But, my dear man, haven't you gained the priceless? Haven't you gained eternal youth?"

WE gazed at each other, my question hanging in the air between us, and never had he seemed more youthful. Lithe and vigorously slender still, his figure showed like a boy's against the background of his large chair; in the late, soft light of the afternoon, his smooth, blond head looked as bright as ever, his cheek as fresh, his eyes as blue. For an instant I thought it had been only my own fancy that had seen him a little dim, a little blurred.

Then, like a belated answer to my question—an answer that needed translating, but none the less an answer for that—came the shrill childish cry, "Daddy-gran! Daddy-gran!" At sound of it, my friend leaned forward: "*My* grandchild calls me 'Jack!'" he said. And then,

"Don't you understand? Don't you realize—now—what I've lost? *I've lost the right to grow old!*"

"But does it matter?" I pleaded, trying to comfort him.

"Matter?" he asked. "*Matter?* Why, nothing *else* matters—at last—to any of us. *That's* what we spend our lives to earn!"



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ATE NORMAL SCHOOL
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Edited by NORMAL HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 6, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

# THE ENDLESS CHAIN

By

## Louis D. Brandeis

*"It is the root of many evils.*
*It offends laws human and divine."*

from

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## A DUENNA

By Ben Ali Haggin

*LITTLE opportunity is given to the general public to enjoy the work of the group of brilliont portrait pointers which has arisen in America. It is, therefore, our plon to present in* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *from time to time, reproductions of o number of the good exomples of recent American portraiture. This portroit by Ben Ali Haggin is of o descendont of one of the oldest Cuban families and is interesting for the effective simplicity and indiriduality of the workmanship.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Good Men Needed

AFFAIRS of much moment, not only to railroads but to shippers, to consumers, to everybody, are in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission. With three vacancies to be filled on that body, President Wilson confronts the need of men equipped with special ability as well as with the highest sense of public service. The loss of Mr. Marble is severe. When Franklin K. Lane, who had dominated the Commission, was made Secretary of the Interior, it was at his earnest request that Mr. Marble was chosen to fill the vacancy. A terrific load of work fell upon him, as it had fallen upon Mr. Lane, and that work may have hastened his death. Another of the vacancies arises through the expiration of the term of Commissioner Clements. Mr. Clements has done such good work that we think he ought to be reappointed. He is advanced in years, to be sure, but men grow old at different periods, and Mr. Clements is full of vigor as well as full of experience and ability. In his two terms and a part of another he has been absolutely right-minded. At all times, he has been an admirable representative of the public's interest. At sixty-seven, he has not only the energy of youth, but its enthusiasm.

## All Together

LET us not forget, in the various controversies about railroads and money trusts, or in any other controversies of the day, that rightly seen, the interests of all classes are the same. When there is a railroad wreck, the public is likely to assume that its interests are in conflict with the interests of the men who control the railroad. This can be true only in a limited and narrow sense. In the long run, the welfare of the public and the welfare of the road must be the same, and this is recognized by the wiser business men, as well as by the wiser critics of business. Indeed, the most encouraging aspect of our study of economic and business conditions today is that every month finds many more men engaged in active business who are studying the public needs and public welfare, and a larger proportion of the critical public who, instead of indulging in mere class hostilities, realize that sound business and sound government must be in harmony, and are seeking not for vague agitation but for genuine constructive solution. Business problems are the dominating problems today, and what will do most to make this a genuinely great country will be a spirit of coöperation, every class in the community studying not only its own needs, but sympathetically the needs of all the other classes.

## They Come Fast

WHILE Mr. Brandeis' series on how to break up the money trust is progressing, events move so rapidly that it is quite impossible to keep up with the object lessons. The exposure of evils caused by interlocking directorates was already on the presses when further light was shed on this condition by the investigation of the Interstate Commerce Commission into the receivership of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, commonly known as "The Frisco" road. That railroad failed, a victim to high finance. The Frisco directors and bankers had formed syndicates to buy or build connecting railroads which they sold to the Frisco Company at exorbitant prices, which they were able to do because the same men acted for the purchasers and were themselves the sellers. These transactions yielded to the syndicate profits of from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. on the investment. Just stop a minute and think of that. The banker members of the syndicate not only had their share of the syndicate profits but in addition received bankers' commissions on the sale of the Frisco securities issued to raise the money for paying the syndicates. When the road failed, bankers who had taken part in the looting controlled the legal proceedings against the road. Receivers appointed were members of the syndicates. The financiers who looted the property seem to be still in control of it. Perhaps, therefore, inadequate freight rates are not the main reason why investors hesitate to buy railroad securities. Perhaps also this complete exposure of the money trust comes none too soon.

## Honesty

THE *Times Union* of Jacksonville, Florida, is not very well known to us, but its methods are those which we find usually associated with the most reactionary papers. The following is a quotation from it:

"HARPER'S WEEKLY advises: 'Always put the date so you can add it up with the rest of the bill.' Mind you, this is in the day of a pure food commission and other progressive institutions."

Now, of course, HARPER'S WEEKLY advised nothing of the sort as the *Times Union* well knew. Instead of that, it printed a humorous cartoon, laughingly criticising the grocer who gave that advice to his assistant. While we have no knowledge of this publication, we are so accustomed to standpat methods of misrepresentation that we should be willing to wager, in the dark, a modest sum that the *Times Union* is the reactionary agent of its neighborhood.



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## Total Eclipse

OF old, the expression "a *Sun* story" used to stand among newspaper men, all over the country, for a piece of writing which crackled with electricity, and was at the same time absolutely clear—good English of the straight-from-the-shoulder sort. But now— Listen to this alleged sentenee and guess what Charles A. Dana is doing in his grave:

> All this time, skipping lightly over what once was Greeley and now is Herald Square, and Longacre, now Times Squnre, and climbing out of the suhway at what is now known as Columbus Circle, hut which undoubtedly will be changed, nfter Honorahle Hearst hnilds on his corner lot there, to American nnd Journal place, one enme upon the quietest election night crowd, alwnys excepting the bell ringers and horn blowers who ring and blnw nu matter how elections go, that the city has seen.

It is an attempt at the *Sun's* old spirit, and what an attempt! What chanec has gayety against the sort of English that "prep" school boys are asked to re-write on examination papers?

Where are the *Suns* of yesteryear?

## Wilson and the Bosses

THROUGHOUT the Presidential campaign last year it was constantly asserted that the election of Mr. Wilson meant the triumph of the bosses, those mentioned being always, Murphy, Tom Taggart and Roger Sullivan. It would be difficult to find any one now who believes that Wilson's election resulted in the triumph of Murphy, especially since the chief Federal offiec in the gift of the Administration in New York City was first bestowed upon John Purroy Mitchel, and upon his election as the Anti-Tammany Mayor was given to Dudley Field Malone, who left his desk in the Treasury Department to strike Tammany and Murphy. As for Tom Taggart, the returns from the elections in Indiana cities indieate his overthrow, despite the election of his eandidate in Indianapolis, through the failure of the opposition to unite. Has anybody heard of Roger Sullivan at the White House? And what happened to Smith in New Jersey? Nothing will do more to destroy boss rule in the various cities of this country than the suecess of the Administration now struggling in Washington to solve the higgest Americnn problems.

## The Cost of War

CHAMP CLARK, among American opponents of hig military expenses, argues that every year money enough is wasted on the armies and navies of the world to feed, clothe, and educate all its children. This is indorsing the *Winston Churchill* project of a naval holiday for all the powers. A French ministry, fearful of German aggression, has just called for a loan of $260,000,000 to eover military expenses. This is four dollars from every man, woman and child in the French Republie; or ahout a dollar a head more than the cost of the Philippines to date, to eaeh inhabitant of the United States. We know what Sherman said about war. What would he have said about preparations for war?

## Bloodletting in Mexico

THOMAS CARLYLE, in his Life of Cromwell, defending him from the charge of regicide, insists that his judges should put themselves in Cromwell's place, where it was, "My head or your head." Iu the French Revolution, the same philosophy is expounded under the tragie title: "The loser pays." Douhtless the Revolutionists in Mexico are not entirely conforming to the rules of civilized warfare. Doubtless also, as is evident when the consular reports come in, the effort has been made to picture the Constitutionalists as blood-thirsty handits, incapahle of self-government, while the massacres ordered by Huerta are glossed over. Madero and his kinsmen and adherents lost and paid. Those who took part in his overthrow and assassination have been captured in the defense of besieged cities, Torreon, Chihuahua, Victoria, and they have been shot as traitors to the government. When the Constitutionalists have been eaptured, they have paid with their lives. There are parallels between the French Revolution and the one in Mexico, and Carlyle is ahle to give insight into both.

> "It was the frightfullest thing ever borne of time! One of the frightfullest. This Convention did puhlish Lists of what the Reign of Terror had perpetrated. Lists of persons Guillotined. They contain the names of. How many persons thinks the Reader? Two Thousand, all but a few. There were above Four Thousand, cries Montgaillard. It is n horrible sum of human lives, M. l'Abbe! Some ten times as many shot rightly on a field of battle, and one might have had his Glorious Victory, with Te Deum. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the entire Seven Years' War. History, looking back uver this France through long times, confesses mournfully that there is no period to be met with, in which the general Twenty-Five Millions uf France suffered less than in this period which they name Reign of Terror. But it was not the dumb millions which suffered here; it was the Speaking Thousands and Hundreds and Units; who shrieked nnd published and made the world ring with their wail."

It is a sad thing, in short, this death in warfare, but it is not the worst. The oppression of a people, such as Mexico has long known, is worse.

## Too Old

HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, who has just celebrated his ninetieth hirthday, is in good health and hopes others are enjoying the same. He has lived long enough to acquire a good part of the State of West Virginia. He was a voter hefore the Mexican War and was a comparatively young Senator in the Seventies. One of the arguments against the election of the Democratie tieket in 1904 was that Vice-Presidential Candidate Davis would be too old to live out his term if elected. He has seen three Vice-Presidents elected since.

Mr. Edward Winston Pettus of Alabama onec called on Senator Pugh and asked for the appointment to a federal judgeship. Senator Pugh, so the story goes, replied that Mr. Pettus was too old to be a Judge, whereupon Mr. Pettus made the courteous retort that he was not too old to he United States Senator in the place of Senator Pugh. The people of Alabama agreed with Mr. Pettus and he served one full term in the Senate and part of another, before his death.

## Not So New

THE "movies" (perhaps we should omit the quotation marks, the word is working into the language so fast) are considered a strictly twentieth-century development. Here is an amusement advertisement which appeared in the public prints in Eogland exactly 101 years ago.

At the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleetstreet, is now to be seen a new Invented Machine, composed of five curious Pictures, with moving Figures, representing the History of the Heathen Gods, which move as artificially as if Living: the like not seen before in Europe. The whole contains near an hundred Figures, beside Ships, Beasts, Fish, Fowl and other embellishments, some near a Foot in height; all which have their respective and peculiar Motions, their very Heads, Legs, and Arms, Hands and Fingers, Artificially moviug to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another like Living Creatures, in such a manner that nothing but Nature can excel it. It will continue to be seen every Day from 10 in the Morning 'till 10 at Night.

This will probably hold you for a while, although it must be admitted that the moving pictures of 1812 were differeot in mechanism and exteot from those whicb play so large a part in the life of 1913.

## "Medical Freedom" Tactics

ORGANIZED to fight the growing affiliation between the State and the "regular" medical profession, the National League for Medical Freedom does many things which indicate its definitioo of "freedom."

Just now the League is aimiog its fire at the lectures on sex hygiene that have been established in the Chicago public schools by the sensitive and enlighteoed woman superinteodent. School attendaoce on these lectures is not compulsory, nor is the abused "taxpayer" on their account a penny out of pocket. The League is in the position of a group which attempts not simply to defeod its own "rights" but to deprive the others of something which they want. Receotly the League sent stenographers to report the lecture given at the Bryant School by Dr. A. C. Cotton, who was president last year of the Chicago Medical Society, and the lecture given at the Hyde Park High School by Dr. C. J. Hopkirk, another reputable physician. The League took extracts from these lectures, printed them in a circular, and then submitted the circular to Postmaster Campbell for an opinion as to whether these extracts made the leaflet too "obscene" to circulate in the mails. The postmaster is the same official who last year barred the report of the Chicago Vice Commission from the mails. He ruled, after coosultation with his superiors, that the circulars were unmailable. The secretary of the League then called up the city editors and got into the newspapers a sensational account of the character of the lectures given in the public schools. It was a cheap triumph. No organization which really cares for "freedom" will summon the so-called "Comstock act" to its aid. That statute places it in the hands of uokoown aod irresponsible federal officials the power to ceosor all our literature dealing with the subject of sex.

The appeal to such a body is a pretty example of what "freedom" means to the League. "To it, freedom" means merely hostility to knowledge.

## What Some Women Are Doing

IN a certain community, in a mountaioous region of the South, there is almost no money, no railroads, no commerce. The people can scarcely scrape together enough to pay taxes. Nevertheless the women are doing a great deal to make progress possible, and they are doing it along the lines of traditional domestic industries. In one house, for instance, that we know of, the women can all the vegetables and fruits they use during the winter season, and sell about two thousand cans a year besides, all of it in quarts, for ten cents a quart, and including everythiog from peaches and cherries to beans and tomatoes. These women knit their own stockings, and spin the thread. They wear calicoes and coarse shoes and real bonoets to chureh, but they have done much toward revolutionizing diet and thus toward establishing the health of their community. Children who formerly lived the year round on bread and meat and sorghum and had scurvy are now well and vigorous. Lessons in canning are being given to the girls in the crossroads schoolhouses, and every country fair has its exhibit of schoolgirls' canning display. All of which is extremely constructive work along lines of effort that we sometimes think of as almost obsolete.

## Defoe on the Feminist Movement

THE freedom of women has always had its champions, and, naturally enough, it has not beeo in every case the cavaliers who have uoderstood them. In 1697 it was Daniel Defoe, that practical adventurer and brilliant journalist. He was no courtier, but he believed it was barbarous that women should be deprived of the advaotages of education, aod he suggested, just one hundred years before our American Mary Lyon was born, that an academy be established "differing but little from the public schools," wherein such ladies as desired should have "all the advantages of learning suitable to to their genius." He would deny to them "no sort of learning," but he would advocate especially history, "that they might understand the world and be able to know and judge of things"; music and dancing, "because they are their darlings"; the graces of speech, that their conversation might be desirable. The ladies in the academy were to suffer neither "guards nor spies." Defoe was canny enough to know the opposition, and in his refutation he suggests the hue and cry against such a project. The hue aod cry today has advanced from educatioo to suffrage. "It looks," urges Defoe, "as if we denied women the advantages of educatioo for fear they should vie with the men in their improvements." He suspects that "the world are mistaken in their practice about womeo"; for he cannot think that "God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures . . . so agreeable and delightful to mankind . . . all to be only stewards of our bouses, cooks and slaves." And be looks ahead confidently. "This chapter is but an essay at the thing," he says. "I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when meo shall be wise enough to mend it." The day seems near.

# Something New Under the Sun

By

ALICE HUBBARD

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

THERE is something new under the sun. There is something new in the Twentieth Century.

Men and women are finding that it is safe to be honest with each other; that it is not safe to be dishonest with themselves.

Fairy tales nre being discarded for scientific fncts. Mature English is replacing bnby tnlk. Women are getting the recognition usually accorded to adults. Women are getting nn understanding of the exnct rnting given them by men and nre facing the facts disclosed.

The finances of the world hnve not been understood by women, for men huve not considered wives, mothers, or sweethearts eligible to knowledge of accounts.

Mnthemntics, formerly supposed to be masculine, is now known to be of common gender. Women nre doiag their own bookkeeping and are studying economics. And they find thnt it is most improvideat to give all their time, energy, and capacity for earning, in exchange for an uninsured assurance of food, shelter, nnd clothing.

They hnve proved thnt it is easy for n womnn, endowed with the usunl amount of hrain, physical and moral strength, to earn n living. An exceptionnlly intelligent womnn ean earn her living and tnke care of n mother and sisters, and hnve n surplus besides. Women have found, too, tlnt exceptionally intelligent women are no more rare thnn are exceptionnlly intelligent men.

Woman's possessions, which were formerly in a dream world, or whose imaginnry wealth was ia n life to come, now have form and substance.

The old prayer, "Oh, Lord, mnke our women virtuous and our men brave!" has been transposed, nnd we nre legislating that men become virtuous, and our women are becoming brave because they are exploring the world. It is only the unknowa nnd the untried thnt is fenred.

THE first woman who mounted a hicyele and rode out of her fnther's doorynrd into the public highway blnzed a wny for womnn's physieal independence.

The first woman who successfully opernted a typewriter and proved that her work was worth a price in the comaiercial world, was n pioneer.

Bishop Vincent gave to women a new earth when he founded the Chautauqua Literary and Scientifie Cireles throughout the land.

He made au opportunity for every woman in Christendom to use her hrain as nn orgnn.

The first Womnn's Club opened up a new civilization. It gave to women moral fiber, purpose, courage, determination, power.

When Mnry Smith stood on a platform and spoke tn the women in that club, it was impressed upon her thnt she was nn entity, n personality. She found that to speak in public was not so heroic nor so wonderful as many thiags she had done in the routine wnrk of her obscure life. And she found, too, that the semi-public recogaition was quite refreshing.

Then followed the conviction tlnt since she was an iadividual in this eluh, away from male protection, she had individual rights and responsibilities elsewhere, perhnps everywhere. This aroused her to the recognition of the fact thnt she was somebody or nobody in and of herself. Then she threw down the shield that had been held before her by man, and thrust back into its senhhnrd the sword thnt hnd been said to he nsed in her defense.

Woman has begun to think for herself, to fight her own battles, to live for herself, to carry responsihility, to teach her ehildren to do the same.

When Elizabeth Cady Stanton enlled the first Womnn's Rights Meeting in America, those who responded to the call did not know thnt they were striking off hoads more difficult to remove thnn those which bound blaek slave to white owner. It was very plain, the whole world knew that the white mnn owned the blnck man. Hut men and women had not eyes that could see thnt there was n servitude sanctioned by Chureh and Stnte, tradition and sentiment, far more insidious and detrimentnl to man's progress than was openly acknowledged slnvery. Men nnd women had not the courage to acknowledge the fact of such servitude even had they been nble to see it.

THE home and family as it was supposed to have existed for ages, was supposed, also, to have had upon it the sanction of a Divinity unchanged and unchangeable.

The men in the territory of Wyoming did not know theirs was a modern chivalry incomparable with any other, when they made demand upon the federal government that the women of their territory, having done work equal with theirs in the development of that country should be entered as absolute equals in every political right with them. And no bribe or political advantage could tempt them to enter the Union on any other terms. When Wyoming entered the Union as a state, hers was a true democracy.

These forces, though not recognized except as subjects for caricatures in the beginning, have been cumulative.

Now they have become a power. All these forces working together have made the thrill, the stir of new life, the palpable awakening of conscience and of the intelligence of the world into what is known as the "Feminist Movement."

The change in the world has been so gradual that we are surprised to find it a new world in which woman exists as an entity.

Woman finds, to her surprise, that she is really an equal part of every part of the world.

Her interests are in everything that is. But so new is this that we are impressed more with what woman demands than with what man demands.

WITHIN a year the Feminist Movement has become of interest to everyone.

To espouse the cause of the woman suffrage phase of the Feminist Movement is now popular. Magazines and newspapers that once set their whole force of artists to ridicule the women who asked for primitive, political rights, now have their caricaturists holding up to ridicule the men who oppose it. There is even a growing sympathy toward the English militants.

It has been a harder struggle for man to accept feminism than for woman to have established it.

Men, since they took possession of the world, have been the active, creative element, and women the submissive and passive. Now, the only discomforts which women feel are growing pains which carry with them the thrill of joy—ample compensation for discomfort.

Men have felt that what women gained would be their loss, that they and their world were losing something.

The woman movement has seemed to men iconoclastic—their idols have been broken. Men's old ideals of what a woman should be are shattered.

We will part with anything more readily than with our ideals. "Leave me my dreams! I am accustomed to the old dreams! Let me dream again!" So have the dreaming masses cried throughout the ages of the world whenever new truth has been expressed, and the dreamers have been disturbed.

Socrates was killed because he disturbed the dreams of the Athenians; so was Jesus; so was Stephen. This was why Hypatia suffered death—Savonarola, Bruno, Servetus, Mary Dyer, and in our own time Ferrari. Galileo, Spinoza, Copernicus, Anne Hutchinson, Mary Wollstonecraft, Thomas Paine, Charles Darwin, Ingersoll, all disturbed the dreams of the people.

MEN have demanded that women be perfect, without their having any responsibility toward perfection themselves.

Man's dreams have been of women who were forever faithful—no matter whether they had cause for faith or not; of women who were virtuous out of wedlock, whether the dreamer knew the significance of virtue or not; of women who were gentle and modest, no matter how boisterous their own lives; of women beautiful, contented, charming, sweet-tempered, helpful, hopeful, gracious, kind, and above all loving and forgiving under every circumstance that the masters might create.

Woman has been an ideal for man, a dream-woman, a creation of his own brain, and therefore intrinsically a possession of his own; something to create, recreate and make to suit his mood.

His understanding of the laws of Nature have had no effect upon his dreams. Natural causes must not touch his dream of the child-woman.

ALL romance has been woven out of such stuff as such dreams are made on; and the little life has been rounded by a stupor not overcome by facts. Men have preferred their dreams to truth—just as women have. "My little wife! The dearest little mother! I will ask my wife! My religion is in my wife's name! This brave little woman!" are expressions of men who love their dream-wives.

Should women begin to think for themselves; should they have ideas of their own; should they prove their thinking; what then?

Men have feared fearfully about this.

Many men have hid their heads in the sand, and have said, "It is not so. Women do not want entity. Women want protection; they want to be loved, cherished and cared for."

A Southern Senator, when asked his opinion of woman suffrage, said, "The ladies please me just as they are." And he turned with a benevolent smile to his work of more legislation, and thought he had settled the woman question.

What will become of the romance of the world if women become physically strong, if they think, make decisions, achieve political equality, social equality and commercial equality? Will not romance die? If there is no romance, then the great source of feeling is cut off. Thought is born of feeling. The imagination is dependent upon it. If romance dies, men will neither think nor work. Then the race will perish from the face of the earth—chaos will come again. "I do not fear it, my dear Lord!"

Nature does not die in the Feminist Movement.

THE love which is founded on intelligent friendship is finer and more enduring than a love born of propinquity and accident.

The old books of romance have plots so devoid of reason that they are like the plays of little children. If a man saved a woman from drowning he must marry her if possible. A woman's nursing an eligible gentleman through a hospital experience, a railroad wreck, a steamship journey, a summer's outing, a pretty face, quick repartee, fine physique, have been ample cause for establishing homes, and have been sanctioned as a fit foundation for the most serious business of the world.

The old romance would scarcely endure scientific analysis. The songs, poems and romances never pictured more than the wooing of shy maidens by ardent lovers.

The stories of the lives of mothers and fathers were not considered subjects for romance.

But woolngs are short. Life is long and so are well-founded friendships.

The pageantry of the early romances belongs to the barbarisms of the times in which it flourished.

Love founded on the intelligent understanding of mutual interests belongs to the Twentieth Century.

Only a few men have given serious consideration to the place of woman in the world, or to woman's work and life. Her work and her place as they were in a primitive civilization have been accepted. In all this changing world, woman's part is the only one that was unchanged and must not change.

John Stuart Mill and Wendell Phillips are two men of public prominence who have given serious consideration to woman's rights, and they of course received their reward for espousing this unpopular cause.

ALTHOUGH the ladies may not have pleased individual men just as they are, the woman's place in their lives has pleased them; and always the romance and the dreams have been soothing.

Men have come back to their dreams at night after a day of hard work; in sickness; after sinning; when temptation ceased to have a lure; when there was no

place else to go. And the dreams have become dearer seen through the mists of repentance.

If man's dreams were taken away, he must live close to truth and face it day and night. Without them he would be left as defenseless as does excommunication and anathemization leave him.

To so live would do away with all vicarious atonement and death-bed repentance.

Bereft of this dream child-woman, and companioned by a woman with human qualities dominating the female, man must then be a man living to-day, awake to scientific understanding of the consequence of his every act.

Men have been by no means the only dreamers. Women have outdreamed them, and their cloud fabric has been more translucent even than men's.

Men have come back to their dreams. Women have stayed by theirs day and night until they have well nigh lost a vital understanding of life.

Since the industries of the home were taken into factories, women have been superdreamers. They have been romantic in their tastes and artificial in their lives. They have dreamed of lovers spurring over the plains, masterly and masterful, who would come and take possession of them whether they willed it or not, and carry them away to some fairy castle where they should be worshipped, idealized, served.

Why women have thought themselves worthy of worship, why luxuries unlimited should be their natural right, no one can explain.

But the dreams have not come true, because they were dreams.

THE economic waste in the world through the idleness and incompetence of women is inestimable. Only for the fact that the necessity for action in order to live caused women to stir and awake from their dreams, the race would have died.

Uncomfortable for men as women's discontent and unrest is, it has saved the race. It has been the greatest blessing to men whether so recognized or not. For the great awakening of women has not been just for women. As a result, men are awakening as well.

Women's activities are never for themselves alone. A double power is always with woman; she works for herself and for her children. Her natural instinct is to serve. And as it is a fact that woman and man are one, man must be affected when woman is.

Woman does not enter this new world as a child, but as a youth, with all the enthusiasm and joy of youth, with the alertness and insight of a discoverer. She has a few prejudices to overcome. She is primitive in her instincts.

SHE has caution. She must protect her young. Her desire is to guard her children against that which leads to wrong living. She understands that government is for the people and its first purpose is to serve them, whether she has formulated this or not. Woman works with the idea that education is to develop the best in the child and to be an equipment for him for work.

Man and woman together are responsible for the Feminist Movement. Man and woman together will receive the benefits from it. Neither can prosper alone; neither can be ruined alone. Together men and women go down to death, or together they live.

Together they are learning that to be awake and to know truth brings more of beauty, more of love, more of romance into life than untruth and dreams can bring.

THERE is something new under the sun. There is something new in the Twentieth Century. History has no record such as is now being made.

Throughout the progress of civilization, men and women have not been honest with each other. Women have said that men were their superiors, their masters; that it was their happiness to endure servitude for them; that their desire was to be absorbed by them. And this has been true for a brief time in almost every woman's life—then she has reluctantly repeated it for hire.

Men have gallantly served to women the sop of poppy and honey that women were superior in their virtue, beauty, loveliness, and in all that is genuinely worth while.

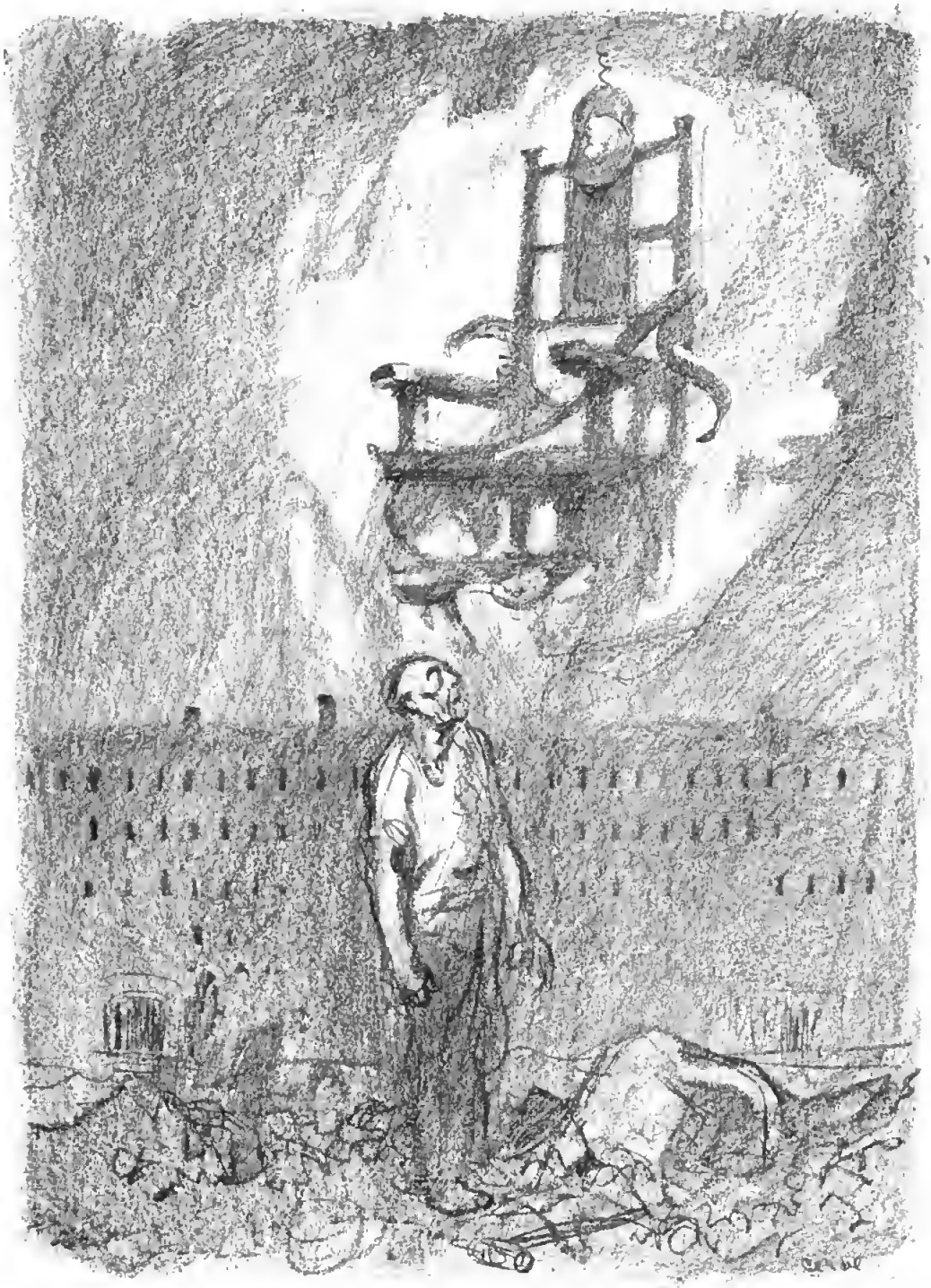
There were things not fit for ladies' ears, wailings and complaints which men must not hear,—men must work and women must weep.

But not until now have women and men both known that there is nothing of human interest that is not of equal importance to women and to men; that men and women should, must and do participate in all things together; that whatever man's life is, he brings it into his home; it sits at his table; it goes with him into the intimate relations of his life: that to the woman whom he is protecting most from the world he is giving more of the world in which he participates than to anyone else.

And woman must know that none of her refinements, none of her follies, none of her uselessness is or can be kept from the man with whom she shares her life. They live together and their children are the common product of their so living.

And now for the first time in the history of civilization we are approaching a time when men and women can look into each other's eyes, and with absolute honesty say to each other, we are equal.

This is the new thing under the sun.



## THE GREATER KINDNESS?

*There has been much agitation recently against the conduct of Sing Sing, and indeed all over the country against penitentiary methods in general, it being thought by many that society ought to have brains enough to punish criminals in some manner that might make more for reform and less for discouragement and degradation. Mr. Cesare's cartoon indicates his belief that imprisonment, in its bad form, is hardly, if at all preferable to the electric chair. We have, at any rate, progressed far enough to realize the nature of the problem and to be seeking a reasonable solution that shall bring the criminal out of jail a better and more useful man than he entered.*



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# Serve One Master Only!

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

*IN the previous articles of this series Mr. Brandeis has described the concentration of financial power in the hands of a few bankers, "our financial oligarchy," by means of the consolidation of banks and trust companies, the combination of railroad systems, and the undue multiplication of the functions of the investment banker. In this issue he discusses some of the proposals for curing these evils by legislation.*

THE Pujo Committee and its able counsel, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, have presented the facts concerning the Money Trust so clearly that the conclusions appear inevitable. Their diagnosis discloses intense financial concentration and the means by which it is effected. Combination,—the intertwining of interests,—is shown to be the all-pervading vice of the present system. With a view to freeing industry, the Committee recommends the enactment of twenty-one specific remedial provisions. Each of these measures is wisely framed to meet some abuse disclosed by the evidence; and if all of them are adopted the Pujo legislation would undoubtedly alleviate present suffering and aid in arresting the disease. But many of the remedies proposed are "local" ones, and a cure is not possible, without treatment which is fundamental. Indeed, a major operation is necessary. This the Committee has hesitated to advise; although the fundamental treatment required is simple: "Serve one Master only."

THE evils incident to "interlocking directorates" are, of course, fully recognized; but the prohibitions proposed in that respect are restricted to a very narrow sphere.

*First:* The Committee recognizes that potentially competing corporations should not have a common director;—but it restricts this prohibition to directors of national banks.

*Second:* The Committee recognizes that a corporation should not make a contract in which one of the management has a private interest; but it restricts this prohibition (1) to national banks, and (2) to the officers.

PROHIBITIONS of intertwining relations so restricted, however supplemented by other provisions, will not end financial concentration. The Money Trust snake will, at most, be scotched, not killed. The prohibition of a common director in potentially competing corporations, should apply to state banks and trust companies, as well as to national banks; and it should apply to railroad and industrial corporations as fully as to banking institutions. The prohibition of corporate contracts in which one of the management has a private interest should apply to directors, as well as to officers, and to state banks and trust companies and to other classes of corporations, as well as to national banks. And, as will be hereafter shown, such broad legislation is within the power of Congress.

Let us examine this further:

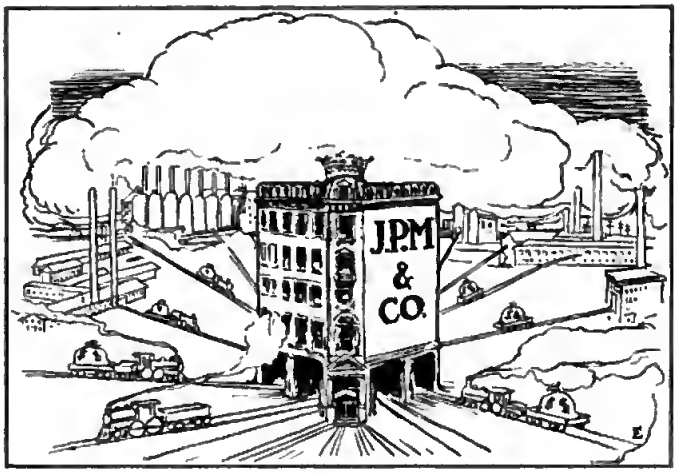
## *The Prohibition of Common Directors in Potentially Competing Corporations*

1. *National Banks.* The objection to common directors, as applied to banking institutions, is clearly shown by the Pujo Committee; and its recommendation is in accordance with the legislation or practice of other countries. The Bank of England, the Bank of France, the National Bank of Belgium, and the leading banks of Scotland all exclude from their boards persons who are directors in other banks. By law, in Russia no person is allowed to be on the board of management of more than one bank; and in Massachusetts a similar law has been applied to savings banks.

2. *State Banks and Trust Companies.* The reason for prohibiting common directors in banking institutions applies equally to national banks and to state banks including those trust companies which are essentially banks. In New York City there are 37 trust companies of which only 15 are members of the clearing house; but those 15 had on November 2, 1912, aggregate resources of $827,875,653. Indeed the Bankers' Trust Company with resources of $205,000,000 and the Guaranty Trust Company, with resources of $232,000,000, are among the most useful tools of the Money Trust. No bank in the country has larger deposits than the latter; and only one bank larger deposits than the former. If common directorships were permitted in state banks or such trust companies, the charters of leading national banks would doubtless soon be surrendered; and the institutions would elude federal control by reincorporating under state laws.

The Pujo Committee has failed to apply the prohibition of common directorships in potentially competing banking institutions rigorously even to national banks. It permits the same man to be a director in one national bank and one trust company doing business in the same place. The proposed concession opens the door to grave dangers. In the first place the provision would permit the interlocking of any national bank not with one trust company only, but with as many trust companies as the bank has directors.

BUT even if the bill were amended so as to limit the possible interlocking of a bank to a single trust company, the wisdom of the concession would still be doubtful. It is true, as the Pujo Committee states, that "the business that may be transacted by" a trust company is of "a different character" from that properly transacted by a national bank. But the business actually conducted by a trust company is, at least in the East, quite similar; and the two classes of banking institutions have these vital elements in common: Each is a bank of deposit, and each makes loans from those deposits. A private banker may also transact some business of a character different from that properly conducted by a bank; but by the terms of the Committee's bill a private banker engaged in the business of receiving deposits would be prevented from being a director of a national bank; and the reasons underlying that prohibition apply equally to trust companies and to private bankers.




*The most potent single source of J. P. Morgan & Co.'s power is the $162,500,000 deposits including those of 78 interstate railroad, public-service and industrial corporations.*

3. *Other Corporations.* The interlocking of banking institutions is only one of the factors which have developed the Money Trust. The interlocking of other corporations has been an equally important element. And the prohibition of interlocking directorates should be extended to potentially competing corporations whatever the class,—life insurance companies, railroads and industrial companies, as well as banking institutions. The Pujo Committee has shown that Mr. George F. Baker is a common director in the six railroads which haul 80 per cent. of all anthracite marketed and own 88 per cent. of all anthracite deposits. The Morgan associates are the *nexus* between such supposedly competing railroads as the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern; the Southern, the Louisville & Nashville and the Atlantic Coast Line, and between supposedly competing industrials like the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the General Electric. The *nexus* between all the large potentially competing corporations must be severed, if the Money Trust is to be broken.

### *Prohibiting Corporate Contracts in Which the Management Has a Private Interest*

THE principle of prohibiting corporate contracts in which the management has a private interest is applied, in the Pujo Committee's recommendations, only to national banks, and in them only to officers.

The Money Trust would not be disturbed by a prohibition limited to officers. Under a law of that character, financial control would continue to be exercised by the few without substantial impairment; but the power would be exerted through a somewhat different channel. Bank officers are appointees of the directors; and ordinarily their obedient servants. Individuals who, as bank officers, are now important factors in the financial concentration, would doubtless resign as officers and become merely directors. The loss of official salaries involved could be easily compensated. No member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. is an officer in any one of the thirteen banking institutions with aggregate resources of $1,283,000,000, through which as directors they carry on their vast operations. A prohibition limited to officers would not affect the Morgan operations with these banking institutions. If there were minority representation on bank boards (which the Pujo Committee wisely advocates), such a provision might afford some protection to stockholders through the vigilance of the minority directors preventing the dominant directors using their power to the injury of the minority stockholders. But even then, the provision would not safeguard the public; and the primary purpose of Money Trust legislation is not to prevent directors from injuring stockholders; but to prevent their injuring the public through the intertwined control of the banks. No prohibition limited to officers will materially change this condition.

### *Apply the Private Interest Prohibition to All Kinds of Corporations*

The creation of the Money Trust is due quite as much to the encroachment of the investment banker upon railroads, public service, industrial, and life-insurance companies, as to his control of banks and trust companies.

*The Money Trust Snake*

Before the Money Trust can be broken, all these relations must be severed. And they cannot be severed unless corporations of each of these several classes are prevented from dealings with their own directors and with corporations in which those directors are interested. For instance: The most potent single source of J. P. Morgan & Co.'s power is the $162,500,000 deposits, including those of 78 interstate railroad, public-service and industrial corporations, which the Morgans are free to use as they see fit. The proposed prohibition, even if applied to all banking institutions, would not affect directly this great source of Morgan power. If, however, the prohibition is made to include railroad, public-service, and industrial corporations, as well as banking institutions, members of J. P. Morgan & Co., will quickly retire from substantially all boards of directors.

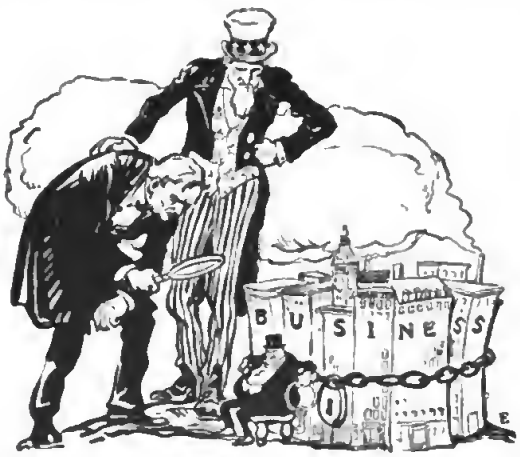
### *Apply the Private Interest Prohibition to Stockholding Interests*

The prohibition against one corporation entering into transactions with another corporation in which one of its directors is also interested, should apply even if his interest in the second corporation is merely that of stockholder. A conflict of interest in a director may be just as serious where he is a stockholder only in the second corporation, as if he were also a director.

### *Special Disqualifications*

THE Stanley Committee, after investigation of the Steel Trust, concluded that the evils of interlocking directorates were so serious that representatives of certain industries which are largely dependent upon railroads should be absolutely prohibited from serving as railroad directors, officers or employees. It, therefore, proposed to disqualify as railroad director, officer or employee any person engaged in the business of manufacturing or selling railroad cars or locomotives, railroad rail or structural steel, or in mining and selling coal. The Stanley bill, if enacted, would certainly do away with many present abuses and would, to that extent, lessen the power of the Money Trust.

Directors, officers, and employees of banking institutions should, by a similar provision, be disqualified from acting as directors, officers or employees of life-insurance companies. The Armstrong investigation showed that life-insurance companies were in 1905 the most potent factor in financial concentration. Their power was exercised largely through the banks and trust companies which they controlled by stock ownership and their huge deposits. The Armstrong legislation directed life-insurance companies to sell their stocks. The Mutual Life and the Equitable did so in part. But the Morgan associates bought the stocks. And now, instead of the life-insurance companies controlling the banks and trust companies, the latter and the bankers control the life-insurance companies.




*The Stanley Committee, after investigation of the Steel Trust, concluded that representatives of certain industries which are largely dependent upon railroads should be absolutely prohibited from serving as railroad directors, officers or employees*

### *How the Prohibition May Be Limited*

THE Money Trust cannot be destroyed unless all *classes* of corporations are included in the prohibition of interlocking directors and of transactions by corporations in which the management has a private interest. But it does not follow that the prohibition must apply to *every* corporation of each class. Certain exceptions are entirely consistent with merely protecting the public against the Money Trust; although protection of minority stockholders and business ethics demands that the rule prohibiting a corporation from making contracts in which a director has a private financial interest should be universal in its application. The number of corporations in the United States Dec. 3, 1912, was 305,336. Of these

only 1610 have a capital of more than $5,000,000. Few corporations (other than banks) with a capital of less than $5,000,000 could appreciably affect general credit conditions either through their own operations or their affiliations. Corporations (other than banks) with capital resources of less than $5,000,000 might, therefore, be excluded from the scope of the Statute. The prohibition could also be limited so as not to apply to any industrial concern, regardless of the amount of capital and resources, doing only an intrastate business; as practically all large industrial corporations are engaged in interstate commerce. This would exclude some retail concerns and local jobbers and manufacturers not otherwise excluded from the operation of the Act. Likewise banks and trusts companies located in cities of less than 100,000 inhabitants might, if thought advisable, be excluded, if their capital is less than $500,000, and their resources less than, say, $2,500,000. In larger cities even the smaller banking institutions should be subject to the law. Such exceptions should overcome any objection which might be raised that in some smaller cities, the prohibition of interlocking directorates would exclude from the bank directorates all the able business men of the community; because they would fear to become directors lest they lose all opportunity of bank accommodations.

An exception should also be made so as to permit interlocking directorates between a corporation and its proper subsidiaries. And the prohibition of transactions in which the management has a private interest should, of course, not apply to contracts, express or implied, for such services as are performed indiscriminately for the whole community by railroads and public service corporations, or for services, common to all customers, like the ordinary service of a bank for its depositors.

## *The Power of Congress*

THE question may be asked: Has Congress the power to impose these limitations upon the conduct of any business other than national banks? And if the power of Congress is so limited, will not the dominant financiers, upon the enactment of such a law, convert their national banks into state banks or trust companies, and thus escape from congressional control?

The answer to both questions is clear. Congress has ample power to impose such prohibitions upon practically all corporations,—including state banks, trust companies and life insurance companies; and evasion may be made impossible. While Congress has not been granted power to regulate *directly* state banks, and trust or life insurance companies, or railroad, public service and industrial corporations, except in respect to interstate commerce, it may do so *indirectly* by virtue either of its control of the mail privilege or through the taxing power.

Practically no business in the United States can be conducted without use of the mails; and Congress may in its reasonable discretion deny the use of the mail to any business, which is conducted under conditions deemed by Congress to be injurious to the public welfare. Thus; Congress has no power directly to suppress lotteries; but it has indirectly suppressed them by denying, under heavy penalty, the use of the mail to lottery enterprises. Congress has no power to suppress directly business frauds; but it is constantly doing so indirectly by issuing fraud-orders denying the mail privilege. Congress has no direct power to require a newspaper to publish a list of its proprietors and the amount of its circulation, or to require it to mark paid-matter distinctly as advertising: But it has thus regulated the press, by denying the second-class mail privilege, to all publications which fail to comply with the requirements prescribed.

THE taxing power has been resorted to by Congress for like purposes: Congress has no power to regulate the manufacture of matches, or the use of oleomargarine; but it has suppressed the manufacture of the "white phosphorous" match and has greatly lessened the use of oleomargarine by imposing heavy taxes upon them. Congress has no power to prohibit, or to regulate directly the issue of bank notes by state banks, but it indirectly prohibited their issue by imposing a tax of ten per cent. upon any bank-note issued by a state bank.

The power of Congress over interstate commerce has been similarly utilized. Congress cannot ordinarily provide compensation for accidents to employees or undertake directly to suppress prostitution; but it has, as an incident of regulating interstate commerce, enacted the Railroad Employers' Liability law and the White Slave law; and it has full power over the instrumentalities of commerce, like the telegraph and the telephone.

As such exercise of congressional power has been common for, at least, half a century, Congress should not hesitate now to employ it where its exercise is urgently needed. For a comprehensive prohibition of interlocking directorates is an essential condition of our attaining the New Freedom. Such a law would involve a great change in the relation of the leading banks and bankers to other businesses. But it is the very purpose of Money Trust legislation to effect a great change; and unless it does so, the power of our financial oligarchy cannot be broken.

But though the enactment of such a law is essential to the emancipation of business, it will not *alone* restore industrial liberty. It must be supplemented by other remedial measures.

*Some of these measures will be considered in the next issue under "What Publicity Can Do."*

# The Business of Begging

By HARRISON RHODES

Illustrated by John Sloan

*THE profession of public poverty as pursued by some of its most distinguished artists. Earnest, hard-working beggars; beggars with charm; famous experts among them. How different it seems under a Southern Sun*

THE study of the art of begging is—like "art-study" generally—best pursued abroad. There are occasional beggars in the streets at home;—there is, for example, a man in West Forty-fourth Street in New York who, to the certain knowledge of the writer and probably of many of his readers, has for twelve years had a wife at the point of death from starvation upon a bench just around the corner in Bryant Park. To have preserved a helpmate in so satisfactory a condition for so long a period would, even abroad, constitute a record—as Americans, we may be proud of him. But he has few worthy fellow-workers. Begging is, broadly speaking, a phenomenon for us incident to foreign travel, especially to travel in the south of Europe and in the Orient. And since these places are no longer really remote (the least of us Americans may at any time be wandering there) it becomes of interest, perhaps even of importance to know what one is to think of begging and beggars, to arrive at some philosophy concerning them.

AT first blush,—that is, on the first trip abroad,—the whole matter seems very simple. The untraveled, at the sight of beggars, have emotions which are quite definite; all mendicants seem a disgrace—to themselves and to the community which permits their existence. It is only later that more experienced, perhaps more wearied, travelers begin to douht and to wonder, that bent old men and withered crones come to seem less individuals than symbols, and the shivering, whining wretches about some great cathedral door cause us to put questions which every one nowadays is beginning to put to himself, as to the beauty and value of an organized society which permits human creatures so to degrade themselves for a copper coin. It is, however, perhaps as well to start a trip abroad—and an article—with a natural and healthy contempt for medicancy. In any case, beggars ask neither your sanction nor mine nor any traveler's for the pursuit of their chosen occupation. The profession of public poverty is, across the seas, one recognized hy the community, ancient, and, one might almost say, honorable.

FOR example, in Cordova, in Spain, though mendicancy is (theoretically at least) forhidden by municipal ordinance, worthy persons may be, and are in considerable numbers, *licensed* by the authorities to beg! They may be known by the heavy and imposing brass plaques setting forth this fact which hang from their venerable necks, and hy the calmness and assurance with which they make their demands:—they are grandees of the profession, they skulk down no side streets, with one eye on the policeman, like their New York brethren, they whimper forth no terror-stricken plea as night falls. It is a little as if they considered that any well-conducted Spanish town had need of beggars, and that those who satisfied this want were earning an honest wage.

They might even maintain that in some cases there are considerable preliminary expenses attached to begging. Take, for example, the towns in whieh gipsy beggars are expected, are indeed a necessary part of the romantic local color. The little girls who beg must have especially bright colored kerchiefs tied round their shoulders, gay ribbons and fresh flowers placed coquettishly in their hair. As for Gipsy Kings and Queens who so unquestionably "add" to any southern landscape, their equipment might easily run to fair sums of solid money. Yet all this pieturesqueness is put at the service of the publie for an occasional penny or the price of a picture post-card of their Majesties. Dishevelment and tatters are also an almost essential part of certain foreign scenes—one is tempted sometimes to wonder whether it does not cost not merely trouble but money to be always in the raggedest rags. Does the reader begin at all to catch the feeling of the highly complicated, highly civilized organization which begging is in these effete countries of the East? There are quantities of recondite and interesting economic questions awaiting the patient investigator;—the advantages, for example, of beggars working coöperatively and sharing profits, and as well the problem of beggars (especially hlind ones) hiring out their services for a fixed wage to an employer, who then systematizes and regulates upon a larger scale, say, the begging around a certain church or in a certain quarter of the town. Some day there are certain to be trades unions of beggars and even a Beggars' Trust.

THERE are in all towns, in the countries where begging flourishes, what might be termed recognized or established beggars. Even without the Cordovan licenses they are judged hy the community in which they live worthy of patronage. By tacit, unofficial agreement they have the right to certain fat places, to sunny corners where one is comfortable, by church doors where the takings are sure to be large. Whether such positions descend by inheritance, or are subject to sale, or are open when vacant to merit and age it is excessively difficult for the foreign investigator to determine. (A side light merely is shed hy the rise in rent in a certain miserable row of houses in a hungry little town since a palatial new hotel was huilt on the hill above it—from the moment, in fact, when it was discovered how well the children screaming for pennies in the backyards did from the foreign guests on the terrace above!) Certain begging positions must hring in a very decent revenue. There is for example the man without legs at the entrance to the Vatican Museums in Rome; his privilege would certainly sell for some thousands. Yet even the most violent could scarcely begrudge him anything. A man without legs is in no case very handsomely equipped for the struggle for life. And this one is, you know hy just looking at him, quite the best fellow in the world. And with quite the most engaging manners—he performs the amazing feat of remembering, among the hundreds or thousands a day who visit the galleries, all those who have given him a penny as they arrived, greeting them with a smile as they depart, and calling their carriages or cabs for them. He is undoubtedly a vested interest, a monopoly; some day possibly, with a reform Pope in the Vatican, he may be prohibited. Meanwhile one tourist at least hopes he is rich, though the chances are that he makes about fifty cents a day.

RICH beggars are the subject of delightful legends in all countries, hut it is perhaps as well in speaking of them to draw only upon personal experience. The writer had at one time the problematic honor of the acquaintance of "Bibi-la-Purée," who was Paris's most famous beggar. He begged at church doors and had a pretty trick of turning his eyelids inside out which made him one of the best false hlind men in the profession. He had as well a peculiarly poignant whine, and with these two accomplishments he could set his friends roaring with laughter of an evening in the café. It was his whim to be the friend of men of letters. And sometimes with his day's takings he became their patron. Shabby novelists have willingly consumed a cup of coffee at his expense, and more than once did one of the greatest of French poets accept the trifling loan from Bihi which paid the rent or bought that night's supper. It was the habit in those days, when ART was spelt with capital letters, to say that in so diverting the money of the pious dull hourgeois toward the aristocracy of intellect he had done well. Peace to his ashes!

WITH such ideal careers, such examples before their eyes, it is small wonder if earnest, hard-working beggars, who take their profession seriously, come to have a pride in it. People pursued hy hordes of beggars as hy flocks of birds of prey have been known, in exasperation, to term them mercenary. But mercenary people, one is led hy the dictionary to suppose, will do anything for money. Beggars certainly will not, they will only beg for it. One may instance here the famous story of a gentleman struggling with a valise at a Spanish station where there were no porters. Accosted hy an able-bodied beggar who asserted he was starving, the stranger started to hand him the bag, glad enough, in his simple American way, to give the fellow a chance "to earn an honest penny." But the Spaniard drew himself up proudly and wrapped himself in the tattered dignity of his cloak.

"The gentleman makes a mistake," he said coldly, "I am not a porter, I am a beggar," and turned away. Was he not an idealist, making sacrifices for his principles?

*"In darkness, with outstretched hand, waiting, waiting forever."*

TO become a good beggar one should undoubtedly begin young: old people who turn to the profession only when the pinch of poverty actually drives them never attain quite the finished technique nor the tenacity of purpose of those trained from childhood. So generally is this recognized that in most begging countries almost all children learn to beg, even though later they may cease the practice. A very young child's time is not valuable, the parents presumably argue; he has, as it were, nothing to lose, and anything which he may make is clear profit. Here will perhaps be appropriate the pretty story of the good little girl in the third-class carriage in the railway train traveling with her mother to visit relatives in a distant city. She had, quite unaided by mamma, the nice idea of jumping off the train at stations where the length of the stop permitted it, and begging of the first-class passengers. She took good care to be back before the train started again and thus before the journey's end she had been able to beg of the whole train's company and had made a nice little sum with which, let us hope, she bought a pretty present for her Aunt Emma. Can it be wondered that a radiant mother beamed from the car window upon her darling's childish effort? In the child, it cannot be too strongly asserted, is often seen the future professional beggar.

Tenacity of purpose in the face of rebuffs,—a thing surely to be counted a virtue—often develops very early. And ingenuity in putting one's plea may show in the youngest. A gentleman out for a stroll last spring came back to his hotel door accompanied by forty determined children who had followed him distances varying from one to two miles in spite of his reiterated statements, in something at least resembling their own language, that he meant to give them nothing. And as for ingenuity the writer thinks he himself has seen budding genius. A boy of eight, arguing earnestly that he should be given a small copper coin first plead hunger. When this failed, he gave imagination full swing. He asserted variously that the money would help him buy a new cap, then new shoes, and finally that it was urgently needed, that with it—one cent was all he asked—he could go to the *dentista Americano* and have a tooth filled! And if one cent could do it that tooth is now filled. The dentist's address might be useful.

IN maturer years eternal pertinacity, eternal vigilance and ingenuity are still the price of success. A memory comes back of a small railway station in the Latin South where two trains managed to crash into each other. They did so fairly gently, being both in the habit of running slowly. Still, although there were few serious accidents, there was a good deal of hand luggage flying out of the racks and smashing passengers upon their heads: there were some people badly bruised, several arms broken, and a good many ladies screaming nicely. But exactly at this moment, before the confusion and excitement had had an instant to subside in, beggars appeared at the carriage windows and whined for alms. Accident or no accident, they pursued their calling bravely. They would have begged upon a battlefield.

As an instance of high-class technical achievement might perhaps be mentioned a blind beggar who was able, merely by his senses of touch and hearing, instantly to detect counterfeit money and return it to the giver with a sharp reproof. He had, it must be conceded, the advantage of being blind, without that his achievement would have attracted no attention.

Of course deformity, either congenital or acquired, is a help in the profession. A hunchback or a dwarf is almost inevitably destined to a comparatively easy career as a beggar, or a vendor of post-cards or lottery tickets—an allied profession. There is a kind of sad grim humor in the fact that in the swarming families of the poor a little hunchback must actually be welcomed as having his own special chance in the world, as perhaps have also the maimed, the halt, and the blind. But it is just this kind of humor about beggars which makes one in the end wonder just what miserable sad truth lies behind their existence in the world.

THERE may be rich beggars, and unworthy beggars, but beggars on the whole mean poverty and need and suffering. And almsgiving means that the world in which they exist recognizes their demand—for nothing really continues permanently without some kind of sanction from the community. They thrive best in hungry countries, and often where tyranny and injustice have through the centuries taken their toll of the dregs of humanity. There is something in throwing yourself wholly upon the mercy of your neighbors which unquestionably stirs an emotion in Southern and Eastern people which we of the more practical North and West do not feel. In the Orient the first step to sainthood is to give up work, seat yourself with a wooden bowl in the market-place, and ask for charity. Perhaps in all these lands it is thought that alms benefit the giver as much as the receiver, and that it is best that the rich man should sometimes see face to face the poor man whom he helps. Indeed much might be said of the deadening of the sensibilities that may in this America of ours come from merely signing checks and letting others administer your kindnesses. The personal obligation is perhaps the strongest we can feel. Among duties unfulfilled the beggars to whom perhaps one ought to have given live like accusing ghosts to haunt one's memories.

THERE was a little boy of something like eight who once came after the stranger through deserted midnight streets, hobbling madly on his crutches to the very hotel door, faster than a man could walk. Like a tiny bloodhound on a trail, so one said then, arguing moreover that he probably came from a comfortable home from which lazy parents drove him forth to beg. And yet, even if that were so,—somehow later doubts *will* come. It must have been a very sleepy, terrified, unhappy, small cripple who dragged himself painfully home at such an hour with an empty pocket. Why did

one, at the cost of a small child's tears, try to incarnate in oneself eternal justice?

There is, too, the dreary wraith of a middle-aged woman, who was perhaps a lady, furtively creeping to one's side in a deserted street of a grim gray old city of Castille, with a half-whispered whimpering plea for a copper. Then she seemed only the last of hundred pestiferous and unworthy mendicants. Now, somehow one remembers her decent clothes, and oddly enough, the powder on her worn face—in Spain merely a brave and pathetic indication of her gentility. One wonders whether there was there some fight to conceal the shameful poverty that had come upon her house and name, whether it was only in side streets, in whispers and of strangers who would be gone the next morning that she dared ask charity.

Sometimes, when you have passed gaily on leaving a blind beggar muttering by the curb, there suddenly comes a vision of what it would mean to sit in darkness with an outstretched hand, waiting, waiting forever with nervous eagerness for that penny to fall from the unknown; what it would mean when at night someone came to fetch you home and no penny had fallen. So, one way and another, you begin to think a little of the beggar's side.

MIXED with all the sham, the trickery, the greediness, is the real suffering and the real need. To simple souls —and to some less simple—poverty means that the world is, so far, gone wrong; and begging seems as good as another way to set it right. The hope of receiving alms will at any rate die out only when there are no longer rich and poor.

But beggars often seem to ask, not alms, but their rights; they are really thinking side by side with all the reformers of the newest movements. Beggars may be no needier than many other classes, they are merely simpler and more outspoken in their protest against social inequalities. The children of the oases of the Algerian Sahara who crowd around you screaming "Monsieur Riche"—Mr. Rich—are putting their case in that one phrase—you have, they haven't; something should be done toward equalization. But greater definiteness may be encountered, a more self-conscious formulation of the beggar's socialism.

AN agreeable middle-aged woman, returning from market one day, discovered the tourist in the sun admiring a view and decided to beg of him. She was not regularly of the profession but something in the lovely spring morning had inspired her. The tourist, always inclined, as it happened, to philosophy and discussion, objected that she did not seem particularly poor, and ventured, in defence of his views, to lift the corner of her shawl, thus disclosing a basket decently filled, and including at least one incriminating luxury, a can of lobster. He, simple-minded, thought he had routed the lady, but she met him at once upon the higher planes of economic discussion and in a most amazing manner. From the now famous basket she produced her bank-book!—the beggar had been to the bank as well. In calm triumph she called the tourist's attention to her balance and asserted that it was less than his. His at home was, Heaven knows, not large, but she was right, hers was smaller; and he,—it is hoped it will be thought handsomely—added the twenty cents which would bring the sum up to the even hundred pesetas, twenty dollars. The lady thought the act gentlemanly, but still her due; and departed, feeling the world fuller of justice than before. And indeed, can one be sure that she was not right?

This is perhaps enough of philosophy —and of sadness. But one cheerful memory may surely find place—that of a good-natured fellow with no legs or arms, who remains in one's mind as the ideal a beggar, worthy and pleasant-mannered yet with no hypocritical subservien Every morning he was fetched in a lit cart to the hotel door by a boy—who a penny for it, and there he remained aight. He smoked cigarettes gaily wl anyone would put one in his mouth a light it, seeing no reason why, in a count where everyone smokes, even a begg should deprive himself of this necessi When pretty women of the people pass along the street he complimented them "threw them flowers," as the native pression is, and if business were d he whistled and sometimes sang a lo couplet. But he attended to his busin and asked something of everyone w came by or went in or out, everyone, th is, who looked able to afford a little ch ity. Whatever his takings were they w enough to keep him, and to pay the b who hauled him home in his little cart night. He was cheerful always. He l lieved that the world owed the legless a armless a living, and he was serenely co fident that the world would pay its de

WE, of course should have put him i "home" and so out of our sight. E there, under the Southern sun, it w pleasant to see him, to hear him comp ment the pretty girls, and to give h one's penny. But under the southe sun one's moral fiber often weakens. long as beggars are not forbidden—as course they should be—the temptation strong to give something to quavering men and shivering old women, and place an occasional copper in a blind bo open palm, to do all this and to rejoice one's shame. At home we can turn attention to a greater thing, scientific a unemotional prevention of pover Meanwhile on holidays and abroad may be allowed sentimentality. Go begging, like all other good things of t world, deserves some slight reward.

*"The chances are that he makes about fifty cents a day."*

THE TRA

By Evel

APEZE ACT

ETT SHINN

*Venustiano Carranza* | *General Alvaro Obregon of the Constitutionalist Army* | *Governor Maytorena of Sonora*

# Revolutions and Concessions

By McGREGOR

PORFIRIO DIAZ sailed for Europe on May 20, 1911, and Francisco I. Madero entered Mexico City on June 10, following. Francisco de la Barra, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, had succeeded Diaz, according to the arrangement with Madero, and was Provisional President until November 6, when Madero became President by virtue of election by the people. But de la Barra belonged to the Cientifico Party, so named in derision because of the theory it promulgated that the financial group alone was competent to govern Mexico scientifically. One incident of this period throws light upon the situation and incidentally upon the character of Huerta. He had been ordered by de la Barra to attack Zapata who had been one of Madero's allies in the South. When Madero heard of this, he denounced this warfare against Zapata and offered to see him in person and persuade him to lay down his arms. So Madero jumped into an automobile and proceeded toward Zapata's camp. Wheo Huerta learned of this, he resolved to attack Zapata's camp about the time Madero should arrive, with the bope of killing Madero in the battle, but the attack came a little too soon.

The two main planks of Madero's platform, contained in the famous San Luis Putosi Manifesto, were Effective Suffrage and No Re-election, and the Restoration and Division of the Lands. Hampered by his Cabinet and the Senate, he was unable to carry out his promises as speedily as he had boped. Zapata cootinued his insurrection in the South whicb it proved impossible to suppress, and Orozco, one of Madero's disappointed generals, began a counter-revolution in the North, backed up by the Cientifico Party in Chihuahua City. His revolution was financed by the issue of a million and a half dollars in bonds of the State of Chihuahua and these were bought by the bankers and landlords and merchants, among the contributors being Luiz Terraza of the fifteen million acres of land. Madero sent Huerta to put down this revolution, which he did, but it was during its continuance and fighting on the border, especially at Juarez, opposite El Paso, that the cry was raised for intervention, whicb was taken up so unanimously by the commercial press in this country. This merely indicated the prevailing hostility of the American and foreign coocessionaires to the Madero Administration.



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The Taft Administration, to its credit be it said, in spite of tremendous pressure brought to bear upon it and promises of intervention that had been made in its behalf, resisted this plan, and a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, after exhaustive hearings on the subject, developed nothing to justify such a step, in the exaggerated press stories of the destruction of American life and property.

BUT Madero was doomed, nevertheless. During the closing years of the Diaz régime, a concession had been granted Lord Cowdray, formerly Sir Weetman Pearson, controller of the Pearson Interests, for the exploitation of the fabulously rich oil lands of Mexico, including not only the sinking of oil wells, even upon private property on the banks of rivers, but pipe-line privileges as well. Up to Lord Cowdray's time, the graft from these concessions to influential officials had been on a comparatively small scale. But Lord Cowdray issued a million and a half dollars in preferred stock of El Aguila (The Eagle) Oil Company paying eight per cent. interest, and distributed this where it would do him the most good. According to Senator Fall, Lord Cowdray was the only partner Diaz ever had. Cowdray gave 200 shares, of $1000 each, to Porfirio Diaz, Jr., the President's son; a like amount to G. Landa y Escanda, Governor of a Federal District; 100 shares to Enrique Creel, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and formerly Ambassador to the United States; and six other lots of 100 shares each, to lawyers, bankers and capitalists, who constituted the inner circle of the Invisible Government of Mexico. These same stock-holders were then made directors of the National Railways of Mexico in which Cowdray did not own a share. The curiously inclined may see the Mexican name, *Ferrocariles Nacionales de Mexico*, on the office doors of the twelfth floor at 25 Broad Street, New York.

PRESIDENT MADERO at once ousted the Cientifico directors, who had been bribed with stock in El Aguila Oil Company and put Mexicans instead of Americans to operating the railroad. Lord Cowdray had constructed the Tehuantepec National Railway, built by government bonds, at a cost to the government of twice what the work was worth, and was managing it for a third more than it ought to have cost. So his friends were put off the Mexican directorate of the National Railways of Mexico.

Henry Clay Pierce, of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, now the Pierce Company, after a long contest with Standard Oil for the control of his corporation, finally won his case in the Missouri Courts. Pierce was the rival also of the Aguila Company, as its concession was inimical to his interests as a refiner and distributor of oil in Mexico. Lord Cowdray sold his product to Standard Oil, and it is alleged there is a still closer alliance than that of this contract. The Mexican Oil Company, the Doheney interests, was also doing a large business with the Standard, which was the only company with tank steamships for obtaining the oil at tidewater. The Adler concession consisted of pipe line privilege of extraordinary terms, from the State of Vera Cruz, and this was confirmed at the beginning of the Madero Administration, apparently under a misapprehension, for Madero immediately announced to prospective or actual stockholders that this concession would not be of much value.

THE Mexican Constitution declares against the granting of concessions of a monopolistic nature and Madero was advised by Mexican lawyers that the Lord Cowdray concession among others was unconstitutionally granted.

So here was Madero, President of Mexico, with the Clericals and the Cientificos and the American and other foreign commercial interests arrayed against him, living in Mexico City, the hot-bed of graft and intrigue and favoritism, with the powerful feudal lords fearing that they would have to "restore and divide the lands," and he an idealist and a dreamer, a man of peace, too tender-hearted to execute a traitor even though caught red-handed.

Felix Diaz, always the stupid tool of others, and General Reyes inaugurated a revolution in Vera Cruz. The Mexican oil lands stretch up the coast from Vera Cruz northward to Tampico. It was planned to march upon Mexico City and capture Madero. Who were the backers of the plot may never be known. It is difficult enough in New York City to find the "men higher up." But Madero captured Reyes and Diaz and spared their lives. Diaz was confined in the penitentiary and Reyes in Santiago Military Prison, in Mexico City. Then, on February 9, 1913, Sunday morning, General Mondragon, Commander of the Military School at Tlalpan, having conspired with the Cientifico element in Mexico City, marched there with his cadets and garrison and liberated Reyes, then marched with Reyes to the palace, where they were met with such terrific fire from the machine guns that they retreated, Reyes being slain. Another detachment marched to the penitentiary and liberated Felix Diaz, then captured the Citadel, where were stored the cannon and other munitions of war. Trustful Madero put General Huerta in command. The rest of the fighting was a sham battle, each party, probably by previous agreement with Huerta, firing over the other's heads. Madero was taken prisoner on the 18th, by Huerta, who had by that time openly allied himself with Felix Diaz. Madero was forced to resign, then Lascurain, Minister of Foreign Affairs, under duress, resigned and Huerta was made Minister of the Interior and therefore successor to the Presidency. The resignations were presented to the Chamber of Deputies, surrounded by armed soldiers, and Huerta was made Provisional President, though, as there was no quorum present, not even the forms of law were carried out. On the day that President Madero was taken prisoner, his brother, Gustavo Madero, the practical man of the Madero Revolution, was murdered. On the 22nd, President Madero and Pino Suarez, the Vice President, were murdered, under the plea that they had attempted to escape.

Instantly, American interests through the press controlled by them began to demand the recognition of Huerta, as the only strong man who could pacify Mexico. Henry Lane Wilson strongly advised it and the European Powers did not wait for the United States to grant recognition. President Taft wisely left the problem for his successor, who became President ten days after the murder of Madero.

LATER, Huerta justified more fully President Wilson's refusal to recognize his blood-stained title. The Mexican Congress was assembled. The concessionaires again flocked to the palace and rich pickings were promised them by Huerta. But the Madero Congress would not grant such concessions and refused to legalize those that had been pronounced unconstitutional. Huerta threw into jail 110 of the House of Delegates, then released 30, leaving the exact Liberal strength of 80 in prison. It is said that five of these have been put to death. Consider the fate of Senator Belisarius Dominguez. He made his will, said farewell forever to his family, and then arose in his seat in the Senate and denounced Huerta as a murderer and the enemy of his country. He was arrested, of course, and killed.

American and foreign interests, centering around Mexico City, with their mining and oil and rubber concessions, have been the financial backers of Huerta. The contributions have kept the army satisfied. The Church also gave what it could, until Huerta's course alienated its support. There have been loans to the Government by American and French and Belgian bankers, in the ordinary course of business, with ample security.

ON the very day that Madero was overthrown, another Revolution, that has swept over the greater part of Mexico, began. Born fifty-eight years ago, of pure Spanish stock, with gray eyes that have come down to him from his old Goth or Vandal ancestors who settled Spain, Venustiano Carranza was educated for the law in Mexico City, but gave up his studies because of defective eyesight. He is a farmer, with a small fortune of $200,000 and has had no affiliations either with the great landed proprietors, such as Madero had through his family, or with the Mexico City cabal. He was elected from his State, Coahuila, in the North, to the Senate, under the Diaz régime, but he opposed Diaz and finally resigned from the Senate by way of more emphatic protest. He joined the Madero Revolution, was made Provisional Governor of Coahuila, and then was elected Constitutional Governor, and remains so, on the theory of Huerta's title to the Presidency being false. He has been recognized by the Governors of Sonora, Sinaloa, and Durango, and by the military chiefs of each State, as possessing the same Federal power over their territory as if he were already President. His military chiefs, acknowledging his leadership, including Zapata, are operating in every part of Mexico.

There is an historic parallel for lifting the embargo on the exportation of munitions of war for Carranza's benefit. Juarez, the greatest of all Mexican Revolutionary leaders, was contending against the ill-fated Maximilian, who occupied the throne. The United States, just emerging from the Civil War, was not minded to tolerate an Emperor in Mexico. So General Sheridan marched to convenient places on the Mexican border, and carelessly left 30,000 stand of rifles in various places. Juarez accidentally found the arms for which they had been waiting, and then was able to conquer Maximilian's army. If Juarez had lived, the history of Mexico might have been that of a real Republic.

The will of the people, so far as can be manifested without another election, is shown by the fact that 25 of the 27 Governors of the States of Mexico, elected by the people, were Maderistas and have been deposed by Huerta, wherever he controlled affairs. Peace will never reign with the Government an inverted pyramid, resting upon a few thousand land-holders and foreign investors, among 15,000,000 Mexicans.

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# A New Shylock

By N. H.

### *Forbes-Robertson in "The Merchant of Venice"*

"WHAT do you suppose," Ellen Terry once said to me, "is the most steadily popular play that Henry Irving and I have ever produced, the one that we can fall back upon when every other fails? It is the good old 'Merchant.' That comedy has done more for us than anything else we ever had."

The drama contains two of the greatest acting parts in existence, and the stage life of any play is very much helped, of course, by its being suited to test at the same time the powers of the greatest actor and the greatest actress. Among Shakespeare's plays, "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Much Ado About Nuthing" are the only ones in which the man and the woman actor together find themselves provided with parts that test the rarest talent.

BUT "The Merchant of Venice" is as popular in the closet as on the stage, and especially among the young. It is a wonderful romance. Nobody quite believes, of course, that Portia's father could have picked out an ideal husband for her by the device of the caskets, but to the young mind that episode is extraordinarily picturesque, interesting and sympathetic. No one quite believes that when the leading merchant of Venice was in danger of death, laws plainly written on the statute books, making him safe, would be overlooked by everybody concerned, until an attractive young woman, disguised as a Doctor of Laws, appeared from a distance; but if we are living in the land of romantic license few inventions compare in charm with these. The attractiveness of the plot, tragic intensity combined with bright comedy and dramatic action, added to the fact that the two leading characters are such brilliant acting parts, make "The Merchant of Venice" perennially successful.

FORBES-ROBERTSON is going to many of the principal cities in the East, including Boston, Washington, Norfolk, Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo and Pittsburgh. I wish he were going to every town in America. As this is his last appearance, every serious theatergoer ought to see him in "The Merchant of Venice". Those persons who allege that they like to read Shakespeare but would rather see something else on the stage (usually meaning a farce, a musical comedy, or some popular young actress in an empty trifle) are usually what in the language of the day are called "four-flushers." Anybody who likes Shakespeare will profoundly enjoy the Forbes-Robertson production. Shylock shows the distinguished actor at his best. In no character has Shakespeare shown more dazzling the power of genius to draw so truly that a character can be seen by different audiences in as many different ways as a real person is seen. Mr. Roosevelt is the saver of society to some, a destroyer to others; he is a brilliant originating mind or a vulgarizer, according to the standpoint. Shylock, to the community, that first saw him was an unexcused villain, richly deserving the worst, so that the misfortunes which befall were broad comedy. Times changed. We throw ourselves more into the state of mind of the underdog, and Shylock becomes the tragic symbol of an oppressed race. Edwin Booth played him along broad tragic lines, Henry Irving kept the tragedy but put in more elements of what we call character parts, and he also made the irony very bitter and very terrible. Of numerous prominent actors in the part scarcely one has been a failure, because the many-sided Shylock lends himself to the interpretation of any well-equipped intelligence. Forbes-Robertson does not emphasize the cruelty or the idiosyncrasies.

HE plays these sides honestly, but his heart and his talents go into imaginative sympathy, into the way the Jew sees his own life, into those burning passages in which he endeavors to make the contemptuous Christians realize that a Jew is human. The play is unsurpassed for richness in what the French call *tours de force* and what the Americans call "stunts." Where is the argumentative eloquence that can surpass the passage beginning, "If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge?" And after that superlative outbreak of intimate and passionate explanation comes without pause the scene with Tubal in which the overwrought love of money, the hatred of Antonio, the agony about the daughter show in wild incoherence. Sir Johnston, depicted probably the most *lovable* Shylock I have known. With all its littlenesses, its harshnesses, its faults of a creature kept constantly at bay, the mind of Shylock is a noble mind, and the memory Forbes-Robertson leaves is one of nobility, of tenderness, of suffering. It suggests in the actor that understanding of alien natures which comes from a kindly nature and an open heart. He rather minimizes such lines as the satire on lending for Christian courtesy and as those on the lodged hate and loathing for Antonio. We carry away the picture of a nature that is big but goaded by oppression into actions that are small.

THOSE citizens of the fortunate towns where "The Merchant of Venice" is played will also see a company which acts the charming old drama with taste, with adequate training, with affection. The minor characters, of whom nearly all have distinctness, stand out in their own persons. Their lines are not chopped away to make more time for the stars. Even Antonio and Bassanio, usually colorless, arouse sympathy and interest. Gertrude Elliott's Portia, while it has not that gale of spirits that Ellen Terry has associated forever with the part, has intelligence, brightness, graciousness, and no quality whatever which is out of key.

### *Simplicity in Shakespeare*

THE Merchant of Venice, with its strength and its delicacy, its heights and its tender valleys, fully illustrates two sides that are nearly constant in Shakespeare's best work, but I wish to wander on now to other plays. The highest flights, no doubt, are in the grand style, as in the marvelous soliloquies of Macbeth, but frequently he is as perfect in utter simplicity. The grander passages can be appreciated even torn from their context, but the simpler ones gain their force from their appropriateness to character and the situation. Ophelia's sayings: "No more but so!" and "I was the more deceived," do not carry much of their strength when they are taken alone, but in their setting nothing could be more perfect. So with many of the speeches of Miranda or with Hamlet's "The rest is silence," or with Lear's, "You do wrong to take me out of the grave." It is a stirring fact that the man who could handle language with unexampled gorgeousness should also write like this:

> But shall I mourn for that, my dear?
> The pale moon shines by night;
> And when I wander here and there
> I then do go most right.

Often this simplicity is combined with intensest passion, as:

> Take all my loves, my Love, yea, take them all—

The gorgeous style can be written in its perfection only by a man who is also a master of the simpler style.

### *Comparison Between Shakespeare's Comedy Drawing and Jane Austen's*

WHEN Jane Austen is compared to Shakespeare, many are struck with surprise. Of course, the comparison is meaningless, except along one narrow line. What it signifies is that both artists are objective and paint characters impersonally rather than coloring them with their own temperaments. The sympathies of Miss Austen's mind and talent were both strongly with the stage. She might well have been a distinguished writer of comedies, on account of the ironical, good-humored quality of her talent. She played the piano and sang, but when she went to a concert, she spoke, not of the music, but of the people she saw there. A similar tendency was shown in picture galleries, as she explains herself in her Journal, but when she went to the theater, she talked about the play but not about the audience. This distinction is natural in a person whose interest is in human beings, and it is what gives the drama its appeal. She used to act when she was a child, and some of her early compositions were in dramatic form. Those of us who are especially fond of this novelist, and at the same time especially fond of the theater, can not help regretting that she did not carry this impulse further. What would make the most delightful of comedies is precisely the touch that created Mr. Woodhouse and Miss Bates.

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON AS SHYLOCK

*"The people wonder vaguely what he has to live for"*

# The Eternalist

By J. FRANCES COOKE

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

HE lives up there among the evergreens and birches. You can see the smoke rising from his cabin chimney every morning, and again at evening when the cool mountain twilight creeps upon the valley and the fair east wind sets inland from the sea.

I call him the eternalist because his thought, his activity, his whole existence is carried on with intuitive reference to an enduring personality. Things that are of first importance to men who consider themselves short-term occupants of the universe—for example, fame, recognition, success—do not seriously concern the eternalist at all. In fact he dreads them. They would only agitate his soul, even as the great sea-going vessels are agitated by the short, choppy waves of a channel. His ambition is vague even to himself, and moves with slow but colossal undulations, and is commeasurate with the incalculable possibilities of an immortal life.

He is still young—or is he? Alas! we have too good warrant for instinctively ascribing youth to loveliness. No, in reality he is growing old. And yet he is, and will always be, more beautiful than the young.

He has realized in miniature, no doubt, that modest dream of Horace: "A portion of land not excessive, and near it a snug little wood, and a spring that ne'er faileth." His spruce-log cabin has a wide window on every side, and no other pictures adorn his walls. What need has he for pale copies of Böcklin, Ruysdael, or Claude Lorraine? I have seen him stand, I know not how long, at his east window that frames in this picture: An upland hay-field strewn with boulders in the foreground; above that, a strip of pasture land—mere waste of rocks and junipers to high-headed man, but nourishing a few sheep and cattle; then as an invisible valley pushing further back the long, low mountain clothed in black pine and spruce. Crowning all and following like a fringe the uneven crest of the mountain, a thin line of giant trees stands up against the sky, the pale daylight gleaming through their trunks beneath the massed, bushy tops.

His house contains the very minimum of furnishings. Like an experienced traveler, he has learned not to cumber himself with things not suited to the long road, things that eventually he must leave behind. "I deal in nothing cheaper than *endurities*," he once said to me with a holy smile.

His friends in cities and in foreign lands often send him beautiful and costly things. He caresses them, croons over them for a little while as if they were flowers loved only for their fragrance; then he gives them away. He *has* a weakness, almost a passion for giving gifts. "It is wonderful and touching," he exclaims, "that people should derive so much happiness from the crude sensation of owning things." Not being able to share this feeling, he over-compensates for the lack of it by exaggerating and idealizing the pleasure he bestows on the recipients of his gifts, just as men frequently idealize and overestimate maternal love.

HE lives alone. He is absolutely democratic. His exclusiveness is only relative: it is a moral and physical reaction against humanity's noise and coarseness and uncleanliness. I have heard him say, "I could die for the people, but I can not live with them." He hires no one to wait upon him or to serve him directly. He keeps his own house and wood-yard, cultivates his trees and his garden, reads, writes, takes long walks and plays the violoncello. He is writing a book that will be published only after his death—or, as he himself would say, "After I am dead in *this* world."

His neighbors, the village people, understand no more of him than if he belonged to a different species. They know he is kind: their dogs know the same, and know it more steadfastly. The people wonder vaguely what he has to live for, seeing that, unlike themselves—and the birds and foxes—he has no mate, no young, no excitement of seeking food all day long. For the rest, they treat him as one of themselves, with kind-hearted, neighborly intimacy. He would not have it otherwise. A sense of humor in him or a great stretch of sympathetic insight will not let him approach any human being from a superior altitude. He can not treat men as inferiors even in those cases where to do so would win their servile respect. If men can not communicate with him at his own level, he descends to theirs. With the deftness of a magician he is able to transform himself into something like one of them. Not by the quiver of a nostril does he betray his repugnance for

their obscene jests, their preoccupation with the most primitive aspects of sex, their interest in crime and its punishment. In fact he will go out of his way to carry the daily newspapers to a poor old cripple who loves to read of horrors. "It will be a treat for him," says the eternalist. "He has as good a right to his sort of pleasure as I have to mine." Nevertheless, this brave counterfeiting, this going out of himself, this descent into the repudiated and forgotten sources of his own nature, does violence to that nature as it now is, and really costs him dear. He comes back depressed and nauseated from a near view of the mental and spiritual possessions of his fellow-men. If they were but clean in their meagerness, or rich and reassuring in their uncleanness!

WHEN he mixes with men, I can see that he suffers from disgust but not from scorn; that he feels disappointment but not disdain. There is more love in his disgust and in his disappointment than in all the praises of their tribunes. He has never flattered them, but he has descended to their level, taken on their very shape, their accents, in order to communicate with them sincerely. He has even assumed, at times, something of their grossness rather than embarrass them or make them ashamed.

A lady who sometimes visits him once asked him whether he were not another Tolstoy among his peasants, or a Balzac's "Country Doctor" to his neighbors? "What!" exclaimed the eternalist, "am I a useless and barren rock seeking to justify my existence by attaching to myself all the barnacles in my neighborhood? Impossible! we live as equals here."

No, his conduct toward his fellow-townsmen is as lacking in classical proportions as is the face of Socrates. And yet—like that face—it expresses an intuitive comprehension of all that lies between God and commonest man. He has created no marked diversion in the life of what he calls "this humble grade of immortals." Though he often takes a gratuitous hand in their affairs, his advice is seldom followed. They trust his heart, but not his foreign standards. His habits of life seem to them troublesome and dangerous to health. If an epidemic breaks out, the midwife and the old nurse of the village have more authority than he. His cleanliness, his demand for fresh air, his abstemiousness, his scruples against getting the best of a bargain, in a word, his incalculable variations on customs well tested by common use have long ago brought him under the caption, Lacking in Common Sense. He is like a trained and instructed member of a primitive community who has returned home to his people ambitious of lifting them in one generation on to a high plane of culture; but who has found to his bitter disappointment that his exotic leaven does not work. And he himself now circling lonely outside the field of influence, now squatting by the campfire as of old, watches sometimes with impatience but oftener with resignation, the snail-like movement of the stubborn mass.

HE says, "They knew by intuition from the beginning that they and I could not coöperate, that our equipments were too unlike. So they steered clear away from me. They are no barnacles. As free swimmers they have lived, as free swimmers they will, if need be, die. That is their virtue."

They are only grown-up children. Always his soul deserts him and goes over to their side, and insists on looking at things and at himself with their childlike eyes. And he quiets his impatience by saying to himself: "It is only a question of time, and I have a whole eternity."

I once asked him: "Whence comes to you the feeling of immortality?"

HE did not reply immediately but sat looking out before him. His gaze seemed to travel farther and farther away. At last he repeated slowly, "Whence comes to me the feeling of immortality?" And after a pause he resumed, "It is only by borrowing symbols from the material world that I can answer you at all. We human seers and diviners of immortality may be likened to the marine mammals. They burrow under water as nimbly as the true fishes until they have used up the oxygen they took down with them from the surface. Born to two elements contrary and opposed, they live only by darting to and fro. So it is with us. We dive down into the intellect and move in it like the race of common thinkers and reasoners. But we can not *breathe* there. We must come up, we must snatch our inspirations from the upper air—the *intuition*."

"Whence came to Beethoven the melodies and harmonies he bequeathed to the world? Not from his intellect—not from his reason. Intellect can not *create*, it can but *discover*. It is our splendid tool for subjugating matter, but it is a prosaic tool. I once had a fellow-student—a genius in intellect but with no ear for music and no eye for beauty—who used to maintain that my joy in hearing certain works of music was nothing else than a mild attack of hysteria! The western world suffers from lack of intuition, of spiritual insight. The Orient has always suffered from lack of the practical, prosaic intellect. Its abundance of soul appears passive and ineffectual to the eyes of the intellect because it can not work through matter. But the intellect ever wrestling with material facts or their symbols and counterparts, ever burrowing in the earth, is already digging trenches toward the East—for its own practical ends. And back through these trenches, against the will of the crude digger, in spite of his contempt, will rush the pent-up spiritual wealth of the East. Beethoven might have *heard* his melodies and harmonies through the medium of his own soul. But without mechanical instruments he could never have given them to the world.

"THE instinct of immortality will perhaps never be adequately described. It is too vague and too ineffable. But we know that it deposits in the soul a feeling of joy and a feeling of greatness. It has nothing to do with pleasure or with gratified ambition. It does not exclude pain. It may fill the soul on the scaffold, or at the stake, or on the cross. It bursts into hymns of freedom on the lips of an exile. It is what we hear in Beethoven's music, especially in the great pieces composed after his deafness. The instinct of immortality or its deposit of joy and of greatness is in the soul of the captain and the seamen who voluntarily go down with their ship. It is the essence of all disinterestedness. And again there are moments when the feeling of immortality seems like an infinite extension of the sweetest feeling of our childhood, the sense of being loved and owned."

The beautiful serene face of the eternalist tells no one now that he once suffered terribly. It was in his youth, in the sunniest time of his life, Death darted down like an eagle from the rocks and snatched away the one he most loved. He had made no provision for the loss, not so much as by a thought, a wandering, baseless fear. And lo, all happiness was gone before he had even pictured sorrow. He refused to look at her as she lay in the darkened chamber. He refused to replace the living image with the lifeless one. But involuntarily he identified himself with her. He too was dead, he too lay rigid and cold in the narrow box with the frightful name, he too was going down into the grave. She should not go alone, she should not bear alone this horrible injustice. All that is monstrous and blood-curdling to the young in the physical aspect of death he laid upon himself. And out of the familiar daily life that flowed on around him, his own anguish and her dead form were the only reality. All motion and traffic, voices and laughter in the streets, even the playing of children—all was a phantom show, yet cruel and insulting in its unreality.

BUT when the last moments came and he knew by the dread movements in the chamber where she lay that they were shutting her away from the light forever, he felt a sudden terror and remorse that he should have been about to let her go without a farewell look. There was yet time. He hurried into the room, pushed the people aside and stood looking down at her.

How did it happen? He could not tell. But it was never for one moment what he had expected. He had thought to find her *dead*, and he was looking through a transparent mask into the clear eyes of her spirit. He saw no vision, no apparition, and yet it was as if she smiled at him across a narrow chasm. It was all so simple. It was not even strange.

People say of the eternalist, "Poor man, how lonely he must be!" And he says of himself, "I am never lonely—I am not even alone. There are all my great Loves, to say nothing of the lesser ones: love of nature, love of knowledge, love of music, love of Love, and love of giving gifts! And just the other day a new love appeared above the horizon. It is the *love of growing old*. By its light I can look back on my accumulated years: all are precious, not one could be spared, each has brought its invaluable contribution. And more than this, it rose—it dawned—just beneath an irritating little cloud and shot it all away. That little cloud was the *fear of growing old*. My spirit has long felt that life is not *passing* but *accumulating*. Henceforth my body will learn to feel this too, and unlearn its vain regrets."

LAST night we lingered by his fireside later than usual, talking of Life and Love and Death. At the end he exclaimed:

"Only see what Life has accomplished already in what we call the past! Who shall set bounds to its future? It has brought us here to this fireside. True, the fire on this hearth will die. The earth will grow cold. Suns will be extinguished. Yet you and I, if we will, may sit down again at a fireside of the universe. And dead worlds shall come and go, recreated by a thought, extinguished by neglect; as even now our memories reconstruct and then let fall again at will some period of our childhood."

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

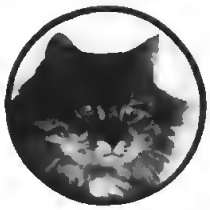
CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

XXIV

DAVE WARFIELD has no right, I fear,
In this collection to appear.
I stupidly forgot to asko
The kind permission of Belasco.

XXV

WHEN I endeavored to portray
The late King Edward, strange to say,
The likeness, of its own accord,
Turned into that of James L. Ford.



## Musings of Hafiz

WHAT gets my angora goat (to paraphrase humaa slaag.) is the way people talk on subjects they know nothing about.

The other day I overheard a visitor, not overhurdeaed with tact, remark in my presence, that short-haired cats are more intellectual than long-haired cats. As I happen to wear my hair quite long, aad am the oaly cat member of the household, the remark showed execrable taste, and I am glad to say, was reeeived ia stoay sileace by the rest of the family. The speech was all the more foolish, whea it is kaowa that while I have aever been actually mistaken for him, people have often exclaimed at my remarkable resemblaace to the great human dramatist, Heiarich Ibsen.

IF you douht this, you have only to look at my picture which is printed at the top of my articles, like Mr. Roy McCardell's, ia the *World*.

I admit Mr. McCardell's picture is larger, but it is not so large as mine in proportioa to the size of the page, also, Mr. McCardell's fur, to judge by his picture, is much shorter than miae. If, as I am told, he has angora tendencies, I fear he must keep them in check, which is a pity, as otherwise I should have cited him to prove the absurdity of the statemeat that short-haired people are more intellectual than angoras.

BUT why cry over spilt fur when there is Bliss Carmaa, to prove my case. The only picture I have of Bliss is this one takea behiad his back, but it places him without question in the angora category and as such establishes their supe-

riority both poetically and intellectually beyoad dispute.

ANOTHER well known aagora is Mr. Richard Le Gallienne (see picture, also a back view) a master of opalescent water-color poetry. Still another is Mr. Edward Markham who, I am told, put the "Hoe" in *Homo*. Mr. Markham's angoralizings form one of the most attractive features of the Saturday *American*.

In the realm of music, the human aagora reigns supreme. A complete collection of the portraits of famous musicians might easily be mistaken for the illustrated catalog of a fur merchant. Take for example the Abbé Lizst and Herr Mendelssoha, specimens of two very diffcreat hreeds.

When discovered (by Columhus) this country was inhabited exclusively by aagoras.

American hair has falleu off alarmiagly in the last four or five centuries. It is still falliag off.

Siace Colonel Cody ceased to be aa angora the Wild West has lost its charm. What will become of American opera if Mr. Meltzer cuts his hair, is no purring matter!

WHAT will become of the dinner music of the hotels? Deprived of its *scherzo* stimulus to fast eatiag, the diners will soon relapse into Fletcherism, and the hungry guests waiting for tahles will have to go elsewhere for food.

As everyone knows, violin music is composed of human hair, equiae hair and catgut in equal parts; we and our equine collaborators have never failed in our share of the compact. But what will become of hotel music if the human angoras fail in theirs?

WHAT is true of poetry aad of music is true also of paiatiag. All the expensive painters of the past were angoras, and their prices are still going up. Oa the other paw, the prices of the short-haired pictures grow steadily less. I am told their colors are not fast.

How true is the motto of the paiater *Ars longa, vita brevis*. I did aot know what it meant till I fouad the translation in a little red aotebook on the desk ia the study. It read like this: *The artist's hair is long, the bon vivant's hair is short.*

# The Passionate Friends

*An indictment of jealousy and the romantic ideal of love*

By FLOYD DELL

MR. WELLS' new novel seems to be finding but little favor—especially among his admirers.* It is generally condemned as a poor story, and as being particularly shaky in its ethical foundation.

Well, it *is* a poor story. Its ethics are another thing. But it is a poor story precisely because it is so vehement, so passionate a presentation of an ethical idea. It is, indeed, not a novel at all—it is a furious cry of despairing anger against the ethics of romantic love.

So hard is it for readers and reviewers to conceive of any one really objecting to these ethics that they are solemnly pointing out to him what he has done. He has made his heroine marry a rich man whom she doesn't love. Ignoble! Worse still, when she has an opportunity to escape from her loveless marriage, after her liaison is discovered, in flight with her lover, she refuses. Cowardly! And her suicide in the end, to prevent the scandal of a divorce—the final folly of a weak and worthless woman!

These criticisms are just and inevitable from the romantic point of view. If love is the greatest thing in the world, if the world is well lost for love, then Lady Mary was a coward and base in all that she did. If she had only had the courage to declare her love to the world—say the reviewers—we might have admired her. It is true that the ideal of romantic love, which is the ideologic basis of monogamic marriage, is also the excuse for romantic violations of convention—at least in poetry and fiction. The ideal of The One Woman as the crux of life, the center of all aspirations, thoughts, desires, whom to love, honor and possess is the height of achievement—this is Romantic Love: and this is the very ideal against which Mr. Wells in this book utters his violent and despairing protest.

HE is ready to justify his heroine in her seemingly cowardly actions because each of them was a defiance of Romantic Love, and of that sexual jealousy, which is the core of Romantic Love. His novel is an account of the effort of two people to deny, in the interest of the larger life of the world, the insistent claims of this sexual jealousy, and their failure—which is in the view of Mr. Wells the tragic failure of the world, and the fatal flaw in life which may make it impossible for mankind to realize its greatest dreams.

At first, with these claims pouring in upon her from the lips of her penniless lover, Lady Mary is steadfast against them. Stephen is prepared to give his whole life, subordinate all his ambitions, to the effort to maintain their home. "But I don't want it, Stephen," she says.

"I don't want it. I want you to go on in the service of the empire. I want to see you do great things, do all the things we've talked and written about. Don't you see how much better that is for you and for me—and for the world and our lives? I don't want you to become a horrible little specialist in feeding and keeping me. . . . You will not be able to marry me for years and years and years—unless you neglect your work, unless you throw away everything that is worth having between us in order just to get me. . . . Why are you so greedy, Stephen? Why are you so ignoble? If I were to come now and marry you, it wouldn't help you. It would turn you into—a wife-keeper, into the sort of uninteresting preoccupied man one sees running after and gloating over the woman he's bought—at the price of his money and his dignity—and everything. It's not proper for a man to live so for a woman and her children. It's dwarfish. It's enslaving. It's—it's indecent."

And when their secret love is found out, and her husband and her lover press her with these passionate personal claims, she repudiates those of both.

"Why must I choose between two men? I want neither of you. I want myself. I'm not a thing. I'm a human being. I'm not your thing, Justin—nor yours, Stephen. Yet you want to quarrel over me—like two dogs over a bone. I am going to stay here—in my house! It's my house. I made it. Every room in it is full of me. Here I am!"

NEVERTHELESS, she is herself the victim and the creature of these claims. After a long separation, when Stephen has married and she herself is the mother of children, she writes to him in confession. "I spent," she says, "my very considerable superfluous energies in wrecking your career." She goes on:

"Because you know I wrecked it, Stephen. I *knew* I was wrecking it, and I wrecked it. I knew exactly what I was doing all the time. I had meant to be so fine a thing for you, a mothering friend, to have that dear consecutive kindly mind of yours steadying mine, to have seen you grow to power over men, me helping, me admiring. It was to have been so fine. So fine! Didn't I urge you to marry Rachel, make you talk of her. Don't you remember that? And one day when I saw you thinking of Rachel, saw a kind of pride in your eyes!—suddenly I couldn't stand it. I went to my room after you had gone and thought of you and her until I wanted to scream. I couldn't bear it. It was intolerable. I was violent to my toilet things. I broke a hand-glass. Your dignified, selfish, self-controlled Mary *smashed* a silver hand-mirror. I never told you that. You know what followed. I pounced on you and took you. Wasn't I—a soft and scented hawk? Was either of us better than some creature of instinct that does what it does because it must? It was like a gust of madness—and I cared, I found, no more for your career than I cared for any other little thing, for honor, for Rachel, for Justin, that stood between us."

AND as for the great dreams of Stephen and the rest of us for reconstructing the world—"All this great world-state of your man's imagination is going to be wrecked by us. . . . We are going to be the Goths and Vandals of another Decline and Fall. . . . The State indeed! All your little triumphs of science and economy, all your little accumulations of wealth that you think will presently make the struggle for life an old story and the millennium possible—*we spend*. And all your dreams of brotherhood!—we will set you by the ears. We hold ourselves up as my little nephews do some coveted object and say *Whose?* and the whole brotherhood shouts *Mine!* to the challenge. Back you go into Individualism at the word and all your Brotherhood crumbles to dust again."

Stephen himself comes to see this personal passion, and the whole brood of personal passions, as the real problem of society. He sets about seeking to remedy this social disease, in the only way he knows, by the spread of knowledge, scientific and imaginative. There are some inspiring pages in the book on Stephen Stratton's great publishing company, which creates a "world literature," and actually distributes it to the world. Magazines and newspapers are founded and subsidized. By such means he hoped to destroy the personal and group egotisms and passions which he found at the bottom of religious persecutions, race conflicts, wars, and that most stubborn of all anti-social vices, the jealous, hateful and deadly love of one man for one woman.

BUT in the end he fails, so far as his own personal problem is concerned. Lady Mary, as a protest against the jealous savagery which would fling her career and Stephen's and that of Stephen's girl-wife into the bloody pit of the divorce court, kills herself. She absolves him, but he cannot absolve himself. He meets her husband after her death. The man grips him by the arm.

"Stratton," he said, "we two— We killed her. We tore her to pieces between us . . . "

Well, and what then? What does Mr. Wells want us to do about it? The answer is vague only in largeness,—its staggering implications. He wants us to root out the romantic idealism which turns men and women into beasts; he wants us to destroy all those institutions, customs and moralities which are the expression of that romantic idealism.

That is asking a great deal. But Mr. Wells would say, What is your civilization worth? It is—he would say—a thing monstrous, bloodstained, filthy. Let it be shattered by all means, and let us create a decent civilization, one in which men and women can live and work and achieve, a world where all the ancient prophecies and dreams shall be fulfilled, a clean star at last in the face of the everlasting skies!

* "The Passionate Friends," by H. G. Wells. $1.35 net. Harper & Brothers.



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BRICKLEY'S FOURTH FIELD GOAL

*The picture shows the remarkably effective protection afforded the brilliant Harvard kicker. Although the ball has already left his foot there is not a Yale man within striking distance of him. The figure in the foreground is Percy Haughton, the Crimson coach*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

HARVARD closed the football season at Cambridge with a triumph over Yale that was impressive to a degree, and proved that the Crimson system has made greater strides, with all its tendency toward conservatism, than any other in the East. Harvard labored under the serious disadvantage of being a top-heavy favorite for the greater part of the season, and the coaches were obliged constantly to guard against a tendency toward over-confidence. Again, in the Princeton game the team did not come up to expectations, and an eleventh hour change had to be made in the line-up, a change, by the way, that worked out splendidly, although the value of Hardwick as a half-back was lost to a considerable extent because of the necessity of having a first class offensive end. As in almost every year since Haughton has been in charge at Cambridge, the Crimson turned out an alert, thinking team, that while not in individual instances as well built as the Elis, was capable of sustained power, and capable of making a fighting finish against a plucky Blue eleven.

RIGHT here I should like to come to the defense of O'Brien, one of the best ends of the season, against whom is charged the safety scored by Yale. O'Brien picked up a Yale kick-off that struck the goal post and carried it back over his own line, thinking that it would count as a touch-back. The situation was most unusual, and I know that many of the players on the field, on both sides, would have done as O'Brien did, had the chance come to them. Probably not two per cent. of the crowd knew the proper way to handle the play—even men who have followed football, both as player and coach, for many years. It simply happened that O'Brien was the man nearest the ball, and hasty critics have not hesitated to call his play, what is known in base-ball parlance, as an exhibition of ivory. Granted that O'Brien should have known better, this one flaw in his work should not be allowed to overshadow his all-round good play as an end. This was the one mistake that Harvard made, and while, of course, it might have proved costly, it was hardly a serious blemish upon an otherwise perfectly played game.

HARVARD is the one team in the East that absolutely refuses to give the ball away on fourth down without shooting at the goal, and the consistency of this type of play is largely responsible, I think, for the Crimson success, if we admit also that the Crimson has rejoiced in the best of coaching and the aid of stars. There seems to be some popular misconception about these stars. No doubt both Brickley, that terror of a drop kicker, and Mahan, the good punter and broken field expert, would shine on an inferior eleven, but their individual play has been cleverly "built into" the Harvard system, with the result that Haughton has been able to get splendid results from their work even when not engaged in the specialty for which they are famous.

BRICKLEY, for instance, would be welcomed on any first-class eleven, even if he were not so adept at drop and place kicking, while Mahan, even if he could not punt, would also make a place on any first-class eleven. Brickley proved himself in the Yale game a hard, efficient runner who could keep his feet and fight his way along when tackled, and Mahan showed that he was a master of the end-skirting art when aided by a high-class team. No doubt Mahan could make many a pretty dash when unaided by such pretty interference as Harvard has shown, but it was his ability to fit into a fine system that was one of the outstanding features of his work.

It required a long time to make of Mal Logan the kind of quarter-back needed to run such a powerful offense as Harvard's, and the fact that he did develop into just such a quarter is a fine tribute to the Harvard coaching method. The main plan of Harvard generalship has come to be something of a habit, but the credit for selecting certain immediate plays belongs solely to Logan. It is all but impossible to find a flaw in the Harvard generalship as shown this year, and it is also next to impossible to find a flaw with the quick choices of the quarter-backs when they faced the burden of proof. It has taken time to build up the present Harvard system, but it is well worth copying.

AGAINST so effective a team as Harvard's Yale played a game that was earnest of better things to come, but the Elis were overmastered in the backfield, and not even a most efficient line could make up the difference. The kicking game and the running back of kicks went against the Elis, and this proved a severe handicap. Yale put on a running game that was extremely attractive, and that will be even more effective another year, but the recrudescence of the Blue eleven was too recent to permit of the men maintaining their pace throughout a hard game. There seems to be no doubt, however, that Yale is once more on the right track, and that the Blue will turn out standard elevens in the near future. Certainly the present coaching system has justified itself, and with good material and an efficient leader another year Yale should be thoroughly on the football map again.

AFTER many years of waiting, Cornell smothered Pennsylvania on Thanksgiving Day, the Ithaca eleven showing a better brand of football than at any previous stage of the season. The team was full of fight, was ably led by Captain Munns,

MAHAN, THE CRIMSON TERROR

*The picture shows the Harvard back making one of his stirring runs. He was the quickest starter and the hardest man to stop of any on the field, and a serious factor in the Harvard triumph*

who played the best game of his career, and was a better coached and better built eleven than the Red and Blue. The victory was a triumph for the entire team, but more especially for the forwards, who held the Quaker line at bay throughout, and gave the backs an opportunity to get under way.

HOWARD FRITZ, who played both end and half-back, was easily the star of the game, and the down-field work of the entire Cornell eleven was better than anything that has been seen on Franklin Field in many a year. Recent coaching of the Cornell wing men has developed the fact that in Ray Van Orman, the Ithacans have as clever a man as instructor in that position as has appeared in the East in some years. Dr. Sharpe, the old Yale star, swings into the third coaching season with the prestige of a championship basketball team, and a football team that smothered Pennsylvania behind him. Cornell is apparently out of the woods, and there is now every opportunity to build for the future. There is reason to expect that the procession of defeats at Franklin Field is permanently checked. In justice to George Brooke, the new Pennsylvania coach, it is well to mention that his material was not impressive, save in a few instances, and that when his eleven went into its big games, it was not evenly enough developed to carry through anything like a continuity of attack. The kicking of Chester Minds in the Cornell game was worth traveling miles to witness, and had his ends been up to the standard of the Cornell wing men he might have been able to keep down the score.

CHICAGO'S Conference championship was well earned, for the Maroon played consistent football from start to finish, using the open game when that best served the purpose of Coach Stagg, and smashing attack when the chances to make it go seemed especially bright. The proper use of the wide open game, is of course a moot point and one that never will be settled until a ranking Western eleven meets a ranking Eastern eleven, and perhaps not even then, for the "breaks" in such a game might be brought about in such a way as to prove little or nothing of lasting value.

AT this writing the University of Washington team seems to be on the high road to its sixth consecutive championship of the Pacific Coast, with the Oregon "Aggies" finishing in second position. Coach Dobie of Washington has made a remarkable reputation on the Coast. This year, however, Oregon, according to far Western critics, has the better line, while Washington is stronger in the backfield, "Hap," sometimes known as "Bullet" Miller, being the bright particular star.

CORNELL'S cross-country team has once more won the championship in the East, and Jack Moakley, the clever coach, has proved once more that he can build up a successful team even when without the services of some of the stars of the past. The individual triumph went to Boyd, of Harvard, but the best type of team running gave the Ithacans the championship with a little to spare.

CORNELL'S CROSS-COUNTRY TRIUMPH

*Boyd of Harvard won the annual hill and dale race, but the Ithacans regained their supremacy as a team over the course at Van Cortlandt Park*



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# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## VIII

### Lemuel Driveth Friendship Past the Speed Limit

LEMUEL'S motor, now leading the way,
Didn't keep down to low speed—not a bit of it.
Poor Mrs. Bogg began softly to pray,
Seeing Lem's temper was in for a fit of it.
Lem kept ahead,
But the swifter he sped,
Silas's runabout, hugging the rear,
Clung to its own
Like a dog to a bone.
Si's irritation was growing, 'twas clear.

NOW they were plowing through dust-banks so deep
Infinite clouds of it rose to the sky——
Rose to the heavens and fell upon Si;
Mad with it, blind with it, tortured and sick,
Cursed he all Boggs, yet continued to "stick."
Swifter and swifter sped Lemuel's steed,
Faster and faster grew Silas's speed.
If the truth
Must be told,
There is youth
In the old——
And the fierce joy of twenty brought Si's blood to par,
When 'twas plain to be seen
That his little machine
Was steadily gaining on Lemuel's car.
Creeping up, creeping up, all to the good,
Now they were stretched side by side, hood to hood.
Lem, glancing round, was distinctly aware
Of Si's look of triumph, the old, hateful glare,
As he cackled out, "Cust be ye!
Givin' *me* dust, be ye?"
Lem, though religious, could scarcely forbear
The terrible joy of a soul-reaching swear,
As mile after mile they continued to dart,
Less than the space of a hand's
breadth apart.

"MEN, blind with anger!"
(I'm quoting a sage),
"Fate, the arch-enemy, mocks
at your rage;
Faithful she stays to her Stygian oath
To wait till you grapple, then
collar you both."

THUS, while the fire of old
rivalry blazed,
Silas and Lemuel, equally
crazed,
Scorched through Buck's Township and neither one saw
The black and white sign-painted word of the law,
Plainly exhibited,
"SPEEDING PROHIBITED."

BACK of the bushes near Hanberry's lots,
Deputy Constable Pilkington Botts,
Crouched in a hollow, the veriest weed-trap,
Working a speed-trap.
Lem saw him not,
But wary old Si,
Being a lot
More clever and sly,
Got a quick glimpse of the man in the bushes,
Slowed down his speed with hysterical pushes
And while Lem, dead ahead, still continued the pace,
Si turned around and abandoned the race.

JUST a mile down the turnpike, poor Lemuel slowed
His car to a creep; for a chain 'cross the road
Revealed that the constable, 'ware of his crime,
Had gotten his number and taken his time.
'Twas clinched.
"You're pinched!"
Quoth Constable Beasley,
Looking quite measly,
"Fined proper ye'll be,
If y' just foller me."

DUMB, driven cattle and pen-circled hogs
Ne'er more despairingly walked than the Boggs.
Over Lem's spirit deep shame followed rage——
Oh, what disgrace to befall his old age!
He who had basked in his neighbors' opinion
Hurried to jail by the law's heartless minion!
"Oh Pa!"
Sniffed Ma,
"Though some sorrers I've bore,
Ther's none of our kin been arrested before!"

IN front of the Court House, a tangle of wheels,
Stood quite a number of automobiles.
Numerous culprits, some very well dressed,
Walked up the steps and seemed scarcely depressed.
"Hope, if I'm hung, I'll be tried by a jury."
Lemuel groaned with a sorrowful face.
Mother repined, "Wonder what will Katury
Say when she hears of her Father's disgrace?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *First Principles*

LET us turn aside this week from big events and broad currents to consider an apparently simple request for information which at first glance would seem to be of the most elementary nature. The inquiry comes from a physician in Pennsylvania:

> "Is there not a book published that explains the value of the different stocks and bonds dealt with on the stock market, and that tells which stocks are dividend payers and which are not? Please send me title of books and publishers' names and addresses."

This letter is exactly the sort which thousands of intelligent citizens might write. I have received scores of similar letters. It is typical and representative.

### *A Complex Subject*

FINANCE, or at least that branch of it which goes by the name of Investment, or Investment and Speculation, is naturally an intricate subject. To employ exact, accurate terms is particularly difficult. In France most people who invest their savings do so through banks, receiving certificates issued by the bankers. These certificates are backed, of course, by stocks and bonds, but often the individual investor does not know more than its name, and probably in numerous instances peasant investors do not know even so much. That is, the banker generally substitutes his judgment for that of his client, whereas in this country the methods of selling securities require freedom of judgment on the part of the investor. Of course, there are many reliable investment bankers who perform numerous services for clients, but the main statement of fact stands. In Europe generally, speculation in stocks is largely confined to a professional class. In this country, at least at certain times, all manner of men and women buy stocks, more or less speculatively.

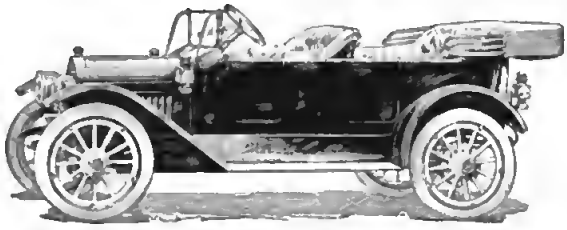
THE fact that the average person knows little about securities does not mean he is ignorant. To know much about them implies a complete knowledge of the whole range of economic life.

Knowledge of stocks and bonds is a big subject. Even those who pretend to be experts touch but the merest fringe. There is as yet no science of investment. Perhaps in time such a science will be built up. At present we grope pretty much in the dark.

BUT, admitting all these benumbing facts, there is something wrong when an intelligent person who owns two or three bonds can not even remember their names. The writer has frequently met such persons. A chance acquaintance upon learning of my profession, or a relative or intimate friend with nothing better to talk about, will often say:

"Oh, by the way, I have a bond. I wonder whether it is good or not. I bought it from Mr. So-and-So."

"What is your bond?" say I. "What is the name?"

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**New Series Model 31, Completely Equipped**

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And with its score of new refinements and improvements, which make it better than ever, the new series model 31 sells for just $900.

$50 less than last year's car.

Four-fold increase makes this new low price possible.

Here you have a light, strong, five-passenger touring car of *surplus* energy and strength. A car that offers you all the service and beauty of heavy touring cars, without the extra price, or the heavy cost of operation, or the added care. It is well called, "The Little Aristocrat."

**Read the Complete Equipment of the**

# EMPIRE

*"The Little Aristocrat"*

***110-Inch Wheel Base — Unit Power Plant***

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| Demountable Rims | Extra Rim | Elsemann Magneto |
| Mohair Top | Stewart Speedometer | Side and Tail Lamps |
| Top Envelope | Prest-O-Lite Tank | Double Tire Irons |
| Rain Vision Windshield | Gas Head Lights | Oil Sight Feed |
| Tool and Tire Kits | Turkish Upholstery | Dash Air Adjustment |

## Wide Safety Margin

Empire axles are over size, as are also the steering knuckle, brakes, springs and other vital parts. These are made of the same materials employed in cars twice the weight and cost.

And this with the light weight and the powerful Unit Power Plant afford a capacity and serviceability that give the EMPIRE the efficiency of cars many times its price.

The light weight also means economy of fuel, minimized strain on parts and tires—*utmost all-'round efficiency at least cost of operation and upkeep.*

## The "EMPIRE" Idea

The first EMPIRE car was built to the order of a wealthy Indianapolis man. He wanted a light car, a strong car, a car that would hold five people, a car that would go anywhere—*a car with all the beauty, distinction and serviceability of larger cars*—a car that would be associated with low priced cars only in point of price and minimum upkeep.

That was five years ago. Now the yearly output of the EMPIRE is many thousands. Although our facilities are increased four-fold, every evidence points to a demand for the 1914 EMPIRE that will far exceed the supply.

***Behind the EMPIRE are men of great financial resources. All of their business ventures have always been successful.***

## 3,766 Miles

Let us send you the story of the trans-continental EMPIRE that ran 3766 speedometer miles, with the "big fellows" in the Indiana-Pacific Tour; the first and only car of its class to accomplish the feat. The book is full of pictures of trans-continental motoring in the Rockies, the desert, the Sierras. It shows the roads actually traversed by the EMPIRE on this great trip—roads that no other tour even attempted. The book is the last word in trans-continental travel and has an added value to all who are interested in touring.

## What Dealers Think

Dealers everywhere are enthusiastic over the EMPIRE. The little open territory that still remains is being taken up quickly.

Dealers are quick to see in the EMPIRE the very car that meets every requirement for a light, serviceable, beautiful *touring* car, and at this unusual price of $900.

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**Michigan Street and Capitol Avenue**
**INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.**

(19)

# DO YOUR BRAINS
INTERFERE
# WITH YOUR GOLF?

*Is it true—*

—that golf and brains don't assimilate?

—that golf is a strictly physical and not at all a mental exercise?

—that the time you now spend in practice is absolutely wasted?

—that the veteran professional and the young lad just starting play essentially the same sort of game?

—and that *their* careless swing is fundamentally more effective than the system *you* have so carefully studied out?

***Marshall Whitlatch says:—"Yes!"***

For Mr. Whitlatch's article "Mind vs. Muscle in Golf," see Dress and Vanity Fair for December. This is the first of a series of practical illustrated articles on golf to appear throughout the winter. The series shows how you can do much to improve your golf by discarding the old, self-conscious, think-of-this-then-think-of-that style of play. See Dress and Vanity Fair for December, page 51.

December number now on sale—all newsstands

CONDÉ NAST
*Publisher*

35c. a copy
Three dollars a year
449 Fourth Ave., N. Y.


"Well, I don't just remember the name, but I think it is some kind of an electric company out West somewhere. Mr. So-and-So said it was all right, and you know Uncle Alfred had the greatest confidence in him. Why, he buys all the investments for the orphans' home!"

I QUICKLY suppress an instinct to say "Damn," and do not succeed in wiping out an expression between a smile and a frown in time to prevent my cousin's great-aunt from seeing it. But after an effort to be tactful there is finally elicited from this respectable lady, after much serious cogitation on her part, something that sounds like the name of a corporation. I then look in one of the two or three great, bulky manuals with their list of sixty or seventy thousand different corporations and find three or four electrical companies with names so like the one my cousin's great-aunt has given me that only the most careful deductive study finally identifies the correct company.

At last! But no, this company has six separate bond issues and there is not enough information at hand to discover of which issue she is an owner, and the bond itself is locked up several hundred miles away.

### *Information Easy to Get*

IT is evident that the Pennsylvania physician whose letter is quoted above desires to know what he is doing when he buys stocks. I do not know what the physician means when he asks for a book which gives the "values" of stocks and bonds. If he means a list of "prices" the question is easy to answer. The price of a thing of course is the amount of money it will command, which may be wholly different from its worth. The confusion of the two words is barbarous, and yet financial people use "value" for "price" every day.

NOW if any one wishes to make quite a business of studying securities we advise him to subscribe $10 a year for the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle*, the foremost and most nearly official financial periodical. If one does not object to having his name on brokers' mailing lists, it is possible to secure without cost from any member of the New York Stock Exchange a booklet giving quotations, rates of dividends and much other information about practically all well known securities. But for the average person who does not wish to spend $10 a year, and who does not care to receive even a small favor from a broker, there is a much simpler way of getting what is wanted.

THE *New York Times*, which costs one cent in New York City and two cents elsewhere, publishes each Monday morning a complete list of all securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and a very full list of those dealt in in New York off the Exchange, with rates of dividends for stocks and rates of interest for bonds. In regard to all stocks listed on the Exchange, the total amount outstanding is given, also the range of prices for the week, year and previous year. No doubt other papers give the same information, and probably much the same detail is afforded in regard to local securities by newspapers in such cities as Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia.

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### *How to Study "Values"*

OUR correspondent asks for a book which "explains" the values of stocks and bonds. The use of the word "explains" may possibly indicate that what he wants to see is not a list of prices, but an analysis of merits and worths, earning power, assets, and so on. We do not know any book which covers that subject. There are countless pamphlets and books which attack small portions of it, but from the necessity of the case no one book can master such a task.

There are innumerable ways of getting information about the better known companies upon which one may form one's own judgment. If a daily paper is desired the *Wall Street Journal* is perhaps best. For about the same cost the *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* furnishes a bulky weekly paper giving authoritative news about several hundred of the better known companies, and every few months special supplements containing essential facts about several thousand. If a yearly reference book is desired Poor's or Moody's Manuals for about twice the cost of either of the other publications contains essential facts about more than fifty thousand companies.

IT is assumed that the inquirer has little time to give to an orderly study of the subject of investments. To do this would probably require one's spare time for a year. As recently explained in *Investment* by Charles W. Gerstenberg, Secretary of the New Yurk University School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, to make a scientific study, one should proceed from the abstract to the concrete, from the general to the particular. The method of doing this will be taken up in detail in a future article. Suffice it now to say Mr. Gerstenberg recommends a study of the following subjects in the order named: economics (Taussig, Seager, Seligman or others), money and credit, panics, fundamental business conditions, corporation finance (from the manager's point of view), investments *per se* (concrete study of different kinds uf securities), and analysis of reports.

IT is assumed from the letter printed at the beginning of this article that its writer wishes to confine himself to the concrete and particular. But, even so, if he has made no study of finance he should read at least one or two elementary books before making any sort of plunge. S. S. Pratt's "Work of Wall Street," published hy D. Appleton & Co., is probably as complete a general book as would be understood by the beginner. It has to do mostly with stocks and stock markets, and relatively little with bonds, but it is probably the most useful single book at that. Many excellent elementary circulars on bonds and investment subjects in general have been written by practical investment bankers, and there are innumerable magazine articles; but no one book stands out as all around satisfactory, although there is an excellent advanced treatise on bonds.

Perhaps some day the Investment Bankers' Association will take up educational wurk along this line. It is sorely needed. If the work were done by this association in the right spirit, free from suspicion of commercialism, it would be of distinct value to many thousands. For, as this article shows, there is no larger subject, and none where a clear understanding of terms and principles is more necessary.


## Announcement

Several months ago, we advertised Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales in five volumes for $1.00 a set. Our announcements stated that the supply was limited and could not be replenished.

Though a considerable period has elapsed since these advertisements have appeared the orders keep arriving in goodly quantities.

We take this method of announcing to HARPER'S WEEKLY readers that we cannot fill any more orders for The Leatherstocking Tales, as the edition is totally exhausted.

At the present time we are offering a Bigger Bargain; The Masterpieces of Hugo for $1.00; see advertisement in this issue.

Our edition of Hugo is also limited and like the Cooper offer a Prize To The Prompt.

Readers desiring to take advantage of this offer should apply promptly, as our special edition is selling rapidly

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—GREEN AND YELLOW—
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WHEN THE NEWS REACHES THE HEAD WATERS OF THE AMAZON.
*From the New York Herald*

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*

# What They Think of Us

*Mrs. Corra Harris*, Pine Bog (Ga.)

I have never written a complimentary letter to an author, but if George Eliot, or Hugo, or Stevenson were living, I should not have been able to resist. . . . . I think this issue is wonderful. It *breathes*—not daintily, delicately like a lady with a literary fan—not strenuously, snortingly, like a furious man trying to climb the last hill of civilization with his coat off and a bludgeon in his hand, but it has in it the breath of a great nation, easy, long drawn, deep, as if the lungs of all men were in it. You'll be in a bad fix if you cannot keep it up, for you have set a Homeric stride for yourself. When you begin to straddle or mince, we'll all see it.

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Extension Press*

The devil is frankly engaged in "downlift" work through such publications as HARPER'S WEEKLY, though the subtlety of the prince of darkness is lacking in the brainless efforts of such editors as Hapgood.

*Charles F. Amidon, Judge of the District Court of the United States*, Fargo (N. D.)

I have been buying HARPER'S WEEKLY at the news-stands since you took charge of the paper, but I cannot take the chance of missing any of Mr. Brandeis' articles. I therefore enclose annual subscription of five dollars.

Mr. Brandeis' thinking works well when applied to life. It accomplishes the greatest good to the public with the least harm to business. . . . . .

I am glad to have a journal with the sanity and forward vision which the WEEKLY has become under your editorship.

*Colonel W. R. Nelson, The Kansas City Star*, Kansas City (Mo.)

You are making a real magazine of the WEEKLY and it is bound to win provided you can keep them from sawing off your financial legs before you get established.

*Alice Hubbard*, East Aurora (N. Y.)

Your magazine represents to me the first free, public expression in a man's world of woman's problem.

*Lewis J. Johnson, Professor of Civil Engineering, Harvard University*, Cambridge (Mass.)

I look forward with much interest to each appearance of HARPER'S WEEKLY. I take great pleasure in your comprehensive grasp of the woman question. I agree with you most cordially that while suffrage is an immediate desideratum, the whole movement for the liberation of women is even more significant. May the shadow of HARPER'S never grow less.

*The Sun* (N. Y. C.)

How! What is this? The most gifted people in their great period without knowledge of uplift? Can it be that there was no Brandeis in Sparta to expose the "invisible government?" No Hapgood at Athens to pray for eugenics and purge the white slavers?

*Lincoln Steffens*, New York

I found throughout the West a lot of interest in the WEEKLY.

*Ben B. Lindsey*, Denver (Colo.)

Allow me to congratulate you upon the glorious victory over Tammany, and especially the part played by yourself and HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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Edited By NORMAN HAPGOOD

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 20, 1913 PRICE TEN CENTS

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## PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER

By George Bellows

*A SPLENDID example of the new school in painting which demands the rigid exclusion of all but the most vital details. This portrait is generally regarded as one of the best pieces of modern American portrait painting.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Business Progress

A PRIZE has been offered for the best essay on the Altman art collection, and much praise has been given to Mr. Altman for the purposes to which a large part of his money was devoted. This praise is well, and will encourage others. The more business men are praised for what they do outside of their business the better, but still heartier praise ought to come to those who make improvements in the very methods by which their business is built up. The National Retail Dry-goods Association is now having Miss Elizabeth Gannon, well known as a student of social welfare, study the situation in various cities with a view to reporting on what can be done toward progress. What we most need to do is to make business a profession and solve the problems which are at the root of business in its relation to the community. A man who puts into commerce the same kind of intellectual thought about the human aspects of his work that go into the learned professions will see that what makes a profession worth following is that it is being pursued, not merely for one's own advantage, but also largely for the advantage of the world. Many signs today point toward this conception.

## Price Cutting Sustained Again

THE decision just made by the United States Supreme Court in the so-called Book Trust Case again brings into prominence the matters discussed by Mr. Brandeis in his recent article on Cutthroat Prices. In accordance with previous cases the Court held that in selling copyrighted books the Macy department store had a right to cut the retail prices fixed by the publishers, and also that the Sherman law forbade the publishers and booksellers to protect themselves by combining to prevent sales of books to the Macy store.

Mr. Brandeis would agree that the producers of competing articles should not be allowed to combine. But he showed that in preventing the producers of a well-known article from fixing the price at which it should be sold to consumers in competition with articles of the same kind the Supreme Court had fostered unfair competition injurious to the public and tending to breed monopoly instead of checking it.

The Supreme Court has settled the law. Congress must now consider whether it is rightly settled. Mistaken rulings in practical matters of this kind would be far less likely to occur if a trade commission were created, as Mr. Brandeis and others have urged, to study the facts of industry and so learn what trade practices are hurtful to the general welfare and what are beneficial. Facts only can teach the answers to such questions, and courts have neither the machinery nor the time for gathering and sifting the facts.

## Freedom

OUR radical contemporary the *Masses* is in trouble, as told by Floyd Dell in this issue. When Mr. Eastman said the Associated Press news was "sold to the highest bidder," he presumably spoke figuratively. The complaints with which he preceded that allegation related to the news from the military despotism in West Virginia; the point of his article was that the Associated Press does not give the news of labor troubles in a way that would seem fair to a disinterested mind, in other words, that the Associated Press, instead of being colorless, is the organ of plutocracy. Now when a story or charge is concocted against a person or even an institution, that person or institution should have redress; but, when a very serious evil exists, and a criticism is leveled against it which lacks moderation in language but is based on a just complaint, is it wise for the criminal law to punish the offender? The criminal law ought to be rather severe in punishing attacks on private individuals, or gossip about private individuals, but a public institution is in a different situation, and wholesome democratic life calls for much liberty in comment on any force which, like the Associated Press, is something on which we must all depend.

## A Doubtful Verdict

VICTOR L. BERGER always endeavors to tell the truth. A verdict has been found against his paper for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, and the case is to be appealed. The *Leader* printed a charge made by an alderman that the City Clerk in Milwaukee had illegally paid five or six of his assistants for overtime when forbidden by statute. He used the word "graft" in telling the story. Before the trial of the *Leader* case a judge decided that the payment was illegal. The severe verdict was found on the ground that the word "graft" implied dishonest intention. The case does not deal with criticism of a private individual but of a city official. Unhappily, various elements in Milwaukee are concentrated in a fight against the Socialists. There were no Socialists on the jury, and there were at least several men who might well be surmised to be hostile to the Socialist propaganda. The verdict is a heavy one, and if it is not overturned, it will be a severe blow to an honest, intelligent organ.

## Blocking an Army

HE was the newspaper proprietor who employed one William Jennings Bryan as a reporter. He supported Bryan for the presidency and Bryan him for the House and the Senate, but there has never been any love lost. Hitchcock is a Progressive before election. The open breach with Bryan came when Hitchcock, following Bailey's lead, advocated the nomination of Harmon for the presidency. What Bryan did to Harmon at Baltimore naturally displeased Hitchcock. There have been only two opportunities for Hitchcock to embarrass the Wilson Administration and he has made the most of them. He bolted the Democratic Caucus on the Tariff, because it would not include his anti-trust-programme. Then he was an obstructionist on the Currency Committee, thus delaying the Wilson trust program for the regular session of Congress. When it was evident that every Democratic Senator except three on the Currency Committee favored the Glass-Owen bill, O'Gorman and Reed went with their colleagues, but Hitchcock voted with the Republican Senators, and so the Committee stood six to six, and it was impossible for the six Democrats to report a bill early in December. The Senator was thus able to occupy the strategic position of the animal with the long ears in a mountain defile, whose balking delayed an army.

## Rural Credit

PERHAPS the most important outcome of the work of the Southern Commercial Congress has been the study of rural credit. The subject is only touched upon in the Glass-Currency Bill and the Administration is pledged to the passage of another measure. The Currency Committee of the House is already studying the subject, and the report of the United States Commission on the Study and Investigation of Rural Credits will be at their disposal. The Landschaften banks of European countries have revolutionized agriculture in the last quarter of a century. In America the national banks have been used exclusively for commercial and industrial enterprises, being forbidden to lend money on real estate. But the land-mortgage banks are established for the purpose of making long-time loans, at a low rate of interest, to farmers. A bank is organized, sometimes with the foundation capital supplied by the government, sometimes by private capital. A farmer, with a ten thousand dollar farm, wishes to borrow five thousand dollars. He gives a mortgage to the bank for $5,000. He is charged four per cent. on the loan, one-half of one per cent. for the sinking fund which takes up the loan in fifty-four years, and a quarter of one per cent. for administration. The bank issues bonds, in hundred-dollar denominations, against this mortgage, bearing four per cent. interest, which become quick assets, easily circulating. With the payment of every hundred dollars of the mortgage, a bond for that amount is cancelled. There is no reason, except perhaps prejudice against the unfamiliar, why the government of the United States should not issue currency against such bonds, endorsed by the land-mortgage banks and secured by the land itself.

## Boys and Porkers

THE Boys' Corn Clubs in the South and West have become famous, and the boy who makes the most corn on an acre of ground, stands for a while, a national figure, with public commendation by the President. Now the Department of Agriculture is planning to organize Boys' Pig Clubs, to teach the human youngsters how to turn the corn into pork. With the next generation there must be either a noticeable decrease in the cost of living or a large crop of farmer millionaires.

## Fraternity

THE Secretary of the Interior is trying to break down the caste system in his department. Our bureaucracy at Washington has developed a system of rank and title as astonishing as it is grotesque. A nine-hundred-dollar-a-year stenographer may not presume to mingle socially with thousand-dollar-a-year clerks. The wife of a bureau chief must be careful how she speaks to the wife of an assistant secretary. The matter of leaving cards, of telephoning, of asking to dine, is so full of subtle distinction, of oysterious significance, of intricate art, that the casual visitor to Washington is shamed into seclusion. Mr. Lane is a westerner. When he has a free moment he looks about his department for a precedent to break or an established custom to demolish. Last summer, he shook Washington by giving a reception to the four thousand workers in his department. Mrs. Lane assisted him. The reception was held in the open court of the Patent Building. There were men and women who attended that reception who had grown white-haired and feeble in the Department's service. Some of them told Mr. Lane that they never before had spoken to a Secretary of the Interior, that they never before had even seen the wife of a Secretary of the Interior.

Not long ago Mr. Lane asked the workers of his Department to meet him in the Masonic hall and form a Home Club with him. They came, nearly two thousand of them, old and young, men and women, crippled and straight, the folk who run the clumsy wheels of our government for us. With the Secretary leading them they formed a vast coöperative club wherein all the workers in the department, from the Secretary to the lowest paid clerk, are to meet on terms of complete equality. The club is to have a house. It is to have parties and plays and dances. It looks forward to the time when it will have a coöperative store and a coöperative Tent City for summer vacations.

Such a club is unprecedented in the City of Washington. It is a manifestation of the real desire of Mr. Wilson's régime to democratize the government, to return it to simple ways, not for the mere purpose of disintegrating but that there may become possible in the government the pulling power of the coöperation which the caste system destroys.

The event is a concrete expression of the administration's attempt to bring back that old simple American spirit which Mr. Kipling says "in the teeth of all the schools shall save us at the last."

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## Single Tax Progress

THE Single Tax means everything or anything, from the full demands urged by Henry George, in "Progress and Poverty," down to the shortest practicable step in the direction of those demands. George agitated the socialization, not of land as is sometimes said, but of the annual values of land. In order to secure that result he proposed that all taxes on personal property and real estate improvements be abolished and that public revenues be derived exclusively from a tax measured by land values. In order to carry out that program he proposed to begin by abolishing all taxes except on land values. In practice, frequent proposals have been made to start at points still further away from the goal proposed by George than the immediate abolition of all taxes on land values. This is the reason that any movement for the abolition, in any degree, of taxes on improvements is called the Single Tax. It is the reason, for instance, that movements like those in New York for reducing taxes on improvements without reducing those on land values are called Single Tax movements. Of this kind was the proposal adopted last month in Pueblo, Colorado. The referendum proposed to exempt improvements beginning with 1914 to the extent of 50 per cent. of their valuation; and in 1915 to the extent of 99 per cent.; whereas land is to continue to be valued for taxation at 100 per cent. of its true value. This is equivalent substantially to abolishing, for local purposes, all taxes except on land values.

## Shadows Before

ALEXANDER STEPHENS was as brilliant a man as his times produced. He was young in 1832, when he wrote:

"Went to a party. Witnessed the new dance, the waltz, which disgusted me very much. Oh, the follies of man!" In the same year he wrote: "The railroad is the topic of the day. Railroads, it is true, are novel things. The greatest obstacle is the greatness of the enterprise. The stupendous thought of seeing steam-engines moving over our hills at the safe and rapid flight of fifteen miles an hour, produces a greater effect in dissuasion of the undertaking than any discovered defect in arguments in its favour."

The first remark may give us a little perspection about the tango and the turkey trot. The second, with the Twentieth Century express in mind, inevitably makes us smile.

## Derivations

WE had rather imagined that a certain popular dance derived its name from the Latin verb *tango*—"I touch." But, lo! a reader of the *Saturday Review* owns a copy of the "Dictionary of the Royal Spanish Academy" (thirteenth edition), and writes in to say that it comes from *tangir-tocar instrumentos*—"to play on an instrument." Anyway, the Spanish dictionary adds that the dance is confined to *negros ó gente de pueblo en América*. And Sem, the Paris cartoonist, adds that it originated in the "frog quarter" of Buenos Ayres—the *barrio de las ranas*. Next!

## Dean Swift on Reformed Spelling

IN the eighteenth century we find Jonathan Swift, whose mastery of prose is one of our delights, writing as the very first article which appeared over his acknowledged name, *A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue*. He lamented that the English tongue was becoming debased; but he attributed the cause, in part, to the liberties which Dryden and the other poets of the Restoration had taken in shortening their syllables by omitting those very *e's* which our spelling reformers would eliminate.

"These gentlemen," wrote Swift, "although they could not be insensible how much our language was already overstocked with monosyllables, yet to save time and pains, introduced that barbarous custom of abbreviating words to fit them to the measure of their verses so that most of the books we see nowadays are full of those manglings and abbreviations." "Disturb'd," "rebuk'd," are among the words he finds especially unpleasant. Swift was further annoyed at "a foolish opinion, advanced of late years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which, beside the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our etymology, would be a thing we should never see an end of." Also he noted with impatience in 1712:—"It is sometimes a difficult matter to read modern books and pamphlets; where the words are so curtailed, and varied from their original spelling, that whoever has been used to plain English will hardly know them by sight." How many of our "new" controversies were waged centuries ago!

## Methusalem Did It, Too!

SAYS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in his little essay "On the Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams":

> It is recorded that Methusalem, who, being the longest liver, may be supposed to have best preserved his health, that he slept always in the open air; for when he had lived five hundred years an angel said to him: "Arise, Methusalem, and build thee an house, for thou shalt live five hundred years longer." But Methusalem answered, and said: "If I am to live but five hundred years longer, it is not worth while to build me an house; I will sleep in the air, as I have been used to do."

This dialogue is not reported in the fifth chapter of Genesis, to be sure; but it is reproduced here, out of respect to Franklin, as evidence that outdoor sleeping is no fad, but a wise return to the manners of our ancestors.

## Ideal Nurse Maids

DO not girls from ten to fourteen make the best nurse maids for younger children? The little children desire vitality and want to be rushing about and need enthusiasm in their keepers. The girl of ten to fourteen has outgrown her dolls. She is naturally a little mother, and it is much more fun to take care of a real child than of any toy. The relationship, therefore, between her and the little child suits both of them, and has much more vigor in it than the relationship between a lively person of three or four years old and a staid woman of forty.

# Criminals I Have Known

By T. P. O'CONNOR

Illustrated by William M. Berger

## 1. Father Jardine

JUST a few words of preliminary explanatioo. I use in this title the two words "crimiaal" aad "known" not altogether in their full sense. The word "eriminal" I would apply with some hesitatioa to some of those unhappy figures whieh will appear in my articles, and some of them I have kaown only in the sense that I have seen and studied theai from so near a poiat that I feel as if I had actually had personal acquaintance with them.

The first of these qualifications applies especially to the very first figure in my gallery of portraits. I found myself io the early 'eighties, while on a lecture tour in the United States, at a reception given ia my honor hy the Mayor of Kansas City, who, being himself an Irishman, and in agreemeat with the mission in which I was engaged, sought to make my visit agreeable. It was a very heterogeaeous gathering that came to meet me, and one that revealed that splendid freedom from racial oad religious differences which is one of the best characteristics of Western America. There were there, for instaace, the Catholic hishop of the eity and the Anglican clergyman. I remember the hishop very well across the long space of time that intervenes between that date and now,—a tall, simple, geatle old man, who seeaied to be equally popular with the members of his own and of other communions. He looked, as he was, an Irishman, comiag from the rohust peasantry of his couotry, a stately aad vigorous, rather than a delicate figure. And that made the contrast more remarkable betweea him aad the Aaglican clergymao. The momeot I entered the Mayor's drawing-room I was struck hy this curious figure. He looked the typical curate of the eathedrol town who sweeps the hearts of all his female flock. He was of moderate stature and of rather plump frame. The face was extraordinarily young. Round, rosy-cheeked, regular and daiaty ia feature, he looked half cheruh, half priest, or sholl I say soaie-thing between o Cupid aad an acolyte. The ladies floeked around him.

All these striking things about him were hrought into relief by his air and hy his dress. He was ia a beautifully-fittiog hlack coat; he wore the Roman collar; to his tiny gold watch chaia there was huag a small gold cross, just like that worn by my friend C. F. G. Masterman, the hrilliaot politicias aad journalist; and his manner was smiling, gentle, unaffeeted. I had learned from a frieod before I met him that, euriously enough, all the leaoiogs of the Episcopal clergymen of the United States—that country of such utter realism as I thought—were toward the extreme High Church position, aod therefore I was oot altogether surprised by the Roman collar, the gold cross, nor eveo when I heard the company address the Protestaat clergyman hy the Romon title of "Father."

*"Even here the story does not end. When the body was examined there was found a girdle of hard knots"*

Let me add, lest my description should suggest a false idea, that the little cherub clergyman looked a thoroughly manly fellow, and that he took quite unaffectedly the devotion which was so palpably offered to him. And he and the Catholic bishop seemed to be on the best of terms with each other. Finally, Father Jardine—that was, I found, his name—was the rector of a large and fashionable church in the city.

I WAS off the next day on one of those long journeys which make so hard the task of a missionary to the United States—to make the same speech, to attend the same receptions, to undergo the same deadly rush from city to city, hotel to hotel, hall to hall, and train to train. I might well have forgotten this particular figure in the vast and whirling crowds through which I passed, meeting sometimes thousands of people in the course of a single week, but somehow or other, the face, the figure, the whole man impressed themselves upon

me; and not merely in himself, but because he represented a type which I had not expected to meet in the United States, which showed, among other things, how little I understood, then, the very complex American character. For while on one side there is no character more realistic, on the other there is no character more idealistic. The American temperament is at once the coldest and the warmest, the most self-controlled and the most emotional of any in the world; it is a huddle of contradictions. Sometimes, and from some aspects, it strikes you as almost pagan in its materialism, and then you come across some manifestation which makes it look almost superstitious, and primevally Christian in its tendencies and possibilities. Some of this I had begun to learn just before I met Father Jardine, for I had become acquainted in the neighboring city of St. Louis with another Episcopal clergyman, Father George Betts. A word or two about him is necessary to understand my story. Very tall, very thin, ascetic in looks, but a light-hearted Irishman with a cigar always in his mouth, George Betts immediately won your heart, and was one of the most popular clergymen in America. He was especially popular with the Irish Catholics, for though brought up in the somewhat isolated Protestantism of Ireland, he was ardently, even fiercely Irish in his opinions, and was the head and front of every Irish movement, constitutional and the reverse. Unselfish, simple, all heart, he was just the man to whom all those heavy laden with personal suffering would come, and that accounts for the part he played in the tragedy I am telling. It was he who first conveyed to me the information, which was a revelation, that his church in America leaned to the poetry of the High Church section of the Episcopal Church. And among his most intimate friends was this Father Jardine. They had the same religious outlook, they were both simple and unselfish souls, and they belonged to the same diocese.

YEARS passed, and I never heard anything about Father Jardine. Suddenly one morning I found in a London newspaper a telegram which stated that Father Jardine had appeared in the pulpit of his church with a revolver on either side of his desk. Here was an astounding transformation in the life of the cherub-faced, well-groomed, placid, gentle little rector I had seen years before. The telegram was not followed by any other, and the story was left thus in mid-air so far as I was concerned. It was only years afterward on the occasion of another visit to America, I think, that I heard the sequel. And this is what had happened. Among his congregation Father Jardine had a member with whom, for some reason or other, he came in conflict, and as a result he refused to allow him to approach the sacrament. I do not know even the name of this man, but evidently he had a strong, a disagreeable and obstinate character, and in coming into conflict with him Father Jardine took a step which was destined to bring him to tragic ruin.

By some means or other the recalcitrant parishioner discovered that Father Jardine had a past. In his boyhood he had committed some small crime—I think it was a petty theft; had been tried, convicted, and sent to the famous jail at Sing Sing, in New York State. I should explain to those who do not know America well that owing to the vast extent of the country it is sometimes easy for a man to leave behind him his record in one state when he migrates to another, and especially when he migrates from the East to the West. Thus it has been possible for men in the past to be married in one state and to pose as a bachelor in another. The parishioner had made his inquiries with regard to Father Jardine with such effectiveness that he was able to tell the whole story of his youthful mistake. He brought into the fight a newspaper which, either because it disliked Father Jardine or because it could not resist sensational copy, took up the cause, and immediately a tremendous campaign was started against the unfortunate little minister. All the resources of the newspaper were brought into the fight. There were, for instance, illustrations, in one side of which you saw the prisoner doing time in the prison garb, and in the other the honored priest in his robes at the high altar celebrating the ceremonies of the church.

BUT all the fight was not on the one side. Father Jardine's piety, kindliness, and, indeed, perfect saintliness of life, appealed to many of his flock—evidently, indeed, to the majority of them. The fight, as it went on, assumed the bitterness of all theological controversy, and apparently the life of the poor hunted priest must have been threatened. This can be the only explanation of that appearance in the pulpit with the revolvers on each side of him of which I had read in the telegram. When Americans enter into a conflict of this kind, they do so with all their hearts, and they fight it out relentlessly. Anyhow, it is evident that Father Jardine found plenty of fanatical supporters, as well as a relentless opponent.

In the end the case was brought to the judgment of the bishop. Father Jardine went to St. Louis, the capital of the diocese, to await events, and to whom should he go in this dark hour of his fortunes but to that large-hearted, indulgent Irish clergyman who shared his

views, had been his friend, and was ready to stand by him to the end? In the house, then, of Father George Betts, Father Jardine passed the anxious days between him and his final fate. By some means or other, the information was conveyed to him some days before any public pronouncement had been made by the bishop, that judgment had gone against him. He acted with promptitude. Saying nothing to anybody—not even, I believe, to his friend, Father Betts—he retired to his bedroom. The next morning his lifeless body was discovered on the floor, and an empty bottle, which had contained poison, told the story of how he came by his death.

Even here the story does not end. When the body was examined there was found about the waist of the poor little minister a deep gnarled girdle of wounds and hard knots. He had worn some belt of iron in self-inflicted torture as a penance for the sin of his youth. What a strange contrast between the chubby, cherub-face, the spotless Roman collar, the shining black clothes, the neat watch-chain with the small gold cross, and underneath all this elaborate and complacent finery this iron ring of torture to the suffering flesh.

Then came the final episode in the tragedy, at once its terrible irony and its final vindication. The generous hearts of those who had stood by the erring but redeemed and noble creature burst through the bounds. Amid profound popular sympathy, doubtless with the gorgeous and imposing ceremonies which he loved so much, a window, with his image upon it, was placed in the church. And there, to-day and for all time, the worshipper can recall his tragic story, in which there is a moral which he who runs can read.

*Next week will appear "Richard Pigott," the second of this series. Mr. O'Connor, always a vivid depicter of character, has used his powers in describing some of the most weird and amazing persons in recent history.*

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# Shall We Fight?

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

A CONFEDERATE officer in Virginia once said to me, "We are glad that the Union is restored. We are glad that slavery is abolished. We are glad that the old Aristocracy has passed away and glad that we have free schools, but for war, as war, there is not one word to be said." And in this he is right. War brings no good to any one. War is the breaking down of all law. When law is destroyed bad laws and bad institutions go with the good ones. And when men begin again they sometimes make new traditions. But no good came from any war that would not sooner or later have come in some other way, if the war could have been averted.

War brings displays of heroism. It does not cause them, and equal heroism will be shown in an earthquake, a shipwreck or a fire. Peace brings greater heroisms without display. War brings out the hidden nature of men, and the most evil displays of cruelty and selfishness, of lust and greed ever seen in this world are those uncovered by war. For men in war have found justification for all crimes and red-handed murderers have been extolled as defenders of country and of religion.

OUR fundamental count against war is its inherent wickedness. We know what is right because it makes for righteousness, for abundance of life. We know what is wrong by its bad fruits, and the fruits of war are evil. War is murder nationalized and glossed by sanctions of patriotism and religion. It is murder by the political group, not alone by the individual. By every code of morals, private war is condemned. By every code of morals, by every test of science, public warfare should be condemned with it.

The nation which goes to war suffers morally, physically, financially. No war can pay its way in any of these regards. It suffers morally because war breaks those bonds of self-restraint it is the purpose of all character building to strengthen. War lets loose all the evil passions in its barbarian's work of man hunting and man killing. To the average soldier this becomes an exhilarating sport, appealing to the latent instincts of savagery. But this obscene sport is opposed to all good morals. War creates and intensifies race and national hatreds, themselves, again, unreasoning survivals of savagery. Moreover, war, war scares and war preparations are incidents about which center the grossest exhibitions of human greed. For those who scent from afar "the cadaverous odor of lucre" have furnished the dominant motives for which most wars have been fought. The wickedest cities on earth are among those who have been swollen through the loot of great campaigns. War has for centuries perverted the teachings of history, of patriotism, of morals, or religion throughout the world. War has filled the earth with horrors until the word horror has lost all other meanings. War has filled the world with sorrows. It has been the heaviest burden borne by womankind throughout the ages. If as the Arab proverb says, "God counts a woman's tears" He has an awful charge against us men who so long have glorified successful slaughter.

WAR has made the earth, with all its riches, a bankrupt concern in the hands of its creditors. The nations of the world still owe nearly forty billions of dollars in gold for the cost of past wars. But one great nation has made a beginning towards the repayment of these debts. Were it not for war no nation would ever need to borrow a dollar, and the interest paid yearly on this uncountable sum is small compared with the cost of the wars which are now on. Germany and France, and after them, England and Russia, with their satellites are engaged in war today, war all the more repulsive because not one of them knows what they are quarreling about. Not actual fighting, now nor at any future time, for none of these can get the money to begin, while those unwary nations which have actually fought on borrowed money are exhausted in men and credit for half a century to come. The cost of war, past and present, is felt every day in the increase of taxation, that is in rising cost of living throughout the earth. The civilized world is an economic unit, and whoever wastes any part of its substance in his degree robs the pocket of each one of us. There is no way of abolishing poverty that does not first strike at the root of waste.

WAR cripples the nation physically by cutting off, without posterity, its strongest and boldest men. The key to national strength in the future is found in the good parentage of today. Like the seed is the harvest. This is the law of heredity. It applies to nations as well as to families, to men as well as to the lower beasts. No nation has ever fallen save through failure to breed from the best. Rome fell when she ceased to breed Romans. Greece declined when her children were no longer Greeks. The evil effect of reversal of selection,—of allowing the weak, the diseased, the timid, the cautious, the greedy,—all those whom war could not use, to serve as fathers of the new generation is the dark cloud which overshadows the history of Europe. So long as "we send forth the best we breed" for war and imperialism, so long shall we at home breed from the second best, and we shall have all the ills of slum-living, of weakness and incompetence, dark shadows in days of peace cast by the splendors of war. For as Benjamin Franklin sagely observed "War is not paid for in war time; the bill comes later!"

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# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST

XXVII

IT saddens me to think Saint Paul
Such lengthy letters had to scrawl.
And so to make his labor lighter
I picture him with a typewriter.

XXVI

I LIKE Marconi best to see
Beneath a Macaroni tree
Playing a Nocturne in F Sharp
By Chopin, on a Wireless Harp.

## The Musings of Hafiz

### The Blue-eyed Peril

WHEN a Popular Phrase is in everybody's mouth, it is as hard to remove as a piece of Pepsin gum from the jaws of an excited Pomeranian Puppy.

SOME years ago a seemingly intelligent old gentleman, with a bulging forehead, examined seventeen thousand or so blue-eyed cats, and just because a certain percentage of these cats pretended, from sheer boredom, not to hear his tiresome remarks, the S. I. O. G. immediately wrote a large, fat book to inform the Human world that all Blue-eyed Cats were deaf, and in less than no time the Phrase "*Blue-eyed cats are deaf*" was in everybody's mouth.

HUMAN people, as I have said before, are strangely inconsistent. Many years before this, the same S. I. O. G. (then not so old), had told them that the Human family was descended from the Ape family, and the (to my thinking self-evident) statement was received with yowls of rage and indignation.

The belief that the Blue-eyed cat is deaf has put him into a privileged class. He goes everywhere "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber"—into the latter most especially. No matter how his fur tint may jar with the color scheme of the boudoir, so long as his eyes are blue he is allowed to remain, and (how little do they suspect it)—listen to everything that is said. Nor do the Human people resort to that most aggravating of all expedients, spelling words in his presence. For choice morsels of *scandal*, the deadliest society Dictaphone, has nothing on the Blue-eyed cat.

IT is lucky for Human people that Blue-eyed cats cannot repeat what they hear. If the gift of human speech should miraculously descend upon these cerulean-orbed eavesdroppers, how many homes would remain intact?

How many banks solvent? How many Governors would stay in their chairs?

I ONCE knew a cat that everyone supposed was blind in one eye—the good eye was blue—the other eye, which was always closed, was naturally supposed to be the same color. Everyone believed him to be a perfectly blue-eyed cat. He had all the privileges of his assumed deafness. It was only after his ninth death that they discovered his secret—*the other eye was brown*. He expired very suddenly at a pink tea (attended exclusively by ladies). I am told that he died of heart failure.

IT is time that Human people were told the truth. It is as absurd to suppose that Blue-eyed cats are deaf, as that pink-eared rabbits are color-blind or that cross-eyed elephants are subject to Hay fever in the month of January.



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# What Publicity Can Do

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

*IN the previous articles of this series Mr. Brandeis has described the concentration of power in the hands of the investment bankers by undue multiplication of their functions and by consolidation of banks and railroads. He has discussed the manner in which interlocking directorates have made this possible and the bad effect on the small investor and how this may be prevented through legislation. In this issue he tells how all of us can help*

PUBLICITY is justly commended as a remedy for social and industrial diseases. Sunlight is said to be the best of disinfectants; electric light the most efficient policeman. And publicity has already played an important part in the struggle against the Money Trust. The Pujo Committee and its able counsel, Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, have, in the disclosure of the facts concerning financial concentration, made a most important contribution toward attainment of the New Freedom. The battlefield has been surveyed and charted. The hostile forces have been located, counted and appraised. That was a necessary first step—and a long one—towards relief. The provisions in the Committee's bill concerning the incorporation of stock exchanges and the statement to be made in connection with the listing of securities would have a very beneficent effect. But there must be a further call upon publicity for service. That potent force must in the impending struggle be utilized in many ways as a continuous remedial measure.

## *Wealth*

COMBINATION and control of other people's money and of other people's businesses. These are the main factors in the development of the Money Trust. But the wealth of the investment banker is also a factor. And with the extraordinary growth of his wealth in recent years, the relative importance of wealth as a factor in financial concentration has grown steadily. It was wealth which enabled Mr. Morgan, in 1910, to pay $3,000,000 for $51,000 par value of the stock of the Equitable Life Insurance Society. His direct income from this investment was limited by law to less than one-eighth of one per cent. a year; but it gave him control of $504,000,000, of assets. It was wealth which enabled the Morgan associates to buy from the Equitable and the Mutual Life Insurance Company the stocks in the several banking institutions, which, merged in the Bankers' Trust Company and the Guaranty Trust Company, gave them control of $357,000,000 deposits. It was wealth which enabled Mr. Morgan to acquire his shares in the First National and National City banks, worth $21,000,000, through which he cemented the triple alliance with those institutions.

Now, how has this great wealth been accumulated? Some of it was natural accretion. Some of it is due to special opportunities for investment wisely availed of. Some of it is due to the vast extent of the bankers' operations. Then power breeds wealth as wealth breeds power. But a main cause of these large fortunes is the huge tolls taken by those who control the avenues to capital and to investors. There has been exacted as toll literally "all that the traffic will bear."

## *Excessive Bankers' Commissions*

THE Pujo Committee was unfortunately prevented by lack of time from presenting to the country the evidence covering the amounts taken by the investment bankers as promoters' fees, underwriting commissions and profits. Nothing could have demonstrated so clearly the power exercised by the bankers, as a schedule showing the aggregate of these taxes levied within recent years. It would be well worth while now to reopen the Money Trust investigation merely to collect these data. But earlier investigations have disclosed some illuminating, though sporadic facts.

The syndicate which promoted the Steel Trust, took, as compensation for a few weeks' work, securities yielding $62,500,000 in cash; and of this, J. P. Morgan & Co. received for their services, as Syndicate Managers, $12,500,000, besides their share, as syndicate subscribers, in the remaining $50,000,000. The Morgan syndicate took for promoting the Tube Trust $20,000,000 common stock out of a total issue of $80,000,000 stock (preferred and common). Nor were monster commissions limited to trust promotions. More recently, bankers' syndicates have, in many instances, received for floating preferred stocks of recapitalized industrial concerns, one-third of all common stock issued, besides a considerable sum in cash. And for the sale of preferred stock of well established manufacturing concerns, cash commissions (or profits) of from 7½ to 10 per cent. of the cash raised have been exacted. On bonds of high-class industrial concerns, bankers' commissions (or profits) of from 5 to 10 points have been common.

Nor have these heavy charges been confined to industrial concerns. Even railroad securities, supposedly of high grade, have been subjected to like burdens. At a time when the New Haven's credit was still unimpaired, J. P. Morgan & Co. took the New York, Westchester & Boston Railway first mortgage bonds, guaranteed by the New Haven at 92½; and they were marketed at 96¼. They took the Portland Terminal Company bonds, guaranteed by the Maine Central Railroad—a corporation of unquestionable credit—at about 88, and these were marketed at 92.

A large part of these underwriting commissions is taken by the great banking houses, not for their services in selling the bonds, nor in assuming risks, but for securing others to sell the bonds and incur risks. Thus when the Interboro Railway,—a most prosperous corporation,—financed its recent $170,000,000 bond issue, J. P. Morgan & Co. received a 3 per cent. commission; that is, $5,100,000, practically for arranging that others should underwrite and sell the bonds.

The aggregate commissions or profits so taken by leading banking houses can only be conjectured, as the full amount of their transactions has not been disclosed, and the rate of commission or profit varies very widely. But the Pujo Committee has supplied some interesting data bearing upon the subject: Counting the issues of securities of interstate corporations only, J. P. Morgan & Co. directly procured the public marketing alone or in conjunction with others during the years 1902–1912, of $1,950,000,000. What the average commission or profit taken by J. P. Morgan & Co. was we do not know; but we do know that every one per cent. on that sum yields $19,500,000. Yet even that huge aggregate of $1,950,000,000, includes only a part of the securities on which commissions or profits were paid. It does not include any issue of an intra-state corporation. It does not include any securities privately marketed. It does not include any government, state or municipal bonds.

It is to exactions such as these that the wealth of the investment banker is in large part due. And since this wealth is an important factor in the creation of the power exercised by the Money Trust, we must endeavor to put an end to this improper wealth getting, as well as to improper combination. The Money Trust is so powerful and so firmly entrenched, that each of the sources of its undue power must be effectually stopped, if we would attain the New Freedom.

## *How Shall Excessive Charges Be Stopped?*

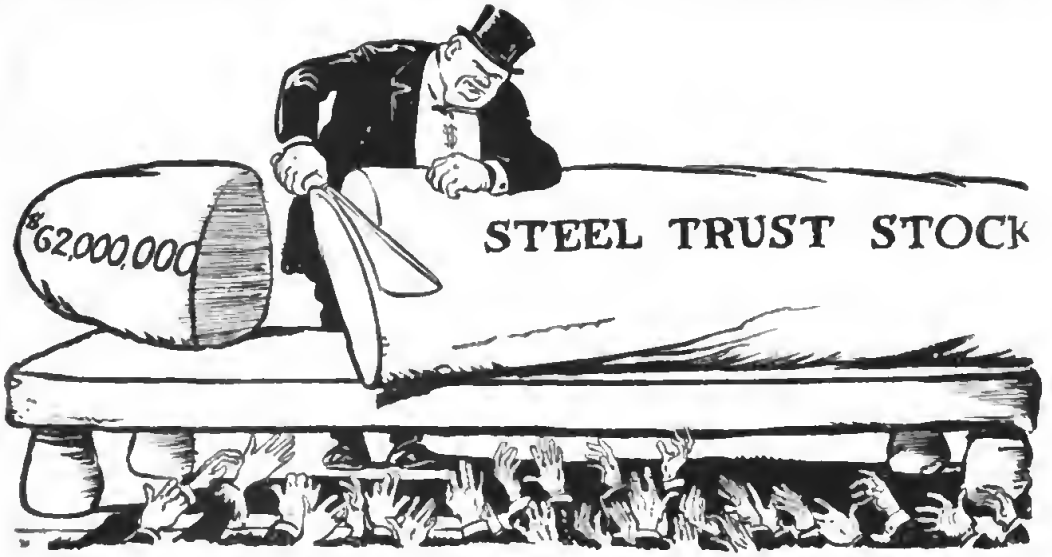
THE Pujo Committee recommends, as a remedy for such excessive charges, that interstate corporations be prohibited from entering into any agreements creating a sole fiscal agent to dispose of their security issues; that the issue of the securities of interstate railroads be placed under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and that their securities should be disposed of only upon public or private competitive bids, or under regulations to be prescribed by the Commission with full powers of investigation that will discover and punish combinations which prevent competition in bidding. Some of the state public service commissions now exercise such power; and it may possibly be wise to confer this power upon the interstate commission, despite the recommendation of the Hadley Railroad Securities Commission to the contrary. But the official regulation as proposed by the Pujo Committee would be confined to railroad corporations; and the new security issues of other corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange have aggregated in the last five years $4,525,404,025, which is more than either the railroad or the municipal issues. Publicity offers, however, another and even more promising remedy: A regulation of bankers' charges which would apply automatically to railroad, public-service and industrial corporations alike.

The question may be asked: Why have these excessive charges been submitted to? Corporations, which in the first instance bear the charges for capital, have, doubtless, submitted because of banker-control; exercised directly through interlocking directorates, or kindred relations, and indirectly through combinations among bankers to suppress competition. But why have the investors submitted, since ultimately all these charges are borne by the investors, except so far as corporations succeed in shifting the burden upon the community? The large army of small investors, constituting a substantial majority of all security buyers, are entirely free from banker control. Their submission is undoubtedly due, in part, to the fact that the bankers control the avenues to recognizedly safe investments, almost as fully as they do the avenues to capital. But the investor's servility is due probably, also, to his ignorance of the facts. Is it not probable that, if each investor knew the extent to which the security he buys from the banker is diluted by excessive underwritings, commissions and profits, there would be a strike of capital against these unjust exactions?

## *The Strike of Capital*

A RECENT British experience supports this view. Last spring nine different issues, aggregating $135,840,000, were offered by syndicates on the London market, and on the average only about 10 per cent. of these loans was taken by the public. Money was "tight," but the rates of interest offered were very liberal, and no one doubted that the investors were well supplied with funds. *The London Daily Mail* presented an explanation:

"The long series of rebuffs to new loans at the hands of investors reached a climax in the ill success of the great Rothschild issue. It will remain a topic of financial discussion for many days, and many in the city are expressing the opinion that it may have a revolutionary effect upon the present system of loan issuing and underwriting. The question being discussed is that the public have become loth to subscribe for stock which they believe the underwriters can afford, by reason of the commission they receive, to sell subsequently at a lower price than the issue price, and that the Stock Exchange has begun to realize the public's attitude. The public sees in the underwriter not so much one who insures that the loan shall be subscribed in return for its commission as a middleman, who, as it were, has an opportunity of obtaining stock at a lower price than the public in order that he may pass it off at a profit subsequently. They prefer not to subscribe but to await an opportunity of dividing that profit. They feel that if, when these issues




*The syndicate which promoted the Steel Trust took, as compensation for a few weeks' work, securities yielding $62,500,000 in cash*

*Publicity has already played an important part in the struggle against the money trust*

were made, the stock were offered them nt n more nttractive price there would he less need to pay the underwriters so high commissions. It is nnother practical protest, if indirect, ngainst tbe existence of the middleman, which protest is one of the fentures of present-day finance."

### *Publicity as a Remedy*

COMPEL bankers when issuing securities to make publie the commissinns or profits they nre receiving. Let every circular letter, prospectus or advertisement of a bond or stock show clenrly what the hanker received for his middleman-services, nnd what the bonds and stocks net the issuing corporation. That is knowledge to which both the existing security holder and the prospective purchaser is fnirly entitled. If the bankers' compensation is rensonnble, considering the skill and risk involved, there can be no objection to making it known. If it is not reasonable, the investor will "strike," as investors seem to have done recently in Englnnd.

Such disclosures of bankers' commissions or profits is demanded also for nnother reason: It will aid the investor in judging of the safety of the investment. In the marketing of securities there nre two classes of risks: One is the risk whether the banker (or the corporation) will find ready purchasers for tlie bonds or stock nt the issue price; the other whether the investor will get n good nrticle. The maker of the security and the banker are interested only in getting it sold at the issue price. The investor is interested primarily in buying a good article. The small investor relies almost exclusively upon the banker for his knowledge and judgment as to the qunlity of the security; and it is this which makes his relntion to the banker one of confidence. But at present, the investment banker occupies a position inconsistent with that relntion. The bankers' compensation should, of course, vnry according to the risk *he* assumes. Where there is n large risk that the bonds or stock will not be promptly sold at the issue price, the underwriting commission (tlnt is the insurnnce premium) should be correspondingly large. But the banker ought not to be paid more for getting *investors* to assume n larger risk. In practice the banker gets the higher commission for underwriting tbe weaker security, on the ground that his own risk is greater. And the weaker the security, the greater is the banker's incentive to induce his customers to relieve him. Now the lnw should not undertnke (except incidentally in conoection with railroads nnd public-service corporations to fix bankers' profits. And it should not seek to prevent investors from nnking bad bargnins. But it is now recognized in the simplest nerchandising, that there should be full disclosures. The archaic doctrine of *caveat emptor* is vanishing. The law has begun to require publicity in aid of fair dealing. The Federal Pure Food Law does not guarantee qunlity or prices; hut it helps the buyer to judge of quality by requiring disclosure of ingredients. Among the most important facts to be learned for determining the real value of a security is the nmount of wnter it contnins. And nny excessive nmonut paid to the banker for marketing n security is water. Require a full disclosure to the investor of the amount of commissions and profits paid; and not only will investors be put on their guard, hut bankers' compensation will tend to ndjust itself nutomatically to what is fnir nnd reasonable. Excessive commissions—this form nf unjustly nequired wealth—will in large part cease.

### *Real Disclosure*

BUT the disclosure ronst be real. And it must be n disclosure to the investor. It will not suffice to require merely the filing of a statement of facts with the Commissioner of Corporations or with n score of nther officials, federal and stnte. That would be almost as effective as if the Pure Food Law required n manufacturer merely to deposit with the Department a statement of ingredients, instead of requiring the label to tell the story. Nor would the filing of a full statement witb the Stock Exchange, wbeu incorporated, as provided hy the Pujo Committee hill, be adequate.

To be effective, knowledge of the facts must be actually brought home to the investor, and this can best be done hy requiring tbe facts to be stated in good, large type in every notice, eireular, letter and advertisement inviting the investor to purchase. Complinnce with this requirement sbnuld also be obligatory, and not somethiug wbich the investor could waive. For tbe whole public is interested in putting an end to the bankers' exactions. England undertook, years ago, to protect its investors agninst the wiles of promoters, hy requiring a somewhat similar disclosure; but the British Act failed, in large part, of its purpose, partly because under it the statement of facts was filed only with a public official, and partly because the investnr could waive the provision. And the British Statute has uow been ehanged in the latter respect.

### *Disclose Syndicate Particulars*

THE required publicity should also include n disclosure of all participants in an underwriting. It is n common incident of underwriting that no member of the syndicate will sell at less than the syndicate price for a definite period, unless the syndicate is sooner dissolved. In other words, the bankers mnke, by agreement, nn artificinl price. The agreement is probnbly illegal under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. This price maintenance is, however, not necessarily ohjectionable. It may be entirely consistent with the general welfare if the fncts are mnde known. But disclosure should include a list of those participating in the underwriting so that the public mny not be misled. The investor should know whether his advisor is disinterested.

Not long ago a member of a lending hanking house was undertaking to justify a commission takeu hy his firm for floating n now fnvorite preferred stock of a manufacturing concern. The bankers took for their services $250,000 in cash, besides one thirl of the common stock, amounting to abont $2,000,000. "Of course," he said, "tlnt would hnve been too much if we could have kept it all for nurselves; hut we couldn't. We had to divide up a large part. There were fifty-

*The main cause of these large fortunes is the high tolls taken by those who control the avenues to capital and to investors*

seven participants. Why, we had even to give $10,000 of stock to ——— (naming the president of a leading bank in the city where the business was located). He might some day have been asked what he thought of the stock. If he had shrugged his shoulders and said he didn't know, we might have lost many a customer for the stock. We had to give him $10,000 of the stock to teach him not to shrug his shoulders."

Think of the effectiveness with practical Americans of a statement like this:

*A. B. & Co.*
*Investment Bankers*

WE have today secured substantial control of the successful machinery business heretofore conducted by ———at ———, Illinois, which has been incorporated under the name of the Excelsior Manufacturing Company with a capital of $10,000,000, of which $5,000,000 is Preferred and $5,000,000 Common.

As we have a large clientele of confiding customers, we were able to secure from the owners an agreement for marketing the Preferred stock—we to fix a price which shall net them in cash $95 a share.

We offer this excellent stock to you at $100.75 per share. Our own commission or profit will be only a little over $5.00 per share, or say, $250,000 cash, besides $1,000,000 of the Common stock, which we received as a bonus. This cash and stock commission we are to divide in various proportions with the following participants in the syndicate:

C. D. & Co., New York
E. F. & Co., Boston
G. H. & Co., Boston
I. K. & Co., New York.

Were such notices common, only reasonable compensation would ordinarily be taken; and the investment bankers would "be worthy of their hire."

For marketing the preferred stock as, in the case of Excelsior Manufacturing Co. referred to above, the investment banker was douhtless essential, and as middleman he performed a useful service. But he used his strong position to make an excessive charge. There are, however, many cases where the banker's services can be altogether dispensed with; and where that is possible he should be eliminated, not only for economy's sake, hut to break up financial concentration.

*The subject to be discussed in the next issue is "Where the Banker is Superfluous"*

# The Friendship of Boy and Girl

By ELIZABETH KING-MAURER

Illustrated by Alice Beach Winter

MY friend Wayne is a young business man. The other day he came in with a disgusted expression on his face.

"I've been fishing," said he.

"Judging from your long face, you didn't catch any," said I.

"Mostly thoughts on life," he replied soberly. "Now that I have the bohhy, all the girls in the offire are suddenly fascinated with fishing."

"That's fine," said I. "I'm glad to see girls have a genuine interest in out-of-door sports."

"That's just the trouble. You mustn't laugh at my lack of modesty, hut their interest is in me, or rather in somewhere to go and some one to take them there. I tried it. I asked the most enthusiastic one. She accepted with great alacrity. I had to provide her tackle, hait her hook, help her over logs, carry her coat, and what not. Then she chattered so she scared all the fish away. When I told her so, she grew angry and pouted till I had to try the appruved masculine arts to keep her from the sulks. No more girl pals for me."

Helen came to me dejected. She flung off her kodak, tossed her hat to the other side of the room, and swung her feet disconsolately.

"Out with it," said I.

"Oh, it's such a queer world. Why can't a boy be just a chum, and not a silly love-maker?"

"I dare say there are plenty who can," and I thought of Wayne.

"I'd like to find one and put him in a glass case. There I go kodaking with Mr. Goodwin; he has to stop and buy me candy, and the way he offered it to me showed he considered it one of the regular female baits. I took two pieces gingerly and he had to carry the box all the way. I could see it piqued him that I didn't jump at the candy. Then I jolly soon found he wasn't looking for anything to photograph. When we got to beautiful trees and nice little lanes where I wanted to try my skill, he up and got sentimental. And then when I got disagreeable and told him plainly that I was out for snapshots and not for any other game, he only became more persistent in his stupid jollying. In other words, he thought my resistance was part of the little managing game that females are always supposed to play. I loathe him. I'll kodak alone after this."

SO here were Helen and Wayne, unfortunately not living in the same town, each longing for a fine friendship with one of the npposite sex and each unable to find it.

The Helens are partly to hlame, and the Waynes are partly to blame; hut mostly to be censured are you and I, society, mothers, fathers, older sisters and hrothers, teachers and writers of boys' and girls' books. There are many full-fledged Helens and Waynes in America, and very many more incipient ones.

Why do they find frank and joyous comradeship with the other sex so difficult and so rare?

First, comes sex consciousness. Is it rare, even now, that children grow up without being teased about one another? I have seen supposedly intelligent adults tease little boys and girls of three and four years about their sweethearts and beaus. I have heard a college Professor (his suhject was *not* psychology!) tease an eight-year-old girl about marrying. The mischief starts right there in childhood. Children of four cannot play together without being reminded of differentiations in the function of two human beings which should not affect them for at least a dozen years.

THEN there are sex manners. It is quite true that a little boy should be polite to a little girl, hut what sort of politeness is needed that he should not also apply to his boy comrades? The little girl and the little boy are very early impressed with the girl's being weak and delicate. He mustn't romp and play roughly with her. So his real self is stifled till he gets among his boy playmates. The girl is already a different order of being. Very early he is taught the same sort of manners to her as to his feeble grandmother, and the more thoroughly he is imhued with the necessity of treating her as he treats his grandmother, the more nearly alike is his opinion of the two.

She, on the other hand, is evco nowadays, decked out in ribbons and starched clothes, in dresses in which she cannot turn somersaults nor do anything else a real, live little girl should want to do. She is still taught that it is not lady-like to run fast and to play heartily; and, above all, are boys' games, that is, games that take intelligenre, skill and physical strength and contrul, sternly tabooed.

So the little boy early becomes conscious of his superior strength and skill. Of course he generalizes, as do his elders, and *all* boys are superior in every way to *all* girls. And the little girl becomes conscious of her clothes and her lady-like manners; so a gulf already separates these two young humans. This early-arrived sex consciousness remains all through the early school-days and with each year increases.

NOTES and gifts, a stick of candy, a rosy apple, a tender valentine pass between two playmates; they are desperately in love. Romance will not perish from our hearts. Sickly sentimentalism may die a lingering death, the sooner the better. But with hearty comradeship and spontaneous friendship of boy aud girl, there is at last a chance of real romance. That the two, especially the girl, will not dwell on it so long and so secretly will make it only the more healthy, beautiful and genuine when it comes.

The high school boy and girl have always presented the problem of the adolescent. Helping the boy out toward humānness, toward his rightful place in the world, has always been considered worth while. Virile books are written and able magazines edited for him; games are designed to hring out all his growing powers. Hunting, fishing, outdoor sports in general, kodaking, huilding, gardening, and caring for pets have all been considered his natural rights. All countries of the world, all creatures of the animal kingdom have been described in fascinating boys' books, that his mind may be trained, his imagination stimulated, and his troublesome physical self forgotten. There is every good influence to take him away from sex consciousness.

*"She, on the other hand, is even nowadays, decked out in ribbons and starched clothes"*

What has the adolescent girl? Recently, very recently indeed, there have been girls' books of games in which sports needing intelligence and physical strength are described. But she is fed by all writers on love-stories. In the girls' columns are always instructions in formal manners—fancy boys standing that sort of thing! They are told what they may and what they may not permit boys to do, as if boys were some strange, wild and dangerous species of Fiji Island savage. Innumerable suggestions are also offered on how to entertain "company" and especially on how to adorn their valuable persons. While the boy is sex conscious, he is usually only casually so; he is first of all a citizen of the world which he sets out to conquer. Whereas, the girl, until very recently and sometimes even today, is thoroughly impressed with the idea that she is only a female with a Manifest Destiny.

THERE has, let us rejoice, gradually come a change. Any number of girls, from high school on, resent being forever fastened to a set destiny. They are earning their way through college and university, and, against great odds and many handicaps, they are forging ahead in all manner of professions. They are striving to be human beings, just as are their brothers, and are aiming to take whatever place in the world their talents warrant.

Were Helen and Wayne to meet in college, so great is the force of mental attitude and common prejudice, it is quite possible that they would not become friends at once; perhaps not at all. Each one would distrust the other. Each one would act, not as if the other were a possible comrade or a much-desired chum, but as if he were a self-conscious member of the opposite sex who expected the conventional old-fashioned attitude. So each would do the other wrong. Very many times have the genuine Helens and the genuine Waynes come to me; high school girls and boys, university students, women and men already launched into the professional or business world, always with a yearning for friendship, yet always with a complaint as to its rarity.

As so many young women are now entering the professions or the business world, it happens more and more frequently that Helen and Wayne will work together on a human basis. They may be in the same library, or teach in the same school, or work in the same office. They may act in the same play or take the same concert tour. The more quickly

any artificial conventions are broken down and the two can meet in honest, sincere friendship, the solider, more sensible, the higher, more spiritual will become the ultimate relation between man and woman.

There are, unfortunately, altogether too many girls who look to men as bringers of American beauties, of theater tickets, of chocolate creams and, ultimately, of diamond rings. They measure the man's worth by the amount he brings.

There are also, unfortunately, altogether too many young men who want the companionship of young women as they want vaudeville, or comic opera. They want pretty dresses, sweet smiles, clever "jolly." Above all they want to be adored and looked up to; they want their vanity tickled. They marry, often late in life, sweet girl graduates in pale blue, who assuredly will never come within hailing distance of being the equal of their high and mighty lords and masters. Said lords and masters are willing to pay in the approved commodities—candy, flowers, invitations—for it strengthens their self-conceit.

THE more genuine interests Helen has in life, the easier for her to make real friends among men. For one of the frequent reasons men give for not treating girls as friends is that the girls are not interested in anything that they are; that their interests, like the young woman who went fishing, are merely adventitious. So they soon give up trying to find any real basis of friendship. If Helen is in earnest about kodaking and genuinely admires good pictures and criticises the poor ones of the men who also kodak, she will find that they soon treat her respectfully.

When Helen goes to college, she is quite likely to find that many of the best men students are earning their way. Helen has quite as much money as they; she may have much more. Suppose she meets Fred, who rows as well as she does herself. By foolish convention, he is not only supposed to ask her to go rowing, but to pay for the boat. So he does not ask her often.

Perhaps Charles loves the theater, as does Gertrude. While he has money enough to go in a modest seat alone, he notices that the men who invite girls sit downstairs in expensive seats; that they visit a Palace of Sweets afterward, and that their "girls" wear flowers. If Gertrude could go to Charles and tell him there is no one else with whom she would like so well to go to see Ibsen and propose a Dutch treat, students' rates, he will gladly accept, if he be fitted for real friendship.

The initiative must come from the girls, despite the fact that that prerogative was supposed to belong solely to the masculine half of creation. He may feel in his heart that, inasmuch as she has as much money or is earning as much as he, that there is a certain unfairness in his having to pay all, and in being scorned, too, if he is not generously frequent enough in his invitations. He is right. But he cannot suggest the change. Rather than do so, he keeps away and many good times are lost on both sides.

AS I was on my way across the ocean to study in Rome, I met a young man who, by chance, was going to the same school. When the boat stopped at Gibraltar, we went together to see the town. He graciously gave all the numerous necessary tips. It set me thinking. I knew that I had quite as much money as he. Furthermore, I saw that we were becoming good friends; we certainly had a great many interests in common. So the next time we went out together, I secretly kept account of what he paid out. Then in the evening, I gently explained my viewpoint.

"We could enjoy so many things together, Mr. X," I said, "but there is always that tipping. I am sure we want to be good friends, but it is not worth your while to have it cost you so many liras every time. Now you spent four liras today. Two of them are coming back to you. You must let me pay half, each time; then we can go together at any time we wish." He saw the reasonableness of it and acquiesced. So we went to museums, theaters, operas, always good friends. Back home was his sweetheart waiting for him. He joyfully told me of her, as if I had been a good sister of his. I felt it as a delicate compliment. So we had many beautiful days as only two people can in such a wonderful city as Rome. But had I not put our friendship at once on what I may term a non-paying basis, very few of our good times would have been possible.

Because women are now coming nearer and nearer to economic independence, their financial relations to men ought accordingly to change. As they ought now to do their half, it is they who must tactfully suggest the change. As this equality of responsibility and initiative is brought about, perhaps the greatest barrier against the friendship of young women and young men will be torn away. Friendship is now on a mercenary basis. A man is actually considered "small," "mean," if he does not "take a girl out." Listen to young men when they mean what they say, and you will soon find out that instead of regarding it as a wonderful privilege and badge of manhood, that the sensible ones look upon this never-ending "cashing up" as a decided nuisance. It is embarrassing to many, and just when they most need the friendship of women, during their early struggles toward finding themselves and toward making their career, they can least afford to pay for it. What some of them choose as substitutes is a dark question into which fond mammas and frivolous daughters would be unwilling to probe.

YOUNG men often avoid the association of young women because they must leap too many fences of formal etiquette. Girls seem to stand that sort of instruction. They get it, at any rate, without end. Helen is always advised and admonished not to do this or that, not to permit any man to kiss her or to put his arm around her, all of which instruction may be very wise, but it is curious that Wayne, although *he* really needs the advice, never gets it. He is supposed to know how to behave and if he does not, no one seems to dare to offer any suggestions on conduct. When Helen and Wayne or Charles and Gertrude have their heads full of all manner of common interests, studies, sports, politics, modern questions, then they need very little of these eternal admonitions. A few sensible talks on the reasons why self-restraint in one's emotional nature, especially during the adolescent period, is necessary, will give all those young people who are capable of having a right mental attitude the necessary impetus towards self-control.

So there will come a new relationship between man and woman, spontaneous, unbuyable, without set rules of conduct or special duties or privileges according to sex; with equal initiative on both sides and with real interests in common. This new friendship will bring out the best of womanhood and the best of manhood, for it is on the high spiritual plane of humanness.

Should Helen and Wayne marry, they will find that this same beautiful friendship with its community of ideals and interests in the same world, is one of the very strong and fine foundation stones of a happy married life.

# The Secret

By WITTER BYNNER

TAKING women as they come,
I like them better as they go—
That is what I used to say
And smile to have it so.

Liking women as they went,
That was the way I wisely chose. . . .
Why I asked one not to go
God only knows.

A STREET ON C

By Ev

RISTMAS MORNING

RETT SHINN

# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## IX

### Lemuel Tasteth the Fruits of Autowickedness

MANY a martyr to Justice, they say,
Shackled and pale to the gibbet has fared;
Emmet, Sid Carton and Lady Jane Grey
Walked to their dooms with their necks bent and bared.
Sad folk were they, but not nearly so scared
As Lemuel Bogg when, to face condemnation,
He entered—the sport of the Buck's Township Court—
Charged with exceeding the speed limitation.

SLOW beat his heart like a dirge in his breast,
Low dropped his beard on his bombazine vest.
"Husband, bear up!"
Mrs. Bogg thus consoled him,
"It's a dark, bitter cup,
But y' need it," she told him.
She nobly refrained, though just itching to scold him.

MANY spectators who loafed on the benches,
Hoboes and yokels and fresh country wenches,
Greeted Lem's hitter
Plight with a titter.
Bright blazed the bald spot on Lemuel's head
As he followed the path where the constable led,
Up to the bar where The Law, rather fat,
Paring his nails with a pocket-knife, sat.

SEVERAL felons in motor attire,
Hardened, no doubt, by their former convictions,
Fumbled crisp bills in their heedless desire
To pay their way out and forget their afflictions.
Lem looked in vain for the sinister traces
Of criminal history writ on their faces;
One of them, meationed as "Mr. O'Connor,"
Took it so light as to joke with "His Honor!"
At last quaking Lem was dragged forth into view,
"Case forty-thousand-six-hundred-and-two!"
Sing-sang the Bailiff—"and that's meaning you,
Charged with offendin' our legalized power
By drivin' through town fifty miles to the hour. . . ."
Close to the bar
Faltered poor Lem,
"Not in *my* car—
I got one u' them
That only goes twenty. . . ."
"Silence! That's plenty!"
Thundered the Judge,
"More o' that fudge
And I'll send you to jail.
Refusing you bail.
I suppose you'll say next that you think you know more
'Bout the speed of your car than the Court does?" Before
His wife could prevent him, poor Lem answered faint,
"If it's all the same to you,
Guess mebbe I do—
I've drove that durned car most a week, and you ain't."
O what a frown
Did Justice dart down
As from His Honor there burst with a snort,
"Send him to jail for contempt of the court!"
The Constable eager to drag him to shame,
His heart in the game,
Advanced—evil dream!
When suddenly, clear,
A feminine scream
Startled each ear;

And, facing His Honor, stood Lemuel's wife,
"Spare him, kind Judge, for I value his life,
Though he's gone kind o' wheels
Over automobeels
And gittin' some slack about comin' to meals;
Spare him from jail for the sake of his name—
For me and my family can't bear the shame.
Though one o' the Boggs was once rode on a rail,
There never was one of 'em sentenced to jail;
And think of the shock
That the prisoner's dock
Would give to my son-in-law, Percival Brown,
Of very fine family livia' in town.
And think of Katury—Yer Honor, you oughter
Spare Mr. Boggs for the sake of his daughter
Who never could face
The awful disgrace
Of court house publicity come to her
race. . . ."
But the Court, merely sneering, "What's next on the docket?"
The voice of the Bailiff uprose like a rocket,
"Case forty-thousand-six-hundred-and-three—"
And out of the gloom,
Into the room,
Happy and prankish and jolly to see,
Strode Daughter Katurah and Percival B.,
Case forty-thousand-six-hundred-and-three!
Mother cried, "Daughter!"
Daughter cried, "Ma!"
Ma sobbed, "You oughter
Do something for Pa—
He's total disgraced—we're arrested,
we be!"
Katurah smiled lightly
And chirrupped quite brightly,
"Arrested? What fun! So are we!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

*"There was something in that nervous, eager walk that seemed to speak ill for Père Michel's household."*

# The Eye of a Needle

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Illustrated by William J. Glackens

"HERE he is, the blessed man."

"A blessed man, Zephyriue, and a blessed sermon. I could see the fires of hell playing round old Dunoir's head."

"He is one of the holy saints, already. It is hut to shut one's eyes, and *voilà*, there he is with wings and a crown, looking as natural as life."

"*Tais-toi*, Adolphe. Wipe thy nose, misérable. M'sieur le curé comes."

"*B'soir, b'soir, mon père.*"

"The hlessing of God be upon you, my children. *Bon soir*, Madame. *Bon soir*, Ma'amselle Zephyrine."

Père Michel, as usual, shot past his waiting flock with a long stride, his rusty soutane flapping round his heels. At the corner under the great willow hy Dunoir's house he stopped and wiped his face upon a blue checked handkerchief. "Holy saints," groaned Père Michel, "they do not know that they are asking the blessing of a miser."

At the smithy Telephore and Tante Amélie's Apollon were waiting, hat in hand. Père Michel burried past them with a few muttered words, though Telephore had a small sunflower in his buttonhole, and Tante Amélie's Apollon was evidently filled to the hrim with news. "They do not know," sighed Père Michel, "that they offer confidence tn an accursed miser."

At the bridge a child was waiting shyly with a bunch of white waterlilies. M'sieur le curé laid his hand on the smooth hlack head, and hurried on faster than ever. There was something in that nervous, eager walk that seemed to speak ill for Père Michel's household. At the height of the windy road he paused and wiped his face again, and looked out and over the valley below, with the white houses and the narrow fields dreaming in the twilight. "Holy Virgin," cried Père Michel, flapping the poor lilies violently ap and down, "they do not know, they do not know, that they offer flowers to Achan!" He fairly ran into his own gate.

With the sorrows of a whole parish in one's heart it is difficult to he a miser. Père Michel felt that he had achieved the difficult. He was hoarding to buy a crucifix.

There was a place, and even a nail, waiting for it heneath his single shelf of battered books,—on the sanny wall facing the window, where the shadows of wild grape leaves danced all day in the pleasant river winds. But the crucifix still stood, as it had for months, in Monsieur Dunoir's window among the dusty rosaries and the chipped china saints. It had been made hy some old French iron-worker; the cross was of interwoven thorn, and the face of the Christ was touched with a strange rigid heauty. Perhaps Monsieur Dunoir was right in valuing it so highly. As he said above his brandy, "Who knows that this blessed cross was not used by one of the holy martyrs who preached long ago to the assassinating froquois? I have never seen so fine a one, I. And the price is ten dollars."

TEN DOLLARS—As well have said a hundred, with the care of three villages in one pair of old hands. And what would they have said,—Trois Maisons, Terminais, and St. Xavier de Killarney,—if they had known them for the hands of a miser? Père Michel might revenge himself innocently on Monsieur Dunoir by preaching on two Sundays out of foar on the sin of intemperance in general and the use of hrandies in particular. But the prire of the iron cross would not he reduced therehy. And Père Michel might not revenge himself on his own soul. When he recited the Eight Beatitudes, the Seven Deadly Sins, and the Three Evaogelical Counsels, he sighed over the poor in spirit, trembled at Covetousness, and blushed for Volmitary Poverty.

Père Michel was no longer voluntarily poor. He had a hoard.

"Accursed hoard," cried Père Michel, as he hurried into his own gate. Little Mère Linot, his housekeeper, met him at the door, dropped a courtesy, took the lilies from his hand and the hat from his head, brushed the dust from his soatane, and swept him into his stady,—all in one movement, as it were. "There is a savoury omelette for supper," she said benevolently, and shut the door. Poor Mère Linot. She thought his reverence would be at his prayers. But his reverence, with a guilty face, had taken a little bag from his cupboard and was counting the contents.

"Accursed poverty," said his reverence defiantly.

IT was so thin, that bag. It held three or four soiled hills, a silver dollar of the United States, and a ten-frane piece with a hole in it, fondly supposed hy Père Michel to be of inestimable value,—hélas, without the hole.

Only that day Père Michel had seen a stranger looking in at Dunoir's window, The sight had pat him in a fever.

"What is one to do?" he sighed fretfully, as he weighed the bag in his lean brown fingers. "Money comes in at the door like a snail and flies out of the window like a grasshopper. The parish is full of gaping mouths and grasping hands,—God forgive me. First there is poor Flore's bahy, and no robe for the christening, and holy saints, if Monsignor had known!—Then there was Telephore and his affair, and then the sickness of Émile. A good man, Émile. And Flore wept for a little lace—But there shall he no more of it. I will give no more to these ingrates."

When Mère Linot came ia with the omelette, Père Michel was gazing at the blank wall under the books. He gazed so hard that it seemed that the thorny cross and the face of the Christ grew slowly oat of the shadnws. But there were only shadows, and the cross was still in M'sieur Dunoir's window.

Unless someone had bought it——

"Maledíction," said Père Michel, so suddenly that Mère Linot all hut dropped the omelette, "there shall be no more of it. I will give no more." Mère Linot went out in a hurry and reported to Antoine that his reverence would give no more rope in the matter of the hrandies, and that old Dunoir might now proceed to hang himself.

PÈRE MICHEL ate his sapper. Outside, in the narrow garden, the red phlox and the hollyhocks were in bloom; tobacco flowers shone in the night like stars, and great moths passed driftingly across the beam of light from his reverence's lamp. The crickets whirred in the long, sun-scented grass, and the bull-frogs croaked in the pool below the hridge,

A cow moved far down the road, and it was so dewily still that Père Michel could hear her tearing at the clover between the muffled tinkles of her bell. It was an hour that had been used to bring him peace.

THE good folk going to bed in little Terminais down by the river saw the beam of the lamp. "That is the good man still at his prayers and his sermons," said they. But Père Michel was not praying. He was feverishly calculating how soon, if he gave away no more, the hoard in the bag might increase to ten dollars.

A faint rustle under the window, at last made him clap the bag into the table drawer and start to his feet. The house had long been still, and only here and there a light burned in the little white houses of Trois Maisons, Terminais, and St. Xavier de Killarney. Père Michel was used to strange visitors at strange hours, —rumor had it that the Evil One had appeared to him one midnight and had asked for some plug-tobacco,—and with his treasure in heaven, he had feared no man. Now that he was laying up treasure on earth in a little brown bag, he feared robbers. The rustle came again.

"It may be an assassin," murmured Père Michel, "come to steal my hoard." He looked round for a weapon, but there was nothing save the fork with which he had eaten his omelette. It was a long steel fork; he thrust it up the sleeve of his soutane and went boldly to the window. "*Qui va?*" he cried sternly, and thrust out his head among the drifting moths, the dew and the perfume of the summer night. "*Qui va?*"

A YOUNG man was leaning against the wall within reach of his hand. The light shone on a face new to him, yet forever unforgettable,—a wild dark face, with eyes that gleamed in the shadow like the eyes of a trapped deer, and torn black hair wet with dew. The whole of him showed drenched and torn as if with heavy storms. Yet all the night was peace.

"Who are you? What do you here so late?"

There was no answer. The eyes were like the eyes of some dazed animal, and there was such wild dread in them that Père Michel straightway forgot his own.

"What hast thou, my son?"

"M'sieur,"—the words came slowly, as from one unused to speech,—"M'sieur, I would—speak with you."

"Do you know me, my son? I do not know you. Or I have forgotten."

*"Little Mère Linot, his housekeeper, met him at the door, dropped a courtesy, took the lilies from his hand and the hat from his head*

"M'sieur, you do not know me. I saw you today—for the first time."

"At mass?"

"M'sieur, no. I am an unbeliever."

"Come in, my son."

The lad hesitated, came forward slowly, and climbed, slowly as an old man, through the low window. All the ragged length of him suggested strength, yet he moved as an old man moves under a heavy weight. Père Michel had seen that look before.

"There is a chair, and food and drink. Sit down and eat, and speak when thou art ready."

The wild eyes shifted from the lamp to the old man's face, and stayed there. "Mon père,"—the title came, as it were, unwillingly,—"mon père, I cannot eat nor rest. And perhaps you have not heard. *J'suis incrédule*——"

"I heard. Speak then, my child," said Père Michel placidly, and sat down in his old chair.

The lad stared at him, leaning against the wall. He seemed to be urged on by some overwhelming need, held back by some great terror. His breath shook him as he stood, as though he were running, and he moved his lips again and again before he spoke. The words seemed to be wrenched from him, so that he spoke against his will, and yet with a passionate eagerness.

"My father ——"

"Go on, my son."

"My father, I have killed a man——"

The little room was very still. A moth drifted in at the open window, and settled on the curtain like a white flower. Père Michel did not look up. He was an unlearned, simple old man, but for forty years he had known the souls of men and women. That little room had heard many a strange confession.

"Go on, my son."

BUT the lad leaning against the wall, his head a blot of black and white in the shadows where the crucifix would hang, only said again, "I have killed a man, m'sieur." He seemed to waver to and fro like a flame in the wind.

"In malice or in anger?"

"I struck in rage before I knew, but I hated him, and hate still. I had no thought to kill him, and I hate him, but I cannot rest. No one will find me or know where I have fled, but I cannot rest."

"No, my son, I know."

"I ran away at once. I have been in the forests for days." He stretched out his hand to the light of the lamp as to a fire, and shivered as with cold. "I cannot rest. I have been running all the time, I think. And I have been alone. If that one came near me I would strike him again, but I would rather he came than that I should be alone with the trees

and the night. I had no sorrow, but I had fear. It was as if one followed me——"

"Yes, I know. *Le Bon Dieu* followed you."

"But I do not believe. I came to you as a man, m'sieur, not as a priest. I have no God."

"But God has you."

"I do not know. All these days I have been alone. I might not speak to a man, nor see a man's face. Only the trees and the unsleeping nights and the wind in the nights. When I thought of—that one—I was glad that he was dead, yet all night I wept. When I stooped to drink, I saw his face in the water with the look it wore when I struck, yet I cannot strike him now. I thought, if I do not speak of it, I shall go mad. But I do not know why. Then I came to this place where no one knew me, and I was afraid when I saw faces again, afraid that I should speak of it against my will,—afraid that I should see the men running to take me, and the women shrinking away, and the little children staring——"

THE room was very quiet again, quiet as it had been when it held only the yellow lamplight and the scent of tobacco flowers. Now, suddenly as the fall of a dream, it held hate, terror, despair. The white moth still clung to the shabby curtain, fluttering like a flower as it swayed. A great beetle droned round the lamp, struck the hot shade, and fell. Père Michel lifted it gently and laid it on the cool leaves outside the window. Then he went to the lad and looked him keenly in the face.

"Why did you come to me?"

"M'sieur, I do not know. Yours was the first face I did not fear. I thought you would help me——"

"To find rest?"

"I—I think so, m'sieur. To—escape ——"

Again there was silence. Père Michel drew a long breath like a sigh.

"My son, you do not believe. Therefore I cannot lay my word upon you nor take any promise from you. I do not even know your name, and do not ask to know it. I can only speak as an old man who has seen much sin and much sorrow born of sin. I will help you——"

A flash seemed to pass over the dark face before him.

"I will help you," went on Père Michel, very gently,—"to go back."

The soft air seemed to take his words and whisper them. There was no sound in the room but the sound of the shabby curtain swinging, and the whirring of the crickets outside.

"My God," whispered the unbeliever stupidly,—"to go back——" He stared at the old man, and suddenly hid his wild face in his hands. Without a movement, Père Michel waited.

When the face lifted, it was changed. "That is it," he said with a child's simplicity, "that is it. I do not understand, but, *mon d'un non*, if I go back, I shall rest. I did not think of it." He spoke with the sudden blank acquiescence of a tired child. "I will go back and rest. It will be good to rest, even in prison. But I am weak from running in the forests, and I have no food or money. M'sieur, will you help me?"

For one moment a cold thought laid hold on Père Michel's heart and he hesitated.

"You know nothing of me, my father, save that I am a black sinner. But you will help me?"

Shame and sudden splendid pride touched the shabby old priest. And he turned to the table. "My son, I will help as my Master helped,—with all I have."

HE took out the little brown bag and emptied the soiled bills and the silver dollar and the little gold piece into the hand that had shed the blood of man. And as he did so the lad began to sob. He bent above the old man's fingers and his tears fell on them. "You ask nothing, mon père, and give all. Perhaps *Le Bon Dieu* is like that. Perhaps——"

Père Michel could not speak, but he laid his hand upon the rough hair. Presently the lad got to his feet, thrust the money into his belt, and stumbled to the door. He did not look back. He was crying as a child cries, and Père Michel could hear his sobs dying out in the distance and the dark.

Again it was still and sweet in the shabby room, and the sin and tragedy that for a little while had filled it were already no more than a memory and a dream.

Père Michel was down on his knees, praying that a soul might be led into the way of peace. And for himself——

He looked at the empty wall, and it seemed for a moment that the cross hung there, and that the iron thorns blossomed, and the face of the Christ smiled. But it was only a shadow.

"How hardly," he sighed, looking at the empty brown bag, and remembering that moment of hesitation, "how hardly shall a rich man enter into the Kingdom."

"Nevertheless," said Père Michel, humbly bowing his gray head, "with God are all things possible."

*"I can only speak as an old man who has seen much sin and much sorrow born of sin"*

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "TANTE"

By James Montgomery Flagg

# Popularity In Drama

### *1. Good Work by Ethel Barrymore*

ETHEL BARRYMORE began her stage career when she was very young, and, aided by her personal charms and the theatrical fame of her family, gained immediate popularity. She has not been satisfied to rely on that, but has sought parts to test her powers, has worked hard, and has improved immeasurably her grasp and her technique. Her work in "Tante" is much the best I have seen her do. The character is found sometimes in life, often upon the stage; it appeals naturally both to the dramatic artist and to the public. When it is found in life, it is often in persons endowed with talent of the kind that expresses the thoughts of other persons; the more creative talent is less likely to have vanity, selfishness and waywardness.

IN the play, "Tante" is mitigated somewhat from the character as it is drawn by Mrs. Sedgwick in the novel, and the mitigation probably makes it somewhat more representative of life. Mr. Haddon Chambers is an adept at dialogue, skilful in selecting parts of a story that will make a play, and, in this case, happy in inventing an ending which, without in any way contradicting the story, enables us to feel the side of the spoiled artist which, after all, sets her aside from others. Some of us are tempted at times to speak of the decay of the stage. As an obvious fact, the stage is not decaying but is becoming more interesting, both in the worth of the plays produced, and in the level of the acting. Nobody in "Tante" acts badly, whereas in Frohman productions of ten years ago, the usual rule was for the majority of the actors in any one piece to be wholly futile. There is not a part in "Tante" which is not taken efficiently. Of course it is a play for a star, and, therefore, it centers about the part taken by Miss Barrymore. The famous pianist, living on flattery, witty, penetrating, full of social gifts, is depicted by her in the various phases of the character with entire sureness. It is a portrait with which the actress may well be satisfied. The various personages in the play, as well as the play itself, are suggestive, stimulating, worth an evening. The soul needs confession, and in going on to the next play treated this week, I feel compelled to confess that my democracy is not sufficiently complete to feel that an evening is fairly spent at many of the dramas most satisfactory to my countrymen.

### *2. A Popular Play*

SEATS are being sold, I am credibly informed, to "Potash and Perlmutter" sixteen weeks in advance; certainly on the night when I observed that work of art, there was not a seat vacant in the house, and there was not a moment when nineteen out of twenty persons in the audience did not seem in the very abyss of bliss. Most of the time it was pure joy, joy composed of sympathetic, admiring amusement. Every syllable that fell from the lips of the comedians seemed to the audience wit compared with which the best of Falstaff would be dull. This riot of humor was broken by pathos, and suspense, and virtuous sacrifices, just often enough to form a contrast, so that the whole emotional gamut could be played upon, without, however, requiring any effort of attention, or any real stirring of the graver feelings. It is a happily concocted dish, with sheer amusement for the substance, and slight ingredients of trouble for the flavoring. It was not difficult to realize with one's imagination why the great American people were having such a marvelous joy-ride. It is not difficult, indeed, to believe that our democracy can seldom give its amplest material rewards to the highest expression of the human spirit (why should it?) but rather to the greatest common denominator; to those expressions which are standardized; which get at the average, and reflect the average back to itself. As soon as you put in anything exceptional, at all out of the reach of the nineteen out of twenty, you decrease your audience. You may please one out of twenty keenly, but the only possible way to please twenty out of twenty is to put in something which has a general human appeal and also to keep everything out which is not within the reach of all.

"Potash and Perlmutter" is almost exclusively concerned with money. The form of it is the German Jewish jocosity so well known through a multitude of performances. This humor is laid on a plot that tells of the troubles of some garment makers, and it is fair enough to say that while the characteristics of the kind of trades-people depicted are exhibited in a merely farcical way, they are exhibited with intimate knowledge, which is one of the reasons that the piece is so much liked by audiences no small part of whom are composed of people in similar lines of business. It is pleasant for a human being to see those things with which his life is filled reflected on the stage, if the reflection shows knowledge and also induces cheerfulness.

A STAGE which properly fulfilled its place in society would have a great many more plays of literary and ideal quality than we have now, plays giving the most creative thought of the most creative minds; but it would also have a large number of extremely welcome productions with no superiority of any kind, unless indeed the ability to turn out a production that supplies the popular demand is in itself a superiority. At any rate, the only rational censure of our stage is that it does not yet compare with many countries of Europe in plays and acting and producing which lead, even as colleges, libraries, museums and symphony orchestras lead. It is not a censure of the stage that it feeds to a multitude what the multitude wants. Nobody will be found, probably, complaining of our most successful plays, of our most successful magazines, of our most successful articles of commerce, when we have brought about a civilization in which there are also supplied periodicals, books, plays and articles of commerce which satisfy the ablest and best trained minds.

N. H.

# Madison Square

By JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

*During the recent campaign for endowment of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, an electric "clock" on the Metropolitan Tower indicated the progress of the fund*

THE place now lieth still as sleep,
Lulled by the mother-city's croon.
O'er many a daioty minaret,
In silhouette,
Pagan Diana seems to leap
Across a ragged moon.

Yet higher, there glimmers, pricked in light,
A clock, whose hand—a flaming rod—
For all meo measures, hour by hour,
From yon dark tower,
What Mammoo yieldeth of his right
For quittance unto God.

Around me, dim shrunk twisted forms,
Face upward to the tearless stars,
On benches coil, or overhang.
The hour-bells clang.
Through bright arcades gay fashioo swarms
To throbbing motor-cars.



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*A typical group of Villa's followers guarding the Mexican end of the International bridge. They are half-clad negroes and peons with a strange assortment of adventurers. These troops are well armed, but most of them are inexpert in the use of Maxim rifles*

# The Mexican Revolution

By McGREGOR

***The situation in Mexico today and the character of its leaders. Some of the reasons why this peasant uprising has such devoted supporters***

AMERICANS are accustomed to speak of the Madero Revolution, the Orozco Revolution, the Huerta Revolution, the Carranza Revolution, while the Zapatistas hardly deserve the name of Revolutionists, considered to be merely roving companies of bandits with loot their aim, and murder their pastime. But to the Revolutionists themselves, the Revolution is one. They call it The Revolution. There are but two parties in Mexico: Friends of the Revolution, Enemies of the Revolution. Orozco is detested as a traitor to the Revolution, for having taken up arms against President Madero at the instigation of the Chihuahua City *Cientificos*. Zapata is honored as a patriot because he refused to make peace with Madero when the President had endeavored to harmonize all interests by appointing Cientifico leaders, enemies of the Revolution, as his Cabinet Ministers. Huerta is a traitor to the Revolution because it was in the culmination of a Cientifico plot against Madero that the Presidency was deposed and assassinated, and when this plot was revealed, during the bombardment of Mexico City, Zapata sent word to Madero that he would march to his relief, a message that came too late. It is all very confusing. Yet Zapata, in his consistent course, is the key to the Mexican Revolution.

HE is a Mestizo, half Spaniard, half Indian, illiterate but not uneducated, having the wit to surround himself with trained men, among whom an unknown school-teacher has become conspicuous. He comes from the mountainous State of Morelos, where, next to Chihuahua, the land problem has become most acute, and he is passionately determined to make no compromise with any one until this problem is solved for Morelos. Caesar had some experience with those he styled *homines asperi et* Montani. Zapata organized his rough mountaineers before Madero landed in Mexico from his exile in the United States, and when Madero's forces captured Juarez, Zapata was heading an army that was only six hours from Mexico City, and this menace from the South had perhaps as much to do with the resignation of Diaz as the larger uprising in the Northern States.

When de la Barra became Provisional President, Zapata offered to lay down his arms on the condition that no Federal troops should be sent to Morelos and that the people should be allowed to elect their own governor without the presence of Federal officials. This offer was declined and Huerta was sent to subdue Zapata, with indifferent success. He continued to fight for the Revolution under Madero's Administration, during its last days being the only one who kept alive the Revolutionary flame, though there was smouldering discontent all over Mexico, that the enemies of the Revolution were in power at the capital. He has continued his warfare under the Huerta régime, in spite of a wholesale massacre of his people, and with Morelos as a base has now extended his operations into the State of Mexico on the West and into Puebla on the East of the capital city, so that his forces now surround it on three sides. In the meantime he has acknowledged allegiance to Carranza, as being a true friend of the Revolution.

CARRANZA also, while personally loyal to Madero, had begun to despair of securing any permanent results from the Revolution when the news came of Madero's overthrow, accompanied by a telegram to all the governors of the Mexican States, demanding allegiance to the Huerta régime. Carranza declined to acknowledge the legality of the bloody proceedings at the capital city, which position has been declared the correct one by the President of the United States. Those who have been misled by the newspaper stories or have been biased by a certain provincial attitude of mind toward Latin-Americans generally and Mexicans in particular, are invited to consider the orderly progress of the Revolution, under Carranza's leadership, which Madero began but did not complete. By the same token, Huerta is the successor of Porfirio Diaz, the same Cientifico politicians controlling the Huerta as controlled the Diaz régime. The Federal soldiers are the remnants of the old army of Diaz, supplemented now by recruits impressed into service. The State militia, on the other hand, are Friends of the Revolution. Saltillo, the capital of Coahuila, of which Carranza was governor, duly elected by the people, was in the hands of a Federal garrison. Carranza left his capital with fifty men and sent word to the militia to rally to his standard. He had collected a militia force of 3,000 men for the war against Orozco. With the first 300 that assembled, he attacked Saltillo, but was repulsed. He then retired to the Guadalupe Ranch, and there, largely through the good offices of R. V. Pesqueira, a member of the Mexican Congress, Carranza was brought into conference and correspondence with other Governors of States and with the military chiefs. These adopted the Plan of Guadalupe, repudiating the government under Huerta, executive, legislative and judicial, proclaiming Don Veoustiano Carranza, Chief of the Revolutionist forces, then named "Constitutionalists," granting him executive authority in the States that acknowledged the Government of Huerta, and executive power in the Nation upon the occupation of the City of Mexico, with authority to convoke an election by the people, when he is to surrender the Presidency to the person elected. The land question is held in abeyance until the Revolution is successful, but the platform to which Carranza and all Friends of the Revolution subscribed calls for the restoration and division of the lands, the San Luis Potosi Manifesto.

SOME knowledge of the geography of Mexico is necessary to a proper understanding of the success of the Revolution under Carranza. Lower California is a Territory, sparsely settled, not worth while contending for, as yet, by either party. South of Arizona lies Sonora; next comes Chihuahua, touching New Mexico and Texas; then along the Texas border, Coahuila, Nuevo Leon, and Tamaulipas, on the Gulf. In Sonora, Governor Maytorena sent 2,000 militia under General Obregon, collected under a former Governor for war against the Yaqui Indians, into the field against



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Painting by Paul Thompson

*The government's crack regiment in the streets of Mexico City*

to the mountains where he lived for years an outlaw. Such stories are numerous enough in Mexico, and remind one of the condition of the French peasants and their treatment by the nobility, of the *jus primae noctis* and other legal claims upon the persons of the peasants, before the French Revolution set them free from oppression and outrage. When Madero entered Mexico, Villa presented himself before him, told his story, and was welcomed into the Revolutionary ranks. His courage and his native gifts of leadership were conspicuous in the first capture of Juarez under Madero, and he was promoted. Later, in the war against Orozco, Huerta accused Villa of disobedience to orders, courtmartialled him and would have executed him except for Madero's interference. He was taken to the penitentiary at Mexico City, escaped, and went to El Paso, living there until the Revolution under Carranza began. He left El Paso for Chihuahua with seven men, in March, and by June his force had grown to an army of 1,800, and all of Chihuahua was under his control except Juarez and Chihuahua City, where Federal garrisons were stationed.

IN Carranza's own State of Coahuila, the Federals were soon pent up in Saltillo, the Capital, and in Piegras Negras, opposite Eagle Pass, Texas. General Pablo Gonzales was made Commander of the Division of the Northeast as General Obregon was of the Northwest. Gonzales rapidly over-ran Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas, leaving only Monterey in the first and Nuevo Leon and Tampico, in the second, under Federal control, garrisoned cities.

The second tier of States, south of these just mentioned, starting with the West Coast are Sinaloa, with Tepic just South of it, Durango, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, touching the northern part of Vera Cruz.

Felipe Riveros, Governor of Sinaloa, was ordered to Mazatlan, by Huerta, where it was planned to sink him quietly in the waters of the harbor. But through the protests of his wife, he was sent on to the penitentiary at Mexico City, whence he escaped, going first to Cuba, and later joining Carranza. Over in Los Angeles, going to school, was one of Madero's generals, Iturbe, twenty-four years of age. Riveros sent for Iturbe, who, with the help of the victorious Federal General Ojeda, defeating him in the first pitched battle of the present war, at Santa Rosa, where a thousand men were engaged on either side.

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*Villa's sharpshooters*

Huerta sent heavy reinforcements of picked troops to Ojeda and, on August 13, the important battle of Santa Maria was fought, with 4,000 men on each side. Obregon out-generalled Ojeda, the militia proved themselves better soldiers than the Federals, and Ojeda was overwhelmingly defeated, losing 600 prisoners and 16 field pieces to Obregon, while he reached safety at Gunymas on the Gulf of California, with only a thousand men surviving. Huerta characteristically strove to offset the rumors of defeat by promoting Ojeda, to the huge delight of the Constitutionalists.

Governor Abraham Gonzales, of Chihuahua, refusing to acknowledge Huerta, was taken prisoner and ordered sent to Mexico City, and was murdered, en route, under the well understood fiction of the Law of Flight, "killed to prevent escape." But Francisco Villa, now the popular hero of the Revolution, took up the Revolutionary banner in Chihuahua. Let us consider him a moment, for his case is typical. He was born a peon, and was living his humble life on one of the great haciendas of Chihuahua, when his sister was brutally outraged by his feudal lord. There was no redress in law for the peon, so he took the law into his own hands and killed the hacendado. Nor was there protection for Villa, by written or unwritten law, and he escaped

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*Rebels returning to camp after the victory of Juarez*

Sonora troops, cleared Sinaloa of Federal troops, except the garrison in Mazatlan. Governor Martin Espinoza, of Tepic, had a like experience, was captured and sent to the Mexico City penitentiary, escaped to Cuba, then joined Carranza, and organized the Constitutionalists in Tepic, clearing it entirely of Federal troops. In September, Callixto Carreras and Tomaso Urvina, took possession of the whole of Durango, Pasto Romaix, a Mexican scholar of French descent, being appointed Governor. The northern part of Zacatecas and of San Luis Potosi also came under Constitutionalist control.

South of Tepic, the Pacific Coast runs almost East and West, and the Pacific States remaining are Jallisco, Michoacan, Guerrero, Oaxacan, and Chiapa, touching Central America. Jallisco and Oaxacan, have each a population of more than a million souls, a happy, contented, prosperous people, living on their own farms, and with none to make them afraid. They have been undisturbed by the Revolution, and the Revolutionists have no desire to disturb them, because for them the land question was some way solved without a revolution. There are Federal garrisons in their capitals. But in Colima and Michoacan, Gertrudis Sanchez, a powerful and popular leader, is operating, while Zapata's operations extend from Morelos into Guerrero, another mountainous State, warlike by nature as well as by name, its people also protesting against the alienation of the lands from the users of them.

ON the Gulf Coast, opposite, lie the four States of Vera Cruz, Tabasco, Campeche, and Yucatan. General Candido Aguilar is operating in Vera Cruz among those precious oil wells, on the Coast. Governor Camera Valles of Yucatan, in exile, but hovering near, is directing the organization of Constitutionalist forces in Yucatan and Campeche, while in Yucatan are the deported Yaqui Indians, working on the henequin plantations, from which come the jute which is sold to the American Harvester Company, by a multimillionaire Mexican corporation. The Yaquis have wrongs to avenge. A thousand of them in Sonora have been fighting on the side of the Constitutionalists with the primitive bow and arrows, for want of firearms.

Remain the States surrounding the Federal District, somewhat larger than the District of Columbia, in which the National Capital is situated. Beginning on the West there are Guanajuato, Queretaro, Hidalgo, Tlaxcala, Puebla, Morelos and Mexico, the last three overrun by the Zapatistas. The others are in the hands of the Federals.

ABOUT the middle of October, after long and careful planning, Carranza deemed the time ripe for a simultaneous attack upon the cities where Federal garrisons were located.

General Villa was sent against Torreon, an important city on the Mexican Central Railroad, about half way between Juarez and Mexico City. Torreon was taken. And, by the way, the consular reports from Torreon, after the battle, do not bear out the press dispatches concerning the wholesale murder of defenseless prisoners. We Americans might remember that General Scott celebrated his entry into Mexico City by hanging forty deserters. Next Monterey was captured, but was evacuated when Federal reinforcements arrived. Villa marched northward from Torreon to Chihuahua City and attacked it, attaining his object of withdrawing the Federal troops from Juarez, then, on November 16, made his unexpected night attack upon Juarez and captured it. Meantime, on November 14, Culiacan, the Capital of Sinaloa, was taken, and on the 17, Victoria was taken by Gonzales, then evacuated, then retaken the last days of November. General Salazar, a soldier of Madero and therefore deemed a traitor to the Revolution, was sent by Huerta from Chihuahua to fight with Villa and to retake Juarez. Villa met him, a few miles south of Juarez, and on November 25 and 26 was the most signal victory of the Revolution, overwhelming Salazar, capturing 700 prisoners, many field pieces and much ammunition, sorely needed, and driving the Federals southward again toward Chihuahua City, which was later evacuated by the Federals. While the battle South of Juarez was raging, General Gonzales, at Santa Cruz, defeated a force of 2,000 Federals, driving them back to Monterey, which he proceeded to besiege. And General Aguilar, threatening Tuxpaum, holds the line of communication between Tampico and Vera Cruz, with millions of dollars in oil and oil properties under his sole protection.

THE latest authentic news from Mexico City is that the garrison is reduced to three regiments, two of them officered by boys from the Military School at Tlalpam, whence, less than a year ago, Mondragon marched to the capital to overthrow Madero.

If Zapata had any cannon, he could probably capture the capital before the Revolutionists from the North could reach the city.

AND the plans are all made for the rapid convergence of the forces from Sonora and Sinaloa and Durango, under Obregon, uniting with those of Coahuila and Nueva Leon and Tamaulipas, under Gonzales, and the victorious army under Villa, in the center, for the march along the old National Road, the Mexican Central Railway, now, to Mexico City. Guaymas, Mazatlan, Saltillo, Monterey, and Tuxpanm are surrounded. Then there remain only four garrisoned cities, Zacatecas, Aguas Calientes, (with San Luis Potosi to the East), Guanajuato, and Queretaro, between the united armies of the North and the capital. The borders of Morelos, Zapata's State, are only twenty miles south of the capital.

Whether Huerta will die defending the capital, or whether he will escape to Europe as so many of his predecessors among Latin-American Dictators have done, or whether Uncle Sam will have something to say about that, and whether he will be tried under law for his crimes, or suffer the fate of poor Madero—all this is on the knees of the gods.

Copyright, International News Service *The execution of Juan Brito,—Rebel commander Zapata from Morelos*

# What They Think of Us

*Livy S. Richard, Newspaper Enterprise Assn.* Cleveland (O.)

I am now ready to offer my tribute to the new WEEKLY. I waited until you had tuned it up and have studied details as well as policy and spirit. All are fine and the improvement is most encouraging. At first I feared you might overshoot. But my newsdealer tells me you aren't. And I am glad to see how well you are securing the elusive lightness of touch and variety of appeal.

*James McCarty, Consulting Engineer,* Hudson Falls (N. Y.)

Enclosed please find check for $1.40 for which kindly forward by parcel post twelve copies of Nov. 22 issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

I feel that the long night of innocent stupidity of the industrious producers of real wealth, on this continent, is coming to an end; and, that day of economic intelligence dawns through the light which the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY radiates through the land.

After thirty-eight years of modest effort, mingled with hopes and fears, as to the final outcome of the struggle for economic justice, which was made in the seventies, the last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY makes me more fully appreciate the sentiment which Jacob expressed upon finding his favorite son Joseph still living, and exclaimed in the fervency of a grateful heart: "Now let me die."

*Edward D. Easton, President, Columbia Graphophone Company,* New York City

As a practical observer and student for twenty-five years of the problems presented in my own business by Our Foreign Markets, I wish to express my appreciation of the insight and grasp shown in Mr. Amos Stote's article in HARPER'S WEEKLY for November 1. Mr. Stote has compressed a great deal of valuable information into small space. You and he are to be thanked for giving publicity to such helpful and necessary knowledge of an important subject.

*Edward H. Huxley,* New York City

I have been much interested in the articles covering Foreign Trade, which have been appearing recently, written by Mr. Stote.

My business leads me to be very much interested in foreign trade, and I have been pleased to notice that these articles seem to have a distinct commercial value, which is perhaps somewhat unusual in the writings of a literary man.

*Keokuk* (Iowa) *Constitution-Democrat*

To see in which direction the cat would jump, the *Constitution-Democrat* has withheld comment until the present on the change in the editorship and policy of that "Journal of Civilization," HARPER'S WEEKLY. The conclusion arrived at, after some two months' watching of the feline, is that she has made straight for the cream. Sure thing, there is no skim milk in the offerings of HARPER'S new editor. Hapgood is making a periodical that by its tone must force to rattle the dry-as-dust bones of national journalism. His hits at political and social piracy are all from the shoulder; and the campaign for modernism has no stronger exponent than this man who is not afraid. Good luck and success to him.

The Weekly Harper

From the *Century Magazine*

*Evening Sun* (N. Y. C.)

Who, in the beginning, waked our "sense of sinning," made our morals stronger? Took away our youth and stripped us without ruth and left us kids no longer?

Answer: HARPER'S WEEKLY, who was it that bleakly froze the innocenter sense of mild diversion known to Greek and Persian?

Whence our moral mentor?

Dang it, Mr. Hapgood! Hang it, Mr. Hapgood!—it was you that done it!

When the world was warmer there wasn't no reformer.

The first one, he begun it.

And now our joy has died, sir, you aren't satisfied, sir?

You take the world, and run it!

*Towson* (Maryland) *New Era*

Norman Hapgood is writing some sprightly and stimulating editorials for the rejuvenated HARPER'S WEEKLY. Then, too, he is publishing some cartoons by Cesare and others that show up humanity in the raw and get on the nerves of people who think plush-covered thoughts.

Now Hapgood touches your mind like a wind after a rain. Makes you think "It ought to be spring pretty soon." All that he brings you is fine and fair,—and yet you know it's only a promise of better to come.

Strange as it may seem, he admits there are women on this earth, and that they face problems similar to those which male man faces, and that they have brains to think with and that many of them use them.

*Chicago* (Ill.) *Public*

HARPER'S WEEKLY is never without interesting matter, but the issue of November 8th contains much of extraordinary interest.

*New Haven* (Conn.) *Courier*

HARPER'S WEEKLY has printed, with the obvious consent of President Wilson, the informal address he made to the newspaper writers stationed at Washington when he first made their acquaintance at the White House. It was an extraordinarily intimate address, and that it was regarded by the newspaper men as sacred stuff is shown by the fact that not one word of it appeared in print until released months afterward by the President himself.

*George W. Brown,* Portland (Me.)

You are giving us illustrations just the same, the ill part is surely correct. It makes us sick to our stomach to look at them. It gives your paper a sick look and we believe it will make it bad for your circulation. We like *Leslie's* very much. It is a clean, wholesome, high grade illustrated publication.

*Margaretta Tuttle,* Cincinnati (O.)

I am deeply interested in the stir your paper is making among the women.

*Edna Porter, The Everywoman Company,* Eu route (N. Y.)

Just by way of letting you know how much I enjoy the "WEEKLY." You are to be complimented upon such articles as "The Young Suffragista" by Winnifred Harper Cooley, "The Woman of It" by Ethel Watts Mumford, and others. I enjoy every number.

THE BATTLE OF THE LINES

*Splendid defensive work of the Navy forwards when first their goal was menaced. The secondary defense is shown running up, but with nothing to do. Toward the close, however, the Army forwards got the jump on the Annapolis line, especially in the tackle positions*

# Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

THE Army defeated the Navy in one of the most brilliant games of the 1913 football season largely through superb coaching, generalship, and condition. The fact that the coaches used what has come to be known as the "open game" when within striking distance of the goal line has led hasty critics to believe that the soldier players borrowed something from the West. As a matter of fact no play used by the Army in its big game came from any other source than its own coaching staff, and the entire football campaign at West Point was laid out and committed to paper by September 15. I had myself thought that the remarkable success of Notre Dame with the forward pass had convinced the Army coaches that this play was an unusually effective scoring weapon. Since that time, however, I have learned that Lieut. Daly and his aides had been working on this particular feature of football from the beginning of the season.

THE victory over the Navy, taking into consideration all the branls of football played by the West Pointers, belongs first to the team, and second to purely Army coaching. It is true, of course, that the Army's head coach was influenced to some extent by his football schooling at Harvard University, but it must be remembered that Lieut. Daly was also a remarkable player while a cadet at West Point, and that his chief assistant, Capt. Ernest Graves, was a product of the same school, although, like his chief, thoroughly in touch with Harvard football. The theories of line play promulgated by Capt. Graves are known in Boston as "Graves' Bible." He has set his mark on football as indelibly as any other man who has ever played the game. About Lieut. Daly no follower of football has ever been in doubt.

Such a combination would naturally lead to the selection of an able corps of assistants, and a coaching system that would perforce get under way with the opening of the season. When such a staff as this is in charge of the building of an eleven it is idle to presume that any extraneous influence would be allowed to upset it at the eleventh hour.

I YIELD to no one in consideration and appreciation of the best of Western football, but it is a mistake to suppose that the so-called and the real "open" games are not known in the East, and used with effect when opportunity offers. Any one who saw the Colgate game at West Point must have realized that the Army coaches were overlooking nothing in the way of the open game, and must have realized also that when the eleven met the Navy the Soldiers would be prepared to use every form of attack known to modern football. When the test came at the big game it was apparent, as it had been all season at the Point, that there was little or no chance to accomplish anything in the line of direct attack against what was probably the strongest line on the field this year.

Fortunately for the soldiers, the sharp charging of their own forwards offset to some extent the natural physical superiority of the first line of Navy defence. After that it remained for the Army backs to show more speed, more versatility, which means in the long run a more resourceful coaching system.

In the face of such a game as the Army played it is remarkable that any one should credit for a moment the story of the intervention of a strange coach either at the last moment before the game, or between the halves. There was nothing revolutionary, nothing of the "brainstorm" about the type of the Army play. It was the style of game which the rule-makers had intended should be played, and, indeed, the Navy, albeit defeated, was not far from the same standard. It was unfortunate for the midshipmen that one of their best backs, McReavy, was disabled at an early stage, but in the end I doubt if their first string would have survived an ill-planned defence.

ESPECIALLY in the wide-open game used by the Army in the best tactical territory was the precision of the soldier coaches justified. The Army forward passes used from the proper place and on the proper down, were so perfectly protected that there was no chance of their acting as boomerangs. When Pritchard, the little field-general of the Army eleven, failed to find his man uncovered, he dashed the ball to the ground, which cost him nothing but the loss of a single down. In the case of the successful passes, the guarding against a possible interception and run-back was the best I have seen this season. Much has been said about the use and abuse of the forward pass, and little about the use and abuse of what is best known as the "long gainer." Both Harvard and Yale, the former with Mahan, the latter with Ainsworth, not to mention the Navy, with Nicholls (from the kick formation) sought to shake a man free for a touchdown, but it remained for the Army, carrying an end around behind the prettiest interference of the season to cover the opponents' territory to such an extent as to insure practically a touchdown.

OPEN play, real and so-called, has been used as a "demoralizer" before this season, but the effect of the successful "long gainer" in this respect was never more in evidence than in the Army-Navy game. Had the Army reached the vicinity of the Navy goal by any other method, it is doubtful to my mind whether the succeeding plays would have been so eminently successful. Used at the psychological moment, considering not alone the position on the field, but also the state of the Navy defence, the one "pinwheel" used by the soldiers was practically without flaw. It seems strange that a play of this character should be considered as radical, in the light of the fact that some of the best coaches in the East as well as in the West have been working along these lines.

It was fortunate for the game that the final match showed something approaching the full possibilities of the modern strategy and tactics. The tactical department has survived every change in the rules from time immemorial, but it is only in recent years that the strategical department, today the supreme test of the game, has had full sweep. All of which means that we are rapidly approaching an ideal game, in that one team, one coaching staff, and one captain, learning from the other, will help lift the play to that standard beyond which only individual genius can progress.



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It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*

# A Case of Libel

By FLOYD DELL

THE *Masses* ran in its July issue a cartoon by Art Young, one of the nineteen artists and writers who coöperatively edit and publish this radical review of contemporary life. It showed a reservoir, the source of supply for the cities and towns seen in the background of the picture. Into this reservoir, which was labelled "The News," a man was depicted as pouring "lies," "suppressed facts," "prejudice," "slander," and "hatred of labor organizations." The figure of the man was labelled "The Associated Press." There was an editorial to correspond.

In publishing this cartoon and this editorial, the *Masses* expressed vividly and mordantly a resentment which has been expressed many times, more mildly or more indirectly, by those who have struggled with the problem of getting the news in which they were especially interested before the people. The resentment may or may not be just. But thousands of persons can be found who believe, as a result of personal experience, that the Associated Press does suppress and distort certain kinds of news.

The fact seems to be that the general policy of the majority of American newspapers is unfavorable to the publication of news in the interest of various reforms and practically all revolutionary activities; and that the Associated Press, which serves these papers, is imbued with the same prejudices. This is only human. It is not necessary to imagine that there is a definite conspiracy to falsify and suppress news. But the power and influence of the Associated Press makes it inevitably stand, in the minds of many people, as being morally responsible for the state of affairs that exists. The *Masses* cartoon merely said what among radicals—including Socialists, reformers, workingmen and journalists—is very generally believed. What these people think, the *Masses* cartoon said.

BUT among other classes of people, notably those who conduct the activities of the Associated Press, a different view is held. Therefore John Doe proceedings were brought in the Municipal Court of New York against the *Masses* for criminal libel. The case was brought before Justice Breen, who looked at the cartoon—and dismissed the case for lack of evidence.

The grand jury took the case more seriously, and found an indictment for criminal libel. At first, it is understood, the whole nineteen editors were to be proceeded against. But this may have seemed too much like "indicting a nation," and the proceedings were narrowed down to two of the editors, Max Eastman and Art Young.

Art Young is an artist with a strong vein of satiric comedy in his disposition. Max Eastman is a poet, a lecturer, and a former professor of philosophy at Columbia University; he is the author of two recent books, "Enjoyment of Poetry," and "Child of the Amazons," a volume of poems.

If these two men are found guilty, they will get a prison sentence of one year, or a thousand dollars fine, or both.

And they may be found guilty.

FOR it will be necessary, in order to win the case, to prove that their criticism of the Associated Press is true. It would be almost as hard to prove that the Associated Press falsified the news as it would be to prove that the Associated Press was honest. Matters of this sort are not easily simmered down to provable facts. An impression exists of the unfairness of the Associated Press, and that the putting of two men in jail will not dispel it. In some minds a strong feeling will exist that the Associated Press has taken advantage of an antiquated law, of which only its millions and its power have prevented its being itself made the victim, to stamp out the spirit of free criticism in America.

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

## *The Bucket-shop Curse*

ONE of the most noxious growths on the financial body of this country has been the bucket-shop. It is a subject of general and personal importance at all times, for three broad reasons.

1. The bucket-shop induces gambling, and leads to losses on the part of persons who can least afford loss.

2. It is opposed to economic well-being.

3. Its continued existence makes for loose and illogical thinking on financial subjects.

For many years public authorities and newspapers as well as the regular stock exchanges have waged relentless warfare upon these financial pests. In 1910 the Federal Department of Justice arrested the heads of no less than 250 bucket-shops. Largely owing to newspaper influence they were practically driven out of Massachusetts, but that state is said to be the only eastern or middle-western commonwealth that is really free from them. Despite repeated attack, the evil persists. Like other forms of gambling and vice in general it takes different shapes from time to time. But it is strangely persistent.

The subject of speculation in stocks, grain and cotton affords one of our most timely bones of contention, although speculation existed far back in the early stages of human life however recent organized speculation may be. Just how serviceable is the speculation which is carried on within the precincts of the New York Stock Exchange and other similar institutions is a debatable subject. Perhaps it should be greatly restricted as well as regulated. But certainly the consensus of economic opinion holds that a certain amount is necessary.

Now the public has been often regaled with accounts of gigantic speculation on the New York Stock Exchange, manipulation of stocks and so on. Unquestionably many persons operate on this and similar exchanges from a purely gambling instinct. There is no study of "intrinsic" merits and worths, no desire for a regular return upon capital invested, but solely a passion for big stakes. But the man who buys or sells on these exchanges is compelled to deliver actually the securities he is trading in. The stocks are bought outright just as a housewife buys a piece of cloth. No doubt the buyer borrows most of the money from a bank, but there is a real purchase and a real sale for all that.

Now and then rules of these institutions are disobeyed, as are all rules. But taking the New York Stock Exchange as the leading and largest market, it may be said that the constituted authorities are sharply on the lookout for evasions, and there is frequent and serious punishment. The speculator may want to be solely a gambler, but he is forced into a real merchandising transaction, and the broker who does not have the stock on hand for which the speculator has paid, is guilty of one of the worst offenses the Exchange is cognizant of.

### *What is a Bucket-shop*

OUTWARDLY the bucket-shop differs little from the member broker. High sounding names are used, such as Standard Stock Co. On their signs often appear such statements as: "Member of the Exchange," "Member of the Board," "Bankers and Brokers," and so on. Names of famous houses are imitated. The real backers often keep out of sight. Like many properties used for purposes of prostitution or other evils, these places are often owned by persons of prominence. Able lawyers with political influence are engaged to defend them. One group of proprietors is said to have made $20,000,000. One firm alone had seventy branches. Many of the groups have gone by the name of "Exchanges" and "Syndicates." Their secret power and outward appearance cover up the degenerate nature of their business.

Vast numbers of persons do not know the difference between a bucket-shop and a regular broker. It is even hinted that some persons in very high places are befuddled on this exceedingly simple subject. Let us get at the distinction gradually.

It is well known that speculation is carried on by a system of margins for the most part, that is, the speculator supplies only part of the necessary funds. The New York Stock Exchange has no rule as to how much margin its members must ask, although 10 per cent. is the broad, general custom. The Exchange, however, pounces down upon any member which in the opinion of its Business Conduct Committee does not ask enough to do business conservatively with. Now the bucket-shop charges only 2 per cent. Of course the danger of loss is far greater here because 2 per cent. is much more easily wiped out by a decline in price than is 10 per cent. It is true that the 2 point man loses less, if he does lose all, than the 10 point man. But the 10 point man not only has a longer run before he is destroyed, but he deals with more responsible people, who are less likely to decamp over night, he has more reliable quotations, and he has a better opportunity to pay up in full and thus become the real owner of his stock.

In the larger cities bucket-shops often succeed in stealing the Stock Exchange prices, or quotations, but in smaller places the prices quoted are unreliable, and the speculator has to take the manager's word for them. Of course in both cases the speculator pays a commission, which under any system works against his net profits. But when he has a leeway of only

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two points, gets cheated perhaps a quarter of a point on the price itself and has to pay a commission in addition, there is little hope for him. Even when the market goes decidedly his way the bucket-shop keeper often refuses to pay up and leaves overnight.

### *The Wrong Scent*

PROPRIETORS of bucket-shops often speak of themselves as independent dealers. The idea is assiduously cultivated that they are the poor man's stock exchange, the friend of the people; and the regular stock exchanges are spoken of as monopolies. Well, the latter charge may be true, and if it should develop that the New York Stock Exchange is a monopoly, and a harmful one at that, suitable steps should be taken to abate the nuisance. But even granting such to be true, the real issue regarding the parasites we have been talking about is simply beclouded by taking up a wholly different question.

Bucket-shops are in no sense financial friends of the people. In the first place they draw primarily upon the weaker and more ignorant, whereas intelligent Stock Exchange and expert financial opinion veers more and more strongly to the view that speculation should be restricted to the more intelligent and experienced. But the real point is this: *bucket-shops do not buy stocks at all.* They simply receive wagers or bets upon whether the prices being made upon the Stock Exchange, perhaps a thousand miles away, will go up or down.

The distinction between the two processes is a great one. If I buy 100 shares of Reading stock on the New York Exchange, whatever my motives may be, that purchase has an effect upon the price of Reading. But if I bet that Reading will go up my bet has no conceivable effect upon prices. In other words the bucket-shop steals from its customer the one thing most worth while, a market. A statement was made before the Missouri legislature that 50,000,000 bushels of wheat had been "bought" in bucket-shops in that state within a short period. If that amount of wheat had been purchased on a real exchange, instead of being merely wagered at, the price of wheat might have gone up $1.50 a bushel and the purchasers given quite a large profit.

Often the purchase of only five or six thousand shares of stock on a real exchange will put prices up. No doubt as much if not more than this amount is "bought" at the same time in the form of bucket-shops bets, which have no price influence, but if this operation had been real buying it might have driven prices twice as high. The purchaser is deprived of the effect which his purchase should have on the market. In one day in a large city in New York State bucket-shops bought 8300 shares to the 1350 shares purchased by the real brokers.

### *A Gullible People*

THERE are many other great evils connected with these pestiferous excrescences upon the financial system. Nearly all their patrons buy instead of sell, and thus when the market goes up the owners of these financial pool rooms "stand to lose." Such establishments often do close up in advancing markets, but in markets such as we have seen in the last few years they flourish like the green bay tree. If prices go up they can often afford, by banding together, to make a drive against the real market through real brokers, and thus wipe out their customers. Such raids are common, and have been customary for years past.

Testimony was given before the Massachusetts legislature that at one time 54 such places had existed in Boston alone, and had taken $10,000,000 from their dupes in one year. But in general they flourish best in the smaller towns and cities where the average man is perhaps less familiar with fine distinctions in stock trading matters than in the larger cities. In a small town not far from New York, noted for its beauty, quiet refinement, historical memories and relics as well as for its famous university, there existed for quite a time a big bucket-shop freely patronized by students. No class of persons could be more ill-fitted to speculate than college students, and a reputable brokerage firm would probably not take their accounts at all.

It is wholly probable that in the minds of many patrons of bucket-shops there is a confused idea that all brokers are more or less alike. Thus the Stock Exchange gets blame which it does not deserve. Moreover the Stock Exchange would like at least part of the business which goes to the bucketers. If true speculation helps to develop a country, and thus far nearly all economists have held that it does, then it is unfortunate that millions of dollars which could be directed into useful channels are wasted. Then, too, Stock Exchange members feel that they have the right to suppress bucket-shops because the latter usually steal their quotations. Finally, state after state has passed laws against them.

BUT these considerations are, after all, of minor interest. The chief point of attack is the personal, moral one. The Stock Exchange may be wronged, but it is a pretty strong institution. It can look after itself. The real curse of the thing is that so many people are willing to deceive themselves, willing to act under false pretenses. Men who would not bet on a horse race are willing to take a "flier" in a bucket-shop. The towns most infested with these places are quite generally communities where churches and temperance societies flourish.

It is far more honest to bet on a horse race than on a stock, for the horse race is an amusement solely, in keeping with the gambling instinct, whereas when one bets on a stock he is making a farce of great industrial and commercial processes. Take a stock like Amalgamated Copper which represents one of the largest producers of one of the most useful metals in the world. If one really believes such a business is to become more valuable in course of months and is prepared to stake quite an amount upon that belief, he is engaging in legitimate speculation. In that case a certificate of ownership in this vast copper-mining concern will be made out to him. But in the bucket-shop a man simply guesses that in a few hours or days the person just described will buy enough of that stock to put it up, and he who has done nothing will benefit by the other man's action and bet upon its result. This is making a mockery of the great processes of industry, and trying to live upon them without taking part in them.

The term "bucket-shop" was first applied to low dives in the East End of London where dregs of beer kegs and slops collected from taverns were sold. The name in its present application fits precisely, and no citizen worthy the name ought to patronize such an abortive financial process.

Edited By NORMAN HAPGOOD

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By JOHN SLOAN

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

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## Nearly Five Million

A MAN thirty-four years old assumes in a few days an office which intimately affects the welfare of several million Americans. The residents of Greater New York are almost five million, and, if we include those who reside outside of the city but do business in it, the number is over five million. The success or failure to solve this problem in New York is of importance to all parts of the country. It is of importance to the whole progressive movement.

As Mr. Sydney Brooks clearly points out in this issue, it is wholly possible for the recent overwhelming victory over Tammany Hall to mean little. It will mean little unless it is followed up. Whether the defeat of Tammany this year means the continued rule of the independent citizens depends on several things.

1. It depends on the wisdom of the eight men, who compose the Board of Estimate, and are the governing power of the city. The Committee of One Hundred and Seven for several months had a desperate struggle to hold together the different elements in the city long enough for them to fuse and present a united front to Tammany. It was able to do this largely because of the excellent record of the Board of Estimate for the four years preceding. There is every sign that Mr. Mitchel and his companions are well fitted to give to the city the best government it has had.

2. But that is not enough. Even after four years of excellent government, a continuation of that government would have been impossible had not the Committee of One Hundred and Seven interfered in a purely voluntary way, and in a way that cannot be relied upon for the future. No week went by between March, when the first mass meeting was held, and October, when the different factions finally got together, that the collapse of the movement was not enthusiastically foretold in the newspapers. There must be something much more stable than such informal uprisings if there is to be an end to machine government. The two most important things for New York City to obtain during the next four years are home rule and a rational ballot. The city should have a charter, giving it almost complete power to govern itself. It can never be well governed as long as nearly five million people have to be ruled by farmers up state. This self-government ought to be carried on by a small board, like the present Board of Estimate. That Board ought to choose the mayor. The mayor should be a city manager, hired and discharged like any great executive in private business. These men, to be entrusted with the power, should be elected on a ballot containing their names alone, with no party designations. This would disfranchise everybody who did not care to study the situation; and it would take away what the machine lives on.

If New York can take these few steps in the next four years, the victory of November, 1913, will have had a vast influence. Otherwise, it may differ little from other spasms of reform.

## Protest from a Senator

SENATOR CHILTON, in a letter to us, indicates that he thinks our contributor, McGregor, did him injustice, because in an article on the Converted Senate he called Senator Chilton a reactionary. The Senator calls himself a progressive Democrat, and points out his support of the Administration. He has indeed worked with his progressive Democratic colleagues on most questions. It was doubtless his speech and his vote against the Children's Bureau Bill, his vote against any amendment liberalizing the Sutherland Workmen's Compensation Act, his objection to an investigation of the Lawrence strike and of the West Virginia reign of terror, and his vote to seat Senator Stephenson, that led to McGregor's expression, along with certain state matters in West Virginia. HARPER'S WEEKLY, however, has no wish to quarrel with any senator who wishes to be ranked as progressive. We have little doubt that Senator Chilton will be found on the right side of the big questions about to be voted upon.

## Directors' Appetites

JAMES J. HILL declared that our difficulty in making both ends meet is due largely to the Cost of High Living. Recent New Haven disclosures indicate that this may be the cause, also, of some railroads' troubles. While the Interstate Commerce Commission was engaged last March with the investigation of this banker-managed corporation, the directors met in New York to consider its necessities. Their dinner cost the Company $12.50 per person; each luncheon averaged $6.15 per person. The New Haven has just passed its dividend—after an unbroken dividend record of more than 40 years. During all that time the New Haven has been preëminently a widows' and orphans' investment. Half the stockholders are women. More than ten thousand of the stockholders are presumably of small means; for they own only from one to ten shares each. It would be interesting to compare their luncheon and dinner *menus* with those which the directors enjoyed at the stockholders' expense.

## The Outcome in Mexico

SO far the President's tact in handling the enormously difficult Mexican situation has been strikingly justified. He has avoided a war. He has changed the point of view of foreign nations. He has used just enough influence to encourage an outcome that may mean a permanent advantage to Mexico instead of a further series of handit rulers. It may seem a shocking remark to many of our readers, but this publication will not be at all sorry to have the civil war in Mexico continue for some time. If it were to end now, there would be no solution. There is indeed only one solution to the Mexican situation, and that is a different distribution of land. When the Mexicans have realized this more fully, when they have fought until the situation makes possible a redistribution of land, and brings forward the right ruler to help carry it out, a peace may be brought about that will be a real peace.

## The Clock

HIGH in a court-house tower in the greatest of our cities, a clock has given the time to several generations of men. By day, black hands on a white face are visible down the streets and avenues that radiate from the triangular court-house which uplifts the tower and its time-keeper. That bland face in the sky starts the newsboy on his rounds with his sheath of penny papers, and keeps tabs on the loiterer leaning against the railing far below, or half-slumbering on the steps. Girls of the department stores, scurrying to work, glance up at the early morning face and slacken when the day still gives them a portion of grace. Motormen, chained to their schedule, and clanging their way through choked traffic, speed up their laden compartments, under threat of those ongoing hands.

By night the tower is a pillar of light, and time to a fractional minute can be read for a half mile. With a fire in its belly, the clock throws its beams into the naughty world of midnight, speeding the tardy lover, rebuking the roisterer who staggers past its base as it circles toward the new day. And soon it signals the corner tavern that the gracious evening is ended, and time is for turning out of doors the befuddled customer, mumbling in his cups.

It seemed to those who have lived in sight of this sure-footed and lofty witness, that it would conduct their journey to the end. But, of late, workmen have been tinkering with its stately process, and have obscured it with their laths and timbers. From the ground clear to the summit of the tower has sprung a rude temporary structure of ladders and scaffolding, which sprawl across the high red pillar in uneasy zigzag lines. The tangle of woodwork is as dense as a thicket, so that you can no longer read the face of time. All the unfailing witness is quite blotted out.

But in evening hours, when the busy repair is silenced, the face of the clock becomes luminous through the network of structure. The hands are again pricked out in black, as they sweep around with the revolving night. Truth glows through the shallow tracery.

## Hope

IN South Dakota, dwelling upon a reservation that can be measured by a hundred miles in any direction, the strongest of Indian tribes is turning to the setting sun. Great chiefs there were once, great chiefs and rich. Today there is poverty and sickness and death. Out upon the hills and plains that travel toward the Bad Lands, lies the white of tents where some missionary or priest has dragged a tuberculosis-ridden Indian from his cabin that he may make his last fight in the open air. On ration days at the agency, they come straggling in, eager for the food that will carry them through another period of waiting. The tepees, the furs, the game and the riches of the days of war and plunder have vanished, and vanishing also is the race. The Sioux were kings—today they crowd about the visitor to the reservation and are happy over the gift of a nickel. The chiefs were proud. Today they have forgotten pride of bearing. The sun is setting. The end is near.

And yet they hope. For what, they do not know. They hope, they smile, they extend their hands, they say:

"Mebbe by'm-by things change—huh? Mebbe by'm-by—who knows?" It is hope alone that makes us live. The man of the sick bed hopes as the last minutes pass; the man of the cell looks into the future, even as they buckle the straps upon his wrists.

## A Needed Change

AN American type-foundry registered an original type-face design in foreign countries. A British type-foundry pirated the design and the matter was taken into the British courts. The presiding justice compared the sheets and came to an immediate decision. He said in effect, "of course, this is a direct imitation," and he fined the British type-founder and ordered the confiscation of the type already produced. An American type-maker pirated another original design, issued by the same foundry. Action against him was begun about two years ago and the case may drag along for two or three years. A decision may not afford relief, because in similar cases the courts have decided that the patent laws do not grant exclusive ownership in designs.

American manufacturers of type, furniture, wall-paper, fabrics, laces, silverware and like commodities, are directly interested in the matter, and action on their part recently brought about the passage, in the interest of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, of the so-called Kahn Bill. The bill provides protection during the exposition, and for three years after its close, to "proprietors" of designs registered in the country where the exhibitor lives. A foreign exhibitor, who had pirated and registered in his own country the original design of an American manufacturer, would have the exclusive right to produce the design in America.

The promoters of the exposition think that to amend the bill would annoy foreign exhibitors. As a remedy they propose the passage by Congress of a joint resolution stating what Congress *meant* to say. Obviously there is need of an adequately designed registration law.

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## The Oak Park Idea

SOME Chicago ladies have been criticising the "rag-time novelists." They complain because novels nowadays are not "slices of life" but rather "a ragged hole in life into which the authors have poked and experimented." This is complicated, but when Mrs. Johnson of Oak Park comes down to tacks we understand:

"A good criterion upon which to judge a book, to my notion, is to ask yourself whether you would tolerate the hero or heroine in real life. The situation in American literature today is such that we would not relish the acquaintance of the characters of our novelists."

On that principle what about the old favorites? Would you like to shake hands with Bill Sykes? Pitt Crawley is no gentleman in spite of his title; the Marquis of Steyne it wouldn't be safe even to meet. Could you tolerate Iago and Lady Macbeth? It would never do to invite either of these persons to tea in Oak Park.

## A Theater Enterprise

IN opening the Little Theater this month, Los Angeles falls in with an interesting tendency already shown in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. The theater is supported by a club of well-to-do business men. It has a seating capacity of only three hundred and thirty-four. There are no boxes, no balconies, and only fourteen rows of seats. It has a club atmosphere, cigars, cigarettes, tea and coffee being served gratuitously, and the actors of the company meeting the audience on the same friendly terms that marked the green-room days of earlier times. There are to be no leading men or women, each player being called upon for whatever part the management desires. The plays selected promise well. Along with Shakespeare, Molière, and Sheridan comes the work of moderns, including Maeterlinck, Shaw, Schnitzler, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Brieux, and various Americans.

Enterprising cities all over the country will soon have theaters of exactly that type, and much will be done by them for the raising of dramatic standards.

## Foreign and American Plays

SOME interesting aspects of the theatrical situation in this country are brought out by the fact that the Stage Society of New York, which has produced such interesting plays and produced them so well, is compelled to give more foreign plays and fewer American plays than it wishes to. Just now, for example, it particularly desires to give an American drama, and finds it impossible to get hold of the right one. The American drama is in a much more promising condition than it ever has been before, but it will have a long distance to travel before it will produce much that can be ranked with the best work of Germany, France and Great Britain. Although that distance is long, it may be travelled with speed, since so many of the young men and women now coming out of our colleges are turning their attention toward the theater as the forum from which they can reach the whole public and reach it in a peculiarly human and appealing form of art.

## Humility

WE tell this story because it seems to us a beautiful story that ought to be told. It concerns General Bell and the opening of the gigantic amphitheater in Manila that follows the lines of the land. The general was much praised for having built this imposing and enormous structure. He pointed to the savage Igorrotes that were standing about, trying to understand what was going on. "I did not build it," he said. "God Almighty built it; but if you want to take building in a different sense, to consider what we did, using the great plans of nature, those poor fellows built it."

## Speed

"NO orchestral concert should last over two hours, if as long as that. But last night's lasted nearly two hours and a half." So wrote a newspaper of a distinguished performance by the Philharmonic Orchestra.

What has become of our faculty of attention! In our larger cities, well-fed persons will linger over the multitudinous courses of a dinner for several hours. But when artists render beauty they are timed to their finish as if they were on a speed race.

In the early days, the Puritans, a hardy folk, hemmed in by Indians, took over a continent, and subdued a granite soil. And yet they had time enough to sit all day and listen to their parson uncover hell, and picture heaven. To us of today the outer conditions of living are easy. Never was there so much time to spare for whatsoever things are excellent. The hours of our work are cut down to ever-diminishing limits.

Yet, too restless to enjoy, we bring our jaded taste to each fresh offering, and expect it to win its way through fatigue and ennui. If it can't reach our jangled mood, we say, "It hasn't got the drive." How can anything great break through that tension? You might as well write on the shifting sands as make a lasting impression on tortured readjusting nerve centers.

Where are those evenings when Dr. Johnson would talk his fill through a series of golden hours? Now we crowd an afternoon with a round of calls, a half hour to a place, and then tune up the motor for the next fluttering descent and departure. A person will go from a Paderewski recital to a Bridge party, and then top off with a late supper and a cabaret performance. And when the variegated day is ended, no echo of Chopin is left.

How else can beauty establish its own conditions, and become a presence, except as one goes to the appointed place early, and catches the hush, and lives quietly with that presence, and comes away to a period of rest for reflection? Today the romance and unfolding tragedy of life must be reduced to an anecdote. A speech must be susceptible of being boxed in as a string of epigrams. A policy in statecraft must be rendered in a head line. Speed is life," said the rich young ruler who died the other day. But speed is the great refusal to live. It is the attempt to cover emptiness with sensation. Speed carries us far away from home, from noble poetry, from quiet thought.

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*Christabel Pankhurst's outstanding quality is valiant purity*

# Christabel

**By ELIZABETH ROBINS**

WHAT is she like?

Well, if you care to take my word for it, she is, in sum, unlike anything the world has seen before.

I ought to begin by admitting that I am not a wholly uncritical observer of Miss Pankhurst. I do not agree with all her theories, I am not with her in all her practice.

But any one can make a fancy sketch of a young woman who presents as many points of attractiveness as the Organizer-in-Chief of the W. S. P. U.

While my sketch will be fact rather than fancy, it will not pretend to be all the facts, even in so far as I see them. The hour for final judgment is not yet.

In the meantime women who realize what is involved in the fight for the Suffrage have no duty more binding than to prevent misrepresentation of those who are in the forefront of the fight, those captains who, by the various roads, are leading the legions which converge towards the Parliaments of the world.

The duty I speak of is most imperative towards those most grossly misrepresented.

I have often refused to do a study of Miss Pankhurst. She seemed so much more capable than most people of making herself clear.

The misunderstanding of her that I find current on my arrival in America moves me to set down these impressions from our acquaintanceship extending over something like eight years.

She lives in the memory of most, turning up that round chin of hers to meet a question as to tactics; a slender body braced for defense; flinging out a hand to send home some thrust, shrivelling criticism in the caustic of her wit; intolerant of opposition, burying objections under weight of controverting fact; reconciling the objector by an imperturbable good-humor; often harnessing him to the Movement by virtue of her own completeness of dedication.

WE saw her "full face" in the early raids on Westminster, those called with an audacious irony: "Going on Deputation to the Prime Minister,"—much as a warder might go to the door of a cell and ask the prisoner, "will you kindly come out, sir, and be hanged."

One sees again the face under a hat awry, yet every flower, or end of ribbon, showing flag-like where was the thickest of the fight and where the straight way lay—the way to the rudest publicity for matters never so fully stated before.

One sees her facing the police, stopped by them, protesting, always with self-possession and with apparent expectation of succeeding in the impossible errand.

Profile, this time, as she rises in the dock. A half sheet of paper in her hand with its three or four notes; the stylograph stuck back in the case which is pinned to the yoke of her gown. You see her lifting that face to the perplexed Jury, to the scandalized Judge. "Come," she seems to say, "let us reason together."

She is complimented from the bench upon her able advocacy, and sent to prison.

She seems to have had her fill of such compliments.

No one must suppose that she wears always the militant face. I think of the one I saw flushed with fever, lying on a sofa in a Yorkshire Hotel. I had just heard her speak in the market place—speak with strange patience in the teeth of ignorance and insult, speak to an audience I wondered she would care about convincing. She was ill at the time, struggling with a cold that would have extinguished most people. I had watched her standing for an hour in the windy market place, had listened to her clouded voice, growing hoarser as she explained to the foolish, and endured the drunken.

HALF an hour after, she lay in my room with closed eyes and fever-bright cheeks, while her mother went out to buy quinine, or what not. Had this not been our first meeting I should have known better than to waste breath urging her to stay on the sofa all the evening. She had, I knew, no meeting of her own, but up she stands and we three go to a man's political gathering. The girl I had thought fit only for bed, rises in her place and attacks a scheme advocated by the man, afterwards her (and all women's) good friend, George Lansbury. That night he was explaining the need of an appropriation for poor boys' school games and athletics—in the name of the betterment of the race. He found no fault with, he even defended, the grotesquely smaller provision proposed for the benefit of poor girls (and presumably for the benefit of such little share as they might conceivably have in that matter—of bettering the race). Suddenly the girl was on her feet by my side, hardly audible at first, through the fog of her stifling cold, but still able hotly to denounce Mr. Lansbury for not protesting against unfair discrimination in favor of physical training for the stronger sex. He, poor man, astonished, a little injured, feeling apparently that he had done rather well (considering the strength of conservative opposition to get any appropriation whatsoever), modestly looking, as I thought, for congratulation—to find himself hauled over the coals, and baited and trounced by this little girl with the hoarse voice.

I rather think that was the first time Mr. Lansbury ever saw Christabel "full face." Little enough in any case could he have dreamed then, that he would listen to that voice till it should lead him and his children to prison.

Another time I see her lying in the shade of a cypress tree in a Sussex garden—a lissome, relaxed figure in an apple-green gown. In the dark eyes none of the fire we had seen hurning on Westminster raids, hut a light that seemed more a childish gladness of spirit.

She lies there and gives and takes chnff with n schoolboy. He, not a being of easy enthusiasms, is soon among Christabel's friends. They sit side hy side, he showing her some illustrations in the *Sphere*. An Anti-militant, struck hy the tahleau, drew me aside—"I've watched her for two days. I have the very strongest feeling there must be some mistake. That little schoolgirl *can't* be making all this trouhle."

That was the opinion in the adjacent village, though ohviously shaken hy her ringing up the London Headquarters office to insist that the Mnyor of Duhlin should be held to the promise that had been extracted from him—heaveo knows how—the amazing promise to make an official visit to London in order to exercise an ancient and forgotten right, unnsed for centuries, to plead before the bar of the House of Commons. The plea in this case was of course: "give women a share in eitizenship"—and Christabel in Sussex pulled the strings that brought the chief civic dignitary out of Duhlin and drew him over the Irish Sea to stand in his mayoral robes and insignin before the English Commons—adjuring them "do justice to women!"

WE have in London a great music hall whose name, the *Pavilion*, was long associated solely with the most frivolous form of variety entertainment. This hall has been crowded to its capacity, year in, year out, at the Monday suffrage meetings, and not only hy those interested in the women's movement. We have seen the boxes there filled with the gihled youth turning their hacks on the stage and talking among themselves on those Monday afternoons, just as they are in the habit of doing during the less diverting "turns" at night. We have seen, at Christabel Pankhurst's standing up to speak, all those backs turn, and the faces of the men crane over the box, curious, alert, responsive to as much as they understood—to the life nnd youth nnd vnlor of her, if nothing more—nudging one another at some hit; seizing her points, laughing with her at her enemies, applanding her impassioned attacks upon the government with as much enthusiasm as though she were n Russian dancer. And when Christabel Pankhurst's "turn" was over we have seen the entire party rise and leave the hall.

The Christabel these young geotlemen thought such good fun was the Christabel who, alrendy for some years, had been trudging up and down the country, going through mud and rain, holding little obscure meetings in stuffy rooms; the Christabel who was the first to hrave the horrors of the unreformed Holloway; the Christabel who gave the flower of her youth to make votes for women the most vital issue of the day.

HAD you called to see Miss Pankhurst?—so had all these sitting in the entry room. At last you stood in her little office. The only room she had of all the many in use by the Union was a sort of passage.

A hig desk occupied a good shnre of the space. On a swivel chair, a little person writing an editorial. One window, two doors, and in and out of these doors a constant procession—girls with armfuls of literature, girls with letters, girls with telegrams, girls and women hurrying through one way or another no matter who was there, or what was being said, written, or thought out. In the henrt of that hurly-burly all the most vital business of the Union was shaped and launched, up to the hour when she left that night just in time to escape the clutches of an exasperated government.

In the great new building in the Kingsway, Christabel has her more comfortahle qunrters. She has never occupied them, never seen them.

WHEN the W. S. P. U. Fund had rolled up its staggering sum, to women's innocent surprise, the mere financial prosperity of the Union bred in the hreasts of politicians a respect they had never shown towards the principles of justice, or the spectacle of devotion to an ideal. The Fund becnme also a source of envy and all unchnritableness in certain adherents of causes less generously supported.

The air grew thick with vague suspicion and open charges that the Pankhursts were feathering their nests. They were living extravagantly on the fat of the land. Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Sylvin lived enough of their time in prison to take the point out of any application of the charge to them. So it was oftenest referred to the Pankhurst who was coostrained to live on the fat of "the pleasant land of France."

*Christabel Pankhurst in three years of militant martyrdom has changed from the girl shown in the right hand picture to that shown in the left*

Coming down from the mountains of Savoy I dropped in one eveniog oo the exiled Organizer. I found her in the luxury she had then for months been steeped in—living *en pension* in a third-class hotel in a town on the coast.

One room served the controlling spirit of the rich Union—one room to sleep in nnd to work in. That narrow bed-chamber oo the top floor—oo lift—reached only hy climhing endless stairs, that place of meager, diogy furnishing, constituted not only the luxury of her personal establishment, but served as editor's office for the Union paper—the real Headquarters of the Movement. Out of that little room went forth the energy which, if it was oot responsihle for keeping the question of Woman Suffrage intensely alive, did certainly control and guide the more militant forces.

TALKING till late into the night, we spoke of a woman whose latitude of view io matters of sex-relation had given much offense both to Suffragists and Antis. Christabel had no love for the theme, hut she pitied the woman—explained her as a doctor diagnoses disease.

Her attitude to the suhject reminded me of another midnight talk a year or so before. She had come down into the south of England for a little rest and I was remorseful at letting her sit up so lnte. I offered her a novel to take to bed. Yes, she would like a novel. She took the ooe I offered and with a gesture of distaste gave it hack. "I began it," she said, "hut I couldn't stomach those scenes between the wife and the hushand." I had not myself read the book, which had not loog been out. Miss Pankhurst described eursorily, with nn effect of haste to be done with it, a certain scene which, along with the eritics' comment on its "strength," and Maupassant-like veracity, the world in general had swallowed without blinking.

At sight of Christabel Pankhurst's loathing, I remembered the unhlushing utilitarian she is. Whatever expresses the views she shares she will applaud, however little literate the effort may be. However well done, what runs counter to her views she sees no merit in. In fact she canoot "see" it at all.

SO I urged the right of the artist (and the author in question is one) to treat of any and everything under heaven. In nny case, as Christabel could not deny, sceoes far more *risqué* had beeo written hy men of repute. Whereupon she jumped down my throat. That was precisely the trouble, she said, with this woman-writer. She was trying to go one better—or worse—than men. Meo have some excuse. They *have* to invent. They know very little about women. But "women must stop going to men for information about their own sex."

I had long known that many women, and not a few men, accustomed to look upon themselves as fastidious in matters touching sex-dignity recognized in Christabel Pankhurst an unconscious critic of their meaner standards.

Not only is the mind of this young woman constitutionally incapahle of making a base use of unsavory topics, she is (not deliberately, hut inevitahly, because so was she created,) a touchstone of moral soundness.

If I were told that, leaving out the politician and speakiog of the essential woman, I must give in two words the sum of eight years' knowledge—I would, out of all the resources of the dictionary, cooteot myself with saying that Christabel Pankhurst's outstanding quality is a valiant purity.

# Was Tammany Really Destroyed?

*A British View of an American Triumph*

By SYDNEY BROOKS

Illustrated by Herb Roth

FIRST let me congratulate you and all your colleagues and associates in the Fusion ranks on the magnitude of your victory over Tammany last month. Then let me temper my congratulations with the reminder that the real test and proof of the value and durability of any and every electoral triumph is the use made of it in office. What New York accomplished on November 6th was essentially a work of destruction. It got rid of Tammaoy. But that is a fact it has frequently performed before, and always with the same result of Tammany regaining at the next election every inch of the ground it had temporarily lost. Do I exaggerate in saying that the whole history of municipal administration, not merely in New York hut throughout the United States, shows that while Americans can pull down they cannot huild up? They can overthrow a bad government; they have yet to prove they can sustain a good one. Some too flagrant scandal may rouse them for a moment to wreck a "machine" and to fill the air with good resolutions. But good resolutions are fleeting things, and the "machine", io the long run and under present conditions, is well-nigh indestructible. I do not say that those are wholly wrong who see in the receot election a sigu that New Yorkers, like the American people generally, are beginning to cut loose from the dominatioo of the "hosses" and to treat municipal government as primarily a business and oot a political problem. But that movement will have to develop far more strength and constancy than it has done so far if it is to win more than a casual victory or to endanger Tammany's security at all permanently. The citizens of New York have won a respite for the next four years. But they have not won freedom nor anything like it.

I FANCY this would be more clearly realized were it not for the common American habit of regarding the suffrage as the essence of democracy. So long as they could vote at recurring periods for a multitude of short-term officers, your people have persuaded themselves that little more was needed to fulfil the amplest ideal of popular goveroment. They have always had a tendency to look upon the ballot-box as an end in itself, to think more of success at the polls than of efficiency in office, to regard the problem of government as solved when they had elected one set of candidates to office in preference to another set, to spend their energies on choosing their representatives and then to forget to watch over them, to pay too much attention to who is to do the work, and too little to how it is being done, and to sleep with the comfortable assurance of a public duty adequately performed from the morrow of one election day to the dawn of the next. I oeed not tell you that a political philosophy so defective as all this is singularly ill-equipped for grappling with the concrete and positive problem of city government. Democracy, of course, is criticism, is control, is an alert and informed public opinion, and is not really machinery at all. While, therefore, I rejoice with you that Mr. Mitchel has been elected to the mayoralty I still maintain that we shall oot know what his election means until the votes are counted in November, 1917.

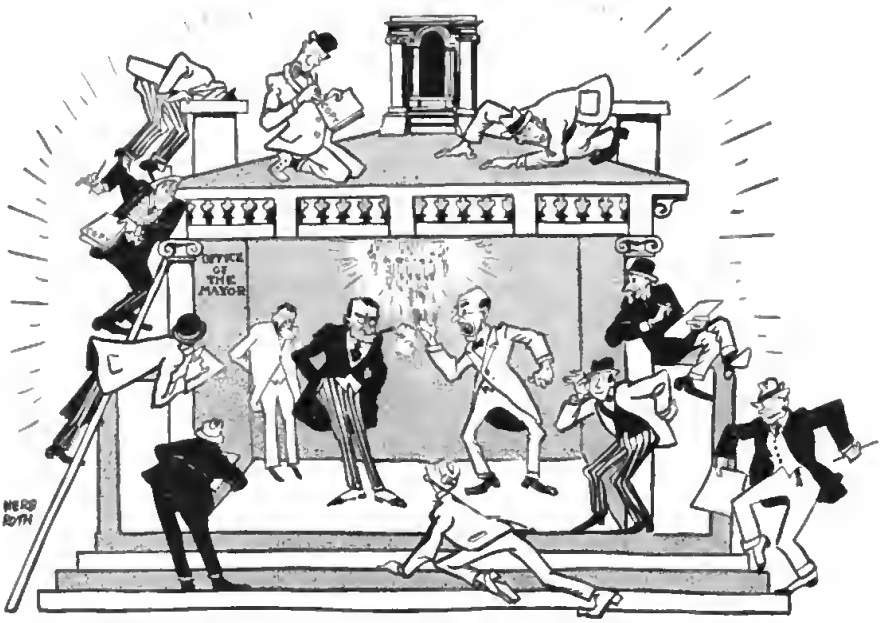
WHY is it that New Yorkers cannot be induced to support a reform administration for more than a single term of office and that Tammany has never, in all its long and malodorous history, been beaten twice running? Sometimes, undoubtedly, it is because the reform administration neither reforms aor administers and sometimes because it reforms and administers too much. I know of nothing more comical than a reform mayor prowling round New York in a fever to detect "vice." You are dealing, remember, with a cosmopolitan, vivacious, pleasure-loving population, pagan in its tastes, its hahits and its opinions, imbued with the mercenary view of politics, and always in more or less opeo revolt against the laws with which the state legislature, largely elected and controlled hy rural votes under the guidance of machine politicians, attempts to regulate its behavior. It is a popula-

tion that takes readily to the ideal of a free and easy life in a free and easy town. It is aa ideal with which Tammaay wholeheartedly sympathizes and one that, for a price, the price of hlackmad, it will undertake to translate into fact. It is here, as it seems to me, that tho passion of the state legislature for reforming the morals of New York does Tammany such iaestimable service. Laws are passed at Albaay forbidding—not merely punishing hut forlnidding—immorality, gamhliog, Sunday drinking and so on in New York City. To enforce these laws is, of course, impossihle; to repeal them is equally impossihle because no legislator will dare to have it said of him that he favors gamhling or Suaday driakiag or "vice" of any kiad. At the same time the laws being on the statute book and all the "good eitizens" clamoring for their enforcement, something has to be done about them. Reformers of Mr. Roosevelt's kidney will try to carry them out rigidly and inflexihly and so convulse the city. Reformers of a less categorical cast of miad will punish serious aad too opeo violations and leave the rest alone. The Tammany method, after all, is the most consistent and the easiest. To the proprietor of the saloon and the gambling den and the disorderly house Tammany many rule are taken as a matter of course, become grave offenses when committed hy reformers. Moreover, no reform administration that I can recall has yet mastered the secret which Tammany so perfectly comprehends, of combination, of "team-play." The heads of the various Departments work far too independently of one another; they are too much like a compaay of star actors; they quarrel with one aaother and eriticize each other's coaduct with a publicity and freedom quite destructive of any real unity.

THEN, too—though I may, of course, be utterly wrong—I canaot persuade myself that the average New Yorker really likes to be governed hy men of refinement, independent means, and superior social position. At a time of strong moral excitement he may vote for them, and even elect them to office, hut he quickly wearies of their air of aloofness, exaggerates their detachment from the "plain people," and comes in the end to resent their presence and activity as a sort of affroot to democracy.

It is askiag a good deal of human nature to rise to the height of a religious erusade once every four years, and New Yorkers, for all their idealism, time to the business can hope to manipulate it—aad how preposterously the absence of local home rule plays into the hands of the machioe, and how slight is the average citizen's interest in good government, and with what merry eynicism he is apt to accept graft as one of the essentials of politics, and how deftly Tammany gets among the poor and befriends them without oace seeming condescending or self-righteous—when I reflect on all this the woader to me is not that Tammany should sometimes lose hut that it should ever be defeated.

You have made endless mechanical efforts at reform. You have tried withdrawing the police, the schools aad the licensing power from municipal control. You have tried Mayors with autoeratic powers and Mayors with no powers at all; cities with two legislative ehambers and cities with one; elections every year, every two years, every three and four years; police boards under a single head and police boards governed hy nonpartisan commissions; and some three hundred cities, I uoderstaod, have had the courage of their declining faith in legislative councils aad assemblies, and are experimeating with variations of the Galveston and Des Moines idea. This last strikes me as a very interesting in-




*"Every reform administration lives in a glass house, with all the electric lights turned on, and a reporter at each window and keyhole"*

simply says, "Pay me so much a month and I will protect you." In the result everybody is satisfied. The law remains on the statute book, a glowing testimonial to the "morality" of New York; it is not put into action, so nobody feels its inconvenience; and Tammany grows rich on the proceeds of its oon-enforcement. Tammany would be well on the way to starvation if the laws under which New York is governed were in accordance with the wishes and opinions of its inhahitants. In this aspect Tammany, I have often thought, is really New York's and human nature's protest against legislative altruism and Puritanical meddlesomeness.

The reformers set their standard high, and hy that standard are they judged. Mistakes that under a Tammany rule are taken as a matter of course, become grave offenses when committed hy reformers. Moreover, no reform administration that I can recall has yet mastered the secret which Tammany so perfectly comprehends, of combination, of "team-play." The heads of the various Departments work far too independently of one another; they are too much like a compaay of star actors; they quarrel with one aaother and eriticize each other's coaduct with a publicity and freedom quite destructive of any real unity.

THEN, too—though I may, of course, be utterly wrong—I canaot persuade myself that the average New Yorker really likes to be governed hy men of refinement, independent means, and superior social position. At a time of strong moral excitement he may vote for them, and even elect them to office, hut he quickly wearies of their air of aloofness, exaggerates their detachment from the "plain people," and comes in the end to resent their presence and activity as a sort of affroot to democracy.

It is askiag a good deal of human nature to rise to the height of a religious erusade once every four years, and New Yorkers, for all their idealism, are very human—"Th' greatest erusaders that iver was—f'r a shorrt distince," as Mr. Dooley called them. To let Tammany win is always the path of least resistance. On the Reformers' side there is human oature as it ought to be and as it may occasionally be wrought up into being. On the side of Tammany there is human nature as it is.

When I recall, indeed, the perfection of Tammany's organization aod how vast is the number of beneficiaries of all classes it has gathered aroaad it, and with what skill it is often able to evade its local reputatioo hy aa appeal to party loyalty and regularity, and how bewilderingly the machinery of politics has been over-organized in New York as throughout America—uatil only professional experts giving their whole time to the business can hope to manipulate it—aad how preposterously the absence of local home rule plays into the hands of the machioe, and how slight is the average citizen's interest in good government, and with what merry eynicism he is apt to accept graft as one of the essentials of politics, and how deftly Tammany gets among the poor and befriends them without oace seeming condescending or self-righteous—when I reflect on all this the woader to me is not that Tammany should sometimes lose hut that it should ever be defeated.

You have made endless mechanical efforts at reform. You have tried withdrawing the police, the schools aad the licensing power from municipal control. You have tried Mayors with autoeratic powers and Mayors with no powers at all; cities with two legislative ehambers and cities with one; elections every year, every two years, every three and four years; police boards under a single head and police boards governed hy nonpartisan commissions; and some three hundred cities, I uoderstaod, have had the courage of their declining faith in legislative councils aad assemblies, and are experimeating with variations of the Galveston and Des Moines idea. This last strikes me as a very interesting instance of the growing American tendency to call in autocracy for the purpose of safeguarding democracy against itself; and I believe it has really doae something to affect the standard of puhlic opinion and change the average man's views of the place that politics should hold in municipal administration. But I would suggest that New Yorkers during the next four years have an even better ehance of striking a hlow for civic reform. If they stand hy Mr. Mitchel and rëelect him, or at any rate keep Tammany out, every city in the land will be the better for it. That would be an inspiring, genuiae, unprecedented and (I hope) not incredible achievement; hut you will not, perhaps, mind if I continue to view its possibility with a certain skepticism.

# Yes, Indeed

By REBECCA HOOPER EASTMAN

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

MISS MINNIE McSMITH hadn't seen Paul Parkle for months, until the afternoon when she was drinking tea and eating French pastry all alone in a crowded T. R. (Tea Room). Minnie had a good excuse for eating and drinking alone: she was hungry, as people sometimes are, when they haven't had time for lunch. She had been aware for some time that there was a man standing in the T. R. doorway, when she suddenly noticed that it was Parkle, posing. Feeling unusually charitable, she waved her microscopic napkin at him, at which fringed signal, he came elegantly over. As he threaded his gracious way among the women whose chairs and wraps filled the passage, he was the true gallant in every gesture—for might not the surrounding women and girls be pinching one another, and saying:

"Look, Maudie, there goes Paul Parkle, the actor."

THEREFORE he seated himself more impressively than was necessary, considering the years that he had known Miss McSmith, and began, as she had known he would:

"You have never seen anything like the enthusiasm created by my entrance on the Harlem Opera House stage, when I returned to New York."

"Indeed?" quoth Miss McSmith, biting a monster candied cherry from the top of a delicate cream puff.

"Oh, yes, I was playing 'Brewster's Millions' at the time, and you remember that the entrance is made in the dark?"

"I remember." She poured herself another cup of tea, but inhospitably refrained from asking Mr. Parkle to join her. (She had known him, as has been said, for years.)

"Yes, I enter in the dark. Well, the minute that vast audience heard my voice, they applauded and called for me; they absolutely refused to let me go on with my part. I stepped into the wings, and said to the stage manager, 'You'll simply have to throw a spot-light on my face, and let them see me.' He saw that it was impossible for me to proceed, with their applause growing more deafening every minute. So he put the spot on my face, and when they had calmed down, I stepped forward and said, 'My friends,' I said, 'I thank you. At the end of the act I shall have an opportunity to say what I really, at this moment, feel.' Even then, they would hardly let me go on. But when that act was over! Minnie, I simply cannot describe their furor. They not only stamped and clapped,—they cheered! They hopped right up on the seats, and, think of it! waved American flags."

"Oh."

"Yes, yes."

"How did they happen to have the flags with them?"

"Oh, I don't know. . . . But they had them, Minnie."

"Oh."

"Yes."

As the waiter passed more French pastry, Miss McSmith selected a round, shiny thing that looked like an embroidered green satin pincushion at a church fair, and tackled it curiously.

"Minnie, did I ever tell you what Belasco said about my voice?"

"No."

"He said to me, 'Parkle,' he said, 'Parkle, there isn't another voice like it.'"

"I guess that's true," said Miss McSmith, indifferently. Mr. Parkle's voice had always vaguely reminded her of Black Bean Soup; it was so unnecessarily rich and heavy.

"Getting three hundred a week," confided Parkle, oddly.

"Oh."

"Yes. Mrs. Fiske wanted me in her company one time, you know, but I had only one rehearsal with her. Then I was forced to leave: from my own choice, understand."

"Why?"

"Well—it's a delicate matter. She saw that I would get all the applause. I *was* splendid in the part, Minnie; it was made for me. I shall never forget how

*"The other day, now, I was on the Avenue just as Mrs. Vnn Blenk came out, and she stared at me"*

well I read my lines at that first rehearsal. But it wouldo't do. I couldn't stay on io the presence of such jealousy."

"Iodeed."

"Yes. These stars!"

"Indeed?" The pistachio satin pineushion was proving delicious.

"Oh, certainly. Ethel Barrymore is simply mad to have me with her. She said to me, 'Mr. Parkle,' she said, 'I have never in my life seeo anythiog like your work.' But I said, 'Miss Barrymore,' I said, 'I cannot leave the people who love me so, even to play with you. I *must* stick to stock.'"

Miss McSmith gave a signal for her check.

Miss McSmith took out her purse and paid the waiter.

Miss McSmith gave the waiter a fee, when he returned with her change. leaned toward her caressingly. "Allow *me*, please, Mionie. Here, waiter!" he called to the wrong man's back. "Where is your check, Minnie?"

"Paid."

"Paid? What a sleight-of-hand performer you are!" They rose. "I suppose I told you what Maude Adams did the time I was with her in 'The Little Minister?'"

HE was following her out of the T. R., John Drewishly.

"Yes."

Either Mr. Parkle failed to catch her monosyllable, or else he pretended that he thought she said "No."

"She said to me, 'Paul,' she said—she always would call me Paul—'Paul,' she said, 'you are the only man in this country who ean read Shakespeare intelligibly. Shall I tell Charlie'—meaning of course,

"Yes. And yet, Minnie, in spite of all this, there *are* people right here in New York who have never heard the name Paul Parkle."

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes. I doubt if Society, hy which, of course, I mean the four hundred, is even aware of my existence. The other day, now, I was on the Avenue, just as Mrs. Van Blank came out, and she stared at me with singular interest. I, of course, affected indifference, hut I knew. I knew how she felt. I knew what she was thinking—"

THEY had been walking briskly up Broadway, when Miss McSmith suddenly turned into a oarrow alley.

"Why, Minnie, where are you going? This is the stage entrance of the Majestic."

"Yes. I'm going here to a rehearsal."

"I didn't know they allowed reporters at rehearsals of the new productions."

"I'm not oo that newspaper any more."

"You haven't—you, with *your* figure, Minnie,—you haven't *gone on the stoge?*"

"No—I wrote the play."

Paul stopped.

"You what?"

"I wrote tbe play."

"You WHAT?"

"Oh, it's nothing much; just a little comedy. But they think it's going to make a hit. I wrote it under the name Ilouise Llewellan, hecause, although the name McSmith's always hrought me luck, it doesn't seem to tickle the imaginatioo."

"You—have—written—a—play—for—Broadway?"

"Yes. You may come in, if you like." She was dashing ahead, but he seized her arm with such a grip that his fingers felt like teeth, and she was sure that there would he holes in her sleeve.

"Say, Minnie, you haven't got a small part, have you? A nice *little* part where you could use an old friend?"

"What—with you getting your three hundred a week?"

"Well, er—the company closes Saturday oight. And while three hundred a week is—nominally my salary, I never, as you might say, have received it."

She stood aod looked at him, irresolutely.

"There's the part of a policeman in the third act——"

"Splendid, Minnie, splendid!"

"But he has only one line." She didn't dare look at him. "I guess the manager would give it to you. Although, of course, you wouldn't look at it. But if you want it, come oo."

No time at all elapsed.

He came.

*"There's the part of a policeman in the third act——" "Splendid, Minnie, splendid!"*

Mr. Parkle, however, did not seem to see any of this little pantomime. He was staring at the cornice with romantic and melancholy eyes, for he had just noticed that the two girls at the next tahle were looking at him, and whispering, and he was appearing unconscious. Miss McSmith, having paid for her tea, remarked: "Going."

"Oh—where's your bill, Minnie?" He

Mr. Charles Frohman, 'Shall I tell Charlie to get up a company with you for Hamlet and me for Ophelia?' I refused; how could I do anything else? There were no actors capable of filling the minor rôles. When I pointed this out to her, she saw what I meant, and gave up speaking to Mr. Frohman."

"Oh."

*A GIBBON STORY WITH BELLOWS PICTURES*

*The strongest fiction offering of the new* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will come next week in Perceval Gibbon's unusual story, "The Darkened Path". It is a story of o white man ostracized from his own people, living his weird life, against on African background. It is the kind of o story which many magazines will not print; but it finds o place in* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *because of its merit.*

A CARPENTER SHOP IN NAZARETH

*It was in just such a shop, almost unchanged, that Jesus worked nearly two thousand years ago*



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# The Autopilgrim's Progress

*Part Two—The Bridal Tour*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

## X

### Lemuel Taketh Favor from the Hand of Percival, and Joy Bells Are Ordered for Two More

"ARRESTED? What fun! So are we!" said Katury
And father looked up for the first time, not sure he
Was fully awake
And cried, "Mercy sake!"
(Though the ranks of the culprits were rapidly thinning,
The leisurely props of the courtroom sat grinning.)
"D'ye think it's a picnic or some sort o' sport
For the whole House o' Bogg to be dragged into court?
Ain't ye shamed some to stand there and face
The public disgrace?"
Katurah showed mirth and no other emotion;
Her husband grinned, too. "What an old fashioned
notion!"
He cried, "In this Gasolene Epoch the best
Sort of people are frequently under arrest.
Indeed, if you haven't been pinched once or
twice
They take it to mean
That you've got a machine
That's only equipped for delivering ice.
Now don't bear a grudge."
Percy winked at the Judge
Aud whispered to Lem, "Sure His Honor will
soften;
He knows his old friends and refuses to bust
'em or
Bleed 'em. In fact, I've been pinched here so
often
He gives me cut rates like a regular customer."

AGAIN at the Mercy Seat Percival winked
And o'er the broad face of the Justice there twinked
A rosy-red, cynical,
Sort of a grinnical
Smile like the sun on the morning's first pinnacle.
Percy drew nearer and secretly bore
A word to The Law, who sat smiling some more,
Then with a nod to Katurah and Pa
And Percy and Ma,
"Since we've got the whole family, needless to state
You ought to be fined at our Bargain Club Rate.
Your charges are: Speeding, (my dockets attest),
Contempt o' the court and resisting arrest.
Since business is slack and the day's rather hot,
Let's say twenty dollars to cover the lot."

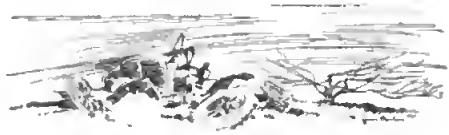
A PERFECT quartette,
They warbled their thanks;
But the Judge's face set
Toward the criminal ranks
As the Bailiff arose with his usual roar,
"Case Forty-thousand-six-hundred-and-four!"
And, twined like a bridal wreath, paced through the door
The "nice Mr. Hill" and his Gwendolaide Jones,
Nestled so near
You almost could hear
That overdone joy-march of old Mendelssohn's.

WHAT!" roared the Judge, and
full red grew his face,
"Is this thing a wedding or a criminal case?"
"Both," warbled Percy
Who, begging for mercy,
Rose up again and edged close to
the bar,
"They are arrested for speeding their
car;
But this explanation
In ex-tenuation
I make: They were scorching so fast
and so far
In search of your regal
Office and legal,
Your gifts to employ for the
rite matrimonial."

WELL," drawled the Judge, and his air was
baronial,
"Cases like that sure deserve a life sentence—
Hasty decisions mean years of repeatance.
Seventeen dollars will cover the crime.
Come here at noon and we'll turn on the chime."

ONE o'clock struck and at Johnson's Hotel
A crisp wedding breakfast was spread from
the well-
Stocked larder or forage,
(Mostly cold storage)
And the party sat down to the tap of the bell.

THE Judge made a speech when they opened
champagne
They all liked the wine, except Lem, who spoke plain,
"Them new-fangled bubbles
Git up my nose.
One o' the troubles
Of life, I suppose.
They didn't drink that, sir, when I was a boy;
But this Gasolene Age has plumb changed all our joy.
Used to be so, when a man was arrested,
He just quit the town where his cash was invested.
But now, when ye're jailed, if the Judge gits the sign,
He marries ye first, then reduces the fine
And asks y' to dinner with sody-pop wine!"
Lem scratched his ear
And remarked, "It's dum queer,
When y're autoin' round, just a-thinkin' and settin',
What new-fangled, dew-dangled fixes y' get in!"



(THE END)



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*"Russell went on involving the trembling and discomposed wretch in the box in new and even more palpable lies"*

# Criminals I Have Known

By T. P. O'CONNOR

Illustrated by William M. Berger

## II. Richard Pigott

I SAW him when I was quite a youngster, and never did there seem a man less likely by nature to play a prominent part in a mighty and historic crime and tragedy. He looked the good-natured, easy-going, laughter-loving *bon vivant* in everything—in the rather obese body, the full and flushed face, in the careful clothes with a prominent white waistcoat, and in the single eyeglass. Good-nature, self-indulgence, frankness, a certain Falstaffian humor—these were the impressions he was calculated to produce at first sight. Later, all this was increased by a premature baldness and prematurely white hair, the latter in contrast with the face that remained full, unlined, flushed, and juvenile. And there occurred, while he was still a comparatively young man, an incident in his career which was calculated to make one think of him kindly as one who took the strokes of even inauspicious fortune with undisturbed good humor. He and the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan were condemned simultaneously to imprisonment for libel articles written in times of excitement. The sentence of Mr. Sullivan was for six months and that of the other for twelve; but Mr. Sullivan was a restless, a nervous, and a delicate man, and he suffered severely, and said so. The other man held his tongue, and apparently was quite content to remain in his cell as much at ease as in his house.

SUCH was the Richard Pigott I knew in the early 'seventies of last century. By and by I knew him better. He was the conductor of two Irish weeklies—both advanced in views and both rather antagonistic to the Constitutional movement to which I was already attached; but he always spoke of me kindly. He himself had no special gifts for writing, and indeed was too lazy ever to do work he could get others to do for him. And he paid very small salaries. But nevertheless he produced good papers in which many men of fine enthusiasms and great literary abilities wrote. It was generally known that he was one of the large race of men who are constantly hard up. That flushed cheek was not attained without considerable indulgence in the pleasures of the table, solid and liquid. And as time went on there were ugly whispers of defalcations. His papers were the treasuries of several political funds destined for the families of political prisoners or for the temporary relief of the prisoners when they got out of prison. And one dark evening, in the street in which the papers were published, his cashier was fired at and seriously wounded, and the awful suggestion was made that the poor man, who was represented as a traitor, was only a faithful accountant who knew too much about the ugly story inside the newspaper office. Then the moment came when Richard Pigott found it impossible to go on, and he sold his chief paper to the party of which Mr. Parnell had become the leader. The money received was apparently soon lost, and Pigott was thrown back on his wits for a livelihood; and, as his tastes were expensive, the wits had much work to do.

IT was then that the evil instincts and the sinister gifts of the man were given full play. He became the prince of begging-letter writers; he carried on an odious trade in the dissemination of foul literature and pictures.

Then came the moment of the tragic and titanic fight between Parnell and the mighty forces of English and of Irish life, which, after centuries of omnipotence, that extraordinary man was threatening to pull down. Pigott saw the opportunity for a part which has so often been played in revolutionary times.



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He had been the chief voice of the revolutionary section for years, and the suggestion was inevitable to such a nature in the Ireland of that day as in the Russia of this, that he should turn State informer instead of revolutionary. Mr. Forster was then Chief Secretary for Ireland, and engaged in a fierce struggle with all the forces of the revolution in Ireland, and to Mr. Forster Pigott applied. Mr. Forster was at once a merciless opponent and a good-natured man, and, partly in the hope of help against the terrific forces he was fighting, and partly because he was really moved by Pigott's letters—which were quite admirable from the begging-letter point of view—he gave Pigott considerable sums of money.

BUT Pigott suddenly found an El Dorado whose treasures were as Golconda to him in comparison with anything he had ever seen before. The *Times* newspaper had carried on a fierce, a brilliant, and a damaging campaign against the Irish leaders, and especially against Mr. Parnell. Its object was to destroy Parnell, and, in destroying him, to destroy the mighty and apparently irresistible movement of which he was the head. And this object could be attained if in any way it could be shown that Parnell had direct participation in any of the terrible events by which the Irish, like all revolutions, had been accompanied. One crime stood out in terrible relief. As is well known, Lord Frederick Cavendish, going over to Ireland on a mission of mercy and reconciliation, was murdered in Phoenix Park along with Mr. Burke, the permanent Under Secretary for Ireland. It is difficult at this time of day to realize all the world-wide horror which this crime created. For a time it shook the Irish movement to its very foundations, and not only the movement, but the life of Parnell was in danger. But the tempest blew over for a year, and then it was revived in all its horror, and perhaps even increased in its violence by the revelations made by Carey, who, having been one of the organizers of the dreadful conspiracy of which the Phoenix murders were the outcome, had turned informant and revealed to the horrified and startled world the ghastly interior of the whole terrible story.

THE *Times* felt that its story had at last received confirmation, and it began soon to hint that other and more terrible revelations were coming. For the *Times* by then had got into communication with Pigott, and Pigott suddenly found himself in the position of being able to command sums which to him were beyond the dreams of avarice, by the very simple method of forging letters and signatures. He forged and forged, but apparently both the appetite and the purse of the *Times* were inexhaustible, and he went on with more forgeries and getting more money until at last his gains from this source amounted to several thousands of pounds.

At last, on the morning of the day when the second reading of a Coercion Bill was about to be put to the test of a division in the House of Commons, the thunderbolt fell on an astounded and horrified world. The *Times* published a letter bearing the signature of Parnell and indicating sympathy, if not connivance, with the Phoenix Park murders. Never in the history of British politics was there a revelation which seemed destined to transform so utterly an entire political situation and more certain to bring to earth a mighty fabric wrought by hands so potent as those of Gladstone and Parnell. For by this time Gladstone had taken up the cause of Parnell, and had committed a great British, as well as the Irish, party to the cause of Home Rule.

*"As time went on, there were ugly whispers of defalcations"*

Reckless, penniless, greedy of appetite and of money to satisfy it, Pigott may have hoped that he could escape the final Nemesis.

An inquiry was ordered by the House of Commons, and after long delays and apparently great reluctance, the *Times* was compelled to put Pigott in the box. The day of retribution had come slowly but surely.

It was not long before it was seen by everybody that Pigott was the author and the writer of the terrible letter which had created such a cyclone. I was then editor of a paper, and I took on myself the duty of describing the important scenes in this exciting drama, and thus I had the opportunity of seeing perhaps the most tragic cross-examination the courts of law have ever seen. The cross-examiner was the late Lord Russell—then Sir Charles and still at the Bar. He towered, even amid the legal giants engaged in this case, as easily above them all as does the Matterhorn above all other Swiss mountains. And, confident in his case, Russell fell upon Pigott with all the tremendous and almost cruel force of his own strong personality and of the still stronger force of the facts he knew. And poor Pigott, in the course of half an hour, was reduced to pitiful pulp. You could see the unfortunate wretch crumpling up and, as it were, dissolving, under the pitiless cross-examination.

BUT to the court generally the spectacle descended from tragedy to farce. As begging-letter after letter was read, with their unctuous whine and their hypocrisy, nobody could keep his countenance, and peals of laughter resounded through the court. The comic effect was increased to an almost intolerable degree by the strange spectacle on the bench where the three grave judges sat, aloof from all this bubbling and seething welter of human and political passions on the seats below. One judge, the late Mr. Justice Day, had excited a strange feeling because, alone of the three, he had never opened his lips throughout the whole inquiry. But to the amazement of everybody, Pigott broke down this composure and aloofness. Mr. Justice Day writhed in laughter, he seemed to become almost hysterie, and this strange and unexpected sight set the roar all over the court, until in the end the laughter seemed to end in one universal shriek. And meantime Russell went on involving the trembling and discomposed wretch in the box in new contradictions, new and even more palpable lies; until in the end it almost looked as if a great bruiser were kicking to death the weak opponent he had already bruised into pulp.

NO one was surprised when the court met the next day that Pigott was no longer in the box, and soon the news came that he had fled. He had in the meantime, with the characteristic weakness and treachery of such a nature, made an attempt to save himself by going into the opposite camp. In Mr. Labouchere's house before the keen, searching, and merciless eyes of that master cynic and of the late Sir George Lewis, he told the whole story of the forgeries, even revealing the methods which he had employed to give some approach to resemblance to the signature of Parnell. Detectives pursued Pigott hotfoot to Madrid, whither he had fled. They found him in an hotel of that city. On some excuse he managed to be allowed to go to his bedroom, and there he blew out his brains.

*Next week will appear "Henri Le Caron," the third of this series of stories by T. P. O'Connor.*

*WARUM?* OR, H

By JAMES MON

17

AIRO WORSHIP

TGOMERY FLAGG



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*In Baltimore, with the assistance of "The Sun," $4,766,000 were sold "over the counter" on a 4 1-2 per cent. basis*

# Where the Banker Is Superfluous

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

*Being Part VI of "Breaking the Money Trust"*

THE abolition of interlocking directorates will greatly curtail the bankers' power by putting an end to many improper combinations. Publicity concerning bankers' commissions, profits and associates, will lend effective aid, particularly by curbing undue exactions. Many of the specific measures recommended by the Pujo Committee (some of them dealing with technical details,) will go far toward correcting corporate and banking abuses; and thus tend to arrest financial concentration. But the investment banker has, within his legitimate province, acquired control so extensive as to menace the public welfare, even where his business is properly conducted. If the New Freedom is to be attained, every proper means of lessening his power must be availed of. And a simple and effective remedy, which can be widely applied, even without new legislation, lies near at hand:—Eliminate the banker-middleman where he is superfluous.

Today practically all governments, states and municipalities pay toll to the banker on all bonds sold. Why should they? It is not because the banker is always needed. It is because the banker controls the only avenue through which the investor in bonds and stocks can ordinarily be reached. The banker has become the universal tax gatherer. True, the *pro rata* of taxes levied by him upon our state and city governments is less than that levied by him upon the corporations. But few states or cities escape payment of some such tax to the banker on every loan it makes. Even where the new issues of bonds are sold at public auction, or to the highest bidder on sealed proposals, the bankers' syndicates usually secure large blocks of the bonds which are sold to the people at a considerable profit. The middleman, even though unnecessary, collects his tribute.

There is a legitimate field for dealers in state and municipal bonds, as for other merchants. Investors already owning such bonds must have a medium through which they can sell their holdings. And those states or municipalities which lack an established reputation among investors, or which must seek more distant markets, need the banker to distribute new issues. But there are many states and cities which have an established reputation and have a home market at hand. These should sell their bonds direct to investors without the intervention of a middleman. And as like conditions prevail with some corporations, their bonds and stocks should also be sold direct to the investor. Both financial efficiency and industrial liberty demand that the bankers' toll be abolished, where that is possible.

## *Banker and Broker*

THE business of the investment banker must not be confused with that of the bond and stock broker. The two are often combined; but the functions are essentially different. The broker performs a very limited service. He has properly nothing to do with the original issue of securities, nor with their introduction into the market. He merely negotiates a purchase or sale as agent for another under specific orders. He exercises no discretion, except in the method of bringing buyer and seller together, or of executing orders. For his humble service he receives a moderate compensation, a commission, usually one-eighth of one per cent. (12½ cents for each $100) on the par value of the security sold. The investment banker also is a mere middleman. But he is a principal, not an agent. He is a merchant in bonds and stocks. The compensation received for his part in the transaction is in many cases more accurately described as profit than as commission. So far as concerns new issues of government, state and municipal bonds, especially, he acts as merchant, buying and selling securities on his own behalf; buying commonly at wholesale from the maker and selling at retail to the investors; taking the merchant's risk and the merchant's profits. On purchases of corporate securities the profits are often very large; but even a large profit may be entirely proper; for when the banker's services are needed and are properly performed, they are of great value. On purchases of government, state and municipal securities the profit is usually smaller; but even a very small profit cannot be justified, if unnecessary.

## *How the Banker Can Serve*

THE banker's services include three distinct functions, and only three:

*First:* Specifically as expert. The investment banker has the responsibility of the ordinary retailer to sell only that merchandise which is good of its kind. But his responsibility in this respect is unusually heavy, because he deals in an article on which a great majority of his customers are unable, themselves, to pass intelligent judgment without aid. The purchase by the investor of most corporate securities is little better than a gamble, where he fails to get the advice of some one who has investigated the security thoroughly as the banker should. For few investors have the time, the facilities, or the ability to investigate properly the value of corporate securities.

*Second:* Specifically as distributor. The banker performs an all-important service in providing an outlet for securities. His connections enable him to reach possible buyers quickly. And good-will,—that is, possession of the confidence of regular customers—enables him to effect sales where the maker of the security might utterly fail to find a market.

*Third:* Specifically as jobber or retailer. The investment banker, like other merchants, carries his stock in trade until it can be marketed. In this he performs a service which is often of great value to the maker. Needed cash is obtained immediately because the whole issue of securities can thus be disposed of by a single transaction. And even where there is not immediate payment, the knowledge that the money will be provided when needed, is often of paramount importance. By carrying securities in stock, the banker performs a service also to investors, who are thereby enabled to buy securities at such time as they desire.

Whenever makers of securities or investors require all or any of these three services, the investment banker is needed, and payment of compensation to him is proper. Where there is no such need, the banker is clearly superfluous. And in respect to the original issue of many of our state and municipal bonds, and of some corporate securities, no such need exists.

*IN preceding articles, Mr. Brandeis has shown the need of abolishing interlocking directorates and of having full publicity regarding bankers' commissions, profits and associations. He now takes up the large question of the immense control of the investment banker even within his own legitimate province and lays down a simple and effective remedy which can be widely applied even without new legislation.*

*Six years before the fall of the great system, the hidden dangers were pointed out. Proof was furnished of the rotten timbers*

### *Where the Banker Serves Not*

IT needs no banker experts in value to tell us that bonds of Massachusetts or New York, of Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore and of scores of lesser American cities, are safe investments. The basic financial facts in regard to such bonds are a part of the common knowledge of many American investors; and, certainly, of most possible investors who reside in the particular state or city whose bonds are in question. Where the financial facts are not generally known, they are so simple, that they can be easily summarized and understood by any prospective investor without interpretation by an expert. Bankers often employ, before purchasing securities, their own accountants to verify the statements supplied by the makers of the security, and use these accountants' certificates as an aid in selling. States and municipalities, the makers of the securities, might for the same purpose, employ independent public accountants of high reputation, who would give their certificates for use in marketing the securities. Investors could also be assured without banker-aid that the basic legal conditions are sound. Bankers, before purchasing an issue of securities, customarily obtain from their own counsel an opinion as to its legality, which investors are invited to examine. It would answer the same purpose, if states and municipalities should supplement the opinion of their legal representatives by that of independent counsel of recognized professional standing, who would certify to the legality of the issue.

Neither should an investment banker be needed to find investors willing to take up, in small lots, a new issue of bonds of New York or Massachusetts, of Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, or a hundred other American cities. A state or municipality seeking to market direct to the investor its own bonds would naturally experience, at the outset, some difficulty in marketing a large issue. And in a newer community, where there is little accumulation of unemployed capital, it might be impossible to find buyers for any large issue. Investors are apt to be conservative; and they have been trained to regard the intervention of the banker as necessary. The bankers would naturally discourage any attempt of states and cities to dispense with their services. Entrance upon a market, hitherto monopolized by them, would usually have to be struggled for. But banker-fed investors, as well as others could, in time, be brought to realize the advantage of avoiding the middleman and dealing direct with responsible borrowers. Governments, like private concerns, would have to do educational work; but this publicity would be much less expensive and much more productive than that undertaken by the bankers. Many investors are already impatient of banker exactions; and eager to deal direct with governmental agencies in whom they have more confidence. And a great demand could, at once, be developed among smaller investors whom the bankers have been unable to interest, and who now never buy state or municipal bonds. The opening of this new field would furnish a market, in some respects more desirable and certainly wider than that now reached by the bankers.

Neither do states or cities ordinarily need the services of the investment banker to carry their bonds pending distribution to the investor. Where there is immediate need for large funds, states and cities—at least the older communities—should be able to raise the money temporarily, quite as well as the bankers do now, while awaiting distribution of their bonds to the investor. Bankers carry the bonds with other people's money, not with their own. Why should not cities get the temporary use of other people's money as well? Bankers have the preferential use of the deposits in the banks, often because they control the banks. Free these institutions from banker-control, and no applicant to borrow the people's money will be received with greater favor than our large cities. Boston, with its $1,500,000,000 of assessed valuation and $78,033,128 net debt, is certainly as good a risk as even Lee, Higginson & Co. or Kidder, Peabody & Co.

But ordinarily cities do not, or should not, require large sums of money at any one time. Such need of large sums does not arise except from time to time where maturing loans are to be met, or when some existing public utility plant is to be taken over from private owners. Large issues of bonds for any other purpose are usually made in anticipation of future needs, rather than to meet present necessities. Modern efficient public financiering, through substituting serial bonds for the long term issues (which in Massachusetts has been made obligatory) will, in time, remove the need of large sums at one time for paying maturing debts, since each year's maturities will be paid from the year's taxes. Purchase of existing public utility plants are of rare occurrence, and are apt to be preceded by long periods of negotiation. When they occur they can, if foresight be exercised, usually be financed without full cash payment at one time.

Today, when a large issue of bonds is made, the banker, while ostensibly paying his own money to the city, actually lends the city other people's money which he has borrowed from the banks. Thus the banks get back, through the city's deposits, a large part of the money so lent. And when the money is returned to the bank, the banker has the opportunity of borrowing it again for other operations. The process results in double loss to the city. The city loses by not getting from the banks as much for its bonds as investors would pay. And then it loses interest on the money raised before it is needed. For the bankers receive from the city bonds bearing rarely less than 4 per cent. interest; while the proceeds are deposited in the banks which rarely allow more than 2 per cent. interest on the daily balances.

### *Cities That Helped Themselves*

IN the present year some cities have been led by necessity to help themselves. The bond market was poor. Business was uncertain, money tight and the ordinary investor reluctant. Bankers were loth to take new bond issues. Municipalities were unwilling to pay the high rates demanded of them. And many cities were prohibited by law or ordinance

from paying more than 4 per cent. interest; while good municipal bonds were then selling on a 4½ to 5 per cent. basis. But money had to be raised, and the attempt was made to borrow it direct from the lenders instead of from the banker-middleman. Among the cities which raised money in this way were Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Paul, Utica, and New York.

Philadelphia, under Mayor Blankenburg's inspiration, sold nearly $4,175,000 in about two days on a 4 per cent. basis and another "over-the-counter" sale has been made since. In Baltimore, with the assistance of the *Sun*, $4,766,000 were sold "over the counter" on a 4½ per cent. basis. Utica's two "popular sales" of 4½ per cent. bonds were largely "over-subscribed." And since then other cities large and small have had their "over-the-counter" bond sales. The experience of Utica, as stated by its Controller, Fred G. Reusswig, must prove of general interest:

> "In June of the present year I advertised for sale two issues—one of $100,000 and the other of $19,000, bearing interest of 4½ per cent. The latter issue was purchased at par by a local bidder and of the former we purchased $10,000 for our sinking funds. That left $90,000 unsold, for which there were no bidders, which was the first time that I had been unable to sell our bonds. About this time the 'popular sales' of Baltimore and Philadelphia attracted my attention. The laws in effect in those cities did not restrict the officials as does our law and I could not copy their methods. I realized that there was plenty of money in this immediate vicinity and if I could devise a plan conforming with our laws under which I could make the sale attractive to small investors it would undoubtedly prove successful. I had found, in previous efforts to interest people of small means, that they did not understand the meaning of premium and would rather not buy than bid above par. They also objected to making a deposit with their bids. In arranging for the 'popular sales' I announced in the papers that, while I must award to the highest bidder, it was my opinion that a par bid would be *the highest bid*. I also announced that we would issue bonds in denominations as low as $100 and that we would not require a deposit except where the bid was $5,000 or over. Then I succeeded in getting the local papers to print editorials and local notices upon the subject of municipal bonds, with particular reference to those of Utica and the forthcoming sale. I enclose you copies of our notice of sale and bidding blank, which was virtually a subscription blank. All the prospective purchaser had to do was to fill in the amount desired, sign his name, seal the bid and await the day for the award. I did not have many bidders for very small amounts. There was only one for $100 at the first sale and one for $100 at the second sale and not more than ten who wanted less than $500. Most of the bidders were looking for from $1,000 to $5,000, but nearly all were people of comparatively small means, and with some the investment represented all their savings. In awarding the bonds I gave preference to residents of Utica and I had no difficulty in apportioning the various maturities in a satisfactory way.
>
> "I believe that there are a large number of persons in every city who would buy their own bonds if the way were made easier by law. Syracuse and the neighboring village of Ilion, both of which had been unable to sell in the usual way, came to me for a program of procedure and both have since had successful sales along similar lines. We have been able by this means to keep the interest rate on our bonds at 4½ per cent., while cities which have followed the old plan of relying upon bond houses have had to increase the rate to 5 per cent. I am in favor of amending the law in such a manner that the Common Council, approved by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, may fix the prices at which bonds shall be sold, instead of calling for competitive bids. Then place the bonds on sale at the Controller's office to any one who will pay the price. The prices upon each issue should be graded according to the different values of different maturities. Under the present law, as we have it, conditions are too complicated to make a sale practicable except upon a basis of par bids."

### *The St. Paul Experiment*

ST. PAUL wisely introduced into its experiment a more democratic feature, which Tom L. Johnson, Cleveland's great mayor, thought out (but did not utilize), and which his friend W. B. Colver, now Editor-in-Chief of the *Daily News*, brought to the attention of the St. Paul officials. Mayor Johnson had recognized the importance of reaching the small savings of the people; and concluded that it was necessary not only to issue the bonds in very small denominations, but also to make them redeemable at par. He sought to combine practically, bond investment with the savings bank privilege. The fact that municipal bonds are issuable ordinarily only in large denominations, say, $1,000, presented an obstacle to be overcome. Mayor Johnson's plan was to have the sinking fund commissioners take large blocks of the bonds, issue against them certificates in denominations of $10, and have the commissioners agree (under their power to purchase securities) to buy the certificates back at par and interest. Savings bank experience, he insisted, showed that the redemption feature would not prove an embarrassment; as the percentage of those wishing to withdraw their money is small; and deposits are nearly always far in excess of withdrawals.

The St. Paul sinking fund commissioners and City Attorney O'Neill approved the Johnson plan; and in the face of high money rates, sold on a 4 per cent. basis, during July, certificates to the net amount of $502,300; during August, $147,000; and during September, over $150,000, the average net sales being about $5,700 a day.

Many cities are now prevented from selling bonds direct to the small investors, through laws which compel bonds to be issued in large denominations or which require the issue to be offered to the highest bidder. It is said that Governor Cox of Ohio, a very progressive magistrate—has "given his pledge that a law will be passed at the special session of the legislature this winter to permit cities to offer their bonds first to the common people in $10, $25, and $50 lots."

### *Salesmanship and Education*

SUCH success as has already been attained is largely due to the unpaid educational work of leading progressive newspapers. But the educational work to be done must not be confined to teaching "the people"—the buyers of the bonds. Municipal officials and legislators have quite as much to learn. They must, first of all, study salesmanship. Selling bonds to the people is a new art, still undeveloped. The general problems have not yet been worked out. And besides these problems common to all states and cities, there will be, in nearly every community, local problems which must be solved, and local difficulties which must be overcome. The proper solution even of the general problems must take considerable time. There will have to be many experiments made; and doubtless there will be many failures. Every great distributor of merchandise knows the obstacles which he had to overcome before success was attained; and the large sums that had to be invested in opening and preparing a market. Individual concerns have spent millions in wise publicity; and have ultimately reaped immense profits when the market was won. Cities must take their lessons from these great distributors. Cities must be ready to study the problems and to spend prudently for proper publicity work. It might, in the end, prove an economy, even to allow, on particular issues, where necessary, a somewhat higher interest rate, than bankers would exact, if thereby a direct market for bonds could be secured. Future operations would yield large economies. And the obtaining of a direct market for city bonds is growing ever more important, because of the huge increase in loans which must attend the constant expansion of municipal functions. In 1898 the new municipal issues aggregated $103,084,793; in 1912, $380,810,287.

### *Savings Banks*

IN New York, Massachusetts and the other sixteen states where a system of purely mutual savings banks is general, it is possible, with a little organization, to develop an important market for the direct purchasers of bonds. The bonds issued by Massachusetts cities and towns have averaged recently about $15,000,000 a year, and those of the state about $3,000,000. The 194 Massachusetts savings banks, with aggregate assets of $902,105,755.94, held on October 31, 1913, $90,536,581.32 in bonds and notes of states and municipalities. Of this sum about $60,000,000 are invested in bonds and notes of Massachusetts cities and towns, and about $8,000,000 in state issues. The deposits in the savings banks are increasing at the rate of over $30,000,000 a year. Massachusetts state and municipal bonds have, within a few years, come to be issued tax exempt in the hands of the holder, whereas other bonds held by savings banks are subject to a tax of one-half of one per cent. of the market value. Massachusetts savings banks, therefore, will hereafter naturally select Massachusetts municipal issues for high-grade bond investments. Certainly Massachusetts cities and towns might, with the coöperation of the Commonwealth, easily develop a "home market" for "over-the-counter" bond business with the savings banks. And the savings banks of other states offer similar opportunities to their municipalities.

### *Coöperation*

BANKERS obtained their power through combination. Why should not cities and states free themselves from

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the bankers hy coöperation? For hy coöperation between the cities nud the state, the direct marketing of munieipal bonds could be greatly facilitated.

Massachusetts has 33 cities, each with a population of over 12,000 persons; 71 towns earh with a population of over 5,000; and 250 towns each with a population of less than 5,000. Three hundred and eight of these municipalities now have funded indebtedness outstanding. The aggregate net indebtedness is nbout $180,000,000. Every year nbout $15,000,000 of bonds and notes are issued hy the Massachusetts cities and towns for the purpose of meeting new requirements and refunding old indebtedness. If these municipnlities would coöperate in marketing securities, the market for the bonds of each muoicipality would be widened; and there would exist also n common market for Massachusetts municipal securities which would be usually well supplied, would receive proper publicity and would attract investors. Successful merchandising necessarily involves carrying an adequnte, well-assorted stock. If every city nets alone, in endeavoring to market its boods direct, the city's boodselling activity will necessarily be sporadic. Its ability to supply the investor will be limited hy its own necessities for money. The market will also be limited to the bonds of the particular municipality. But if a state and its eities should coöperate, there could be developed n continuous and hroad market for the sale of bonds "over-the-counter." The joint selling agency of over three hundred muoicipalities,—as in Massachusetts—would naturally have n constant supply of assorted bonds and notes which could be had in as small amounts as the investor might want to buy them. It would be n simple mntter to establish such n joint selling agency hy which municipalities, under proper regulation of, and nid, from the state, would coöperate.

AND coöperation among the cities and with the state might serve in another important respect. These 354 Massachusetts municipalities carry in the aggregate, large bank balances. Sometimes the balance carried hy n city represents unexpended revenoues; sometimes unexpended proceeds of loans. On these balances they usually receive from the banks 2 per cent. iuterest. The balnnces of municipalities vary like those of other depositors; one luving idle funds, when nnother is in need. Why should not all of these cities and towns coöperate, making, say, the State their common banker, and supply each other with funds as farmers and laborers coöperate through credit unions? Then cities would get, instead of 2 per cent. on their balances, what their money was worth.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts holds now in its sinking and other funds nearly $30,000,000 of Massachusetts municipal securities, constituting nearly three-fourths of all securities held in these funds. Its annual purchases aggregate nearly $4,000,000. Its purchases direct from cities and towns have already exceeded $1,000,000 this year. It would be but n simple extension of the state's function to coöperate, as indicated, in n joint, municipal Bond Selling Agency and Credit Union. It would be n distinct advance in the efficiency of state and municipal financing; and what is even more important, n long step toward the emancipation of the people from banker-control.

## *Corporate Self-Help*

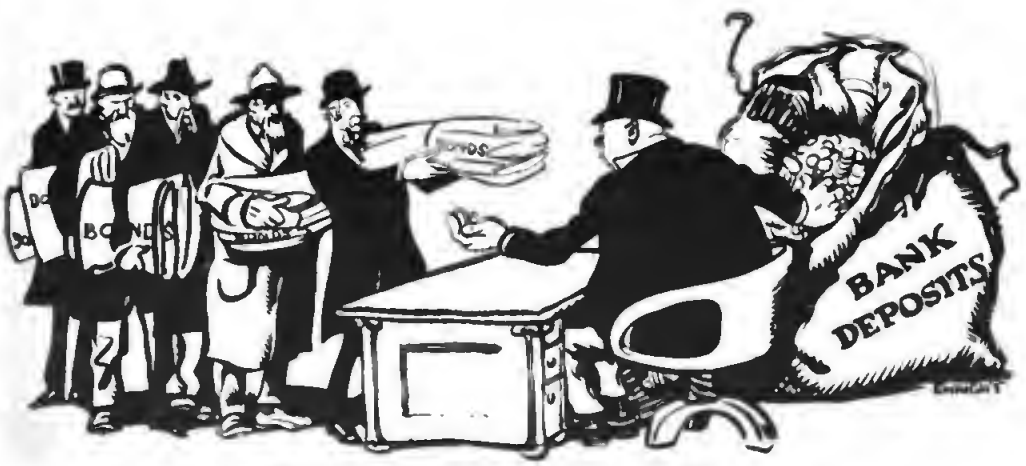
STRONG corporations with established reputations, locally or nationally, could emancipate themselves from the banker in a similar manner. Public-service corporntions io some of our leading cities could easily establish "over-the-counter" home markets for their bonds; and would be greatly aided in this hy the supervision now being exercised hy some state commissions over the issue of securities by such corporations. Such corporations would gain thereby not only in freedom from banker-control and exaetions, hut in the winning of valunhle local support. The investor's money would be followed hy his sympathy. In things economic, as well as in things political, wisdom and safety lie in direct appeals to the people.

The Pennsylvania Railroad now relies largely upon its stockholders for new capital. But n corporation with its long-continued success nnd reputation for stahility should have much wider finnncinl support and should eliminnte the banker altogether. With the 2,700 stations on its system, the Pennsylvania could, with n slight expense, create nearly as many nvenues through which money would be obtainnble to meet its growing needs.

## *Banker-Protection*

WAS there ever a more be-bankered railroad than the New Haven? Was there ever a more hanker-led community of investnrs than New Englnnd? Six years before the fall of that great system, the hulden dangers were pointed out to these banker-experts. Proof was furnished of the rottiug timbers. The disaster-breeding policies were laid bare. The bankers took no action. Repeatedly, thereafter, the bankers' attention was called to the steady deterioration of the structure. The New Hnven books disclose 11,481 stockholders who are residents of Massachusetts; 5,682 stockholders in Connecticut; 735 in Rhode Island; and 3,510 in New York. The city directories disclose 146 banking houses in Boston, 26 in Providence, 33 in New Haven and Hartford, and 357 in New York City. Of the New Hnveo stockholders 10,474 are women. Of the New Hnven stockholders 10,222 are of such modest means thnt their holdings are from one to ten shares only. But who, connected with those New England and New York banking houses, during these five long years which preceded the recent investigntion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, raised either voice or pen in protest ngainst the continuous mismanagement of thnt great trust property or wnrned the public of the impending disaster? Some of the bankers sold their own stock holdings. Some bankers whispered to a few favored eustomers advice to dispose of New Haven stock. But not one banker joined those whu sought to open the eyes of New England to the impending disaster nnd to avert it hy timely measures. New England's leading banking houses were ready to "coöperate" with the New Haven management in taking generous commissions for marketing the endless supply of new securities, hut they did nothing to protect the investors. Were these bankers blind? Or were they afraid to oppose the will of J. P. Morgan & Co.? Perhnps it is the banker who, most of all, needs the New Freedom.

*Other banker-disservice and other remedies will be discussed in the next issue under "Big Men and Little Business."*




*Bankers carry bonds with other people's money, not their own*

# The Desire to Soar

By BERTON BRALEY

## Ambition

I WANT to be a Highbrow
Who follows mystic creeds,
And laurel-decks the shy brow
Of poets no one reads,
I'd join the weird outré rites
Of ultra Highbrow bands,
Discussing unknown playwrights,
Whom no one understands.

I want to be n Highbrow,
With air of perfect poise,
Who lifts a scornful eyebrow
At all the rough world's noise,
Oh, I could fill with glee so
Desirable a shelf,
—A Highbrow seems to be so
Delighted with himself!

I want to be a Highbrow,
I want to take my stand,
With elevnted eye-brow
And manner very grand,
Amid the tea-room chatter
And learnedly rehearse
Exactly what's the matter
With all the universe.

I want to be a Highbrow
With esoteric ways,
Who looks, with very wry brow,
On things that otbers praise;
Who passes cruel strictures
On artists who can draw,
But raves o'er Cubist pictures
With rapt adoring awe!

## Temperament

WHEN I was but a baby and I didn't get my way
I threw my rattle from me and I bellowed night and day;
They tried to pacify me but it wouldn't work at all,
I answered all their efforts with a loud and lusty squawl,
And not until I got my wish could I be made content
And people all remarked on my "artistic temperament!"
I'm so temperamental
You can plainly see
I got the habit early
And it clung to me,
Some people call me selfish
But they're wrong, my dear,
I'm SO temperamental
THAT'S what makes me queer!

And now that I'm an actress and my name is on the sign
I want the stage's center and the spotlight all for mine;
I sulk and pout nnd sputter if I cannot hog the scene,
The author says I'm selfish and the actors call me mean,
I'm jealous of the chorus and I snub the leading gent;
So everybody says I have "artistic temperament!"
I'm so temperamental
That I throw a fit
Unless nt every minute
I'm the Great Big It!
Some people think I'm crazy
And they don't knuw why,
But I'm SO temperamental
—And it all gets by!

# Tchekhov's Plays

By NEITH BOYCE

THESE three quotations from Tchekhuv's letters may be found in Mr. George Culderon's introduction to his translation of "The Sea-Gull" and "The Cherry Orchard."

"I am neither a liberal, nor a conservative, nor a moderate, nor a monk, nor an indifferent—I want to be a free artist nnd nothing more.

"Be objective—look at everything with your customary, kind eyes; sit down and write us a story or plny of Russian life, not n criticism of life, but the joyful song of a gold-finch about Russian life and human life in general—life which is given us but once, and which it is foolish to waste on exposing the wickedness of so and so.

"Peasant blood flows in my veins and you cannot astonish me with the virtues of the peasantry. I have always believed in progress from my chiddhood up, and could not help believing in it, for the difference between tbe time when I used to get thrashed and the time when I stopped gettiug thrashed was something tremendous."

These three passages perhaps explain why Tolstoi thought the young Tchekhov "n demoralizing influence for the youth of Russia." Tchekhov's lack of interest in definite mural propaganda, and his humor, must equally have displeased the stern prophet of the voice of God, who believed in art unly for morality's sake, and who certainly would have agreed with Shelley that "the world will never be reformed till humor is abolished. However, a devoted admirer of Tchekhov, Abraham Cnhan, who fifteen years ago translnted some of Russian's short stories — says that Tolstoi in his last years, recanting much of bis morality, became also an enthusiast for Tchekhov's stories, but said to him: "Anton Gregorivitch, you will never be a dramatist!" From which one may conclude that Tolstoi even at the end did not properly appreciate Tchekhov.

Tchekhov's plays—he wrote five, besides n multitude of short farces—are full of humor—and of sadness and irony—they are full uf life. They are sweet and bitter. They are as vivid and vague ns dreams, and full of the dream that we call

reality. They will never be popular, though they are, of course, well-known on the Continent and some even have been acted in England. But to a person who likes that sort of thing, as we say, they are exactly the sort of thing he likes. To a person who is not—or is only mildly—interested in definite moral propaganda, to one who cares for the sort of criticism of life which is involved in its simple presentation by an artist of subtle and passionate temperament—to such a person these plays of Tchekhov may be pure delight, a well of enchantment. There is a Russian folk-song—the song of the boatmen on the Volga—which expresses in its deep, haunting, melancholy cadence something of the spirit that moves in these plays, and that looks at us out of the portrait of Tchekhov, the softly-bearded face with its sensitive, firm, sensuous mouth and its deep-brooding eyes. It is a typically Russian spirit. It is the voice of that strange country where so much vitality exhausts itself in vain, where so much idealism ends in self-destruction.

WE are familiar with the Hamlet type of Russian literature—the man of deep feelings and weak action, suffering from the harshness of life and unable to react effectively. Ivanov, in Tchekhov's play of that name, is another of these idealists whose fire burns too fiercely and burns itself out too quickly. In his youth he has dreamed high dreams; he has loved and married a Jewess; has thrown himself against the wall of caste and class feeling. And he has been crushed. When the play opens he is living, or existing, on his estate in the country and at thirty he has exhausted his life-impulse. His wife is dying, and his love for her is dead. With her heavy sentimentality and her reproachful clutch on him she drives him further and further away. In spite of her appeal and the protests of her doctor, who stands for morality and assures Ivanov that he is killing his wife, Ivanov nevertheless leaves her every evening for a neighbor's house where there is cheerful company, gambling, and, as it happens, a young daughter. This girl falls in love with Ivanov. After the death of his wife, Ivanov and the girl are betrothed. The doctor, in the name of morality, is positive that Ivanov has caused the wife's death in order to get her fortune and to be able to marry the young girl, with another fortune. And he is so furious at this success of crime that he is ready to murder Ivanov. The girl's family dislikes the marriage, nevertheless the day set for the wedding arrives. The father, in a touching scene, expresses the common feeling about Ivanov and his own fear and doubt, and begs his daughter to reconsider; she admits that, in spite of her love, she, too, doubts. Arrives Ivanov and begs her to release him. She refuses and he shoots himself. A more vivid and convincing picture of the man who has out-lived life, out-lived himself, and of the general and natural attitude of misunderstanding and dislike toward such a survival, it would be hard to find. But, as in the case of all of Tchekhov's plays the story, the theme, the main character or characters are only part of the interest. The background is so rich, each personality is so suggestive, the details so vital, that one has the impression not only of a firm design, but of an endless interplay and fringe of inter-relations, and of that individual isolation in the midst of a common life, a common atmosphere, that we feel all about us as we live.

The "Sea-Gull" shows us in four short acts a group of persons whom it would be impossible, short of a book, to describe. This play was first introduced in 1896 at St. Petersburg, and was hissed off the stage. Tchekhov wrote to a friend about it: "Everybody assured me that the characters were all lunatics, that my play was clumsy in technique, that it was stupid, obscure, idiotic even." The next year, at the Artistic Theater in Moscow, the play made a striking success. It is difficult to see why it was thought obscure, to say nothing of the other remarks on it. Its story is simple, and might be summed up in the note made by one of the characters, Trigorin, a successful author: "A subject occurred to me; a subject for a short story. A girl—like yourself, say—lives from her childhood on the shores of a lake. She loves the lake like a sea-gull, and is happy and free like a sea-gull. But a man comes along by chance and sees her and ruins her; like this sea-gull, just to amuse himself."

IT is true that when one has summed up the story thus, it is only to realize that there are a dozen stories in the play that escape the summary. Thus only, one would think, could it have seemed obscure or clumsy—from its richness. Each person in the play has a story: Arcadina, the successful actress, middle-aged but keeping her youth, careless, conventional, cruel; Trigorin, who is her lover, and is bored by his success and tired of writing, and tired of Arcadina, and yet has nothing better to do than to go on writing and being fond of Arcadina; Nina, the young girl of the lake, the "sea-gull," who is drawn away from her youthful love by the fascination of the famous man; Constantine, son of Arcadina and lover of Nina, the young poet whose just efforts are ridiculed by his mother and her companions and who sees his love go from him to another; and half a dozen other characters, each clear, defined in a few words, rounded out by almost invisible touches. Nina follows Trigorin, bears him a child, becomes a wandering actress, and returns one night for a glimpse of the place where, as a girl, she had been happy. Trigorin has gone back to Arcadina. Constantine has begun to be recognized as a writer. He begs Nina to return to him or to let him follow her. She still loves Trigorin. She goes away. Constantine, left alone, begins methodically tearing up his manuscripts, then he goes out. A few minutes later, when Arcadina and Trigorin and others are playing cards and chattering and drinking claret, the end of the play comes thus:

(Report of a pistol behind the scenes. Everyone starts.) Arcadina (alarmed): "What's that?"

Dorn: "It's all right. I expect something's busted in my traveling medicine-chest. Don't be alarmed." (Exit R., and returns a moment later.) "As I expected. My ether bottle's burst." (Singing) "Once more, once more, before thee, love—"

Arcadina (sitting at the table): "Good heavens, I was quite frightened. It reminded me of that time when—(covering her face with her hands,) I felt quite faint."

Dorn (taking up magazine, to Trigorin): "There was an article in this paper a month or two ago—a letter from America, and I wanted to ask you—(Puts his arm around Trigorin and brings him to the footlights.) I'm very much interested in the question— (In a lower tone) Get Trina (Arcadina) away from here. The fact is, Constantine has shot himself. . . . "

Suicide is the common refuge of these very Russian heroes. "The Cherry Orchard" is the only serious play of Tchekhov that does not end with a pistol shot. This was his last work, and was produced in Moscow in 1904, when the author was dying. It is the most characteristic, the most appealing, of all his plays, and, more than any other, impossible to describe. The plot is this: Madame Ranevsky returns with her seventeen-year-old daughter Anya to her Russian estate, after five years spent in Paris with a man who has ill-treated and robbed her, but whom she still loves. Her property, including the cherry orchard which is famous throughout the country, is mortgaged and about to be sold. On this old family estate are living her brother and a group of retainers and servants, living on nothing, for there is nothing to be done. Madame Ranevsky weeps for joy on her return to the old home which she loves; throws away what money she has left, giving a sovereign to a tramp because she has no silver; faces the coming sale with terror, or rather does not face it. Lopakhin, the grandson of a serf on her estate, who has made a fortune in business points out her only chance of escape—to cut up her property in villa lots, tear down the old house, cut down the cherry orchard.

"Cut down the cherry orchard!" cries Madame Ranevsky. "Excuse me, but you don't know what you're talking about. If there's one thing that's interesting, remarkable, in fact, in the whole province, it's our cherry orchard." And as she looks out, in the dawn, she cries again: "Oh, my childhood, my pure and happy childhood! I used to sleep in this nursery. I used to look out from here into the garden. Happiness awoke with me every morning; and the orchard was just the same as it is now; nothing is altered. It is all white, all white! Oh, my cherry orchard! After the dark and stormy autumn and the frosts of winter you are young again and full of happiness; the angels of heaven have not abandoned you—what a wonderful orchard, with its white masses of blossoms and the blue sky above!"

THE day of the sale approaches and nothing is done. Everyone has some scheme for getting the money, but nobody gets it. Lopakhin presses his suggestion urgently but is ignored. They live, eat, talk, scheme, and bemoan themselves. Madame Ranevsky gets telegrams from Paris demanding her return. And then the sale comes, and Lopakhin buys the property—half-delighted at his success, half-ashamed of it, for the peasant, the self-made man, has a sensitive soul, and feels the sadness of the old order passing away. And in the last act Madame Ranevsky and Anya are leaving for Paris, and the axe is laid to the cherry-orchard.

It is impossible to convey the charm of this play, either through such a bare outline or through any amount of talking about it. There are already many commentaries on Tchekhov, many critical essays, many attempts to explain his philosophy, his method, his meaning. Into his plays many things have been read, even revolutionary propaganda, which probably would considerably astonish him. It is well to talk or write about Tchekhov, but simply for the purpose of getting people to read him, or for the mere pleasure of expressing, however inadequately, the pleasure that he gives.

Two plays: "The Sea-Gull" and "The Cherry Orchard." Mitchell, Kennerly, New York.
Three plays: "Ivanov," "Uncle Vanya" and "The Sea-Gull." Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

# PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

## DRAWING-ROOM STUFF

*Dégagé* stuff

MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS once singled out a certain one of our young leading men as the most perfect exponent of the Drawing-room Manner upon the American stage. Doubtless intending this for a compliment, the Distinguished Dramatist unconsciously summed up in two words all the concentrated awfulness of the Drawing-room gymnastics that pass for high-life manners on the American stage.

THE Drawing-room Manner! What can better describe the difficult, not to say dangerous, feats of this social acrobat—his glad, rushing entrance, his prancing exit, his marvelous skill in mounting or dismounting from a fiery, untamed chair, or a skittish settee, fresh from the trackless plains of Grand Rapids and totally unbroken to the Drawing-room. The still more difficult stunt of standing balanced on both feet—the variation of an inch in the position of the patent leather shoe, in the angle of the knee, the parting of a coat-tail, as he drops into his chair seat, may mean instant social destruction.

Mantelpiece stuff

Chair-back stuff

AND that most thrilling, nerve-wrecking act of all, the taming of the Hands. The savage treacherous Hands! How perfect his control of them! How he keeps them in check by the fearless gaze of his human eye! We hold our breath, each moment dreading some fearful fatality.

Glove massage stuff

IN an agony of suspense we watch the treacherous Hands as they spring from their hiding place in the side pockets. What will they do with their dangerous liberty? Which way will they spring next?

Once again we breathe freely as, after a desperate, breath-stopping swing, they alight harmlessly on the thighs.

Hand-me-down stuff

ONCE more they spring, once more we hold our breath as, eluding the watchful eye of their trainer, they meet in a convulsive grip behind his back. We tremble at his peril. Only for a moment. Already they are emerging—stealthily—hungrily. For a moment they pause dangerously near the tempting coat lapels they long to clutch; we follow them in terrified fascination—they approach the forbidden vest armholes. To hang there even for the fraction of a second would mean a horrible social death for the fearless trainer.

*Sang froid* stuff

WILL they? We shut our eyes—we shudder—we all but scream. At last we open our eyes. Allah be praised!—once more he is safe, once more the treacherous Hands are caged in the dark coat-pocket.

In vain they struggle, shaking the pockets and causing them to flap like the preposterous wings of a joyful hen-cassowary who has just laid the foundation of a new generation.

Baby-grand stuff

# The Income Tax In Operation

By C. M. KEYS

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

*Lawyers are the real beneficiaries. Their incomes go up, figuring ways and means of exemption for others*

THERE seem to be three main principles underlying the Income Tax law, which has recently gone into effect in the United States. These principles are :

*First*—That every man or woman who enjoys an income over and above $3,000 or $4,000 a year shall pay a tax of one per cent. on the amount of the income over and above that limit.

*Second*—That every man or woman who enjoys a very large income shall pay an additional tax graded according to the degrees of his or her surplus annual wealth.

*Third*—That business in the form of corporations shall not thereby escape the normal taxes laid upon unincorporated wealth.

The first of these principles is the most important one. It is laid down in the law and in the treasury regulations that income gained from all sources, whether investment, speculation, business, trading, or any other money-producing activity, shall be taxable under these regulations. The only exceptions made are first that the income from bonds of a state, or a political sub-division of a state, shall not be taxed; that the income of the President of the United States during his term shall not be taxed; that the salary of judges of the federal courts at the present time shall not be taxed; and that the salaries of officers and employees of states and political sub-divisions shall not be taxed except on salaries paid by the federal government itself.

THESE exceptions prove the rule. The exception in the case of municipal bonds is made in order to avoid constitutional complications which might destroy the law, or at any rate interfere for a long time with its operation; for the Constitution of the United States had to be amended before this law could be framed, and in order to get this amendment three-quarters of the states had to agree to it. It was a clear enough understanding that municipal bonds would be exempted before this Constitutional amendment was agreed to by the several states.

In considering the Income Tax, it is most important to keep clearly in mind this principle of a general and universal taxation on all income above a certain minimum. The Income Tax levied takes the place of universal indirect taxation through customs duties.

The second principle, namely, that the very wealthy should pay a very much larger proportion of tax on their incomes than the people of small wealth, finds expression in the law in the form of a surtax, which is added to the normal tax on incomes from $20,000 a year upward. This surtax is one per cent. on incomes between $20,000 and $50,000; two per cent. on incomes between $50,000 and $75,000; three per cent. on incomes between $75,000 and $100,000; four per cent. on incomes between $100,000 and $250,000; five per cent. on incomes between $250,000 and $500,000; six per cent. on incomes above $500,000.

*Our federal legislators, in a spirit of high patriotism, have not exempted themselves*

*Clergymen lucky enough to receive more than a $3,000 income ought to be perfectly willing to be taxed*

The third principle, that incorporated wealth shall not fare differently from unincorporated wealth, is also a sound and equitable principle. There has been, for several years, a corporation tax upon the net incomes of corporations, which seemed to many a discrimination against the corporate form of wealth. This inequality, if it was inequality, is now swept away and the corporation, so far as the normal tax is concerned, is regarded as similar to an individual or firm.

IT is well to have these cardinal principles clearly in mind before undertaking a study of the actual operation of the law; for if they are kept in mind many of the administrative features of the law, which seem on the face of them to be harsh, unjust, and burdensome, will be found to be almost, if not quite, necessary to the equitable administration of the law on these principles.

Since the law did not go into effect until late in 1913, the calendar year 1914 will be the first full twelve months' period in which the law will be in operation. It is worth while to take the case of a typical business man of many activities, drawing an income from many sources, and to sketch, in some detail, the various methods by which he will pay an Income Tax on his income for the calendar year of 1914, and what he himself will be obliged to do in connection with the collection of that tax.

SUPPOSE that Mr. John Bright, a middle-aged, married business man in New York City, be taken as the subject of inquiry. As an individual, he is in business for himself, and the actual net profits of the year in his business, after proper allowance for depreciation, bad debts, running expenses, interest on accounts payable, taxes, etc., amount to $30,000. In addition he is a silent partner in a realty firm, consisting of three men, each holding a one-third interest. The profits of the firm in 1914 amount to $18,000, none of which is distributed in any form to the partners, but all of which goes back into the business. In addition to these two business interests, Mr. Bright is Chairman of the Board of Directors of an out-of-town bank and receives a salary



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*Nothing is more painful than paying in cash*

*It's bad enough to draw your check, but—*

*Perhaps the operation is easiest when the cashier takes it out of your envelope*

***Methods of Extraction—All Painful***

of $5,000 a year for that service. These are all his active business interests.

He is, however, a small capitalist in addition, owning municipal bonds which yield him an income of $2,600 a year; corporation bonds of the class that declare the holder free of federal taxes, which yield him an income of $3,000 a year; and other corporation bonds giving him an income of $1,000 a year. He is a stockholder in four different corporations whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, the dividends upon which in 1914 amount to $11,000. He is also a stockholder in five different small close corporations, whose dividends to him amount to $8,000. He owns an apartment uptown in New York which is leased to another man who pays $5,000 a year rental, and he has three small residence properties renting at an average rental of $600 a year apiece. His investment in real estate mortgages consists of one large mortgage paying interest of $4,000 a year and four small mortgages paying $200 a year apiece in interest. He has an annuity bought from a life insurance company some years ago, which pays him $1,000 a year. Like a good many other business men he speculates a little, and he finds that he has lost $4,000 for the year.

Mr. Bright's experience with the Income Tax begins on January 1, when some of his bond coupons are payable. He finds that he is obliged to file, with the coupons of each bond issue, a certificate setting forth that he is the owner of the bonds, and that he claims or does not claim an exemption with regard to the amount of the coupons. He has consulted a lawyer who has told him that if any of these coupons are payable without deduction for federal taxes, he should, under no circumstances, claim an exemption on those coupons. He decides that inasmuch as he has an income very much in excess of $4,000, he will not claim exemption on any coupons, or on any other interest income that he may have during the year, that is taxed "at the source." Therefore, he sends his coupons through for collection with the certificates attached. With regard to municipal bonds, he finds that he is not even obliged to fill out a certificate, and he takes some comfort out of the fact that in this case at least he is not obliged to record himself on the books of the federal government as the owner of certain specific securities.

AT the end of the year, Mr. Bright is in the position to review all his experience with the Income Tax law. He finds that in actual operation his profits in his own business have come to him without any deduction at the source. He also finds that his share of the profits in the realty firm has not yet been taxed. He has received his salary from the bank in two payments of $2,500 each, and he finds that from each one of them the bank, with due apologies, has subtracted $25, or one per cent., this being the normal tax rate. His interest from the municipal bonds, $2,000, has come to him without any deduction. Similarly his coupons on corporation bonds which contained the clause that they would be payable without deduction for any federal tax, have paid him their $3,000 in full. From the coupons on his other corporation bonds, there has been a deduction of $10, or one per cent., which was held back by the trust companies, or other agents, paying the coupons. He has received his dividends in full, without any deduction, both from the big companies whose stock was listed on the Stock Exchange and from the small corporations whose stocks were not listed.

He has had a rather puzzling experience with his rented property. The man who leased the apartment building from him has held back $50 from the annual rental of $5,000. On the contrary, the people who owed him rent for the three small properties paid their rentals of $600 in full without any deduction. Mr. Bright's lawyer informed him that the law requires any one paying a rental of $3,000 or over, to withhold the tax at the source, but anyone paying a smaller rental than that pays it in full. He encountered the same experience and the same explanation with regard to his mortgages. His debtor on the large mortgage subtracted $40 from the year's interest of $4,000, but his four smaller debtors all paid their interest in full. The annuity of $1,000 was paid without any deduction.

His lawyer informs him that in addition to the Income Tax which has been held back from various parts of his income, he will be obliged to make a return to the tax-collector on or before the first of March, 1915, covering all his sources of income and declaring this income for proper taxation. The lawyer tells him that what he ought to do is to make his return cover all his income, except the income from municipal bonds, which he is not required to declare at all, and that then he should deduct such part of his income as has already been taxed at the source, whatever losses he has had, whatever interest he has paid on debts, whatever debts due him have been discovered to be worthless during the year, whatever part of his income is not taxable at all and his exemption of $4,000 provided under the law. He proceeds to compile his return.

His list, when he gets it completed, will be about as follows:

| | | A | B | C |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Net Income From Business | $30,000 | ..... | ..... | $30,000 |
| One-third Profits of Realty Co. | 6,000 | ..... | ..... | 6,000 |
| Interest on Bonds | 4,000 | $4,000 | ..... | ..... |
| Dividends on Stocks | 11,000 | ..... | $11,000 | ..... |
| Rentals | 6,800 | 5,000 | ..... | 1,800 |
| Interest on Mortgages | 4,800 | 4,000 | ..... | 800 |
| Annuity | 1,000 | ..... | 1,000 | ..... |
| Salary | 5,000 | 5,000 | ..... | ..... |
| | $70,600 | $18,000 | $20,000 | $38,600 |

A—This column includes the items that have been taxed at the source.

B—These are the items that are specifically declared to be exempt.

C—These are the taxable items which are not taxed at the source but are to be fully described in the return.

The item "net income from business" was computed with a good deal of legal help. The gross business was $162,000. His lawyer allowed Mr. Bright's bookkeepers to subtract the following items: cost of materials, $40,000; wages and salaries, $80,000; depreciation, $5,000; interest on a mortgage, $1,000; taxes paid, $1,000; loss of goods in a wreck, uninsured, $2,000; bad debts charged off, $3,000. That made total deductions of $132,000 and left $30,000 as the net taxable result of the year.

The bookkeepers had some other items to deduct, but the lawyer rejected them. They were the cost of a wing built on the plant, a new mailing machine, an assessment paid to the city for street improvement, a contribution made by the business to a church charity, and an allowance to Mr. Bright for personal living expenses.

THE amount of taxable income which Mr. Bright will return to the tax collector on or before March 1 works out as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Table as Shown Above | $38,000 |
| Deduction for Speculative Loss | 4,000 |
| Net | 34,000 |
| Exemption of $4,000 | 4,000 |
| Net Taxable Income | $30,000 |

Mr. Bright is now in a position to figure that his full normal tax of 1914 amounts to $456 for the year.

The surtax provides for an additional one per cent. on the amount of income which he has between $20,000 and $50,000. Since Mr. Bright gets this additional $30,000 of income, his surtax on it will be one per cent., or $300. In addition to that on the income between $50,000 and $75,000 the surtax is two per cent. On Mr. Bright's income, the amount is $21,000, and the surtax $432. He can now figure out his entire taxes for the year:

| | |
|---|---|
| Paid at the Source | $150 |
| Normal Tax on Return | 300 |
| One per cent. Surtax | 300 |
| Two per cent. Surtax | 432 |
| | $1,182 |

WHEN, in time, his return is complete and he has discovered what he has to tell the United States, as well as what he has to tell the public at large, he is somewhat appalled by the extent of the publicity to which his affairs are going to be exposed. He discovers, for instance, that he cannot cash a single coupon of any corporation bond without filing a certificate with that coupon declaring ownership of the bond. He knows that these coupons, which he presents to his bank, go first through the bank and then through some trust company or other bank which is the paying agent of the corporation, and then to the corporation itself, and then to the United States Government. He has learned also that in many cases there is another party to this transfer of the coupons, because in the case of corporation coupons that are payable, for instance in San Francisco, there is frequently a private banking house or bond house in New York which pays the coupons, and his bank, instead of sending them direct to the Western office, sends them to this private banking house. He comes to the conclusion that his name will probably get on a good many mailing lists as a result of the handling of these coupons through so many channels. As a bondholder he has always owned coupon bonds because he was not obliged to register his name the same as he had to do when he owned stocks of corporations. Now this privacy is invaded by a law which not only forces him to disclose his identity to the corporation itself, but also forces him to disclose his ownership of bonds to his own bank, to other banks that he knows nothing about, and in many cases to private banking houses, with which he may or may not do business, as the case may be. This is the element of the Income Tax law that he does not like at all.

It is much worse than that, however, his lawyer tells him, in that the return which he makes on or about the first of March is to be filed in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and shall constitute public records and be open to inspection as such, on the order of the President of the United States, under rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. He also tells him that this provision is put into the law in the section relating to returns made by corporations; but appears to apply also to individual returns. It is also provided that these records shall be open to the state taxing authorities, if the state has an income tax law of its own; but this provision appears to relate only to corporation returns and Mr. Bright has a rather vague and faint hope that the taxing authorities of his own state or city will not have access to these records. There is, however, a general impression in his mind that whatever records are made of these returns are likely, in the course of time, to become a basis for local taxation as well as for federal taxation, for he is a little doubtful of the ability of Washington to keep so good a secret as that.

LOOKING it all over, the taxpayer discovers that there are only two or three forms of income that really escape the Income Tax. The most important of them seems to be the direct obligations of states and political sub-divisions of states. These he is not obliged to report at all, or even to mention or hint at, in any of his returns. An income in the form of an annuity appears to be returnable to the government but is not taxable under the law. Dividends of corporations which themselves pay the normal tax are exempt only in so far as the normal tax of one per cent. is concerned, and he has to pay the surtax on these dividends. He finds that he has to pay the Income Tax on his share of the profits of the realty partnership, whether those profits are divided or not; so that there is no use trying to avoid the payment of taxes on his profits by letting them accumulate in the form of divisible surplus, or even reinvesting them in his business.

On the whole the taxpayer comes to the conclusion that the law is designed to see to it that everyone who enjoys a large income in the United States, whether he be a citizen or a foreigner, will be forced to pay a proportion of the expenses of running the government based upon the size of his income. That seems to be the basis of the law and it also seems likely to be the result of the law. There are some questions that have to be settled. Perhaps, for instance, in reckoning the surtax, Mr. Bright will be allowed to deduct his losses of the year from his income. The average lawyer figures that he would have a good case under the phrasing of the law. These, however, seem to be minor questions and the main intent and purpose of the law seems likely to be fulfilled.

SINCE the passage of this law, there have been a good many rulings by the Treasury Department in respect to its administration. Since this article was written one of these rulings has brought it about that the holder of bonds may, if he chooses, ask his bank to send the certificate of ownership direct to the Treasury Department instead of through the various banks and bankers who might otherwise have access to it. In such a case the bank substitutes its own certificate which does not give the name of the holder of the bonds or any other details about him. In this way a great deal of unnecessary publicity is eliminated. Similarly it has been ruled that it is not necessary to put on the certificate the serial numbers of the bonds from which the coupons were clipped. This is, apparently, simply to avoid heavy routine work for those who have large amounts of bond coupons to cash. Similar minor rulings are likely to come out from time to time and perhaps many of the administrative features of the law will be changed before it has been in operation a full year.

*If your income is very large, consult a lawyer*

*If not so large, study it well yourself*

*If very small, toss it in the waste-basket*

*How to Treat the Law*

# The All-American Football Team

By HERBERT REED (*"Right Wing"*)

BUTLER

WHITNEY

PENNOCK

DES JARDIENS

CRAIG

THIS All-American football team is chosen without the customary apologies to those critics who cry down the very idea of such a selection. I have sought to bring together on paper eighteen men—and these are none too many under the existing rules—who could be molded into a team that, while in the geographic sense would be fairly representative, could play every department of the game up to the hilt. Did space permit I should like nothing better than to discuss at length the relative merits of Eastern and Western football so far as I have had opportunity to compare them, and further, I should enjoy cataloguing the merits of men both East and West who would give any of the players selected a hard run for first position. I shall confine myself, however, to the team at hand.

JUST one word of explanation is necessary. This is not a reward of merit team by any means, but the team, representing as wide a territory as it seems possible to cover by personal observation combined with "information and belief" gained from competent judges, that I should like to see in action on the field. There are no substitutes on the list. Every man would appear in action at one time or another.

Let us first consider the line, for it is upon the line as a unit from tackle to tackle that I am building. In choosing an All-Eastern team I divided the line into offensive and defensive forwards, partly in order that men whom I knew to have special ability in one branch or the other might not be found unavailable. In looking over the entire country, however, I do not think this consideration necessary, and so have selected five men who, I believe, could play the stiffest sort of football from whistle to whistle, whether in offensive or defensive territory, and could hold the pace that a team of this caliber must set.

## THE BEST ALL-AROUND PLAYERS OF 1913

**ENDS**

Merrillat (Army)
O'Hearn (Cornell)
*Rockne (Notre Dame)

**TACKLES**

Brooks (Colgate)
*Butler (Wisconsin)

**GUARDS**

Brown (Navy)
Pennock (Harvard)

**CENTER**

*Des Jardiens (Chicago)

**QUARTERBACK**

*Russell (Chicago)

**ALTERNATE QUARTERBACKS**

*Dorais (Notre Dame)
Pritchard (Army)

**BACKS**

Mahan (Harvard)
Brickley (Harvard)
*Craig (Michigan)

**ALTERNATE BACKS**

Law (Princeton)
*Miller (Washington)
Guyon (Carlisle)
Whitney (Dartmouth)

*Chosen on recommendation of coaches and players from coast to coast. All other selections the result of personal observation.

I ADMIT frankly having sought in this quintet all the power, weight and drive I could find, for, all other things being equal, that is more than half the battle. I have chosen three ends, three quarterbacks and seven backs for three reasons—first because the terrific wear and tear of the versatile and yet powerful game this eleven would play, would tell heavily on the wings and on the backfield men; second because I wanted to preserve intact for use at any moment the two forward passing "batteries" that have been most successful at critical stages this year; and third because I should like to use the men named as "alternates" in special situations.

TO return, then, to the line. All five are men of remarkable physique and strength, able to stand the gaff of the hardest game played, and at the same time gifted with experience under heavy fire. I doubt if a fiercer-charging quintet could be brought together. It is barely possible that some man from one of the Southern teams could strengthen the combination, but if so, I have failed to rake him to the surface even through the most searching inquiry. Three of these five powerful forwards I have myself seen in action, and the support of the other two by excellent judges, for whose opinion I have the utmost respect, has led me to displace Eastern players of whom I have a high opinion, in order to make room for them in the combination.

Des Jardiens, the new Chicago captain, and the premier center of the West, combines the roving qualities of some of the best Easterners, with a passing ability so necessary to the full fruition of versatile play, found only rarely this year in the East. Probably in passing, Garlow of the Carlisle Indians, would prove his equal, but the Westerner is so thoroughly an all-round man that I want him as a pivot for this particular All-America. A hard charger, a practically perfect passer, a roving tackler, and a fast downfield player—what more could one ask?

BROWN, of the Navy, is the greatest guard in the country. Every expert in line play with whom I have talked says that he is the fiercest charger from coast to coast. In addition he has a glorious physique, a cool head, is a terror down the field, and can add a few points when opportunity offers by deadly placement kicking, although this last accomplishment is the least of his virtues. Peanock,

MAHAN

LAW

GUYON

BRICKLEY



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ROCKNE

RUSSELL

PRITCHARD

DORAIS

the solidly built Harvard guard, is another driver who carries his charge through to the finish and is close to Brown's class. Here is a pair with plenty of "lift." With these two flanking Des Jardiens, well might a coach say of the trio, "Hit them at the shoe-tops or you are lost."

Brooks of Colgate, and Butler of Wisconsin, are of superb build, and of remarkable speed for men who always crowd the 200-lb. mark. Butler has probably the widest range of any of the Western tackles, and his work stood out sharply this season, even when playing on a team that was far below its last year's form. Both men are rich in experience against high class elevens, and would ably fill out a "strong man's" but brainy line.

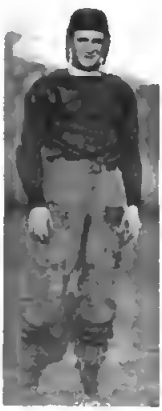
COMING to the ends, my first choice is O'Hearn of Cornell, who, although unable to finish the season because of injury, was the hardest man in the country to drive off his feet, or to fool. A splendid diagnostician, he was also a great line leader, and was able to combine in his work perfect individual execution with fiery play and cool-headedness. The other two ends are Merrillat of the Army, the receiving end of that forward pass battery the delivering end of which is Pritchard of the Army; and Rockne, Notre Dame, receiver for that wonderful passer, Dorais, of the same eleven. Yet both the Army and the Notre Dame ends are in the first class in the regular work of the position, and down the field. It would be possible to hurl into the game either forward-passing combination at any stage of play, as even when not indulging in a specialty, both Pritchard and Dorais are quite capable of running a smooth and powerful engine of attack up to the hilt. Both these forward passing quarters can also run back kicks, and in other respects are all-round men.

IN general, however, I should like to see the team run by Russell, the Chicago newcomer, who has made a remarkable record in his first year, and has at command every quality of the first class field general, as a study of the play of the Maroon eleven in its important games will show. He can kick field goals when necessary, and although Hughitt of Michigan, Hightower of Northwestern, and Huntington of Colgate, press him closely, I believe he could produce the best results in the long run. He has handled a middle Western eleven whose coach seems not to abandon the good running game when he has the men at hand to make it go, while not despising open play, either real or so-called.

BRICKLEY of Harvard gets one of the backfield positions, for reasons that have been reiterated to weariness. Suffice it to say that he is as good an all-around back, nearly, as any of them, and in addition is a terror in kicking goals from any spot clear back to the center of the field. Mahan, also of Harvard, is the best end runner in the country, is uncanny in running back kicks, and is every inch the perfect back. His play is the same against a team of the first class as it is against an eleven of inferior rank. Never have I seen such a combination of brilliance and reliability. Also, he is a fine kicker. I consider him the best back of the year. With this pair I would place Craig of Michigan, who, according to good judges who have watched him work, "has everything." He is nearly the same type as Mahan, and should fit in nicely with the other two men chosen.

LAW gets a place as "alternate" for his wonderful kicking in defensive territory, and for his combined fire and cool courage. Guyon of Carlisle, and Whitney of Dartmouth, get their places for their terrific "punch" when anywhere within striking distance. Miller, the star of the Northwest, and one of the best men who ever played on the University of Washington's championship team, is useful in any part of the field, and had there been better means of comparison between the far East and the far West, might have ranked even higher.

To conclude: here is a team that could play every conceivable style of football and play it with both speed and power. It is no mere paper eleven, but a real field team that it would be a joy to coach.



MERRILLAT

O'HEARN

BROWN

BROOKS

# Here is the "Biggest" Automobile in the World

# Maxwell 25 $750

## Extravagant Assertion?—Let's Analyze It

WHO WAS the "biggest" general in the world? Napoleon, he conquered Europe—and he was five-feet-three!

WHO WAS the "biggest" statesman in the world? Bismarck, he built the German Empire—and he was six-feet-four!

SO YOU SEE MERE SIZE DOESN'T determine who nor what is biggest. It is achievement that confers that title "biggest."

WE MAINTAIN that the biggest automobile in the world is the one that does the biggest things—and does bigger things than a bigger car can do at the same cost.

AND THAT CONFERS THE TITLE on the Maxwell "25," which sells for $750, and which, though of ample capacity for carrying five full grown adults anywhere any car will go, yet weighs only 1,650 pounds.

THIS CAR CANNOT BE CALLED either small or large—in

WHEN ASKED TO SPECIFY, they said the farmer's car should look like a farm wagon or a dump cart—or some other familiar vehicle.

SO THEY MADE A FEW of those ridiculous, high-wheeled, air-cooled "putt-putters," and gleefully invited the farmer to come and see.

FARMERS DIDN'T COME—they were too busy inspecting the latest improvements in real automobiles. So the high-wheeler soon went out of business.

THAT PROMPTED US one day to make a little investigation and to compile a few statistics—and what do you think?—

WE FOUND that, contrary to the prevalent supposition—the best markets for second-hand cars were not what the blase call the

THAT'S CHILD'S PLAY as compared with the task set our engineers and metallurgists—to design a touring car of ample capacity to take five full grown adults anywhere, over any roads, in comfort;

SO STRONG it will withstand the usage and neglect such a car receives at the hands of the average owner who drives—but hasn't time or inclination to care for it—himself;

SO LIGHT that the tire bills and the maintenance cost will, like the purchase price, be within the reach of that "lot" of people who insist an automobile should be an economy, not an extravagance;

AND FINALLY, of external design to conform to the current mode of "streamline body," and finished and upholstered so that the wife and daughters will be just as proud of the appearance as the owner is of its performance.

both the very cheap, and the overly-large, unthrifty-efficient cars, selling for $1000 and more.

IT CONQUERS because it meets the needs and the ideas of the majority of informed buyers. It appeals at the same time to the logic of common sense and the sense of the beautiful.

ITS BEAUTY is shown in looks and in performance—handsome is as handsome does—and handsome as is.

THE BUYER WHO must take a peep into the purse before buying, here finds a car within his reach and made to his heart's desire.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the buyer who is easily able to pay the first cost, but whose experience has taught him to look still more closely into maintenance cost afterward, finds in this 1,650-pound, five-passenger car the one he has been looking for—because it will do all any 2,600-pound car will do—and more and at half the upkeep cost—or less.

COST OF UPKEEP increases as the square of the weight. the tire makers tell us. And Standard Oil dividends confirm the statement.

CUT THE WEIGHT IN TWO and you divide the upkeep cost by four! Get that—it's the kernel.

BUT WE'RE A NATION of aristocrats—no matter how we protest we're democratic, we are aristocrats. Every American deems himself of the Royal line. We have pride, plus—more per capita than any other people in the world.

AND SO IT HAPPENS that your American demands more than mere utility in the car he buys—he wants style as well as size.

A FEW YEARS AGO a lot of misguided persons had a brilliant idea. They maintained that the "farmer's car" had not yet been built.

TO GET RID OF THE FREAKS—the experiments, the unfit—there is your market. But to the up-to-date farmers of the East, West and South you cannot sell any but the latest model, made by a responsible concern—nor to the business men living outside the cabaret zones of the big cities.

AND SO in designing this car we set as our standard a car not only of the highest utility, efficiency and economy, but of style and beauty as well. Because this car must appeal to those who know—business men and successful farmers—who have pride plus—and are entitled to it.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS is a lot of money to a lot of people—and we designed this car to meet the needs and demands of a lot of people.

HAVE TO MAKE A LOT of them, to make them at all, at the price.

THOSE PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO EXPECT, in the car they buy, something of which they may be proud, as well as one that will perform the service.

THAT WAS NO EASY TASK. In fact, it was—it had proven to be—an impossible task to other makers, other designers.

JUST CONSIDER FOR A MOMENT. It's child's play to design and make a $5000 car. Mechanically the latter presents no problems at all—for the engineer can use any material and as many pounds as he pleases to achieve his results—the buyer of such a car will not only pay the price but pay the "freight" also—the tire and other maintenance bills.

AND WE CONTEND it is still impossible to any other concern—any other organization.

WE WERE PECULIARLY SITUATED—ideally equipped to do it. Had no old models to get rid of—none with which this would compete. We had the plants, the capital, the talent and—the experience. You can't beat that combination.

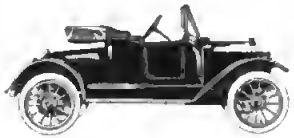
NOW. READ THIS—it's what you are most vitally interested in—deliveries.

WE ARE MAKING 50 CARS PER DAY of this model. That isn't a circumstance, of course. Demand is for five times as many even at this season. Spring demand—we don't dare contemplate.

OUR PLANTS ARE BIG ENOUGH to make 300 per day—and that is what we are preparing for. But special machinery can't be made over night nor produced by necromancy. So we can't hope to reach a production of more then 200 per day before February at earliest.

SO YOUR MOVE IS—to see the car at once—your nearest dealer. Have a thorough demonstration. Talk to your acquaintance who has been fortunate enough to get one. He'll say more than our modesty permits—more than you'd credit from an over-enthusiastic maker.

THEN DON'T DELAY—get your order in. Pay a deposit to guarantee delivery and to assure it at a time when others will be offering premiums. Then you'll be able to rest easy in the knowledge thet you've secured the greatest automobile value ever known.

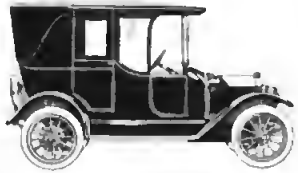


## The "25-4" Roadster

**A natty, classy, speedy, two-passenger car that will go anywhere any car will go—and faster. Same chassis specifications as the touring car (Send for the Book). Price $725, fully equipped.**

## Send For The Book

**Catalog of the "25" Free for the Asking**
**Also (free) our booklet "How To Make Your Car Live Twice As Long." Read it—it's worth dollars to you. Address Department "H."**



## The "25-4" Town Car

**Capacity, 6 persons—2 in driver's seat—4 in rear. Landaulette type. Ideal for a hundred kinds of service. Light, flexible and serviceable beyond any other at the up-keep cost. Same chassis specifications as the touring car (Send for the Book). Price $950, fully equipped.**

# MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY

(INCORPORATED) DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**DEALERS** Some makers demand exclusive representation. Still others insist on your taking on a full line in order to get one salable model. We don't do either. Don't need to. We don't believe in "strong arm" methods, nor will we ask you to drop another make of car you have contracted for. We welcome competition. You can stand this car on the floor beside any other at any price—and the Maxwell will get the lion's share.

**NOTE** There's a good deal of territory still open. And other territory where we have closed but are not satisfied with the representation. So, in any event, write direct and tell us your qualifications, and why you think you are entitled to handle the greatest seller of them all. write to General Office at Detroit.

# THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

With the coming of 1914 The Hartford Fire Insurance Company begins the 104th year of its existence. During all these years it has not only promptly paid every individual loss, but has given safety and satisfaction to its policy holders in all the conflagrations of American history.

The Hartford stands today with large assets and ample financial resources, the leader among fire insurance companies. But its proudest asset is its reputation for commercial honor and good faith. It will sell you honest and safe insurance. Is not this the Company you want?

## INSIST ON THE HARTFORD

AGENTS EVERYWHERE

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than to speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

*All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor, Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.*

# Finance

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

### *Rock Island Collaterals*

*Question:* I purchased a Rock Island collateral trust 4 per cent. bond at 72 a year or so ago, and it has now dropped to 50, after one of the most prosperous years the Rock Island has had. The drop in price seems to shadow a receivership. I can well afford to hold on, but what would you do? In the event of a receivership, do I get an individual share of the collateral—one share of the Old Rock Island Company? Also, in event of a default, can I institute foreclosure proceedings on my own initiative without joining the usual "committee"? *Chicago.*

*Answer:* It is by no means certain that the fall in the price of the 4 per cent. collateral trust bonds of the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad foreshadows a receivership. It is quite true that this system of railroads is barely earning enough to keep it going; but if a receivership were in contemplation, it is highly probable that the insiders in the company would be buying up these 4 per cent. bonds, for in case of a receivership the bonds would control the situation, as they are secured by the stock of the railway company which is the actual operating concern. For years past, the expenses of the Rock Island railway have been increasing rapidly and eating up the earnings. In the last two years the railway company earned only $421,466 above the amount sufficient to pay 5 per cent. dividends, this rate of dividend being necessary to maintain the interest on the 4 per cent. bonds. An average surplus of only $200,000 a year for two years above dividends is dangerously close to serious trouble.

At the same time, the company spent $3,000,000 more in the last year for maintenance charges than it did the year before, so that, if net earnings continue to decrease, receivership would probably be warded off at least a year longer, if not permanently, by reducing the charges for maintenance. In case of a receivership, the trustees for the bonds would sell the stock to pay off the bonds. No doubt a committee would be formed, and it is extremely unlikely that you would be able to institute foreclosure proceedings on your own initiative. That sort of thing does not happen in railroad reorganizations. The individual security-holder is entirely at the mercy of the committees which are formed to represent him. This does not necessarily mean that the committees do not make every effort to protect the security-holders.

While the Rock Island system is a shaky, topheavy structure, it is not necessarily in immediate danger of receivership, and in case of a general improvement in railroad conditions the whole proposition may work out to every one's satisfaction. Moreover, the recent increased activity of the Phelps, Dodge interests in the company promises well for the future because of the conservatism and high reputation of this group of men.

*The financial article for January 3 will contain a list of good bonds, and that for January 10 will deal with Income Insurance, one of the newest and most useful methods of safe investment which has yet been devised.*

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